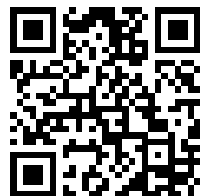

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<https://books.google.com>



LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
DAVIS

This book belonged to
Mrs. Edna F. Pines.
from whom it was purchased
by Fannie T. Mathes.

11 colored plates

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
DAVIS

This book belonged to
Mrs. Edna F. Rines.
from whom it was purchased
by Fannie T. Mathes.

11 colored plates

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

OF

ART, LITERATURE AND FASHION.

EDITED BY

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

VOLUME XVII.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

PHILADELPHIA:
CHARLES J. PETERSON.
1850.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
DAVIS

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS

TO THE

SEVENTEENTH VOLUME.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1850, INCLUSIVE.

April, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>),	-	-	-	198	Match, the Runaway—By Jane Weaver,	-	-	-	75
Battle-Field, Brandywine—By C. J. Peterson,				86	March, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>),	-	-	-	160
(<i>Illustrated</i>),	-	-	-		May, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>),	-	-	-	232
Books, Review of New	-	114, 159, 195, 231,	270		More," "It's But a Little—By Ellen Ashton,	-	-	-	239
Belle, Two Scenes in the Life of a City—By					Opie, A Visit to Amelia—By Mrs. C. M. Kirk-				144
T. S. Arthur, (<i>Illustrated</i>),	-	-	-	119	land,	-	-	-	
Bathing, Children—A Story of Clear Brook.					Orphan; the or, My Grandmother's Story—By				217
By Mrs. Joseph C. Neal, (<i>Illustrated</i>),	-	-	-	197	Lydia M. Maple,	-	-	-	
Baltimore, Battle-Monument—By Catharine					Overboard, A Man—By Harry Danforth, author				258
Allan, (<i>Illustrated</i>),	-	-	-	265	of "Cruising in the Last War,"	-	-	-	
Daughter, the Counterfeiter's—By Clara More-					Practice, Getting Into—By Miss Ella Rodman,				20
ton,	-	-	-	56	Purposes, Playing at Cross—By Mrs. Joseph				44
Divorce, the—By Ann S. Stephens,	-	-	-	103	C. Neal,	-	-	-	
Dream, the Remembered—By A. J. Whittaker,	-	-	-	117	Party, the Valentine—By Mrs. J. Y. Foster,	-	-	-	78
Destiny, Love's—By J. T. Trowbridge,	-	-	-	133	Story; A Heart or; the Husband and Wife—By				51
Edith; or, Marrying in Fun, and Marrying in					Edith Clare,	-	-	-	
Earnest—By Clara Moreton, (<i>Illustrated</i>),	-	-	-	233	Sister, the Brother and—By Mrs. S. S. Nichol-				188
Farm, the Valley (<i>Illustrated</i>),					son,	-	-	-	
28, 88, 123, 169, 202,	241				Tide, the Rising—By C. J. Peterson, (<i>Illus-</i>				13
February, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>),	-	-	-	116	trated),	-	-	-	
Girl, the Gipsy—A Story of Edward the					Tiff; the or, Jeremy Short Giving in his Expe-				67
Fourth—By Sybil Hastings,	-	-	-	153	rience, (<i>Illustrated</i>),	-	-	-	
Hill, Banker—By James H. Dana, (<i>Illustrated</i>),	-	-	-	179	Table, the Work—By Mlle. Defour, (<i>Illus-</i>				69
Introduction, the Note of—By J. T. Trow-					trated),	-	-	-	
bridge,	-	-	-	200	Table, Editors'	-	-	-	70, 114, 158, 194, 230, 270
January, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>),	-	-	-	72	Tryst; Keeping the—A Sequel to "Playing at				98
June, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>),	-	-	-	272	Cross Purposes"—By Mrs. Joseph C. Neal,	-	-	-	
Know," "Says She and You—By T. S. Atlee,	-	-	-	228	Teacher, the Music—By Frank Mervale,	-	-	-	192
Lillie, Our—A Sketch from our Village—By					Vernon, Mount—By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens,				37
Lucy Primrose, (<i>Illustrated</i>),	-	-	-	39	(<i>Illustrated</i>),	-	-	-	
Lies, White—By Mrs. C. M. Kirkland,	-	-	-	161	Visitor, How to Get Rid of an Unwelcome—				251
Love, Silent—By Mary Davenant,	-	-	-	213	By Miss Ella Rodman,	-	-	-	
Library, the Alexandrian—By Clifton May,	-	-	-	268	Warren, Julia—A Sequel to Palaces and Pri-				146, 181, 220, 260
					sons—By Ann S. Stephens,				
					Woodlawn; or, The Other Side of the Medal—				164
					By F. E. F., author of "Marriage of Conve-				
					nience," &c.,	-	-	-	
					Wife, Husband and—Translated from the Ger-				266
					man—By Emily Girardier,	-	-	-	

POETRY.

Again, Oh! Ask Me Not! I Never Can—By P. A. Jordan, - - - - -	69
Armida, the Home of—By Catharine Allen, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	143
Anna, Mary—By Miss A. Allin, - - - - -	178
America, the Poets of—By Richard Coe, Jr., - - - - -	187
Bible, My Father's—By Rev. Sidney Dyer, - - - - -	77
Consumptive, the—By Jeanie Elder, - - - - -	66
Cælicola—An Elegy—Pean on the Death of Edgar A. Poe—By T. H. Chivers, M. D., - - - - -	102
Call, the Angels—By Mrs. S. Smith, - - - - -	267
Dream, the Realized—By George E. Senseney, - - - - -	36
Day, to a Lady on her Bridal—By S. D. Anderson, - - - - -	131
Death—By Richard Coe, Jr., - - - - -	238
Dead, the Haunting of the—By Henry Morford, - - - - -	250
Eulalie—By T. H. Chivers, M. D., - - - - -	193
Future, the—By Marie Roseau, - - - - -	55
Falls, Kauterskill—By Ann S. Stephens, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	183
Field, the Harvest (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	267
Feast, the Gipsies' (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	269
God, the Love of—By Emily Herrmann, - - - - -	113
God, Hope in—By H. J. Beyerle, M. D., - - - - -	191
Girl, the Arab—By Henry H. Paul, - - - - -	259
Husband, to an Absent—By S. D. Andersen, - - - - -	86
Keepsake, the - - - - -	168
Love, "Give Him My—By Lyman Long, - - - - -	27
Lover, the Country Lassie and her—By Richard Coe, Jr., - - - - -	36
Longings, the Christian's—By H. J. Beyerle, M. D., - - - - -	240
Mary—By Ellen Millman, - - - - -	50
Mary, to—By Miss A. Allin, - - - - -	118
Mirror, the Ancient—By Elizabeth G. Barber, - - - - -	163
Mary, to—P. A. Jordan, - - - - -	199
May—By S. D. Anderson, - - - - -	229
Murderer! the First—By Jane Gay, - - - - -	257
Night—By Emily Herrmann, - - - - -	257
Offspring, the Inundation: Mother and—By Mrs. B. F. Thomas, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	122
Old, I Am Growing—By Mrs. Mary Fitch, - - - - -	264
Request, the—By Clara Moreten, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	152
River, to a—By Horace B. Durant, - - - - -	201

Spring, the Haunted—By Frances S. Osgood, - - - - -	19
Stanzas—By Mrs. D. Ellen Goodman, - - - - -	152
Truth—By Emily Herrmann, - - - - -	38
To-Morrow, To-Day and—By George E. Senseney, - - - - -	97
Time, On a Lady of the Olden—H. J. Vernon, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	145
You, "Love Me as I Love—By Blanche Benhardt, - - - - -	19
Valley, the Lily of the—By Mary L. Lawson, - - - - -	212
Voices, Spirit—By Edward Willard, - - - - -	212
Victory, Love's—By F. H. d'Estimauville, - - - - -	227
Watchers, the—By Jane Gay, - - - - -	112
Wishes, the Two—By S. D. Anderson, - - - - -	180
Years, the Loved of Other—By Edward J. Porter, - - - - -	219

FULL PAGE ENGRAVINGS.

The Rising Tide.
Illuminated Title-Page, for 1850.
The Valley Farm.
Fashions for January, colored.
The Translation of St. Catharine.
Our Lillie.
The Tiff.
View on the Jordan.
The Truant.
Ross Castle.
Fashions for February, colored.
The Death of Marmion.
The Poney.
Harriet Martineau.
The Inundation: Mother and Offspring.
Fashions for March, colored.
The City Belle.
A Lady of the Olden Time.
The Home of Armida.
The Wife's Last Request.
Kauterskill Falls.
The Errand Boy.
Undine.
Fashions for April.
Anticipation.
Children Bathing.
Fashions for May, colored.
A May Morning.
The Blind Harper and his Daughter.
Edith.
Fashions for June, colored.
The Harvest Field.
The Gipsies' Feast.





Digitized by Google





Lith. of Wagner & M^{rs} C. G. G. 116 Green St. N.Y.



12

12



12



THE FASHIONABLE

THE TRANSLATION OF ST. CATHERINE.

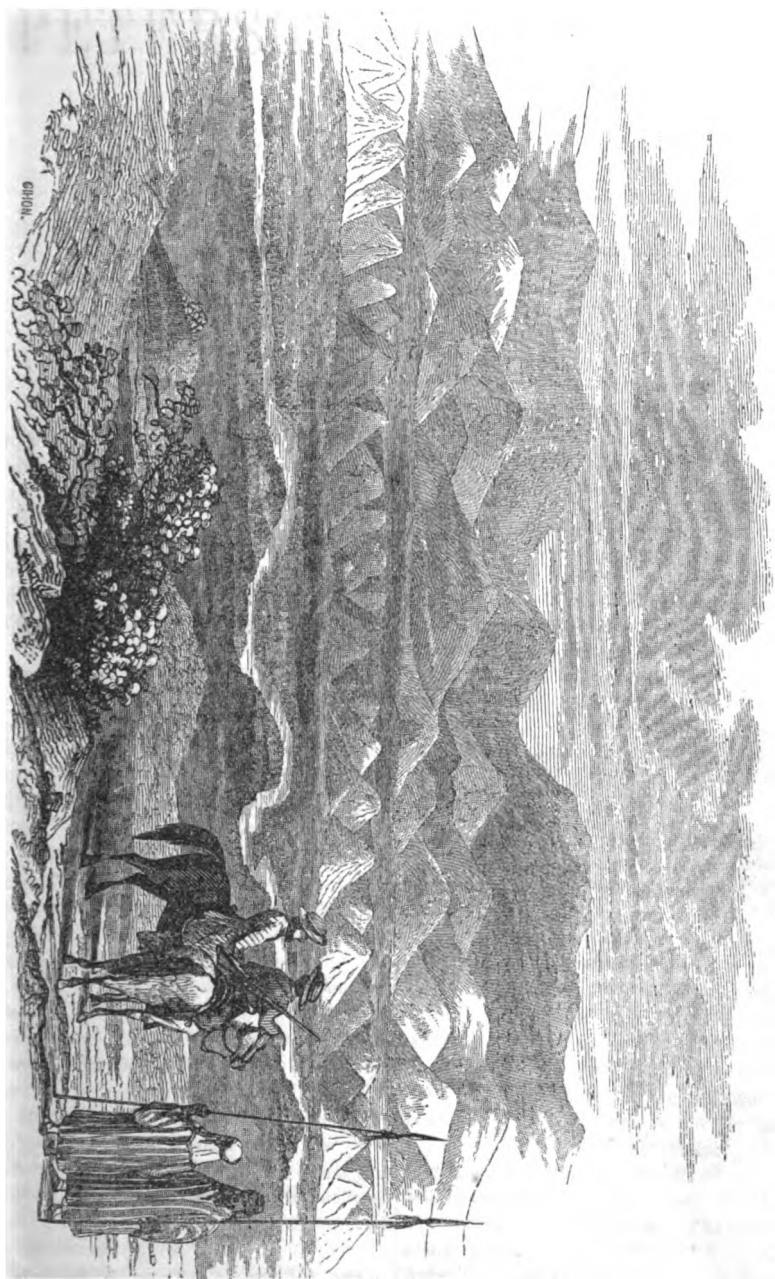




OUR LILLIE.



THE TIEP.



VIEW ON THE JORDAN.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1850.

No. 1.

THE RISING TIDE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

CHAPTER I.

"WHITHER do you ride to-day, my dear?" said Mrs. Florence to her daughter, as the latter, attired in a handsome equestrian dress, entered the parlor.

"I don't know, mamma—just where the fancy of the moment takes me," replied the daughter, stooping to kiss her mother's forehead, and then proceeding to arrange her riding hat before the mirror.

"Do not go far, my child. I never see you venture out thus alone without a presentiment that something is to happen."

"But you have so many presentiments, and all to no purpose," gaily replied her daughter, "that I think we can afford to disregard them by this time. Yet, mamma," she said, approaching her parent again, and throwing a fair arm fondly around the neck of that loved object, "if it really alarms you, I will give up riding."

The widowed mother looked up fondly at her beautiful child, and kissing her, said—

"No, no, Alice, you shall not deprive yourself of almost the sole pleasure left to you. Pursue your daily rides. In this primitive district, so far removed from the high roads of commerce, there can be no real peril in riding out unattended: it is an idle, foolish fear on my part: only as you were always accustomed, in your dear father's life, to have a servant when you rode, it seems odd to see you now without one: that is all; I dare say I shall soon get accustomed to it, as to other sacrifices."

"Never think of it as a sacrifice again, mamma," replied the beautiful girl. "Nothing is a sacrifice to me, while I have you left."

"God bless you, Alice," answered the mother. "I am glad that, notwithstanding our reverses, you can still keep your beautiful Arab."

VOL. XVII.—1

Alice for reply put her arm around her mother's waist, and drew her to the window. A superb white steed ready caparisoned, and held by the sole male servant of the establishment, who officiated as groom and gardener both, stood pawing the earth in front of the cottage.

"Is he not beautiful?" said Alice, enthusiastically. "I do believe, dear mamma, that, next to you, I love Arab better than anything on earth. How fleetly he carries me! How boldly we leap the ditches and fences in our way! Oh! mamma, there is nothing so exhilarating as to gallop over the hills on a bracing, October morning like this, and as you reach each new acclivity, catch a taste of the sea-breeze that drifts far inland, when the wind, as now, is from the east. And then, to pull up on some lofty height, and see glimpses of the ocean away in the distance, with perchance a sail whitening his dark, green bosom. Nothing, nothing makes the blood so dance in the veins, or fills the heart with equal exultation!"

The parent looked up admiringly at her child as the latter thus spoke: and indeed others, less favorably prejudiced, might have done the same. Alice was one of those tall, aristocratic-looking creatures, who, notwithstanding a certain slenderness, realize, perhaps, the highest ideal of female beauty. Her figure was of the lordly Norman type, and perfect in its proportions; while every movement was graceful, yet dignified. Her face was of that almost divine beauty which we see in the Beatrice Cenci of Guido. The same dazzling complexion, the same blue eyes, the same golden hair; but combined with these also the same air of high resolve and almost masculine courage chiseled about the lines of the brow and mouth. Her countenance, always lovely, was now transcendantly beautiful, for it glowed all over with enthusiasm.

Her mother, we have said, looked up at her fondly. Mrs. Florence, the widow of a Boston merchant supposed to be a millionaire while living, but whose estate after his death scarcely yielded a surplus sufficient to afford his wife and only child a bare subsistence, was a woman of a loving, tender heart, but without any of that masculine strength of character which Alice inherited from the father. But for Alice the widow would have broken down under the loss of a dearly loved husband and the unexpected revulsion of fortune. It was Alice who comforted the despairing Mrs. Florence; who planned their removal to the economical district where they now lived; and who, by constantly denying herself a thousand little accustomed luxuries, managed to make their scanty income suffice for their support. The widowed mother not only loved her as a daughter, but looked up to her unconsciously as an adviser.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Florence, with a sigh, "if you enjoy your rides—that is all! But I am sure I had rather be sitting here, looking at my flowers, than galloping over the finest country in the world. But you are just like your dear father, who was the boldest and handsomest rider of his day."

"Good bye, mamma," said Alice, laughingly, "if I stay to hear myself praised, I shall be spoiled." And with the words she broke from her parent, left the apartment, and was seen the next moment running lightly down the steps, daintily holding her riding-skirt up with her small, but heavily gloved hand. With the nimbleness of a deer she vaulted into the saddle, gathered up the reins with a firm hand, and nodding a gay adieu to her mother, was off, her spirited steed scattering the gravel right and left from beneath his hoofs.

"Dear child," said her mother, thus left alone, "may heaven protect thee. Yet it sometimes seems," she added, with a sigh, "as if I was destined to lose my Alice. I love her too much, to keep her with me. And yet, oh! Father in heaven," she continued, lifting her eyes, now dimmed with tears, above, "spare thou this, my only comfort on earth; temper the wind to the shorn lamb, and leave me something for which to hope."

CHAPTER II.

A SUCCESSION of inviting views, one following another as hill after hill was surmounted, had lured Alice on, until, on reaching a lofty elevation she was surprised to see an unknown view of the ocean rolling in almost at her feet. For the first time since she set out she became aware how far

she had gone. She drew forth her delicate little watch, one of the few relics of better days which she had retained, and was surprised to find that nearly three hours had elapsed since she left home. The country about her was entirely strange to her. Never before had she protracted her ride so far. She had not intended to be absent three hours in all, and she began immediately to reproach herself, for she knew that long before she could return, her mother would be alarmed at her prolonged delay.

Just then a lad driving a wagon to mill appeared in sight. She accosted him and asked the distance to B——, in whose suburbs her mother's cottage was located. The boy answered that the distance, by the high road, was twenty miles.

"Twenty miles!" said Alice, in despair. "Surely there must be some shorter road."

"Oh! yes, ma'am, there is," replied the lad, "to them as goes by the beach: it saves a matter of six miles."

"And how do you reach the beach?" asked Alice.

"You turn off at the double house yonder, and keep down the lane till you come out on the shore; then, follow the beach as far as you can—it is three miles or so—when you will reach the high road again, just by Wallington Church."

"Thank you," cried Alice, too eager to get home to stop for further explanations; and, as she spoke, she gave her spirited steed a cut with the riding-whip, which made him spring almost from under her. The next instant she was galloping toward the lane that led to the sea-shore. The lad looked after her in stupid wonder: he had never seen anything half so beautiful or brave. "I reckon," he cried, "that's one of the circus riders, from Bosting, that Jim talks about."

The morning had been so far clear, though the atmosphere, for more than twenty-four hours, had foreboded a storm. A bracing, north-east wind had been blowing the preceding night, as well as all day; and had been steadily increasing. Alice had not noticed this, however, until she drew up to speak to the boy. As she turned to descend toward the ocean, the screen of woods and hills that had hitherto protected her was suddenly removed, when the violence of the gale almost took her hat from her head. She cared little for this, however, but stooped forward to breast the tempest, and dashed rapidly down the hill, knowing that her course, when she once reached the beach, would bring the wind on her back. She scarcely looked up until her horse's hoofs, ceasing to clatter on the rocky descent, struck the firm, smooth sand of the beach: but when she did, and for the first time gazed

seaward, she could scarcely restrain a cry of alarm, courageous as she was.

Low, leaden-colored clouds driving rapidly in from the eastward, had completely shut out the sunshine and involved the entire scene in gloom. Beneath this foreboding sky the wild waves were trooping onward toward the beach, mountain-high, and everywhere whitened with foam. Still, after a moment's reflection, Alice saw nothing to fear. The lad knew the country well, as his words showed, and he would not have recommended this road to her if there was danger. And how could there be danger? She might get wet, if it came on to rain, but that was all: and, to recompense for this, what was more glorious than the sight of the ocean in a storm! These were her hasty reflections, as she drew in her rein and hesitated: then, urging on her steed, she started for a gallop along the beach.

For a mile she maintained an unbroken pace. The smooth road under foot, the breeze that would have been too sharp for anything but a gallop, and the roar of the tremendous surf that broke beside her gave a wild exhilaration to the spirits of the bold rider, which all can comprehend who have been, like her, on horseback, amid the raging of the elements. On, on she dashed, her veil flying behind her, her cheek flushed with excitement. Suddenly a jutting rock presented itself, to the foot of which the billows nearly approached. She did not hesitate. Something told her that a clear road lay beyond; and, with a word of encouragement to her half-affrighted horse, she dashed through, the waves wetting the hoofs of the smoking steed.

She was not mistaken. The cliff she had just passed formed the southern end of a deep, horse-shoe-like indentation of the coast; and now a wide, level beach, about two miles in extent, opened before her. This beach was terminated, at its northern extremity, by a high rock, that rose like a wall more than two hundred feet above the sands. Alice's first look, after she had scanned the beach, was at this cliff, to see if the road beneath was passable. To her joy she beheld a long stretch of sand, with boulders scattered here and there, between the foot of the rock and the sea; and, on a second scrutiny, she saw a plainly defined water-mark, traced by the sea-weed by the last tide, at least three hundred feet distant from the precipice.

"Now, Arab," she said, exultingly, at this sight, "fly, fly, my brave friend, and we shall be home before the dinner hour after all. Beyond yonder promontory lies the spire of Wallington, and from thence it is scarcely an hour's gallop to the cottage."

The noble animal seemed to understand her, and to have participated both in her momentary fear, and in her present joy; he spurned the sands with his rapid hoofs, and fairly flew along his path.

Half the distance had already been traversed, when Alice, who had been watching in proud admiration the sea whitening the ocean every where, turned her glance toward the promontory. What was her horror to behold the water-mark already obliterated by the advancing tide, which boiled and foamed around the huge boulders now fast disappearing! She had forgotten to estimate the influence of the gale in throwing in an unusually high surf, as also to reflect that as the beach was comparatively level, a very small rise in the tide would submerge it; but both these things now rushed upon her mind, and, brave as she was, she turned pale with terror, as she checked her horse.

"What is to be done?" she cried aloud, involuntarily. "At the rate at which the tide is coming in, the foot of the promontory will be impassable by the time I reach it. I will retrace my steps," she said, with instant decision, "that is my only chance."

She turned her horse's head as she spoke, but what was her dismay when she beheld the road by the southern promontory already buried in the wild waters, that breaking at its foot, threw their spray half way up the precipitous ascent. Escape, by either way, she saw impossible. The reins dropped from her hands, which she clasped to her face.

"Oh! mother, mother," she cried, "who shall break to you the tidings? Who shall dare carry my drowned corpse to your door, even if the ocean should cast it ashore?"

But it was not in the nature of Alice to submit silently to death, while even a ray of hope remained. The promontory ahead was yet unreached by the waters, and, if she spared no time in pushing forward, it might not be entirely impassable. Even though the tide should be at its base, Arab could swim, and a bold rider might force him through. At any rate this was the only prospect of escape. Blaming herself for her momentary halt, by which precious moments had been lost, she urged her faithful animal to his utmost speed. Arab darted forward like a gull shooting down the wind, and Alice, with pale cheeks and compressed lips, awaited the result.

Swifter and swifter the gallant steed swept over the sands; but nearer and wilder came the advancing tide to the foot of the cliff. Alice saw, with breathless horror, that the waves would cover the path before she could reach it; but

nevertheless she pressed on with the high resolve of a courageous heart, that does its utmost even in moments of despair. The critical point was still more than two hundred yards distant, when a tremendous breaker hurled itself against the base of the cliff, flinging its white, cold spray up the face of the rock as high as the yard-arm of a first rate man-of-war. Another and another wave followed, submerging the sands entirely, and half burying even those of the boulders that lay close in by the cliff. Yet still Alice urged on her steed. Snorting wildly, Arab would have shrunk back, but his mistress, encouraging him with her voice, pushed him at the pass. A breaker had just spent itself, and was receding: she thought this a favorable moment; and she struck her steed sharply with her whip. He sprang forward gallantly, and had already passed what she thought the critical point, when, to her despair, she saw that the waters bathed the feet of the cliff for at least fifty yards further on.

Her hopes sank within her. She felt the blood coursing back to her heart; and her heart itself seemed to cease beating. A chill horror overcame all her nerves. Yet mechanically she still urged Arab forward. A second breaker, however, thundering in at this moment almost swept the faithful animal from his feet, and nearly flung Alice from the saddle, her hat falling off in the concussion. No longer able to keep her seat unassisted, she grasped the neck of her steed mechanically with her right hand, while, with distended eyes, she gazed on a third billow that was now roaring in toward her. On came this mountainous wave, towering, towering, towering, until its dark and glistening front rose almost perpendicularly overhead. Alice was breathless with horror. Suddenly a speck of foam appeared at one extremity of this long wall of water; it ran swiftly along the top, curling over as it advanced; and then, with a roar as of a hundred batteries, the huge mass plunged headlong, burying steed and rider from sight in a whirlwind of foam. A wild, shrill scream of a woman, lost in the shriek of a horse in his last agony, rose over the howling of the wind and the cry of the frightened gulls; and then all, the moment after, were overwhelmed in the thunder of the breaker.

CHAPTER III.

On the morning of that day a pleasure yacht, the property of a young Bostonian of fortune, was returning from the last cruise of the season. The experienced pilot saw, in the gathering clouds eastward, the impending storm, and advised that all sail should be made at once for the nearest

harbor. Accordingly the helm was put up, and the course laid for Wallington Bay, which happened to be under the lee.

A gay party it was on board of that yacht. Fortune had showered her gifts on all present, but on none more than on Arthur Mordaunt, the owner of the dashing little craft. As he sat now in the midst of his guests, towering half a head above the tallest, with his handsome and intelligent countenance lighted up with the excitement of conversation, he presented the beau ideal of manly beauty. The sailor's dress in which all were attired, particularly became Mordaunt, especially the low, Byron collar which revealed a throat that might have come from the chisel of Praxitiles.

"I wonder you have never married, Mordaunt," said one of his friends, lighting a fresh cigar. "Honestly, I believe you would be far happier: you were made for that sort of thing; only we should lose this pleasant yachting, and faith! I should be sorry for that."

"You need not be alarmed, my dear fellow," replied Mordaunt. "I shall never marry until I am really in love; and I have yet to see the woman who has permanently touched my heart. Flirtations one has by dozens; but love is a different matter."

"You are fastidious!" replied another of his guests.

"Who does not know that?" interposed the first speaker. "What dwelling is so *recherche* as Mordaunt's bachelor establishment? What horses are so choice? What yacht is so beautiful? The fact is, Mordaunt wants a wife who shall be more than mortal; so I think our bachelor yachting is likely to last till he dies of old age."

"Oh! I should not give up yachting," replied Mordaunt, laughing, "even if I were married, though, perhaps, I should be more select in my invitations, for I would take my wife along."

"The deuce you would?" cried several in a breath.

"Yes! and there's the point," answered Mordaunt. "When I marry, I wish a wife who is both beautiful and brave; one who can grace a ball-room, yet is not afraid to back a horse or steer a yacht—"

"An amazon, in short," cried all, with a roar of laughter, "what the Parisians call *lionnes*."

"Oh! no, no," said Mordaunt. "Above all things I detest the *lionnes*. I knew one in Paris, who swam in a bet with another in the Seine—she was a perfect human monster, neither man nor woman—faugh! it makes me angry to think of her. Now my taste is for a woman who is feminine at all times, but yet is not a coward:

one who can share my passion for out-of-door exercises, yet not cease to be a lady. There are plenty of such in England. But here, too frequently our females are either hot-house plants, or flaunting sun-flowers——”

“And, by George,” said one, interrupting him, “yonder goes a horsewoman who is bold enough, and, as well as I can judge at this distance, beautiful enough too. I would not be in her peril for a thousand dollars.”

All eyes followed the direction of the speaker's finger, and beheld, at the distance of more than a mile, a solitary female on horseback, riding under the cliffs along the beach.

Mordaunt seized the spy-glass, and took a long look at Alice, for she it was.

“She is beautiful as an Houri,” he said, shutting the telescope,” and as brave as Zenobia. But she is in imminent peril. The tide is making so fast that it will soon render the promontory ahead impassable, and return by the way she came is already cut off by the waters.”

“Good God!—what is to be done?” cried another, who had meantime been using the glass.

“We must put about,” said Mordaunt. “We are already to leeward of the point, and shall have difficulty to beat up, at least in time to assist her; but we must try.”

The pilot here ventured to hint that the yacht might be beached, if any such hazardous experiment was tried.

“I don't care for the yacht,” said Mordaunt, “but I think there is no danger. We'll beat up till we get to windward of the point, when I'll take the life-boat and leave you. Two of the crew will answer my purpose. As sure as there is a heaven, that courageous girl, unless we do this, will be drowned.”

“And even that can't save her,” said the pilot.

The yacht, however, was put about, and lying close to the wind, soon began to regain precious ground. As she plunged into the head-seas, every spar straining and timber creaking, the cheek of more than one on board blanched; but no one ventured to remonstrate. All felt, with Mordaunt himself, that the duty to attempt a rescue demanded the risk.

“Ah! she sees her danger now,” cried one, “she stops, she looks back, she hesitates. And now she has decided, for she dashes forward, even fleetier than before!”

“Gallant creature,” cried Mordaunt, “she is worth risking a dozen lives for! Most of her sex would have stopped, paralyzed with terror, till the tide was upon her; but she sees her only chance, and loses not a second in availing herself of it.”

The most breathless suspense now ensued. The yacht and Alice were rapidly approaching each other from opposite points. The former, however, was still comparatively far from the promontory, when the first breaker cut off the escape of Alice.

“Launch the boat,” cried Mordaunt, eagerly. “Jack, you and Bill accompany me. We must trust to our oars.”

“How nobly she dashes at the pass,” cried one of his friends. “Did you see that cut with the whip? There she seizes the opportunity when the wave has receded; she thinks there is but a few yards to pass instead of that long stretch of sand; ah! now she beholds the real extent of the peril; there, a breaker nearly buries her; no! she still holds on, but her hat is gone; she cannot longer control her affrighted horse; God of heaven that roller has buried her forever!”

An awful silence succeeded these breathless words. The life-boat was not yet launched, and Mordaunt still remained on deck. He was pale with excitement. Every eye was fixed on the spot where Alice had disappeared; but an age seemed to pass before the huge breaker rolled backward. At last, the receding waters disclosed the steed struggling in the undertow; but his fearless rider was gone. Her hat alone was seen floating out in the breakers.

“It is all over, you can do no good,” cried several, “that sea will drown you, Mordaunt.”

By this time the boat was rocking aside, and her crew stood ready for their leader, if he determined to go.

“I will recover her body at least, or die,” said Mordaunt, as he leaped aboard the slight cockleshell. “Give way, my lads.”

The little craft shot off, and held stubbornly on its way, now appearing, now disappearing, as the huge billows sunk and rose between it and the yacht. We shall leave the latter and follow Mordaunt.

Nearly ten minutes elapsed before the boat reached the vicinity where Alice had disappeared, a period that seemed an hour to Mordaunt. The surf was now breaking high all round the promontory, and this, combined with the boulders scattered about, rendered approach to the spot perilous in the extreme. When as close in as it was deemed prudent to go, Mordaunt half rose and looked around.

“Yonder is the horse; poor fellow he is dead,” he cried, after a moment. “He has drifted past the point and into Wallington Bay. We must seek there for the lady too; for a strong current seems to set in that direction. Ha! what is that? A skirt floating on the water—it is she—now, a

hundred dollars a-piece, lads, for doing your best—give way, give way!"

The stout oaken oars almost snapped, so sinewy were the efforts of the crew, and the boat shot rapidly forward. Rapidly Mordaunt neared the inanimate form, whose identity was no longer doubtful. Utterly careless of danger, for but one thought now possessed him, that of rescuing the body, in the hope that life might not yet be quite extinct, he steered the boat right in among the breakers, following the helpless form of Alice.

He reached the body, and attempted to grasp it. But it eluded his grasp, and the boat, no longer steered by a skilful hand, whirled over. On the instant, Mordaunt and her crew were tumbling in the breakers. But the men, as if anticipating what would have been their leader's commands, grasped at the cords that hung from the sides of the craft, and thus held her firmly; while Mordaunt, luckily a bold and powerful swimmer, dived after the disappearing figure of Alice. He was fortunate in grasping the skirt of her dress almost immediately; but, the next moment, a new breaker overwhelmed them and both disappeared from sight.

Meantime, however, the boat and her crew had been carried in on the preceding surge; and the boat having been righted dexterously, was now heading the breakers, to go in search of Mordaunt. The men soon caught sight of their leader, as, holding Alice with one arm, while, with the other he steered his way, he rode inward on a third breaker. The boat shot like an arrow toward him; he grasped one of her cords; and, on the instant, the crew sprang out, dragging her toward the beach. The manœuvre was executed so skilfully and rapidly that, when the fourth breaker rolled in, it did not submerge the party, nor was the undertow afterward sufficient to carry them out again to sea. Before a fifth surge could overtake them, they were safely landed on the dry beach.

CHAPTER IV.

FORTUNATELY a farm-house was in sight, close to the shore of the bay, and thither Mordaunt hastened with his inanimate burden. Alice, to all appearance, was lifeless; but he reflected that persons, who had been in the water even longer than she, were sometimes recovered; and he was resolved not to despair until every effort at resuscitation had been tried in vain. As he gazed on the pallid face that rested on his shoulders, he said involuntarily aloud, "surely so much loveliness cannot perish thus."

One of the men had ran before to announce the accident, so that when Mordaunt approached

with his burden, the farmer's wife and her two daughters were standing at the door with anxious faces.

"This way—this way," cried the dame, opening the door of the best chamber, which, as customary in that section of the country, was on the first floor, "poor, dear creature—God grant she may yet have life!"

It would be impossible to describe the anxiety with which Mordaunt paced up and down the wide hall of the old house, while the females of the family were engaged in their sacred task of endeavoring to resuscitate the inanimate Alice. Minute after minute elapsed, yet nothing was heard from the bed-room. It seemed to Mordaunt as if an hour had passed, when the door was, at last, opened.

"What news?" he cried, springing forward and seizing the dame's hand. "Does she live?"

"She does!" was the answer.

"Thank God!" cried Mordaunt, and his nerves, overwrought by the incidents of the morning, gave way: for a moment he felt the weakness of a woman; and he turned away to hide a gush of tears.

When Alice had sufficiently revived to be sensible, her first inquiry was after her mother. She told her name, and begged that some one might be sent for her parent. Mordaunt, who watched still outside the chamber-door, offered to gallop himself on the service, if a horse could be found. The dame said there was a spare beast in the stable, and fortunately a good one: at which Mordaunt, saddling the animal himself, left the house on his errand.

When he reached the cottage of Mrs. Florence his horse was all in a foam. He flung himself off and hurried in. What was his astonishment to recognize, where he had expected to see a stranger, the intimate friend of his deceased mother, the widow of his father's old partner! But his surprise was not greater than that of Mrs. Florence. Alice, however, was the first thought of the parent. Already alarmed by her daughter's protracted absence, the wet dress of her visitor woke all her maternal fears.

"My child," she cried. "Oh! Mr. Mordaunt, do you come from my child?"

"She is alive—and in no danger," said Mordaunt, and then in a few rapid words he told his errand. Before half an hour, a carriage had been procured, and Mordaunt was accompanying Mrs. Florence to see her daughter.

That afternoon Alice was sufficiently recovered to sit up. Her mother had brought part of a wardrobe with her, and the patient, attired in a neat *neglige* dress, which made her all the more

lovely from its reminding the spectator of the danger she had escaped, waited to receive and thank Mordaunt. The latter had been meantime to Wallington, where his yacht lay at anchor, and had exchanged his wet, sailor's attire, for the simple black dress of a gentleman.

When the door opened, and Mordaunt entered, the blushes that dyed the cheeks of Alice rendered her beautiful beyond comparison. She looked up at Mordaunt, with eyes beaming unutterable gratitude, but, unable to find words, she burst into tears.

"She is nervous yet," said Mrs. Florence, drawing Alice to her bosom, "why, my dear child, where is all your courage?"

But Mordaunt was scarcely less composed. He had trembled like a leaf as he took the hand of Alice; and these tears destroyed what little self-command he had left. When next Alice looked up, and her eyes tremblingly met his, his own

dropped before her gaze. Ah! where was the bravery of either? Love had made both cowards. The great peril they had that day shared together, combined with Mordaunt's admiration for her bold spirit, stood in the place of months of intimacy, and they already loved.

It was nearly a year, however, before Mordaunt was allowed, in due course, to woo, to sue for, and to wed Alice. And a happy couple they have made! Their splendid mansion is seen in the most fashionable street of Boston, and their country-seat overlooks the ocean from one of the choicest spots in the vicinity. Every luxury, in short, that wealth can bring, is theirs. Nor is this all. The most perfect sympathy reigns between them. Alice is still as bold an equestrian as ever, and has become as resolute a sailor as her husband; but she is not the less the belle of the ball-room, or, better than all, the tender companion of the social hearth.

THE HAUNTED SPRING.

BY FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

On! magic well, that hidden lies
Deep in the lone and charmed isle,
Oh! glorious fount, that fair would rise,
O'erflow my spirit—wake and smile!

The enchanter—love's divining-rod
Betrays where hushed thy waters well,
Thou own'st the presence of the God,
Thou thrill'st 'beneath th' unerring spell.

The dreamed ideal comes at last,
The warm, true heart—the clear, calm mind,
Th' exalted purpose, pure, yet vast,
The regal will—the taste refined.

The dreamed ideal comes at last,
The generous faith—the earnest love,

The wild wave flows—the sleep is past,
The glorious morning breaks above.

And spirit-flowers wake and smile
With lavish bloom, beneath the ray,
And all the lone, enchanted isle
Is fairy-land this Eden-day!

Oh, sealed Spring! within my soul
Where all night long a spirit passed,
Troubling the waters till they roll
In wild unrest—flow free at last!

Oh! Haunted Spring, that dreamed of morn!
The soul that brings the morn is near,
In God's own heart thy source was born,
Rise to thy level calm and clear!

"LOVE ME AS I LOVE YOU."

BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

Yes, sister—though I'm far away,
My love is with thee ever,
And were I near thee I would say,
While life remains—no—never
To this love shall we bid adieu,
If you "love me as I love you."

Though coldness seem, oh! never grieve,
But wait to prove my motto,
Which is, love lives—and I believe

We dwell within her grotto;
For although distant, yet I view
That you "love me as I love you."

'Tis sweet to love and be beloved;
Earth knows no greater pleasure—
And if a dear one we have proved,
Then let us prize such treasure;
Love's joys are boundless, ever new—
And you—"love me as I love you."

GETTING INTO PRACTICE.

BY MISS ELLA RODMAN.

It was a pleasant room, a pleasant fire, and a pleasant party. The warm curtains effectually excluded the cold, wintry wind, that moaned and whistled without, as though angry that it could not effect an entrance; and the bright glow from the coal-fire threw a cheerful light upon the faces of those assembled around it. It was an apartment into which the weary, wet, and uncomfortable foot-passenger gazes with a feeling of envy, and thinks, as he stands flattening his nose against the window-pane, and almost hears the hissing of the tea-urn, as he sees the smoke curl gracefully upward from cakes that seem to say "come and eat us," that he would not sit so quietly indifferent in the presence of comforts which he can only devour with his eyes. At last he begins to admire the *sang froid*, which he doubts not is all assumed, with which the favorites of fortune regard the good things before them; and walks off with a hopeless sigh to contemplate some other scene of comfort.

But it is now quite time to present the company; and if precedence be yielded to size and seniority, old Mr. Lorimer must certainly have the preference, as he sits there puffing and blowing in his comfortable arm-chair like some huge porpoise. He is the possessor of a splendid mansion, an elegant carriage, a pair of horses, and a beautiful daughter. With respect to character, he is easy, good-natured, and not overburdened with intellectuality; having acquired a fortune in Wall street, he has not many ideas beyond that region, and now eats, and drinks, and goes to sleep, to indemnify himself for former industry.

Helen Lorimer is very pretty, very polite, and rather—what shall I say instead of coquettish? As Mrs. Chick observes, I must "make an effort," for that sounds almost too harsh. If she had been a milliner's apprentice, she would probably have been termed something of a flirt; but the heiress-expectant of three hundred thousand was only called "a little mischievous." As a redeeming point, however, she was really affectionate and attentive to her father, and quite capable of appreciating the fine talents and well-stored mind of a certain young gentleman who will shortly make his appearance—being

now very much in love—although she tries to conceal it by tormenting him most sadly.

A figure considerably resembling whalebone animated with a little life, and looking as though it never could, would, or did bend, or move at all, except straight forward, or straight around, occupied a seat on the sofa beside Helen. With a face to correspond, the whole constituted a person most important in his own estimation—Mr. Elilm Kivers, M. D. He never forgave any one who left out the M. D.; it was, as he modestly informed a friend, the setting of the jewel, and its omission left his dignity in a very unsupported state. No one could accuse him of being either childish or boyish in appearance. Not much the junior of Mr. Lorimer, he yet retained an exalted idea of his own attractions; and it was only a feeling of indecision as to who was most worthy of such a reward that made him so long single. He was now employed in analysing the character of Helen Lorimer, previous to conferring upon her the title of Mrs. Elilm Kivers, M. D. If she was silent, he stared at her with all the pertinacity of a bad portrait. If she spoke, he listened attentively, and when her observations pleased him, looked quite benign and approving; but when they did not, and this was quite often, he contracted his brows in a manner dreadful to behold—a performance which Helen, with the most unparalleled temerity, viewed with the greatest amusement. He was a mean man—you could tell that by a glance at his lower extremities, for which his nether garments were always too short by several inches. He had in some degree fixed his choice upon Helen:—in the first place, because her father was rich—secondly, she was an only child, and he should not therefore be troubled with his wife's relations—and thirdly, she was young, and the misguided man supposed that he could mould her according to his will. He really deserved to have her for a punishment; she would have teased his very life out.

He was not at all certain, however; he had not yet made up his mind—he would think the matter over. Helen, he could plainly see, was only waiting for his proposal; if he but opened his lips on the subject she might snap him up so

suddenly that he would scarcely have time to breathe before he found himself transformed from a saleable investment, on which all were casting admiring eyes, into private property claimed by a single individual. So he thought, and frowned, and considered; while Helen rattled away as usual, and troubled herself very little about him.

On her other side sat another M. D., between whom and his senior there could scarcely have been a greater contrast. Henry Wallis was a fine-looking young man, high-spirited, talented, and *poor*; he was still at the outset of his professional career, having spent several years in getting into practice—a step which yet remained to be accomplished; and between him and his brother M. D. there existed quite an unconscious rivalry—the elder doctor, glancing with eyes of envy at the face and figure of the young one, and the junior longing in vain for the extended practice of the senior. Brilliant in conversation, with a certain joyousness of manner, and deferential regard to the opinions of others, Wallis was a universal favorite; one of these whom every one wishes well, and is very sorry for, and quite willing that some one else shall help along—nay, they would be quite rejoiced at the prospect, and really think of calling some one to account for not doing so.

He was evidently a favorite with Mr. Lorimer; not with any views toward his daughter, however, for the old gentleman was not very clear-sighted, and supposed that the two candidates came expressly to see him; he would even have been surprised had any one enlightened him on the subject—forgetting that he generally went to sleep during their visits, and that his conversation could not, therefore, be either edifying or very amusing. The young physician had lately sunk several degrees in the estimation of the matter-of-fact financier in consequence of some lines written in Helen's album, which breathed a request not to forget him, though far away from love and her. Mr. Lorimer had a hobby, and that was the putting down of poetry and sentiment; people who made a fortune by their literary labors were regarded by him as no better than those who force an entrance through bolted doors and windows, instead of entering a house in the usual manner. Once mounted on his hobby he struck right and left without discrimination. He and Wallis were now engaged in an animated discussion of poetry, in which the old gentleman assumed the character of complainant, and Wallis that of the defendant—the latter endeavoring to protect his favorite from the crushing hammer of his antagonist.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Lorimer, "a man has

enough to do to attend to his business: he should leave poetry to boarding-school Misses."

"No insinuations, papa," said Helen, "I was once a boarding-school Miss myself; and a most devout admirer of Moore;" and then, turning mischievously to Doctor Kivers, she said—"don't you love poetry, doctor? I should so like to hear you repeat some."

As well might she have fancied a bear gliding gracefully through the steps of a minuet, or a peacock sending forth melodious strains, as to imagine Doctor Kivers repeating poetry. But she knew this.

"Well," she continued, "if you will not begin, I shall set you the example. I believe this went the rounds of all the albums in school—but no matter, it is all I can remember at present. Is it not beautiful?"

"Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away:
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!"

"Very well," growled the doctor, "but doubtless an imitation of—

"I never had a slice of bread,
Particularly nice and wide,
But fell upon the sanded floor,
And always on the buttered side!"

This resemblance to Fadladeen, the critic chamberlain of Lillah Rookh, struck both Helen and Wallis as so particularly strong, that they were immediately seized with a fit of laughter. It was his very air and manner as they could imagine it; and they found it almost impossible to resume their gravity, while the doctor's countenance grew blacker and blacker.

"I never had the least patience," burst forth the old gentleman, "with people who can spend their time in rhyming hour and bower, thee and see, or any other words. Just tell me one thing, young man," continued he, addressing Wallis, with the air of one who wields a powerful argument, "did poetry and sentiment ever yet put money in a man's pocket, bread in his mouth, or clothes on his back? I mean any one that you know of—yourself or any of your acquaintances—for I do not believe these fairy tales about the old writers. Answer me that, will you?"

Poor Wallis could scarcely speak from experience; it had certainly conveyed very little of these woeful articles to him; but he answered as well as he could for the reputation of the art.

"A great many of our poets," said he, "have risen from poverty to eminence and wealth, and literature among us daily meets with more success

and encouragement. A poet is too much occupied in giving utterance to his high and ennobling thoughts to trouble himself about these things. His country will provide for him."

"*His country!*" exclaimed Mr. Lorimer, almost afraid that his own pockets would suffer, and regarding the young man with gathering distrust. "the country, I hope, has more sense than to provide for such a lazy, good-for-nothing set! That is just the way with you poets; you will sit scribbling away with an empty larder, sleeves out at elbows, and call this trusting to Providence! A poor, miserable, moping set, who looking down from their eminence, the garret, abuse and rail against the rest of the world, because they have not money enough to enjoy it! One thing I hope," he continued warmly, "that is, that no daughter of mine will ever marry a poet, or she may find to her cost that she has made a poor bargain—better to take up with a bricklayer."

Wallis glanced toward Helen, hoping that she would come to the rescue; but she only smiled and remained perversely silent, while Mr. Lorimer concluded the argument by going to sleep.

His slumber continued unbroken even by his daughter's melody, who, having been led to the piano by her two admirers, watched them with the greatest amusement as they stood quarrelling who should turn over the leaves. The controversy at length came to an end by the elder doctor's retiring with dignity to the background; and to console him for his defeat, Helen inquired, with one of her sweetest smiles, what song he would prefer.

While Mr. Kivers, M. D., was employed in considering—for all his proceedings were well-weighed beforehand, being thought by him to have considerable influence on the fate of the nation—she exclaimed suddenly—"oh! I know what you will like—here is the very thing!" and before the astonished gentleman could express his disapprobation, she had rattled through with:

"Oh! my wife's a little bit young thing,
She won't be ruled by me!"

Doctor Kivers began to fear that his dignity would suffer in such company, and very soon took his departure; rewarding Helen's song with a shower of his darkest frowns and most withering looks.

For a few moments after his exit there was an entire silence in the apartment, broken only by certain sounds, not of the most musical description, which issued from the well-filled arm-chair. Wallis glanced toward Mr. Lorimer; his eyes were shut, his mouth open, and his hands clasped together; he was evidently in the full enjoyment

of a refreshing slumber; then bending closer to his companion, he sighed in a low tone—"Helen, I wish you were poor."

"Indeed!" she replied, in the same tone, lifting her bright, saucy eyes to his—"I am infinitely obliged to you, Mr. Wallis—that is quite of a piece with your usual compliments!"

"Helen!" said he, more earnestly, "do put aside teasing for to-night at least—might I not dare to hope?"

"The effrontery of some people is really surprising," rejoined the lady; "first, you wish I was poor, and then ask if you may hope! Hope what? That I will be poor? I do not agree with you in the least, for I heartily despise poverty and all its attendant evils. Miss Lorimer, the heiress, and Helen Lorimer without a cent, would be two very different people, and meet with two very different fates."

In answer to her question, Wallis began for the fiftieth time a story, to which Helen abruptly put an end by dropping a heavy music-book, purposely, he thought, and Mr. Lorimer suddenly sat up wide awake in his chair.

"Bless me, Helen!" exclaimed her father, "what are you doing up at this hour, child? Eleven o'clock, I declare! Young man, it is too late for you to be out visiting, unless you intend to stay all night. I am always very happy to see my friends come, and very happy to see them go—when it is time."

Wallis merely smiled, as he rose to go, without the least thought of being offended by this unceremonious dismissal; it was the old gentleman's way—he would do as he pleased—and people must either take him as they found him or not take him at all.

"Good night, sir," said he, laughing, "I wish you pleasant dreams and a more lenient feeling toward poets."

Mr. Lorimer growled something in reply not very complimentary to the fraternity; and Wallis followed the example of Doctor Kivers—pondering, as he went, on his rather forlorn prospects, and very much disposed in favor of the law of equal rights with respect to property.

He reached his lodgings and retired to bed; his mind filled with visions of future greatness and schemes for his advancement, intermingled with pictures of sterner reality,

"And shapeless sights came wandering by—
The ghostly people of the realm of dream."

The figure of his landlady rose up before him, stern as the image of Minerva, grasping in one hand a long, unpaid bill, with the usual complaint of being a "lone woman;" the washer-woman, with an urgent petition for instant

payment, and the additional recommendation of "five small children;" and the tailor, because he was a tailor, and tailors are always cheated. Then came a pleasanter vision of various night-capped heads, making wry faces over doses of rhubarb, calomel and quinine; all following his directions, and turning to him true as the needle to the pole. A still more exciting tableau followed—first, there was a falling, scrabbling, and confusion; people ran here and there, tumbled over each other, and called for everything at once, while Helen stood wringing her hands, the very image of despair—Mr. Lorimer had been seized with a fit of apoplexy, and no hopes were entertained of his life. The second act opened in a carefully-shrouded bed-room, where his patient lay extended in insensibility—himself the presiding genius standing near the bed to watch the effect of his prescription—while Helen glided softly about like an angel of light, every now and then casting on him a look of the most intense gratitude. The final scene was a bridal party, in which Helen, more resplendent than ever in her white lace dress and flowing veil, stood by his side, while old Mr. Lorimer actually danced about in the fulness of his joy.

But alas! all things have an end, and so did his dreams; the bright sunshine came streaming in his window, and found him just where he was before. With a heavy heart he proceeded to his office, to go through with the daily ceremony of sitting there in a state of the most blissful repose, waiting for a call. A very distinct sign had for some time past informed people that Henry Wallis, M. D., was to be found within at almost any hour; but they blindly refused to be guided to the right place, and passed on in total disregard of the information. So he sat and poetized in hopeless despondency; few ever came except those who were too poor to pay, and he began to have serious thoughts of getting his name into the newspapers by almost any possible means. Notoriety of some kind, good or bad, was better than none, and he wondered if it would not be a profitable speculation to hire some one to post him up as a bank-defaulter, forger, or escaped felon. He had no relations that he knew of, except distant ones, and with the greatest avidity he daily perused the advertisements in the newspapers, where fortunate people are requested to go somewhere and hear of something to their advantage. He was quite anxious to hear of something to his advantage, but no one ever made the request; no one ever died and left him anything, or desired any information respecting him. To prevent the lock of his office-door from becoming actually rusty, he

was obliged to go in and out a great many times himself, and as time passed on and no gleam of a better prospect became visible, he was almost ready to give up in despair.

It is a well-known fact that the inhabitants of the good city of Gotham are ever on the *qui vive* for something strange, horrible, or exciting. Every transaction is rendered into an event of the utmost importance, and all the posts and fences around are filled with accounts of thrilling murders, mysterious disappearances, and exciting developments.

It was just after the holidays, and the Christmas and New Year's festivities being over, the public mind was in a state of listless apathy, longing for some unprecedented event to take place, and ready to seize upon anything that promised to afford excitement, when suddenly a placard appeared, which threw the whole place into commotion. People began to collect, first in single numbers, and then in crowds, about the different corners and posts; and round faces grew long, and long faces grew longer while perusing the startling intelligence which the placard announced. "Mysterious disappearance of Doctor Wallis!" these placards were headed, and adorned with exclamation points innumerable. They stated, to the horror of all, that this talented young physician, at the very head of his profession, had mysteriously disappeared on the afternoon of Friday last, mourned and regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. That whether he had been privately murdered at his office and the body concealed, or enticed away by thieves, it was impossible to say; but that the most indefatigable exertions would be made for his discovery, and retributive justice would certainly fall on the heads of those who had committed the deed.

People began to discover his virtues all at once. "Blessings brighten as they leave us," and now that Doctor Wallis had actually disappeared, there sprung up such an extensive circle of friends and admirers, that could his shade but have scanned the assemblage, it would have been filled with wonder and astonishment. No one inquired who Doctor Wallis was, nor made the least insinuation that this excitement about one who had glided along so quietly and unnoticed, was at all surprising; everybody knew him, of course, since not to do so was to argue themselves unknown—and a few easy minds actually succeeded in persuading themselves that they had been among the most intimate friends of the deceased.

Mr. Lorimer entered the drawing-room one evening, where sat Helen, teasing Dr. Kivers and

exchanging sallies with her other lovers, as usual, and unfolding a newspaper in his hand, proceeded to read, in a grave tone, an account of the suspicious disappearance and supposed murder of the promising young physician, Doctor Wallis. Helen had risen from her seat and crept close to his side as he told them he had bad news, and he was proceeding to enter into the details, when a heavy fall sounded on his ear, and turning, he beheld his daughter lifeless at his feet.

At the dreadful announcement, poor Helen could no longer control her feelings, and severely was she now punished for all the pain her capricious conduct had inflicted on her lover. Doctor Kivers, moving rather more quickly than usual, raised her speedily from the floor, and she was immediately conveyed to her apartment, where she recovered at length from her stupor; but fever and delirium followed. Mr. Lorimer had not even suspected the state of his daughter's feelings; he had never thought of Wallis in the light of a lover, and began to fear that he had been too harsh with the young man. Perhaps it was his own condemnation of his poetical fancy which had led to this, or perhaps his manner toward him had been particularly discouraging. The good-natured old man blamed himself exceedingly. Had he supposed that Helen cared at all for him, or he for Helen, how differently he would have treated him! No one became more interested in the newspapers than Mr. Lorimer; he eagerly perused every point of the case, and looked in vain for any hopes of his discovery.

The other lovers, observing that "Wallis was a fortunate fellow, if he *had* been murdered," took their departure, in a very disconsolate manner; and Doctor Kivers, as he attended to his patient, had the pleasure of hearing his rival's name coupled with epithets of love and tenderness. Probably this discovery had something to do with the many nauseous doses which poor Helen was obliged to swallow, any scruples or expressions of unwillingness being entirely put to flight by the entreaties of her father, and the grave, warning looks of Doctor Kivers, who continually threatened them that he could not answer for the consequences—perhaps taking this mode of revenging himself for the various teasings he had undergone at the hands of his patient.

In the meantime the public excitement continued, gathering strength with each succeeding day. A stranger would have supposed that the disappearance of this young, patientless physician, involved the welfare of the whole community. The name was sounded in all quarters of the city; rewards were offered for his discovery by the public authorities, and every part of his

office and lodging was thoroughly searched. The pale, trembling landlady, almost feared a charge of murder in consequence of his being in her debt; and assisted in the search with eager zeal. His apartment looked like a place that had been sacked by thieves. Every powder that could be discovered was carefully analyzed to see if it contained poison of any description, every drawer and shelf were explored for fire-arms, or other instruments of death, and his papers were all ransacked, to discover, if possible, some evidence of an intention to commit suicide. Nothing of the kind appeared, therefore it was clear that he could not have put an end to his own life; a murder must have been committed, and they proceeded to search the office with renewed diligence. A few drops of blood were visible on the floor, and they immediately took every board up in hopes of discovering a clue to the mystery, but nothing rewarded their labors, except a few dead cats and some broken crockery.

The directors rubbed their foreheads and looked puzzled; there ought to be a coroner's inquest, that was clear, but how in the world could there be if there was nothing to sit on? The landlady, supposing that the difficulty lay in the numbers that would assemble, mildly suggested that people should not be particular at such times, and if chairs were scarce, perhaps they could be accommodated with stools. But the good woman was immediately frowned down by the committee; and being determined, since they could not hold an inquest, at least to get up a trial, they began to look around for a person who might be seized and committed on suspicion. All who were charged with any misdemeanor were suspected of being accessories at least, and immediately locked up until others could be procured, whose guilt was not even doubtful. By means of the offered rewards the inmates of the prison increased to a surprising degree, and they hardly knew how to dispose of all the offenders thus placed in their charge. It was clear that few could have known Doctor Wallis, to suppose him such a Hercules as to require a multitude to despatch him, notwithstanding the number of his warm friends and admirers. Still, very little light was thrown upon the affair; all that they could ascertain with certainty was the fact that he had been murdered; and this they knew very well before. His landlady viewed with harrowed feelings the sacking of her house, and resolved, in future, to stipulate beforehand with her lodgers, that they should neither disappear nor put an end to themselves.

Doctor Kivers was very much surprised, both at Wallis' disappearance and the sensation it

created; he thought that even his own murder could not be an event of greater interest, and wondered if it would elicit as much. Dead or alive, Wallis seemed destined to be his rival.

Helen Lorimer recovered after a long and tedious illness, but she was no longer the gay, capricious coquette she had been. Her host of lovers diminished very materially after the evidence which she afforded them of her pre-occupied affections, and there were now scarcely any who deserved the name, except Doctor Kivers, who, looking quite approvingly upon the change in her manner, began to think that he might yet confer upon her the title of Mrs. Kivers, of course taking it for granted that she would forget all about Wallis in the superior pleasure of his attentions. Helen no longer teased him—she had not sufficient energy—she passively endured him; and her rather ancient lover sometimes thought, as he observed her pale cheek and drooping eyelids, what a pity it was that she did not know how near she was to happiness. But still, he could not make up his mind to commit himself quite yet—he must first ascertain whether Mr. Lorimer's money was invested in a prudent manner—it would be no joke to marry an heiress, and find himself with a penniless wife; and as the old gentleman owned real estate, and bank stock, and mortgages, and almost everything in which money could be invested, this was a proceeding that required consideration.

Mr. Lorimer, in the full spirit of contrition for his various slanders against poverty, in his controversies with Wallis, now swallowed whole volumes of it; and by dint of considerable trying, and a great deal of perseverance, he became quite a devoted admirer. Moore, Byron, Scott, Thompson and Spencer no longer reposed idly in his book-case, in their splendid bindings, for one of his greatest pleasures was to have Helen read to him from the very books he had formerly abused. Helen sometimes smiled as, on glancing up in the midst of a touching passage, she beheld her father indulging in a comfortable nap; but this transient smile soon passed away, as she sunk into a sad and mournful reverie.

But it is now high time to see what became of Wallis. Our hero was seated in his office, in a more disconsolate mood than usual, glancing sadly from the window on passers-by, and wondering if people ever would discover and bring to light the genius which had languished so long in obscurity. One passed, and another passed, but no patient fell into his eager hands, and he was more aggravated than ever by the stupidity of a messenger, who, after raising his hopes from the sea of despair, remembered that he had been

sent in quest of Doctor Stebbins—not Doctor Wallis. Politely wishing Doctor Stebbins a change of residence, though whether it would have been an improvement upon his present mode of living, is, at the best, exceedingly doubtful, he sunk into a sullen reverie, and for some time thought of—nothing.

He was aroused by a man entering in breathless haste, who handed him an open letter, at the same time entreating him to hurry, as he had received express commands to bring him as soon as possible. Wallis glanced at the plain, comfortable-looking conveyance that stood before his window, and then applied himself diligently to the perusal of the letter. It had evidently been written by several different persons, and Wallis grew more and more surprised as he proceeded with the contents.

To account for his astonishment it is necessary to make some explanations. Wallis' great-uncle, on the mother's side, had been a gentleman of independent property, who at his death bequeathed it all to an only child, a daughter, without providing in the least for his widowed sister. This sister, Wallis' grandmother, took up her residence in the city, and the family never had the least intercourse or correspondence with the orphan heiress. She was a beauty, a wit, and a fortune; for twenty years she reigned in society an undisputed star—the most dashing belle in the whole state. At the end of that time she found herself a widow without children. The property was considerably wasted by the excesses of a dissipated husband, and although still wealthy she retired to the solitude of Wellworth Manor—the family country-seat—on the banks of the Hudson. Wallis' mother and grandmother had ceased to regard the property as ever likely to come into their possession, and scarcely ever mentioned Mrs. Derrickson's name, but reports, which from time to time reached them, represented her as extremely eccentric, and wholly under the influence of her husband's daughter, and an artful house-keeper. This Eleanor Derrickson had suddenly left her, having quarrelled both with her mother-in-law and the house-keeper; and Mrs. Derrickson, having been seized with a severe fit of illness, was now lying on what promised to be a bed of death. Having contrived to elude the Argus eyes of her duenna, the house-keeper, she commenced writing a letter to Wallis, in which she was assisted by two or three friends, who had gathered round her in her sickness. She began to see the injustice of her father's will in heaping all upon one, while another suffered for what she had often thrown away in acts of extravagance; and prompted by

a desire to mortify Eleanor, and disappoint the house-keeper, and also to keep the property in the family, she wrote to Wallis, requesting him to come, without a moment's delay, if he wished to behold her alive.

The idea of seeing this unknown and eccentric relative, and the prospect of becoming the possessor of Wellworth Manor, almost deprived Wallis of the use of his senses, and he stood quite bewildered. The messenger, reminding him of the distance to be accomplished, prevented his making any preparations, by seizing him and placing him in the carriage, almost by bodily force, and with his thoughts in a very unsettled state, Wallis found himself borne rapidly along toward Wellworth Manor. The journey consumed several hours, and the shades of twilight were deepening around as the mansion at length rose before him, almost buried in the thick trees that formed a complete grove around it. The appearance of the place was extremely imposing, and Wallis, as he proceeded up the avenue, began to think that fortune had smiled upon him at last.

He was immediately led to the apartment of Mrs. Derrickson, who appeared quite overcome at the sight of him, dwelt on his great resemblance to her aunt, and entreated him not to sell the Manor, which would soon be his. Wallis, much affected, gave the required promise, and she lay for some time, holding his hand in hers, and gazing upon him with love and confidence. The house-keeper frowned darkly upon the young man and wished him anywhere else, but the other servants were quite rejoiced—and to provoke the house-keeper, who tyrannized over them all, and also in consideration of his being the future master, they paid him every attention in their power.

But Mrs. Derrickson lingered on from day to day. Wallis spent his time alternately in the chamber of the sick woman, and rambling about the vicinity, where, seated on some picturesque knoll, amid the beautiful scenery of Wellworth Manor, he remained wrapt in bright dreams of the future, in which Helen Lorimer bore a conspicuous part—totally unconscious of the hue and cry which attended his mysterious disappearance at home.

His landlady had waited in some alarm for his regular nightly appearance, and as he neither came himself nor sent any message, she concluded, after the lapse of two or three days, that he must have been despatched in some mysterious manner; as she was quite aware that he had no relations—and thought proper to mention her suspicions, so that in a short time the flame was

kindled. Wellworth Manor was almost as retired as a nunnery; no information of the excitement about him ever reached Wallis, and he still continued in blissful ignorance.

Mrs. Derrickson lived four weeks after his arrival; he had the pleasant reflection of having done all that he could to alleviate her sufferings, and at a decent time after her funeral, the will was opened and read. Wallis started, suddenly, as the first words were pronounced, and before it was concluded he saw all his glittering fancies dashed to the ground. Mrs. Derrickson had almost entirely lost her memory after her first attack; she forgot every circumstance of her will, and the necessity of making another, and Wallis now heard Wellworth Manor, which he had already regarded as his, and for which he had projected so many improvements, named as the property of the very Eleanor Derrickson who had so abused her mother-in-law's kindness. A handsome provision was made for the house-keeper, and there only remained about ten thousand dollars, which descended to Wallis by the right of inheritance.

The triumph of the house-keeper was complete; Eleanor Derrickson returned as mistress of the establishment—and poor Wallis, after a solitary ramble about the grounds, prepared for his departure from the place which had passed into the hands of another. Sad at heart, he traversed again the road over which he had passed before with such different feelings and gloomy hopes. True, he was now the possessor of ten thousand dollars—quite a fortune in his circumstances—but he had so long buoyed himself up with the possession of Wellworth Manor, in which he hoped one day to instal Helen as mistress, that the disappointment was most acute. He could now scarcely hope to obtain the heiress' hand; but resolving to acquaint them immediately with his misfortunes, he proceeded to Mr. Lorimer's.

As he passed along, his astonishment may be imagined on reading accounts of his own mysterious disappearance and probable murder. He supposed at first that it might be another Doctor Wallis—but his office, the place of his residence, and every circumstance connected with him, were so minutely described that there could be no doubt of his being the person referred to. Almost like a man in a dream, he reached the well-known house, and pulled the bell with nervous haste.

The black servant man fled in precipitation to the parlor, spreading the news that "Massa Wallis' murdered ghost was ringing at de door." Mr. Lorimer rose up in a state of the greatest excitement, Doctor Kivers could scarcely believe the

evidence of his own eyes, and Helen, foolish girl! again sunk—not to the floor—but into the hands of Wallis; at which spectacle the senoir M. D. concluded that it was time to take his departure.

"Where, in the name of all that's wonderful, have you been?" ejaculated Mr. Lorimer, "and so you are not murdered after all, eh? Very disobliging of you considering the sensation you have created."

Helen was by this time quite restored to her senses, and not knowing what better to do, burst into a fit of crying. Wallis began a relation of his adventure; but when he came to the unexpected bestowal of Wellworth Manor, the indignation of the old gentleman was irrepressible. To think that the "good-for-nothing baggage," as he termed Eleanor Derrickson, should get the place after all, was really too much! He concluded "that, if it would be anything of a consolation, he had a troublesome piece of goods which he had wanted to get rid of for sometime past, and perhaps——"

Quite forgetting that he could ring the bell, Mr. Lorimer murmured something about looking up the newspaper and departed. After two fainting fits, a siege of illness, and a hearty crying spell, all on his own private and particular account, Helen could no longer return to her old habits, and feign a total indifference in the welfare of her lover. By the time Mr. Lorimer returned, Wallis was quite satisfied, and began to think that his trials was ended.

Public enthusiasm was still at its height, when the object of their interest suddenly returned, and presented himself before them a living man. The community felt grieved and defrauded—they had not expected this of him; any private individual among them would have been deeply shocked on being told that he actually wished his death—but they considered themselves not well treated by his coming thus unexpectedly to light. How much

more thrilling it would have sounded to announce that the body of the unfortunate victim had been discovered; but to say that he had come back himself, asserting that he had never been dead, and therefore showing that their excitement had been but a false bubble, which suddenly bursting, left them overcome with confusion, was extremely mortifying.

But notoriety is certainly a great thing to help a person on in the world; every one felt a curiosity to behold the young doctor who had excited such an interest, and sent for him on the least pretence, and often on no pretence at all; but people were not satisfied with seeing him once, and he soon had more patients than he could very well attend to. Helen, considering that she was an heiress, came in for a considerable share of abuse for thus appropriating Wallis to herself; it was really scandalous that such a nice young doctor should be engaged!

On their wedding day, Mr. Lorimer placed a paper in Wallis' hands, who, on glancing at it, was quite overcome. It was a deed of possession for Wellworth Manor. This scheme had floated in the old gentleman's mind ever since he became acquainted with Wallis' disappointment; and, keeping it a profound secret, he made a journey as soon as possible to inspect the state of the case. It was even so; the property really belonged to Eleanor Derrickson. But not having the least attachment for the place, a good sum of ready money was infinitely more acceptable in her eyes, and Mr. Lorimer returned in a state of successful delight.

Doctor Kivers married his house-keeper just before the wedding, pretending that he had never thought of having any one else; and Wallis, to his great delight, realized his cherished dream of establishing Helen as mistress of Wellworth Manor.

"GIVE HIM MY LOVE."

I THANK thee, Susan, for thy love!
Blest word—its price all gold above;
Sweet to the soul as chime of bell,
At evening hour,
Or moonlight in some fairy dell,
Each scent of flower.

Ah, without love the world would be
Most dark and drear, nor least to thee!
Each joyous singing-bird would trill
A note of woe,
Each star grow dim, and rough and chill
Each zephyr blow.

With love, a world all bright is this.
Oh, precious boon! Oh, Heaven of bliss!
Communion sweet of kindred hearts!

For this will I
Bless life; and oh, when love departs,
Then let me die.

Dear Susan, may thy budding love
A plant of bliss perennial prove;
Its smiles and tears, as sun and shower,
Be freely given,
Till it doth bloom a perfect flower,
A type of Heaven! L. L."

THE VALLEY FARM; OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ORPHAN.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

I WAS about four years old when an event occurred which influenced my whole future life.

I had not seen my mother for several days. I recollect that I cried frequently for her, and that I was put off with the excuses common on such occasions, until one day, on being again denied her, I went into a passion of shrieks and tears. The result was that I sobbed myself to sleep.

When I woke, my Aunt Sarah was standing over me. It was not long before I remembered the cause of my sorrow, and I began to cry again.

"I want to see my mamma."

"Hush! you must not make a noise," said my aunt.

"I want to see my mamma."

"Be still, child," cried my aunt, shaking her finger at me, "be still, I say, and you shall see your mother."

I had always had a sort of childish antipathy to this relative—why, I know not, unless it was that her hard nature expressed itself in her face even then—and nothing would have induced me to obey her now but that she promised I should see my parent. I hushed my cries at once.

She hastily dressed me in my best white frock. I thought it strange, for I knew it was not Sunday, but I supposed perhaps there was to be company.

"Now you must be very still," said my aunt, as she smoothed down my frock, "and not make the least noise. Your mamma is very ill."

I did not entirely understand her, but I felt that it was something terrible, and my little heart was moved. I wiped the last tear from my eye with my hand.

My aunt lifted me in her arms and carried me along the corridor. I expected her to turn into my mother's usual sleeping-apartment, but she went on to the end of the passage, and noiselessly opening a door, entered a spacious chamber, which I had rarely been in before, and which was what they called in that part of the country, the spare room.

My little senses had been fully aroused by a something in my aunt's manner, which, now that I think of it, must have been solemnity, and nothing escaped my observation. It is extraordinary how children will remember things which some great

event has stamped upon their memory. I can see the old furniture in that room as clearly as if it was before me now. The high, walnut press; the escrutoire that had been my father's; the straight-backed arm-chair, with seats that my grandmother had worked; and the heavy, ancient bed, with its carved canopy, that had been brought over from England when my ancestors first settled at the Valley Farm.

Now too I remember the faces in the room. My uncle was there, and his wife, and I thought I had discovered why I had been dressed up, for as they lived some miles off, and rarely visited us, they were considered as company whenever they did come. Another gentleman was there, whom I had a faint remembrance of having seen before. The whole were standing about at the foot of the bed, the curtains of which were drawn up; and they were looking at something in it. I looked too, and saw my mother.

She was lying partially propped up with pillows, but so pale and emaciated, that at first I scarcely distinguished her from the snow-white linen. Her eyes, however, were the same that so often looked love upon me: I should have recognized them if all else had been changed, though they were now luminously bright and large. I reached forth my hands, and half sprang from my aunt's arms.

"Mamma, dear mamma!" I cried.

"Hush!" said my aunt, drawing me back—"you must not weary your mother."

I looked at my aunt, and then turned pleadingly to my parent. She glanced beseechingly to my aunt, who looked at the strange gentleman—he was the doctor. The latter nodded. At this my aunt stooped down, and held me close to my mother, so that I could put my little hands on her face, which I did, stroking it fondly as I used to when she was lulling me to sleep.

But as she thus yielded, my aunt said—

"You are over-tasking yourself, sister. The child will tease you."

Never shall I forget my mother's look—it was partly one of surprise, partly one of melancholy reproof—as she said, faintly, speaking in short sentences, and with difficulty.

"It is for the last time, and I think I should have been better if I had seen her oftener—dear, dear Mary!" she continued, as with infinite difficulty she put one thin, transparent arm around me, and drawing me gently toward her, kissed me over and over again.

My mother must have been very beautiful; I have often heard since that she was; but I felt it, on that occasion, child as I was. Her eyes, indeed her whole face, beamed on me with such divine affection, such an out-gushing of the entire soul in love, that, for years afterward, her countenance, as then seen, was to me the type of an angel. It used to haunt my dreams. I often wished, when awake, that I was a painter, that I might embody on canvass that look. It must have been beautiful, and with the highest expression of the soul, to have produced such an impression on a girl but four years old.

When she complained at not having seen me before, and drew me thus to her, I felt my little heart gush over with affection to her. Indeed, I believe I had always been a very affectionate child.

"Oh! dear mamma," I said, endeavoring to put my little arm around her, "I love you so much. My pretty mamma, I do love you!"

Big tears began to gather in her eyes. I recollect them, for they flowed on my cheek, and mine rose in sympathy, though I knew no reason then why they should.

At this my aunt would have drawn me away, uttering in a reproving way the word "sister!" but my mother clung to me faintly.

"Not yet, not yet, Sarah," she said. "I shall never see her again in this world—let her stay a little longer."

"Let her stay," said the physician, in a husky voice. "It can't hurt Mrs. Lennox."

My mother gave a glance of thankfulness to the last speaker, and then hugged me closer and closer, murmuring words of endearment mingled with others of a different character, no doubt words of prayer. And I, awed and melted alike, feeling there was something terrible in all this, yet conscious above everything else of the delight of seeing my mother again, kissed and fondled her, now pushing her hair back under her cap, now stroking her face, and occasionally looking around on the spectators to see what it all meant.

"Now, sister," said my aunt, at last, "it must come to an end. God will provide for the poor thing, and we will do our best for her." And she drew me away.

But my mother convulsively clasped me, and, in broken language, mingled with sobs and tears, prayed.

VOL. XVII.—2

"Almighty God!" she said, "Saviour of the world, protect and bless my child—my fatherless, motherless babe!" Then she kissed me, sobbed aloud, and, suddenly letting go her hold, burst into a torrent of tears; while my aunt hurried me from the room.

I can remember stretching out my little hands toward her, and crying as if my heart would break, while my eyes remained fixed on my mother as long as I could see her. Her eyes, through all their tears, followed mine, until the spectators, hurrying to soothe her I suppose, shut her out from my sight. My aunt held me tight, for I struggled the harder when the door was closed, and almost ran with me along the corridor and down the stair-case, until we reached the kitchen, where, I remember, she carried me to a window overlooking the brook, and tapping the pane, tried to direct my attention toward some cattle standing in the water. It was one of the first really kind acts I had known her to do, at least one of the few that had the effect of kindness on me; for I have no doubt she was frequently trying hardest to be kind, in her own way, when I thought her most cruel.

Childhood soon forgets its sorrows, or, rather, is attracted to new things. In a little while I was engrossed by the scene before me, and my sobs gradually ceased, though, occasionally, I would remember my mother, and cry to be carried back to her. At this my aunt would renew her exertions to divert my attention. And thus, between sobbing and being amused, I gradually cried myself to sleep a second time, and did not awake until the following morning.

Then, my first thought was of my mother. Until lately I had slept with her, and I still retained my old habit of feeling for her when I opened my eyes. This morning, as for more than a week, I missed her. I began to cry. My aunt was immediately by my side. I disliked this woman instinctively, I have said, and on seeing her, instead of the dear one I missed, I shrieked aloud—

"Take me to my mamma!" I cried, passionately. "I want my mamma. Go away, Aunt Sarah. Mamma! mamma!"

I must have uttered this invocation piteously, for I saw tears in my aunt's eyes, the only time I had ever seen them there. "Poor child!" she said. Then addressing me, her usually hard voice softening, she continued—

"Mary, my dear, your mother is dead!"

I did not know what the words meant, but they silenced me at once. There was something awful in them—or perhaps it was the change in my aunt's manner—which made my little heart stop beating for the instant. I gazed with my large

bright eyes in wonder on the speaker, the tears stopping midway on my cheek. She looked at me for a moment, and then, by a sudden impulse, clasped me to her bosom.

"Poor, penniless orphan," she sobbed, "I will be a mother to you."

I suffered her to do with me the rest of that day as she pleased. I believe there is a magnetism in kindness, at least for children: and I was, for the time, almost as obedient to my aunt, as I had been to my mother. But I was sadly puzzled at many things: at the darkened rooms, the noiseless steps, and at everybody's picking me up, kissing me, and calling me an orphan.

I saw my mother once more—at least they told me it was her. She lay in her coffin on the bed, a white cap plaited around her face, her hands plaited around with cambric, the dress plaited to her feet. I could not comprehend it. The face was that of my parent, and yet there was something about it strange: there was a little of the old, sweet smile, but the look of love was wanting: I gazed on it in wonder, mingled with terror. They told me to kiss it. I bent down mechanically, and touched my lips to hers. The cold, icy feeling I shall never forget. I started back, yet I did not cry out. They carried me from the room, and I recollect stealing, that night, into my mother's ordinary sleeping-apartment, to see if she was there; for somehow I could not think it was my mother, lying so cold and rigid, all alone in that grand old chamber. My aunt found me on the bed, crying piteously, and calling "mamma, mamma, dear mamma!"

I remember too, the funeral: the crowd of strangers; my being dressed in black and led into the spare chamber; the carrying the coffin from the room; the getting into a carriage; the ride to the church-yard, and the sound of the clods falling into the grave. It was all strange to me and incomprehensible. For weeks afterward, I would, at times, wish to see my mother, and go over the whole house crying, in search of her; but gradually this wore off, and, at last, I recurred to these scenes I have just related, as incidents of some sorrowful dream.

My real existence now began. Hitherto my life had passed in a happiness so unbroken that it left no impress on my memory; but now I was to read darker and sterner lessons. The Valley Farm passed into the hands of my uncle. Had the babe survived which my mother bore, he would have inherited the estate, for it was entailed on the male heir, and had been, as the lawyers call it, in *abeyance*, from the death of my father, some months' before, until it was known whether his posthumous child would be a

son. All this I learned when I grew old enough to understand it, but at present I only knew that my uncle came to live at the farm as its owner. Young as I was, it was not long before I discovered from the talk of the servants, that I was now only a dependant, where before I had been the principal personage after my mother: and if I had not learned it from the servants, I soon should have discovered it from the altered treatment toward me.

It is true I was not abused, at least in the common acceptation of the term, by either my uncle or his wife. They simply neglected me. Perhaps they grudged me the little food I ate, I can explain in no other way their utter indifference; but they said nothing; and I am sure passed with the neighbors for very excellent and benevolent people, in providing an orphan with a home. My uncle would sometimes push me rudely aside, when I chanced to be in his way; and my aunt would order me carried up to bed, when I made more noise than she liked; but neither ever proceeded to active oppression.

I was left almost entirely to the care of my Aunt Sarah, the one who, in a moment of relenting, had promised to be a mother to me. I can draw her portrait now as accurately as if she sat before me. She was about the middle height, tending to *en bon point*, with a face from which all the softer emotions had long since departed, if indeed they had ever existed there. Her temper was hard and severe, and so too were her principles. She professed religion, but I now think she must have been a formalist, though a misguided one, for she was certainly sincere. She tried earnestly to do her duty, at least according to her notion of duty, and had no charity for others who fell short, or who differed with her in opinion. She was punctual at church, and punctual at morning prayer; she gave a certain sum, which she saved by strict economy, to support a heathen boy in India; but I have seen her drive a beggar-woman with a child from the gate, on the plea that, in this country, no one but the undeserving need come to want. I believe there are such people yet, though there were more in that staid, formal day of which I write.

My Aunt Sarah took the entire charge of my education. Imagine the difference between a little, sensitive creature, such as I was, dying for sympathy and affection, and this severe, exacting, repellant woman, whose heart was withered, and who regarded life as a mere affair of duty. She did not comprehend me, and I am sure I never understood her. I was often in tears at words of reproof, which I thought unjust, and she regarded as deserved.

Our first difficulty was with the catechism. I had a certain portion of this to learn every week, and read to her; and though I most frequently knew my task, there were times when I did not. A butterfly floating by, or a bird skimming into a neighboring thicket, would too often lure me from my book. At other times, some one of the neighbor's children would lend me a fairy-book, and I would sit and devour the story of Beauty and the Beast; or be reading about the wonderful lamp of Aladdin, when I should have been committing to memory the dry, distasteful catechism. I fear religion suffers, more than we think, in similar attempts to force children to learn what they cannot either understand or love, when presented in this hard, didactic shape. The manner in which our Lord taught by parables ought to convince us of this error. I was never weary of the gospels, but the catechism was my abhorrence, as it is of children generally.

When I did not know my lesson, I was either sent to bed without my supper, or shut up in a closet that opened into the kitchen. But these were slight trials to others that were coming.

I was about seven years old when my uncle's first child was born. He had been married for ten years without offspring; and the little stranger was hailed with rapture by both him and the mother. I became now even more in the way than before. It was a sweet, beautiful child, and I could have loved it dearly, but I was not suffered even to touch it, and so my heart, that yearned for sympathy, was driven back into itself.

A little half-grown girl was provided to help to nurse the child, and this person, perceiving of how little consideration I was, began to tyrannize over me. By this time, long continued ill-usage had hardened me, and I now often turned upon my persecutors, instead of going away to weep alone as I did once.

One day some candy which had been bought for the baby was missing, and the mother, knowing that no one but the servant girl and myself had been in the room, charged me with the theft of it. I had seen Julia—for that was her name—committing the depredation herself, though she thought my back was turned, nor was it the first time that I had known her to be guilty of similar acts.

"I did not see—no," I added, correcting myself, haughtily, "I did not take the candy."

"Oh!" said the mother, "you *saw* the candy, did you? And yet you did not take it," she added, ironically. "Then pray, who did—did baby?"

"No! Julia took it!"

At this the girl flushed red to her very temples,

and walking up to me with the baby in one arm, while she shook her other at me, she said—

"You little liar, how dare you?"

I did not flinch a bit. I looked her steadily in the face, and replied—

"You did take it, and you know it. And baby cried for some too, yet you would not give her a bit!"

"Well, I never," exclaimed the shame-faced girl, determined by her effrontery to put me down.

The mother was easily convinced that I was the real offender, for the girl was a favorite with her, from being an adept in a certain kind of coarse flattery.

"You little wicked creature!" she cried, shaking her finger at me—"first to steal baby's candy, and then to tell a falsehood about it. Oh! I could shake you to pieces."

She rushed at me as she spoke, and seizing me, shook me till the breath had nearly left my body. I bore it without a complaint—a little sullenly, indeed, I have no doubt. But my spirit was not cowed.

"Julia did it, and not I," were my first words as soon as I could speak.

A violent blow upon the ears, that sent me reeling against the dresser, wounding my head so that the blood flowed profusely, was the answer. Most children would have cried; I did not; I went out to the pump, and washed my head, determined not to show a sign of giving in, if I died. And that I might die, in my ignorance, I thought not impossible. I felt dreadful—no one can imagine how I felt—but I would not succumb; indeed how could I, for I had told the truth?

At last, Aunt Sarah came, and examining my head, tied it up. The others had sent her, no doubt, too proud to come themselves. She chid me severely for what she called my falsehood, and would have punished me, I know, if she had not considered my wound sufficient punishment.

I saw it was no use to deny the charge, and so made no answer.

From that day I was regarded by all in the house, as one who would not hesitate to tell an untruth.

I sometimes look back on those days with astonishment, and regard it almost as a miracle that I did not become the wicked thing I was believed to be.

A new sorrow was soon added to my other ones. The only thing I had to love was a pet chicken, which I had found wet and dying, and which I had nursed until it had become well again. This favorite, now quite grown,

follow me about the grounds—into the house it was not allowed to come—and would eat from no hand but my own. The day after the scene I have described, I found it dead by the garden-gate. I thought then that my heart would break.

While I was still weeping over it, Julia came up, carrying the baby. She looked stealthily around, to see that no one was observing her, and then said, shaking her clenched hand in my face—

“So you tell tales, do you, you little hussy? Tell tales on me again if you dare, and I’ll kill every chicken you love if there are a hundred of them. Now tell that I killed it, and see if they’ll believe you.”

I believe I could have killed her, at that moment, if I had been strong enough, and a knife had been in my hand—God forgive me for it! But let none who do not know how the orphan is tempted, censure me unduly. The taunt of the girl, and her devilish revenge—for I must call it such—dried my tears at once. I rose, picked up my dead pet, turned my back on her, and seeking the depths of a neighboring wood, there buried my favorite with many sobs.

This was a specimen of the way in which my life passed.

About two months’ afterward, Julia was caught, by her mistress, robbing one of the drawers. Ah! what a triumph it was to me, the day of her discharge. I said nothing about the past, but I knew from the kinder manner in which, for a time, I was treated, that it was known I had been wronged.

I had but one pleasure, and that was to steal away and sit alone, hour after hour in the woods, listening to the leaves rustling over head, or to the noise of distant water-falls, far down and unseen in the forest. The Valley Farm was indeed a lovely spot, and surrounded with picturesque loveliness. Have I yet described my birth-place? I believe not; I will at once do it.

The house had been built at two different periods, half a century apart. The oldest portion was the smallest, and was now used for the kitchen; but even the newest half was old, comparatively so at least; for in this country, where nearly every house is of recent erection, or made to look so if it is not, a dwelling that bears unmistakeable signs of having been built for fifty years, may be considered old. The whole structure overlooked a little river, or creek, as it was called in that section of the country, which was shadowed by noble old trees, and spangled, in every little nook, with water-lilies. At evening, the kine would come lowing up this stream on their way to the barn-yard, or perhaps a boat, bound to some

farm higher up, would go by with a quiet, rippling sound, as it was propelled against the current. In the rear of the house, the river wound off between willowy banks, into a broad expanse of meadow. Often would I sit, in my window high up in the gable, watching the long lines of mowers as they swayed to their work; and when the grass was down, inhale the fragrance of the new-mown hay. At other times, when sent to bed supperless, it was my solace to open my casement, and gaze upon the young moon rising softly in the east, or listen to the mellow harvest-song of the late-returning reapers, as it floated over the distant fields.

There was one spot on the river-bank, below the house, whither I loved to resort, to hear the waters gurgle at my feet, and to remark the effect of light and shade upon the old dwelling—for even then I had the eye of an artist. In the early morning the view was beautiful. I do not know whether the dews fell heavier or lay longer here than in other places, but it always appeared to me as if they did: indeed so brilliant were they, that when the sun was even two hours high, the whole landscape, as seen from my favorite nook, seemed to glitter, far and near, with diamond-like freshness. Here I would go to learn my lessons, or execute my daily task of knitting; nor did my aunt prevent me, not perhaps because she saw it pleased me, but because it took me out of the way. I used to sit, knitting mechanically, while my gaze wandered from river to dwelling, from field to forest, from earth to sky, and my young soul drank in, with ear as well as eye, the immaculate beauties of the prospect. I could not analyze my feelings: I only was sensible that I was happy. I now know that it was through my imagination that I was thus comforted, and I bless heaven that such a glorious heritage was mine then, and still continues mine. I know that the mere worldling will laugh at this divine faculty. But many an hour of loneliness it wiled away, and many a tear it dried upon my cheek. If I could not find sympathy at home—alas! had I a home?—I discovered it in the woods, the waters, and the sky. Every wave that rippled to the bank, each leaf that rustled overhead, the bird singing in the brake, the variegated clouds piled on high, the butterfly with its spangled wings floating past, all, all were to me companions, comforters, friends. I would even sometimes imagine they could understand me when I talked to them—have you never done the same, reader? Perhaps not, for it may be you were never an orphan, and alone.

I had one other consolation, to which I have not yet adverted. Ever since that day, when my

dying mother followed me with her eyes to the door of her chamber, that last, sad, yet loving look, dwelt with me night and day. If I shut my eyes I could see it before me, and in my dreams I still beheld it. What a blessing and a solace it was to me! When misunderstood and persecuted, I had that refuge to which to fly. I had but to cover my weeping eyes with my hands, and lo! there was that angelic smile, that loving image. My mother did not seem to me dead, but ever present with me. The consciousness of this kept me from anything like falsehood, either in word or in deed; for I dared not do wrong, feeling as I did, that my mother's eye was upon me. Sometimes, in my great distress, I would weeping call upon her, and then, when the paroxysm had passed, a holy calm would descend upon my soul, and I would feel as light-hearted as a bird. I have since read, in the works of wise divines, as well as in the poetry of the almost inspired blind old Milton, that those we love, and who have died, are not utterly lost to us, even in this world, but that their spirits hover around, angelically commissioned to warn us in peril, to solace us in grief, and to lead us "lambs in green pastures" up to the gates of glory. I believe it. I believe it, because I have felt it; and that too at an age when I could not understand it, and before I had heard that there were fathers in the church who taught this comforting doctrine.

But I must come back to the harder experiences of my girlhood. Perhaps I tire you, with what you think rhapsody: if so, you will hear enough of the bitterness of truth; and so, let us proceed.

I was about ten years old, when, one day, I found in an old album of my Aunt Sarah's, some poetry that I wished to copy. I even then loved poetry. After some demur, she granted my request, at least in part, for there was one piece she interdicted. I remember it well. It was original, and written in a masterly hand, nor were the sentiments, as far as I can now judge, unworthy of the penmanship. It was addressed to my aunt. I was too young then to understand it, but I suppose now that the poem had been written by some lover, for she seemed annoyed that I had seen it, closed the page, and made me promise not to look at it again.

I sat down to my task. The day was pleasant, a day in early June, when the sweetest flowers were in blossom. The casement was open, and as the wind eddied into the room, it came laden with perfume, while the drowsy hum of the bee floated soothingly to the ear. I had a commonplace book into which I copied, and this was now open before me. The delicious morning made

me intensely happy. I wrote awhile, and then laying down my pen, gazed on the landscape. In this way an hour passed. Once in my eagerness to watch a bird that had built its nest close to the window, and was now flying to and fro feeding its young, I upset the inkstand, and a whole page of my book was spoilt, so that I had to tear it out and begin again. But I cared little for this. I was happy. And thus another hour passed before I had completed my copying.

I had just finished, when my aunt came in. She put on an angry look, when she saw I was still at the table, and coming directly toward me, charged me, with some asperity, with having violated her commands. I assured her that I had not looked at any poem but the one she gave me permission to copy. She did not seem satisfied.

"What," she cried, "have you been all this time copying a single poem?"

I assured her I had. She shook her head.

"If you have, you are the most idle child I know," she cried. "You are always idle for that, and never will be useful, or come to any good." When my aunt was irritated she always told me this. "But I do not believe you: you have been copying that poem I told you not to look at: a pretty return this for my kindness in lending you the album: where is your book?"

She snatched my commonplace book as she spoke, and opened it at the place where I had torn out the blotted leaf. Meantime, I had risen haughtily from my seat.

When she saw the missing leaf, she looked at me severely. It was quite evident what she thought.

"Mary," she said, "I am shocked. I thought you had outgrown these things. How dare you tell me you did not copy the poem, when here is the evidence that you have both copied it, and torn out the leaf to avoid detection!"

"I did not copy the verses. That page was blotted accidentally, and I tore it out."

"Where is the leaf then?" she said, incredulously.

"I tore it into pieces, and watched them sailing down the river."

She lifted up both her hands, and gazed at me in mute astonishment.

At last she said—

"So young and yet so wicked!" Then as a gush of pity, I suppose, came over her hard nature, she exclaimed—"oh! that all my labors should be lost—that my prayers and teachings should be of no avail."

My heart was beginning to relent, and I was about to throw myself on her bosom, and with

tears assure her that I told the truth, but her next words prevented this.

"Mary," she said, "I will forgive you if you return me your copy of the poem."

I drew myself up coldly again. To be thus misjudged was an insult to my proud nature.

"I did not copy your poem," I said, coldly, but very decidedly.

Again she shook her head, and said sadly—

"Mary, I do not wish to punish you. Think again. Confess your fault. Say you copied the poem, and I will forgive you."

I was silent, biting my lip with rage.

"Speak!" she said, again becoming angry. My aunt was quick of temper, as I believe I have before said. "Why don't you speak?"

"I have spoken, and you won't believe me."

"Incorrigible! What, do you persist in a lie?"

"I tell no lie," I answered, angrily—"I was punished once because it was said I told an untruth, and, after all, you found it was Julia that did it."

This staggered her. But my scornful tone increased her rage, and, after a moment, she continued, as if reasoning with her conscience.

"But you were so long here—you might have copied the one piece in a third of the time—the leaf is gone—Mary," and she walked angrily up to me, so that I, thinking she would strike me, drew back, "this insolent, haughty, untruthful spirit of yours must be broken—and it *shall* be broken," she added, with emphasis. "There, I am not going to strike you, I would not stoop to that; but you shall go up stairs, to the closet in the gable, and there you shall stay, on bread and water, till you confess your fault. Come along."

I smiled scornfully, but obeyed her without a word. As she had said in reference to striking me, I would not stoop to remonstrate. I felt triumphant, not humbled, something as Ignatius must have felt when led to martyrdom. And I resolved never to sue for release if I starved to death.

The closet of which she spoke was at the very top of the house, a dark, but roomy affair, in which the family stored the heavy groceries. I knew it well. I had been imprisoned there once or twice before, only for short periods; but now I felt, both from my aunt's hard nature and my own resolute spirit, that it would be a long while before I came out, if ever.

We reached the closet door, when she made a last effort to move me.

"Tell the truth even yet, and I will let you off," she said.

I looked at her proudly and indignantly; but made no answer. With an angry exclamation

she pushed me in, slammed the door in my face, and double locked it.

I heard her footsteps go down the passage, descend the stairs, and die away in the distance. Until then I had stood. I now groped about in the dark, and finding a bag of coffee, used it for a seat.

I felt, all this while, as I have said, like a martyr. The strong, overpowering sense of injustice overcame every weaker emotion, and supported me. I resolved, with a sort of defiant retaliation, to keep my persecutor to her word, and not to touch anything but bread and water, even if it was offered to me. I believe, if I had died through my imprisonment, it would have given me a kind of savage pleasure; for it would have been revenge. How terribly are children sometimes perverted by a mistaken course of moral and mental treatment.

That day passed, and the next, yet my aunt showed no signs of relenting, and I was firmer, if possible, than ever. Twice she had come to my room, and asked me if I would confess, and both times I had experienced a sort of insane exultation in telling her that I had told the truth and meant to adhere to it. No one else visited me. I had not expected it, for no one cared for me. Stay! I must make an exception: the Irish servant girl, who brought up my frugal meal, showed pity in her countenance, and I blessed her for it. The only times I felt like weeping, were after she had left me.

On the third day, I was surprised at hearing steps approaching at an hour when I did not expect a visitor: for though it was nearly pitch dark in my place of confinement, yet the few chinks in the wall that let in air, let in also some faint sounds from outside; and by these my practised ear could tell whether it was morning, noon, or evening; and I judged that now it was about the middle of the afternoon. Soon the door opened, and Biddy, the Irish help, stood before me.

"Shure, darlint, my heart aches for you," she said, "and as the folk have all gone out to tay, I have just fried a few flitters unbeknown to them, and brought them up to you."

I felt the tears rising to my eyes at this kind act, but my pride choked them down, for I did not wish my persecutors to hear, even from Biddy, that I had wept. From pride also, I was resolute in refusing to eat.

"Now, do take one, only one; for you look, darlint, as if your own self had been spirited away, and some ghost had been put in your place. Shure, and it's not I will be telling on yees."

I waved away the proffered delicacy, but could not, as yet, speak, for my heart was in my throat, choking me. At last I said—

"No, Biddy, I am here for telling the truth, and kept here because I will not confess that I spoke a falsehood. They may cut my tongue out," I cried, passionately, "but I will never utter the lie they wish me to. They said I should have only bread and water, and only bread and water will I have, if I starve to death for it."

Biddy's tears flowed fast, and she tried her eloquence again, but I was inflexible.

"No," I said. "They think I tell falsehoods, and they will learn, some day, that so far from doing this, I will not even deceive them by eating in their absence, what they will not give me when they are here."

At last Biddy departed, sobbing like a child, while I, feeling more like a heroine than ever, stretched myself on the floor, with the coffee-bag for my pillow, and went to sleep.

I think I must have grown feverish, or slightly delirious about this time. I should not wonder, for the air of the place was close, and I ate little or nothing. I remember that, on the fourth day, my mood changed, and that from being heroically silent, I passed into the other extreme, and lest my aunt should think me down-hearted, began to sing all the songs I knew, especially the comic ones, as loud as I could. Jim Crow had then just come into fashion, and I roared it out at the top of my lungs. Sometimes I danced it, as I had seen the black boy Jim dance it: and, on such occasions, I took care to stamp as loud as I could. Once, my aunt came to the door, and bade me, sternly, make no noise; but I sang on louder than ever. She slammed the door to, and went away, muttering that I would try the patience of a Job.

I had now found a way to annoy my persecutors, and how it delighted me! I sang till I was hoarse. I danced till I had to stop from sheer fatigue. I even yelled out a parody on one of Watt's hymns, which I had read somewhere in a newspaper. In fact, devilish passions had been excited in me by wrong, and I was fast becoming a little fiend.

But on the fifth day I rose exhausted. I was so hoarse I could scarcely hear myself speak. Every limb in me ached, and no wonder, for I had now been sleeping, for four nights, on the hard floor. I had caught cold, too, so that sickness, as well as fatigue was at work on me; but I did not know this then.

I felt an intense thirst, and when my breakfast was brought up, drank the water off at a draught. But I could not eat. The very sight of the food

gave me a loathing, and turning my head aside, I motioned for Biddy to take the bread away. She left it, however, kindly saying I might have an appetite by and bye.

When the door closed and I was again in darkness, I thought I should have died, for my temples throbbed to bursting, and my limbs were so sore that I could not remain in any one position long. At last, by sitting drawn up into a heap, my aching head resting on the hard coffee bag, I found some relief; and finally sank into sleep.

But it was a broken slumber, and full of dreams of woe. I fancied I was on a rack, or consuming in fire, as I had seen others, in an old edition of Fox's Book of Martyrs. I thought the room was lit up by a ray that stole in somewhere, I knew not where, so that I saw the opposite wall; but, instead of being almost within my reach, it receded further and further, until almost lost in the immensity of distance, when it began to approach again, and continued approaching, until a horrible fear seized me that it would crush me to death. I dreamed I was on a sandy and illimitable desert, with nothing in view upon its surface but the bleached skeletons of men and animals who had perished there; while above the hot and brazen sky shone down without a cloud; and as I turned my glazing eyes from side to side, my tongue, swollen by thirst, almost choked me, so that I tried in vain to articulate for water. Now and then I woke from these agonising dreams to a state of partial consciousness, but my pains were so great that I was glad to find relief again even in these delirious visions.

After many hours of suffering, the violence of my fever must have abated, for my dreams of thirst and of fire ceased, and more pleasant fancies came across my slumber. I thought I reclined against a rock, looking up to heaven, when, all at once, the firmament parted overhead, like a window, and a stream of the brightest glory shot toward the earth. Angels came and went, up and down this ladder of light, as in the picture of Jacob's Dream, in the great family bible. Suddenly, amid that bright throng, I recognized my mother, more dazzling and beautiful than any of the rest. She came toward me, but not with the pleasant smile of old: a look of sad regret and chiding was on her brow; and the angels, who stooped and played their harps, played airs of plaintive sorrow.

I shall never forget the anguish of that moment. The thought flashed over me that my mother believed, with all others, that I had spoken falsely; and oh! how inexpressible was my woe.

I stretched out my little hands, fearing she would leave me, and cried in piteous tones—

"Mother, mother, I did not do it. Oh! dear mother, you who are in heaven, know that I did not do it."

A deep sob startled me, and instantaneously the vision fled. I woke, and opened my eyes, which, for an instant, were blinded with light.

The door of the closet was open, and a stream of sunshine poured in; and right in its centre stood my aunt weeping aloud.

She rushed to me—she pressed me to her bosom, and, with wild kisses, bore me out of the closet, and into my own room. I was too much startled to understand it then; but she had no

doubt heard me apostrophize my mother; and that had convinced her of her error.

I remember nothing for more than a week. At last I woke, too weak to raise my head, but convalescent, they said. Months elapsed before I was entirely well.

No allusion was ever made to the cause of my punishment. My aunt was too proud to beg pardon of a child. But, from that time, I was treated with more of kindness by her than I had thought possible, considering her hard nature.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE REALIZED DREAM.

BY GEORGE SENSENEY.

"Oh! I would," she said, "that another's shrine
Could be lit with rays of love like mine;
I yearn for the radiant colors wove
In the beautiful woof of such a love."

And he said, "the dream of a joy like this
Is seldom vision'd in mortal bliss,
But sure as thy soul for this love doth pine,
Maiden, the gem that it seeks is thine."

"I would wish," she said, "for no titled wealth
That comes to thee with a craven stealth,
Making atone, for a heart that is cold,
In the yellow hoards of deceitful gold."

And he said, "the heart that is never cold,
In itself possesses the brightest gold;

Maiden, this is my only wealth,
And I come to thee with no craven stealth."

"I would ask," she said, "for no prouder home
Than a little cot where no light may come;
The abode of peace I would sooner claim,
Than the feudal towers of earthly fame."

"Dost see yon lake in its emerald bond?
My cottage," he said, "is white beyond;
The olive emblems the peace of my home,
And it waits thee, maiden, wilt thou not come?"

The maiden gaz'd in the eye of the youth,
And she saw it imag'd her dream of truth;
Then the lake was dash'd by a rapid oar,
And their shadows fell on his sunny floor.

THE COUNTRY LASSIE AND HER LOVER.

BY RICHARD COE, JR.

"To-morrow, ma, I'm sweet sixteen!
And Billy Grimes, the drover,
Has 'popp'd the question' to me, ma,
And wants to be my lover!
To-morrow morn, he says, mamma,
He's coming here quite early,
To take a pleasant walk with me
Across the field of barley."

"You must not go, my daughter dear,
There's no use now a-talking;
You shall not go across the field
With Billy Grimes a-walking.
To think of his presumption, too!
The dirty, ugly drover!
I wonder where your pride has gone,
To think of such a rover!"

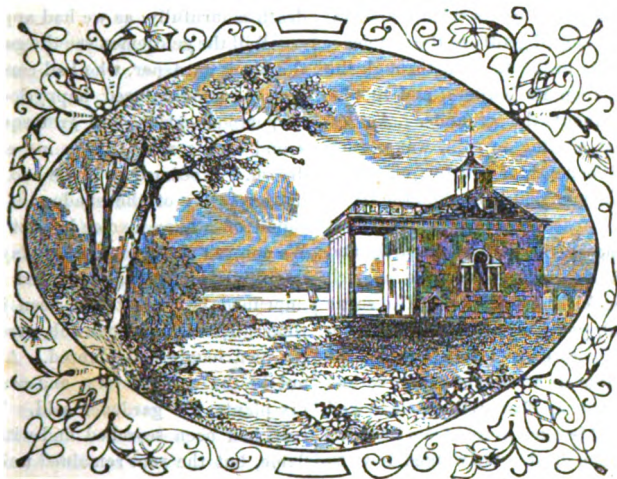
"'Old Grimes is dead,' you know, mamma,
And Billy is so lonely!
Besides, they say, to Grimes' estate,
That Billy is the only
Surviving heir to all that's left;
And that, they say, is nearly
A good ten thousand dollars, ma—
About six hundred yearly!"

"I did not hear, my daughter dear,
Your last remark quite clearly,
But Billy is a clever lad,
And no doubt loves you dearly!
Remember, then, to-morrow morn,
To be up bright and early,
To take a pleasant walk with him
Across the field of barley."

PILGRIMAGES TO AMERICAN SHRINES.

NO I.—MOUNT VERNON.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.



Just before we entered the Mount Vernon grounds, we stopped before a very small, neat-looking house, which stood in a meadow bordering the highway. An immense rose-bush half covered the unpainted front, and from a window blind peered the dark face of its occupant, as we passed. She was a most happy-looking creature, a slave, or probably the wife of a slave, who very cheerfully brought a glass of water for a gentleman of our party, and answered my request for one of her roses with a handful of half-open buds, full of perfume, and bright with the morning's rain. The bush was heavy with blossoms, and yet there was not a full-blown flower in my bouquet, but plenty of green leaves and buds, with the first blush yet folded in their hearts. Knowing the gaudy taste of her race, I had expected nothing less than a half dozen flaunting roses.

After a time our road became broken, and ran through a grove of considerable extent. I was looking with strange interest at a bush of laurel, which grew, in full blossom, deep in the wood, the first I had seen for years, when one of my companions observed that we were in the Mount Vernon grounds. It awoke me from a dream of my early home, which had been awakened by a sight of that bush—a feeling of awe came over me, for I felt that the ground whereon we trod, was holy. We rode forward in silence—for our

party gradually became subdued in spirit, as we approached the tomb of Washington—when from a bend in the road before us, came a lady and gentleman on horseback. The lady was a slight, graceful girl, probably about nineteen, in a blue habit and black riding-cap. Her horse was a small, slender bay, and she rode forward with more than usual grace. I did not observe more of her companion, than that he was slight and seemed gentlemanly, for one of our company whispered that the young lady was a daughter of the Washington family. She rode slowly by our carriage, and looked quietly in as she passed. Her face was pleasing, and rather lovely than beautiful. I never knew what it was to feel a reverence for blood before, but my heart beat quicker when I looked on that young girl, and thought that the blood of Washington was in her veins.

A small ruined lodge stood on each side of the gate, through which we passed to the grounds more immediately round the mansion-house. A short distance further on, was a second gate, where we were met by the gardener, who conducted us to the house. We had letters of introduction to the lady who is now in possession, but forbore to present them, holding it scarcely delicate, strangers as we were, to claim her hospitality. We, however, sent for permission to visit the rooms usually thrown open to the public, and

followed the example of thousands who have made the same pilgrimage, in examining the huge and rusty key of the Bastile which hangs in the hall, and in standing for a time in the room which Washington once inhabited, treading upon the same floor, and gazing upon the same objects which he had so often walked over and gazed upon. We lingered upon the piazza, for the scene before us was lovely enough to win the attention, even if divested of its solemn associations. The grounds sloped gently to the Potomac, which here and there broke to sight through the trees which grew upon its borders, and in picturesque clumps about the grounds. An old summer-house, fast sinking to ruin, was nestled on a green knoll beneath a cluster of trees, directly between the mansion-house and the river. It was a beautiful feature in the scene, yet it looked like a thing of the past, melancholy and desolate, even on a couch of verdure as rich and thrifty as ever felt the sunshine. The scene was very beautiful, yet a strange, solemn gloom seemed brooding over each lovely object that composed it. It was as if everything breathed of his sacred presence, as if everything we looked upon or touched had become sacred from its nearness to the illustrious dead. We walked down to his tomb, silently, and filled with solemn thoughts—thoughts too solemn for strong emotion. The grounds roll downward from the mansion-house, and in a green hollow, midway between that and the river, stands the tomb, a pile of new brick, fresh from the workman's trowel. In front of the tomb, guarded by an iron fence, lies the sarcophagus which treasures the ashes of Washington, and of the woman who was made immortal by his love. Above thirty of his family are sealed up within the tomb itself, their ashes rendered more sacred by the melancholy glory which kindles around that cold pile of marble.

- When I first saw the commission which Washington received and carried with him in the Revolutionary war, I was filled with emotion, my heart throbbed, and the tears gushed into my eyes spite of a strong effort to restrain them. But there, in the very presence of the mighty dead, I could not weep, I could hardly be said to feel—a strange awe pervaded my bosom, and froze all other sen-

sations into apathy. A little boy in Washington city had begged me to bring him a few pebbles from the tomb. I remembered his gentle wish, and picked up some of the white pebble-stones that lie thickly about. A few paces from the tomb, stood a slender tree, drooping with the weight of a grape-vine, that fell over its branches almost to the ground. I gathered a few of its leaves as a memorial for myself, and we left the place of death mournfully, as we had approached it.

"Will the gentlemen see the garden?" inquired the black gardener, who had conducted us to the house, a good-natured, happy-looking negro, full of pompous pride, and grotesque vanity. The sound of his voice awoke me as from a painful dream. It seemed as if we had been wandering in the valley of the shadow of death, and the sound of a human voice had let in the sunshine. We entered the garden; there lay the flower-beds quaintly laid out, and guarded with borders of unpruned box, as it had been in Washington's time. There, in a huge tub, stood a tree, which his own hands had planted. A fire had broken out in the conservatory, and consumed many of his plants, the gardener said. This, among the rest, had been scorched and withered up by the flame, but the root remained uninjured, and put forth shoots again, more healthy than the first. The negro, who gave us the history of this plant, was a slave born, I think he said, on the Mount Vernon estate. He had seen Washington once or twice, when quite a boy, and though his remembrance of the great man was very imperfect, to have seen Washington, seemed to have ennobled him in his own estimation, as it certainly did in ours.

In a corner of the garden was a little wooden summer-house—a weather-beaten and tiny ruin. I would have entered it, but a bird had built her nest there, and fluttered wildly about the door at my approach. Poor, timid thing, it was all unconscious how sacred the place had become, where it was so tranquilly rearing its nestlings! The flowers which I had seen the gardener arranging, were for me. Every leaf has been religiously preserved, and this delicate record of flowers brings back sweet recollections of our visit to Mount Vernon.

T R U T H.

Saw I once a leaf's shrunk fibres,
Blanched and bent by many a storm,
Ere a bird, in Spring-time, brought it
Home to keep her nestlings warm.

Wondrous truths from out the sky- rifts,
Fall and sink, it seems for aye,
Till some Heaven-taught spirit bears them
Upward, to the opening day. E. H.

OUR LILLIE.

A SKETCH FROM OUR VILLAGE.

BY LUCY PRIMROSE.

THERE is many a pretty village in this great world, but you might search it over and find never a prettier than ours, nestled so lovingly among the greenest of all green hills, and by the purest of all pure mountain streams. A few years ago at least, canals and rail-roads, telegraphs and balloons, those killers of all quietly vegetating individuality had never disturbed its peacefulness, and there were dwellers there with individual living hearts, keeping time to their own individual heart-music; but none of them all kept such sweet, merry time as did our Lillie's.

Away down at the end of the shaded street, furthest from tavern and stores, stood a cosy stone cottage half buried in its heritage of flowers. The roses put their delicate buds tremblingly over the white palings, as if seeking to bless a wider world with their fragrance, while the grey arms of the old elms that shed their greenness over the mossy roof, were starry with the blossoms which clambered through them. It was a fit abode for loving hearts, and they dwelt there. No one could see Mr. and Mrs. Gray sitting quietly together in their flower-wreathed portico in the twilight of a summer eve, and not feel that they were to each other a hundred, and a hundred times dearer, now that time was threading their locks with silver, than they were on their wedding day, though there was not a girl in the village who had not heard her mother tell how they had married in early youth, with no dowry but their own loving hearts and willing hands; and now with those hearts beating youthfully and joyously as ever, they dwelt in their pleasant homestead.

Their only child, their one son, had been many years married, and dwelt with his growing family in the busiest spot our street could boast; but his oldest daughter, his parents claimed as theirs, and so in that soft, love atmosphere, among the flowers and bird-music of their cottage home, our Lillie had grown to be sweet sixteen.

Opposite the cottage, towered a new, red brick house, with bright shutters, and marble steps, and a yard all shaven and shorn in trim, square plots, bordered with straight, symmetrical lines

of shrubbery, growing spruce and precise as if conscious of innate respectability; while the great Newfoundland dog turned the sharp corners and paced up the glaring, gravel walks, as if he had never been a foolish, frolicsome bantling in all his life. Then there was a stylish, modern knocker, with a plate above it, bearing in ostentatious flourishes the name of "Gustavus Augustus Squibbs, Esq.," all of new, sparkling brass, staring out in that rural street like a hedge-hog in a rose-bush; so when strangers *did* come to our village, they always asked—"who lives there?"

What could have induced Lawyer Gustavus Augustus Squibbs, when an unexpected inheritance enabled him to retire from his show of business, to select our modest, little, unpretending nook for his Arcadia, I never could divine. It was not its romantic beauty, he did his best to spoil that—reader, it was, and is—a great mystery! But his advent did make some sensation, and one or two doors which had been content to be humble and pretty all their lives, mounted the brass knockers, though they were half hidden among the leafy vines; and the unsophisticated sheep-boys were put to the blush by a few demands for visiting-cards; for Mr. Gustavus Augustus Squibbs, Esq., called on the ladies and left his card, and, moreover, he was a bachelor, and supposed to sport a heart somewhere beneath his wig and gold-rimmed eye-glass; at all events he had a new, big, red brick house, with a scientific yard in front, and a Chinese garden at the back of it.

A dozen times a day Lillie's bright face peeped through the honeysuckle, and as often her merry laugh rang out like music—"Mr. Squibbs' Byron Hall looked so funny; and pompous, little, dried-up Mr. Squibbs looked so funny himself." The happy, laughing groups who loved so well to visit her, still tapped at the front door with their own delicate fingers, and she shook her curls bewitchingly, and laughed till the tears stood in little, sparkling lakes among the dimples, when the girls talked of her setting her cap for the funny old bachelor, and the gentlemen suggested that it *might* perhaps be more genteel to dance in her wide parlors than on the soft, green grass

beneath the forest trees of their favorite grove. There might have been one voice which could scarcely join in the jest, but all the rest were so busy planning their genteel evenings in Lillie's big house, that they never saw it.

The younger Mrs. Gray, unfortunately one of the new fangled ones, began to grow somewhat nervous at Lillie's free, joyous laugh and unpruned, natural grace; she certainly *was* very unlike the Chinese garden—and thenceforth the poor girl had to endure many an unheard of lecture. "Why, child," said the good lady, one day in an agony, and with her face longer by an ell than it had ever been before, "are you never going to acquire a proper appreciation of dignity? What *would* Mr. Squibbs say if he saw you now, as I live, with the broom in your hand, actually singing and dancing to that ragged boy's jews-harp? Oh, dear—oh, dear, I'm so ashamed of you!"

A shade of regretful sorrow settled on Lillie's bright face for a moment, as she stood suddenly still in the middle of the floor; but she involuntarily peeped through the honeysuckles as her mother paused, and her merry peal of laughter rang fairly across the street. Then dropping the broom, she sprang forward, and twining her arms around her mother's neck, while a mass of sunny curls fell all over her bosom, she murmured—"oh! mother, I did not mean to laugh, indeed! I am so sorry, but then, mother—Mr. Squibbs!" But her mother only put her coldly away, and walked out of the parlor through the jessamine-covered gate, and up the street; for despite every effort and all her real sorrow, Lillie's low laugh would well up at the thought of Mr. Squibbs. And pray what had she to do with him, or he with her? Or if he pleased to meddle, what need she care?

But she had little time to indulge either mirth or sorrow, for at that moment a bright, delicate bouquet fell at her feet, and a fairy note showed its snowy edge through the blushing flowers. A soft blush stole over her brow as she drew it out, and murmured—"I do wonder if Frank threw this himself"—but she didn't peep through the honeysuckles once, maybe she guessed more than she wondered, after all.

It was then Monday morning; and the following Wednesday was Lillie's birth-day. We had weeks before determined to surprise her with a pic-nic to the Oak Woods, almost at the source of our clear, cool stream. I look back to that day, even after the lapse of long, weary years, with a thrill of joy. Lillie, whom we all loved so dearly in our heart of hearts, was the life of our merry band; the day was so cloudless and

bright, the woods so green and cool, and last, though not least, the coffee was so delicious—there never was such coffee as we made in the woods that day—that the hours flew by, and sunset came before we had dreamed the day could be half over.

When Lillie, in the still moonlight that evening, had breathed her low "good night, Frank," at the little gate, she sprang up the walk yearning to throw herself on her grandma's bosom, and shed a world of silent, happy tears; but a long, lank shadow, with an aristocratic nose and peaked chin, fell from the parlor window on the mossy pavement; and shrinking from stranger eyes and cold hearts that night, she glided softly through the scented portico, up to her little room, and throwing herself on a snowy lounge, too happy to wonder how that nose came there, she stole her little hand over her eyes, and hummed half unconsciously a low, thrilling tune. Oh! that *tete-a-tete* walk in the stilly night, it lay on her heart like a soft gleam of sunlight, calling out a gush of stirring melody. That manly, soul-speaking voice had not talked of love; they had said nothing which the world might not have heard; and yet both felt thrillingly in their inmost hearts, that they were to each other dearer than words can tell.

Only two days more, and what a weight of sorrow, the doubly bitter first sorrow, had settled down on that glad, young heart! Lillie had run up to her father's, one evening, with a vase of flowers, and a basket of rich, rare fruit; and sitting down with her parents in the handsome, newly-furnished parlors, had felt the music which all her life long had welled up from her bosom, flow back and lie there hushed as death; while a dark sorrow crept over her, till when she looked up, she had learned to shudder at the sunlight which before this day had made earth almost a heaven.

"I hope you are convinced now, Lillie," said her mother, at length, in the same business-like tone with which she had been speaking for such a long, long time, "that when you have so much more brilliant and rational prospects before you, it is time you should assume a different and more becoming character, and check any partiality which you may have unconsciously felt toward a wandering school-master. There are but few girls who would not envy you such a prospect. Just think of it! such a decided air! and so rich too!"

"We are aware, my daughter," said her father, quickly, as he saw Lillie about to speak, "that Mr. Weston's family is a superior one by birth, and that it may be, he is something of a genius;

but he has his profession to acquire yet, and then he must wait in uncertainty for patronage. Meanwhile he will very probably, in his absence, forget you, and then you will be disappointed like Kate Lee. We have, therefore, thought it best that we should be firm, and absolutely prohibit all further intercourse. As to this other affair, you will think differently of it after a little, and we presume our expressed wishes, with a little reason on your part, will accomplish it without difficulty. As your mother says, all you have to do is to think."

Lillie let the rose-bud she had held fall to the floor; and put on her bonnet with a slow, mechanical motion as she rose—

"Father, mother," she said, in a sad, tearful voice, but strangely calm and firm. "Be my partiality voluntary or involuntary, in your first command I will strive to obey you—so help me God! But I will never marry that hateful old man—never—never! While I have life, there will be a home for me somewhere, which will be a Paradise to that," and she glided from the room.

Her parents gazed at her in silent astonishment. The giddy girl had suddenly grown into a woman, a noble, true-hearted, self-sacrificing woman. Mrs. Gray spoke first—"she will go to her grandmother you see, then her grandfather in his queer, straightforward way, will quietly put on his hat, walk down to the academy, and there will be an end to our pains."

"No," replied Mr. Gray, "I can be beforehand with him, and put on my hat too. I have it—Weston is as proud as Lucifer; Lillie will say nothing for a day or two, till they coax it out of her, and to-morrow is the last day of the term. I will see him. Never fear, we can succeed yet, and I am as determined as you."

The academy closed with an exhibition; and if some of us noticed that the preceptor moved among the throng of bright, young faces with a paler brow and sadder step than usual, we supposed it natural, when the occasion must have made him feel anxious, perhaps fearful too. He did not walk home with Lillie that evening as he usually did, but rarely a day passed which did not find him in that tasteful, cheery parlor, and he would surely be in on this his last evening; so Lillie waited with a beating heart the interview which must be the last; but he did not come. The next day the stage rolled through the village as usual, crossed the bridge, turned the hill beyond, and Frank Weston was gone, while Lillie once more silently sought her room, alone. He was gone, and had made no sign—spoke never a word. There was some strange mystery in it.

Or could it be that already her father's conjecture was more than right? And she—oh! what an age she had lived since the night when she had laid there, singing in her happiness! Three days, as men measure time, but years, years to the suffering heart.

Lillie did not die of grief after this her first great sorrow, and neither did she move about with a pale, thin form, growing each day feebler and thinner; there are many, alas! on this glad earth, who wear a gay brow and laughing lip, who yet almost yearn the while that each heart-throb were the last; so little is left of brightness, so much of regret. She moved as usual about her customary duties, with a calm smile and kind word for those who loved her.

But then she was firm. Mr. Squibbs, in his persevering calls, never found her in the parlor, and all his presents were sent back at once, till at last dear, kind, old Mrs. Gray herself, who never could have dreamed of the fashionable "not at home," refused to see him. Poor Lillie! that first lecture in the trim parlor was not the last; but she hid her tears in her grandmother's bosom, and bore the infliction filially, but firmly, till her firmness triumphed, and she was permitted to walk quietly on in the path which she had chosen.

Her dear grandma had married so young herself, and had been so happy, that, though with characteristic delicacy she said nothing, she still felt anxious that her darling should follow her example. But though Lillie, growing more noble in her beauty, had many suitors, whom her grandparents would have been glad to see her choose, she turned kindly but firmly from them all, till the loving pair who had watched her anxiously, began to fear that when they were laid to rest among the roses in the old church-shadow, she, with her warm woman's heart, would be left alone in the chilly world. They could not understand her; she seemed almost to belong to a different world; the whole current of her thoughts and feelings appeared changed, and they could scarce believe their thoughtful, gentle Lillie was the same who had once carolled and frolicked through the old homestead like a merry bird.

And I—when away in a distant city, one bright spring morning—I flew up three pair of stairs to my own room, to read a letter directed in a well-known hand, felt too, how great a change those few years had made in our own, dear Lillie.

"Have you ever felt, Lucy dear," she wrote, "the burden of existing without an object, your life one great race-horse, ever running on without a goal? I sometimes think earth has no curse like the consciousness of energies to do, and nothing to be done—the yearning, panting, struggling to

find a life-object that ever melts away, and leaves you with all your garnered strength, a helpless, weary clod on this green earth. Oh! this stagnant existence is a death in life.

"I seem to move about with a stunned, bewildered kind of feeling, like one in a dream. In the midst of those who love me, and whom I love, I yet remain conscious of a great loneliness; that between them and myself, there is a gulf fixed. They are content with mere existence and the little joys it hourly brings; I, with one wild, forced leap, sprang across, and am here!—here, with the dead feeling of passive indifference, yet looking out into the boundless future with a heart-sick desire to know its all of darkness.

"To the heart which has ever been deeply stirred—which has been startled by the sudden revelation of its own overpowering strength, so strangely joined with utter, helpless weakness—which has striven to fathom its own depths and shuddered to find the effort vain—oh! to such a heart, Lucy, there is such a tameness and nothingness in the mass of petty interests which so engross the hearts of the many. And yet, I would give worlds to be back with my fellows, to dance once more with that wild joyous abandonment of soul, to feel my pulse bound again with old excitement, or beat low and happily with a calmer joy; but it seems to me, dearest, that nothing can stir my heart again. It is dying of rust.

"Oh, to be gentle, and pure, and good! To be content to live no longer for myself, but for others happiness. And sometimes there comes through the chaos, a dim knowledge that this might be a life-goal: but shall I ever reach it? and how—and when? What shall be the first step? Forgetfulness? Oh! Lucy, I am weak to-night. The past lies on my heart, and I yearn to nestle to your bosom like a child, and weep."

Poor Lillie! She had waked to think, and was suffering the penalty. Nearly at the same time, perhaps that evening, in a lawyer's office in the crowded city, at a square table, covered with green baize, a gentleman sat writing to a college chum. He wrote smilingly, at first, as though penning some old conceit, or playful sally, but, as he proceeded, his lip grew firm and almost sad.

"Though I do want to see you, Harry," he said, "and your inducements ought to be powerful enough to add me to the number of your visitants—for I doubt not your party is a pleasant one, and the ladies charming—yet I confess to being such a sad dog, they are all lost on me. In sober truth, I am wedded, body and soul, to ambition. I live with all my energies concentrated to one great object, before which, everything

must and shall bend, and I have neither time nor inclination to turn aside to the gardens of pleasure. But God forbid, Harry, that you should ever know the burning strength of a resolve like mine! You have never, in circumstances where the heart feels most keenly, been taunted with your poverty—I have! I have stood in the consciousness of man's strength, and feeling proudly that the untainted blood of a high-souled ancestry flowed in my veins, and heard a man tell me that I was poor, and must not love his daughter! Heaven knows, if she had been a tithe like him, I would have scorned her in my soul.

"And I heard him in silence, with a calm brow and curling lip, but even then, with the hot iron in my heart, my purpose was formed. I resigned forever, the God-gift of woman's love, but I must—I will be a great man—proudly, nobly, uprightly great!"

Poor Frank, too! One can scarce help wondering why Lillie's unfound life-object could not have been, to cheer and soothe that strong, passion-tossed heart, with her wealth of hoarded, objectless affection. Truly there are strange ways in life; and unions, which we would have, are not always decreed in heaven.

It was a clear, bright evening in mid-winter, when our well-filled sleigh dashed up to a large hotel, in our metropolis, which was crowded to overflowing. We were still in time. A trial was then pending before the supreme court of the state, which excited the most intense interest. A man had been arraigned for the murder of his wife, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, and public opinion set strongly against him; but the evidence, though apparently strong, was entirely circumstantial, and the prisoner, indignantly and firmly, pleaded "not guilty." The witnesses had all been examined, and the speeches on the part of the prosecution delivered, but the counsel for the defendant had yet to speak. The prisoner had but one lawyer, and he a young man; but, as the immense building became filled to overflowing, all who gazed on that form, so commanding in its presence—that face, so steady and determined, so noble and lofty in its habitual expression, felt a vague impression rising in their bosoms, that the accused might, after all, be an innocent man; and a dim expectation brooded over the assembly, that some great power would rise to his rescue.

There was a silence, as of death, when that one man rose, and through the hours when his clear voice fell on the ear, we seemed to hold our breath, as if in fear lest a syllable should be lost. The form of the speaker dilated and grew tall; that flashing eye looked through and through

those on whom it fell; the calm, unimpassioned tones of an exquisitely modulated voice, rang in the ear like a trumpet-peak; for the heart felt that they spoke the truth. The dense mass was as one soul, swayed by the might of that one master-mind. And when he closed, there was a long, dead pause; the lull which follows and precedes the thunder-shock, and then, the pent-up feeling of that one, great heart, burst forth in an uncontrollable, deafening shout. Each man felt himself a freeman; he had thought, and reasoned, and decided, for himself; but in the decision, every voice agreed—"we have heard truth!" The judge's charge was short and pointed, and the jury gave their verdict without leaving the box—"not guilty." Again that thrilling shout went up to the vaulted roof, and when it died away, the stranger was gone! He had vanished amid the tumult, none knew how or whither; but when all men, with burning hearts, mused and talked, he sat alone again and wrote.

"I have triumphed, Harry! Without patronage, without money, without friends, in the face of every obstacle, I have wholly, proudly triumphed! The one unflinching resolve has attained its object; and now, you are thinking that I am mad, intoxicated, exulting in the consciousness of overcoming strength. Oh! Harry, Harry, in the midst of it all, the heart has waked. The triumph is as a dream—is nothing! Strength I have none—nothing but an infinite longing.

"I saw among the faces in the gallery to-day, *one*, changed indeed, grown thoughtful, earnest, I almost thought sad, in its matured and queenly beauty, but one I could never see and know it not. I do not know who she is now—whether she be Lillian Gray or—I cannot write that horrid name—or Mrs. somebody else; at all hazards, I must and will see her. I felt, in that one glance, that *together* we had changed; that in heart and soul we could still be to each other, all that we once were and more, and I will not say I have *no* hope. Now I am trembling like a stricken deer, my whole being is swallowed up in the yearning to see her, to hear her voice, to touch her hand once more, and I will not wait! This night I will know the best or the worst."

"Lillie," said I, when late that night she came to me excited, and trembling, and hid her glowing face in my bosom, "Lillie, love, it's all right, after all, I see—but who could have thought of this when we started? Why it seems yet like a dream. Do tell me all! How on earth did it happen—how did he find you? and——"

And Lillie whispered—"I don't know myself, Lucy. You know I didn't feel like staying in the drawing-room there, with such a throng of

visitants, and I was sitting in the library alone, when all at once the door opened, and I heard that step. It came close, close to me, and—and—why, I don't know any more—only my head lay on his bosom, and my heart throbbed as if it would burst, till at last I just cried like a child. And then I was so, so happy—and all this time we had not spoken a word. Oh! Lucy, Lucy, I thought once I never should feel again; and now, do tell me, Lucy, am I dreaming, or is it real? What shall I do?"

And dear, warm-hearted Lillie sprang up and walked the floor, with her hands clasped nervously, and her color coming and going with every breath; till I began to think soda powders, or morphine, or something or other—my medical knowledge was not very extensive—might be a passable prescription in affairs of the heart.

Lillie did not die of joy either, but she seemed to change back again almost to sweet sixteen, and we really did all dance, (except some few who had grown too sedate and matronly and fatherly, in those sober years) we actually did dance in Mr. Squibbs' grand parlor, for Mrs. Gray, fortunately had another daughter, the counterpart of herself, who had proved more tractable, and had clearly and formally become Mrs. Gustavus Augustus Squibbs two years before.

Lillie's new home is as green and flowery and sweet as the old homestead, and her grandparents, feeling that it was home where she was, shared it with her; but they are slumbering together now, calmly and sweetly, by the church where they were married in their youth, and had worshipped together all their lives. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." And as I stood in the soft autumnal twilight, where the heart's-ease dotted the trees above them, and their favorite rose trees waved over their heads, I felt that by *their* resting-place was no *placeto* weep. Theirs were the calm, loving, sunny hearts, to which life and death were alike peaceful.

Mrs. Gray visits Lillie in her own carriage, glittering with gilding, and is very fond of talking of her *dear* daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Francis Weston. But bright, blooming, happy Lillie herself?—I said to her one day, not long ago—"well, dear, you have really found your life object at last—haven't you?"

She looked at her husband with a soft tear in her speaking eye, and I was answered; while I could not help thinking to myself, as he returned her glance, that somehow his body and soul had found something else to worship beside ambition.

PLAYING AT CROSS PURPOSES.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

No trash such as pathos and passion,
Fine feelings, expression and wit;
But all about people of fashion,
Come look at the caps how they fit.—LORD HENRY'S NOVEL.

CHAPTER I.

NEWPORT!—why it is just intolerable,” and the young lady, who pronounced this harsh sentence against our most brilliant watering-place, yawned.

“Oh, Josephine! Anything but that, if mamma would only consent to go there for a few weeks! But no! Here we must stay, where there is nothing, positively nothing to be seen or done.”

“You’d soon long for *nothingness*, at least I did, for we have posted about the country since June, and that’s the reason I teased ma to stop here before we went on to the White Mountains; there will be just the same nonsense going on there, I suppose. Dressing and flirting in the morning, ditto in the afternoon, ditto evening. La, child, how fresh and animated you look.”

“I shall be fresh in more senses than one if we stay at Centre Harbor much longer—there goes the breakfast-bell and your hair is not even put up. Here comes mamma too”—and the colloquists ended a morning toilette as hastily as possible.

They were late when they entered the breakfast-room, and more than one glanced up with evident admiration as the party seated themselves to a delightful repast. There was “mamma,” Clara Cuthbert’s mamma, a dignified, upright lady of the old school, who still dressed in widow’s mourning, and invariably carried a black satin bag, which was Clara’s peculiar horror and detestation. She was leaning upon her daughter’s arm, and the two would have made of themselves a tableau; the young girl had a dark Spanish style of beauty; with those huge, fathomless eyes, she broke through one’s very heart. She was not large, but there was a slight imperiousness in her manner, particularly in the stamp of her little foot, and the quick motion of her delicate hands, when in the least excited, that gave you the idea of greater height.

Behind them lounged Clara’s friend, Josephine Bradford, with the very nonchalant air of one who did not think it worth while to try to make an impression on the party assembled. She had

arrived but the night before, in company with some distant relatives, whom she had persuaded to turn aside from their direct route, for a few days quiet by the beautiful Lake Winnipiseogee.

With all her affected horror of the principal amusement at a crowded watering-place, Miss Josephine excelled in these very points, dressing and flirting. That is she flattered herself that she did, and certainly had a train of professed admirers wherever she was known. To let you into a secret—the young lady had danced away her roses, in a rapid summer tour, and hoped to regain them in the quiet of Centre Harbor, which she remembered as having been a very dull summer resort, of some few very dull people, when a part of her school vacations had been passed there. The little village itself, it must be confessed, has few attractions, but it is situated in the most lovely bend of a beautiful lake, that furnishes peculiar amusement to those who are fond of boating and trout suppers. Besides, it is within a few miles ride of the Red Hills, from which some of Bartlett’s most beautiful views have been taken.

Josephine Bradford gained her point, her friends, the Howards, good-naturedly consenting to “be buried alive a week or so,” and the Concord stage set down the weary, dusty party at the door of a green shuttered hotel, evidently newly erected, and made comfortable by the aforementioned blinds, and a goodly number of piazzas, porches and the like. But Josephine was less astonished at the appearance of the weather-beaten public house—than at finding an old schoolmate, the sole occupant of the pretty furnished parlors into which they were ushered.

Of course the young ladies rushed into each other’s arms—wondered how they happened to meet here, begged for adjoining sleeping rooms, and sat up all night to talk over what had passed since their last meeting; which will account for their late rising and careless toilette.

Breakfast being over, they strolled out upon the piazza, overlooking the calm lake, rippling and flashing in the soft sunlight; just as a light

vehicle drew up with a dash, and a sudden check. Out sprang a lithe, fine-looking young man, throwing the reins to his companion, and looking around with a glance of earnest scrutiny.

Josephine Bradford had just noticed that this more leisurely individual was extremely *distingue*, and turned to say as much to her companion, when she found Clara blushing to the eager recognition of this younger and more impetuous friend.

"An old acquaintance, eh, Clara?" and the two girls instinctively retreated into their rooms, not before Josephine had noticed how becoming was a dark moustache to the somewhat haughty face that had looked upward for an instant.

"Tell me all about them, *ma belle*," she said, caressingly. "A little love affair is it, and mamma is obstinate, and the gentleman desperate?"

"How you jump at conclusions, Josephine, or rather leap over them. No, it's nothing of the kind. Lieutenant Freeman has passed several weeks here already, this summer, and so has his friend, Mr. Lisle. He was wounded in Mexico, Lieutenant Freeman, I mean, and was here to recover his health. Why he returns, I'm sure I can't tell. What possible attraction can there be for him in such a stupid place as this?"

Clara did not mean to tell what the children call "a naughty story," but she knew, in her heart of hearts, what the attraction was, and why the young officer had persuaded himself he was still an invalid and needed country air. His friend Lisle returned with him, for the reason that he had no particular aim in existence, and liked Freeman's society, and trout fishing. Besides, boating was a passion, just now, with the young man, and here it was indulged to his heart's content.

Meantime Lisle's noble horses were cared for, and he himself had donned a linen blouse and broad straw, preparatory to a comfortable stroll, while Freeman walked impatiently up and down the porch, as if expecting the arrival of some one.

By and bye the rustle of light drapery was heard; and the friends entered the drawing-room. Josephine Bradford had at once seated herself with a "newspaper publication," apparently absorbing all her attention; but for all that, she saw the expression of delight with which Freeman advanced to meet Clara, and the half-cordial, half-disdainful expression with which his greeting was received. Then she must be introduced, and then Mr. Lisle accidentally looked in to see what had become of his friend, and somehow he forgot his intended walk, or it was too warm;

something prevented it; and when the Howards came in, the four were chatting away as if they had known each other for years. Mr. Howard took a prodigious fancy to Freeman, and his pretty wife thought what a fine pair Clara and the young officer would make. Then a late afternoon drive to the Red Hills was proposed, and Josephine said eagerly, "yes, how delightful!"

CHAPTER II.

A LIGHT Rockaway wagon held them all so comfortably. Mamma declining to ride, and placing Clara in Mrs. Howard's care, with a multitude of cautions against the night-dew, if they were out late: and away sprang Mr. Lisle's thoroughbred steeds, guarded by their master.

Clara was rather quiet at first. Something seemed to occupy her thoughts, until Josephine whispered—"Mr. Freeman does not take his eyes from you"—then the small Hebe head arose, and the dark eyes flashed, while jests were bandied, and sparkling repartee elicited musical laughter from the young ladies. Then they sang, too, going slowly up the hills, and Lisle—who had a fine tenor—joined in a duett with Josephine, while the others remarked how well their voices blended. Never was there such delightfully unrestrained conversation—one can't be prim and proper when in such close quarters as six in a Rockaway.

They had concluded to defer their visit to the summit of the hills until another day, and so turned aside near the base of one of them, and bowled along a beautifully shaded road, with here and there a glimpse of the placid lake, and its hundred islands. They were in search of a spring Clara knew of—Mr. Freeman and herself had visited it before, and told the others of its beauty. So after awhile the horses were left in charge of a ragged little lad, and the party entered a deep wood—

"Where eternal twilight lingered,
Through the voiceless summer day."

Even Josephine Bradford forgot herself for a while, and was happy, with no minister to her vanity. Mr. Lisle had given his arm to Mrs. Howard, and the two girls strolled silently, a little way from them. The spring was in a most romantic dell, and came gushing and gurgling from the roots of a tall pine. An attempt had been made by some one to form a basin for it, but the stones were now moss-grown and irregular, and the silvery stream flashed over them disdainfully.

Here the ladies sat down to rest awhile, and

then Mr. Freeman urged them to go on a little further, to a glade that seemed formed for a fairy ring. Clara half rose, and then sat down again. Mrs. Howard was all eagerness to see "Titania's dressing-room," thus they had named it, and Mr. Lisle walked on beside her. Mr. Howard joined them now, but Josephine had resolved not to leave her friend, and Freeman reluctantly hastened on, vexed at himself for his enthusiasm about the glade, and giving Clara a half reproachful look.

Josephine broke a branch of witch-hazel, and began to beat the grass and the little wood-flowers most unmercifully. Clara dropped her hand carelessly into the spring, and then held up the slender fingers, dripping with moisture.

"This is very stupid," said she, at length. "Yes, very; why on earth did you stay behind?"

"Because—because—to tell the truth, I thought Lieutenant Freeman was going to offer me his arm, and I didn't like to refuse it."

"Any one would think it was his hand—you are so prudish about it! What's the objection—a very finely turned arm I thought it, and a very fine fellow he seems, too."

A flush of faintest crimson shone through her clear cheek, as Clara bent once more over the stream.

"Now tell me the truth about this," said Josephine. "Is he or not a rejected lover?"

"Why, not—not exactly—that is——" Clara knew that she had chilled an earnest and impassioned declaration that had once been bursting forth, by a cold, indignant glance.

"But you do not dislike him—he seems devoted to you—I cannot understand it!"

"Seems!—there you have it. Do you suppose if I were penniless, any man would persevere in addresses he sees are not acceptable?"

"Now, Clara! You don't keep up the ridiculous, school-girl notions, that every man who looks at you is a fortune-hunter. You will never marry if you do."

"I can't help it," said Clara, bitterly. "You know I have been deceived almost into regard once, by a man, whose affection could not stand the test of my guardian's threatened insolvency. It taught me a lesson I shall never forget."

"But you're good at catechising, Josephine," she resumed, "let me take my turn. How came you suddenly to be so amiable as to offer to sit with me?"

"Simply because Mr. Lisle *didn't* offer me his arm. I never care for the society of married gentlemen, and poor Freeman is so absorbed in you he counts as nobody. I've taken a vast fancy to this same Mr. Lisle."

"It won't do any good, Joe. He'll never marry, so Freeman says, not for years at least. Besides, Miss Chester has been making a dead set at his hundred thousand dollars; that tall girl in light hair, you saw at dinner."

"Indeed!—*has* she!—I'll engage she shan't succeed, not if I take up arms against her. So Mr. Frederick Lisle, is a woman hater, or rather lady killer it would seem. Well, I've two weeks before me, and see where Mr. Frederick Lisle's indifference will be then."

"Why, Josephine!"

"Bless your dear little unsophisticated heart, I've been engaged once already this summer. We only look on these things '*pour passer les temps.*'"

And then they both started, for there was a loud crackling of branches, and the very person in question stood before them. He had returned by another, shorter route. "He was alarmed that the ladies should have been left alone so long." He was all smiles and animation, though he addressed himself particularly to Clara, who was in a terrible trepidation, lest he should have overheard her friend's remark. But this was impossible, thought Josephine.

When they were next seated in the Rockaway, Mr. Freeman was entrusted with the reins. But he turned to look behind so often that Mrs. Howard declared their necks were in jeopardy, and Lisle laughingly resumed the whip. Clara seemed to have forgotten her reserve, and chatted with the delighted young officer, while Josephine sank into a reverie, from which she started now and then, to reply to some observation from Mr. Lisle, who seeing the others so engrossed, addressed his conversation principally to her. As twilight came on, they all followed Josephine's example of silent meditation; Mr. Freeman now and then venturing a glance, eloquent with love, toward Clara. Mr. Howard became absorbed in a business transaction, his wife thought of her little ones, and longed to see their faces, while Josephine and Mr. Lisle each had a deeply interesting *tele-a-tele*, which we have no right to intrude upon. So the twilight and the silence grew still deeper, until the village hotel came in sight, and they saw Mrs. Cuthbert standing upon the piazza watching for them.

CHAPTER III.

It was quite remarkable—Clara did not once speak of leaving Centre Harbor, after Mr. Freeman's arrival. "Mamma was so comfortable now it would be a shame to disturb her"—and certainly there was a great deal more to be

done, more than ever before. In the first place there was some one to dress for—our lady readers know what a vast difference this makes in the length of time one gives to a toilette. Clara did not acknowledge this to herself—quite to the contrary, she was determined not to be pleased with Lieutenant Freeman, and to be as disagreeable as possible to him on every occasion. But Josephine Bradford did not hesitate to acknowledge to herself that she wore white morning dresses because Mr. Lisle had said they were becoming to every woman, and her luxuriant hair was braided with especial reference to his taste, and openly expressed admiration. Moreover, she had suddenly become interested in horsemanship, and patted Mr. Lisle's noble steeds, quite fearlessly, though invariably shrinking with terror all the while. It was the same with boating, though at any rippling wave, she was ready to scream with apprehension; and angling! If you could but have seen the martyr-like patience with which she dangled the rod hour after hour, protected from the sun by Mr. Lisle's broad straw, which exactly suited her gipsy style of beauty, (and this she well knew) you would have agreed with me, that she herself earned the admiration she so eagerly sought for.

She was bent upon a conquest of Mr. Lisle. It was evident to the Howards, who said nothing about it, but were vexed at it nevertheless. It was also quite plain to Clara, who did not hesitate to remonstrate with her friend. Freeman, absorbed as he was with the critical position of his own love affairs, found time to warn Mr. Lisle that Miss Bradford had the reputation of being a sad flirt, and even the company at the house began to look upon the match as a settled thing. For Mr. Lisle did not seem aware of this scheming, and to all appearance drew near the brook, as surely and delightedly as any speckled trout he had ever landed.

Mr. Lisle drove them out in the morning, and they sailed about the placid lake at eventide, watching the glorious sunsets, and gliding among the green islands that rose everywhere around them. Sometimes their party was increased by the addition of others from the house, but more generally the Howards seemed to chaperone the young people, while Mrs. Cuthbert, with a little Southern indolence, preferred to sit in her shaded room, and chat with other mamma's.

Wayward was the very term for Clara's manner. Sometimes Mr. Freeman would be sure that his regard was returned, and then if he ventured to show his delight, her repelling coldness drove him almost to despair. So nearly two weeks had passed—Mr. and Mrs. Howard

consenting to extend their stay, at the earnest pleading of the younger ladies, and not a little interested in the termination of young Freeman's suit. They saw how earnestly he loved, with the rash, impetuous enthusiasm of his nature, and wondered at Clara's blind suspiciousness.

Day after day a struggle between pride, distrust and love, shook the young girl's heart, and as ever her lover was by turns attracted and repelled. Mrs. Cuthbert all this while was content to let matters take their course. She knew Lieutenant Freeman's character to be above reproach, that he was brave, and of a good family; if Clara chose to love him, she supposed she must too, for what had she but that daughter's happiness to live for. The last of a happy household, always delicate in health, no wonder that her own convenience and her own pleasure were never thought of in comparison. It was for her that she left their Southern home, the instant that the enervating breath of summer swept over it, for her that she braved the weariness of toilsome journeys—and Clara, knowing all this, was duly grateful and attentive, though not always as considerate as an older person would have been.

They began to talk of leaving soon, and every one said at once how delightfully the time had passed. Then young Freeman looked gloomy, for as yet his encouragement had not been sufficient for a declaration, and he knew there was no excuse for joining the Cuthbert's on their home journey. Clara, too, was moody and more fretful than ever. And now a cloud came over the hitherto unclouded horizon of Josephine's schemes. Mr. Lisle, formerly paying all the little attentions of an accepted lover, now needed to be lured to any courtesy. He hung over her no longer when she sung, and had not proposed a duet in ten days. How provoking, just as they were about to separate! A coldness had arisen between herself and the Howards—of manner rather than words—they were displeased with the spirit of coquetry in which she indulged, and thought it best, on many accounts to break up the party as quietly as possible. Yet, for Mr. Freeman's sake, who, despairingly had made a confidant of Mr. Howard, they consented to stay another day.

They were all seated in the parlor, when it was positively determined that the next would be the last evening they would spend at Centre Harbor. Then conversation languished. No one asked Josephine to sing, and she grew tired of strumming aspeggios upon her guitar. And now the young people proposed a game of whist, as the last resource of dullness. Josephine, as

usual, eagerly assented; but Mr. Freeman was disinclined. Of course, in the provoking cut for partners, Josephine was disappointed. Mr. Lisle was fated to join partners with Clara, and more than all, seemed highly delighted with the arrangement. Freeman looked over Miss Bradford's hand, in a fever of jealous impatience, and seemed so out of temper, so unlike himself as he suggested her play, that Mrs. Howard at last whispered to him with a significant glance, that he had best leave the players to themselves, or he might lose another game, in which there was more at stake. Whist did not seem to be very entertaining, for they all threw up their hands on the second rubber, and proposed a stroll on the piazza. Mr. Howard was weary of an inattentive partner, for Miss Bradford was so interested in the evident good understanding that existed between Mr. Lisle and his partner, that she revoked constantly. This was an offence not easily overlooked by Mr. Howard.

A more satisfactory arrangement ensued. Mr. Freeman offered his arm to Clara, who did not refuse it now. Mr. Howard and his wife strolled off down the moonlit road, and Mr. Lisle, with Josephine, joined the others on the piazza. Then, after a few turns, Mr. Freeman protested it was too damp for Clara. They must return to the parlor for her shawl, and Josephine sat down in the porch to await their return. Mr. Lisle seated himself beside her. The coquette's heart beat fast. The hour, the opportunity—surely he would not lose it? She glanced upward; he was looking, with most provoking coolness, at the moon, and asked her if the circle around its pale radiance, did not betoken rain! Ah, what eyes those were, thus turned toward her. Large, clear, brown orbs, that spoke—just what language he, Mr. Lisle, chose they should.

"I promised to sing you that Spanish ballad, did I not? Shall I do so soon?" and Mr. Lisle complacently offering his arm, led the way back to the now deserted drawing-room.

Josephine sat perfectly still—a host of turbulent feelings disquieted her. There was a fine compression of her small crimson mouth, a glance of defiance in her unbending eyes. Mr. Freeman did not break the silence, save by a hurried and nervous stride, as he folded his arms and paced before her. Despair of gaining the love he so courted, jealousy of his friend's evident admiration, love, madness, were boiling in his heart. He had been so near the goal—his trembling lips had once more murmured his devotion, and she had smiled for an instant upon him, then ere he could see the change, she had turned away and joined those they had just separated from.

"I did not think her a coquette," he bitterly murmured. "Yet it must be so. Why else should she baffle me in this way—why seem to love, yet so constantly repel me? By heaven! Lisle is no longer a friend of mine; he shall answer for this." But ere he could form a resolution, a light hand touched his shoulder, and Josephine Bradford arrested his steps. "See," was all she said, pointing toward the open window, but there was a fire flashing from her eyes, and an unnatural flush upon her cheek.

At any other moment, there would have been nothing in the tableau presented, but now, it was the last drop in the cup, already mantling to the brim.

Clara had taken a low seat, and with the guitar supported carelessly by her white arm, looked upward to Lisle, while she chanted the wild ballad of a border love, and Lisle bent over her with undisguised admiration in those brilliant eyes. "I will tell her all—I will show her what she has proved herself to be," said Freeman, fiercely, and ere the frightened Josephine could detain him, he had dashed aside her hand and was standing before them.

"Miss Cuthbert," said he, slowly hissing rather than speaking the words, as he stood with folded arms before her, "I have come to bid you farewell forever. I tell you how madly I have loved you, and how bitterly I regret to have wasted affection on one who has now assumed openly her real character, that of a coquette; and, shall I say it, at once heartless and unprincipled!"

Lisle started to his feet. Clara dashed down the guitar and rose to her proudest height with an indignant "Sir! and this to me!" But he was gone. He had rushed out into the night air, he knew not, cared not whither, and Mr. Lisle at once followed him.

But the storm of passion was past! He was now trembling with excitement and weak as a child. He saw all his folly, his rudeness, and his desperation! He smote his forehead with clenched hands, and prayed his friends to leave him till he should be calm. "Anything you ask to-morrow," said he—and Lisle saw that chiding would be unwise, and entreaty was useless. He pitied from his inmost soul, that stormy, ungenial heart, but he knew that its greatest crime had been a wild, and it would seem unreturned idolatry. He could not blame himself, for he knew he had not been guilty of even a traitorous thought, and he attempted in vain to account for the sudden outbreak of passionate words and thoughts.

Delicacy forbade his return to the parlor,

where he saw that Mrs. Howard was with Clara. She had drawn the weeping girl to her heart, and tried to soothe her. Josephine was there too, but naturally calm and impressive. He knew not what part her's had been in the evening's *dénouement*, and how deeply she now regretted her jealous, unprincipled treachery; he wondered that she should look on so coldly. He strolled down to the boat-house, and when he returned an hour after, the same group still occupied the room, but Mr. Howard was there now, and seemed pleading with Clara. "No," he heard her say, indignantly. "It was an insult which a Cuthbert cannot overlook. If my brother had been alive, he would not have dared"—and then Mr. Howard said mildly—

"You are unjust, Miss Cuthbert. You do not know how your coldness has wounded him. Never was there a more devoted, a more honorable love, than he has borne to you. Think, was there no blame on your part?"

And then even while her lips trembled with the recollection of her purposed withdrawal from him, there was another added to the group. It was Freeman himself, pale and saddened in his bearing. The trace of the recent struggle was visible in the heavy eyes, which now looked mournfully upon the proud girl.

"I have come," said he, "not to apologise, but to beg most earnestly your forgiveness. There were witnesses to my rudeness, they now see my humiliation. I know, that if any I had, I have now forfeited all claims to your esteem. But ere I go, never again to look upon one I have so worshipped, can you, will you refuse to accord me one look of pardon?"—and he gazed with a sad intensity into her face.

There was a moment's almost breathless suspension. Clara's veiled eyes were turned away from the suppliant, but her lips quivered, and tears stole through the slender fingers. Then the hand was slowly withdrawn; it was placed in his, and her eyes spoke all that he had asked.

They were left to seal their reconciliation alone; for, as if moved by a single impulse, those who had witnessed this strange scene, stole silently away; and when Clara tapped timidly at the door of Mrs. Howard's room an hour after, she hid her face upon the bosom of her near friend, to whisper all her happiness, all her regret.

How foolishly suspicious she had been! How noble and how true he was! And now if "ma," was pleased, she would try to atone for the past by her future devotion. Mamma must not be disturbed to-night, it was so late—but Josephine, she must go and tell Josephine all about it, and she glided away again with noiseless footsteps.

Josephine was looking out upon the calm night, and wishing its peace could enter into her soul. She would have given worlds to have been assured of an affection so true, so absorbing, as that she had just witnessed. The coquette began to find that she had not trifled away all her better nature.

She heard Clara's confession with scarcely a response, and her "good-night, darling," was uttered almost unconsciously.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT mamma made no objection was to be inferred from her manner toward Mr. Freeman, as she placed Clara in his charge on the morrow's boating expedition.

"I shall look to you for Miss Clara's safe keeping after this," she said, and the grateful look which the young officer returned, amply repaid good Mrs. Cuthbert for the implied sanction to his suit.

"We leave to-morrow," said Mrs. Howard, after a somewhat lengthened pause in conversation. "Let us make an agreement to meet here next summer this time."

"I'm delighted with the spot," was her husband's response, "and say yes, heartily."

"And I," said Josephine, looking toward Mr. Lisle as she spoke.

"Certainly," was his assent; but the glance which accompanied it, crimsoned the brow and cheek of her to whom it was directed.

"We have no objection," ostentatiously spoke Mr. Freeman—and then they laughed heartily at his "royal pronoun," and Clara made a faint attempt to resent it.

Mrs. Bradford had a sudden desire to angle once more in the little island cove that had been their frequent resort. Mr. Lisle, whose attentions were more direct than ever before, offered at once to bait the hooks and adjust the tackle. Clara had an equally sudden fancy for some water-lilies, that she had noticed the day before, a little way beyond, and so the boat floated around bearing the two, whom all regarded as acknowledged lovers, alone.

There was only one seat on the miniature beach, a large dry stone. It was a perilous juxtaposition. They watched the boat glide out of sight—Josephine skipped a pebble over the dancing waves. And now, Mr. Lisle detained her hand as she would have gathered another. She dared not look up—she did not withdraw it. For once the coquette's heart was enlisted—for once it fluttered with more than gratified vanity, as she awaited a declaration.

"It has been a bright dream after all," said Mr. Lisle. What could he mean!

"I for one could almost have wished it a reality. Do you always counterfeit so well, Miss Bradford?" he continued.

Josephine's cheek flushed, but she said not a word. She made a faint attempt to withdraw her hand, but he held it gently, yet firmly.

"Forgive me," he continued, "that I did not sooner reveal to you my knowledge of the part you were playing. But I accidentally overheard your plans in my poor behalf. As I knew that your heart was untouched, I could take care of my own. We shall separate to-morrow, but you must allow me to thank you for the pleasant illusion in which my last week has sped. I could almost wish it were not a phantasy, and that you did indeed possess for me the regard you have so admirably counterfeited. But I do not flatter myself—I know it was '*pour passer les temps*'"—and turning away he whistled lightly, "The dream is past," as he walked slowly off.

Had he looked back, he would have seen emotion that would have convinced him that Josephine was now at least no dissembler.

She knew she was alone; and for a moment sat as one suddenly stupified. Then came a wild burst of tears, and suppressed sobs, that shook her whole frame. But it passed. Disappointment—shame—anguish, all were stifled, and he found her with a smiling lip when he returned, and jesting carelessly with the boating party, who were rallying her on her ill success in angling. They little knew the double truth.

The whole party were perplexed by what followed. Josephine and Mr. Lisle were coldly polite to each other, and yet they could not believe she would refuse him. Yes, that must be it, for he more than once broke out into snatches of the song we have alluded to, and as quickly

was silent again. While Josephine sat with a rested head, and trailed her hand through the cool water.

"Josephine, I must say it, you are a shameful coquette!" broke out Mr. Howard, indignantly, as they entered their own parlor. But for once she ventured upon no vindication, and Clara found her in tears when dinner was announced.

She did not meet Mr. Lisle again, until they assembled in the parlor the morning of their departure. Then she was in the wildest spirits.

"Thoroughly heartless!" was his mental ejaculation, as he handed her into the carriage; but he did not quite believe it, after all—and sighed, involuntarily, as he caught a last glimpse of her delicate hand, fluttering back a shower of kisses to Clara, who stood beside him.

Mr. Freeman—for we must drop his title, as his voluntary service in his country's cause was at an end—escorted Mrs. Cuthbert and her daughter as far as Saratoga, where they were to remain until September, now that the bustle, Freeman so hated, was over. And after he had left, Clara despatched an epistle of six closely written pages to Josephine, the real object of which was, to beg her to come to Savannah early in the spring, and act as her bridesmaid. This was crowded into four lines of a postscript.

The invitation was accepted: and, at last, preparations for the consummation of Mr. Freeman's wishes were rapidly progressing. One thing more, however. Mr. Lisle found it impossible to leave home at that time, though his friend remarked, that this impossibility did not arise until after he had accidentally mentioned that Miss Bradford would be first bridesmaid. Which discovery confirmed more fully his previous suspicion, that the young lady had rejected his addresses on that memorable morning of their last boat ride.

MARY.

BY ELLEN MILMAN.

I HAD a dream: like a sunlit gleam
It crested Life's turbid wave;
But I am awake and desolate now
For Mary is in her grave!

I saw them turn under the bright young grass
That often would light her smile,
And I felt the mould on my heart grow cold
As I left her 'neath the pile.

My dream is broke; that last brief year,
Like a star, has gone dimly down,

O'er the murky deep, with no haven near,
My foundering bark is blown.

I turn me, in vain, to her cherished flowers,
To the scene of an early vow,
The vines trail down, and a dark cloud lowers,
And the roses are withering now!

I turn me again to the low brown door,
Where, greeting me, oft she smiled,
But there, indeed, is her last dear gaze
A poor pale motherless child.

A HEART STORY; OR, THE HUSBAND AND WIFE.

BY EDITH CLARE.

"And you will marry him?" continued Maria, looking searchingly into the face of her sister. "Have you no fears, no misgivings, in so doing? Remember, 'tis a fearful step you are taking—a step which will bring happiness or misery forever!" and the young girl shuddered at the picture her own words had suggested.

"Yes, Maria, I shall marry him. He is good, truthful and honest. Will not these insure happiness? And, besides, I love him," added she, with a softened blush. "What more could my sister wish?"

"But, my dear Harrie, are you certain you love him? Oh, do, I beg—I entreat of you, fathom well your heart. Look to its every feeling and motive. Lay them in array before you, and, if there is one unworthy thought there, pluck it out and cast it thence. A month hence and it will be too late. Do it now, oh! do it now, my sister, as you hope for happiness here or hereafter!"

The young girl thus addressed, turned away from the searching and earnest gaze of her sister. That sister had ever read her heart—she read it now; and with pain saw the wrong she was committing. She resolved that nothing should be left undone to stay the step she was contemplating. But it was of no avail; and ere a month had passed, Frederick Cummings and Harrie Campbel were husband and wife. The wedding over, with all its train of travelling and parties and ceremony, and they settled down to the quiet routine of domestic life.

Maria and Harrie Campbel were only children of a wealthy and distinguished merchant in the city of L—, Massachusetts. They had been well educated—tenderly and faithfully cared for and watched over by a fond and devoted mother, and had come to womanhood with more than ordinary shares of truth, sincerity, and moral worth. Maria, the eldest, was indeed a noble girl, and everywhere won love and esteem. Tall, graceful and dignified, she moved about like one born to command. Yet she was loving and affectionate as a very child. She, and she alone, could ever control her more impulsive and wayward sister. Yet even she could not always do it. More

beautiful—if the perfect feature constitutes beauty—more petted and flattered by those about her, Harrie had become a little, a very little, spoiled. She was now just eighteen—the very age, perhaps, when young ladies deem themselves most wise, most secure from evil, and most capable of taking care of themselves. She had met Frederick Cummings but a short time previous to the opening of our story. She was pleased, fascinated; and when he offered her his hand, heart and fortune, it was readily accepted.

Yet Harrie believed she loved him, else would she not have become his wife. And she did love him—love him better and with a purer love than do half those who thus give themselves away.

Frederick Cummings was wealthy. He owned largely in the manufacturing establishments with which that city abounds. Emphatically he was a business-man; and, as Harrie had said, good, truthful, and thoroughly honest. It may not be always thus; yet do we believe it is generally so. Frederick was less exacting—less *mean*—to use a word in mercantile parlance—than most of his brother extortioners. But he had his faults. He was a straight-forward, matter-of-fact sort of a man, and had too little sympathy for all those who lived in a different atmosphere from his own. Alas! that he should have chosen such a wife!—alas! that she should have accepted him!

Maria had seen all this, and how unfitted were their hearts for each other. If ever there was one being on earth little fitted to live alone—to live without sympathy—it was Harrie Campbel. Ardent in affections, impulsive in all movements, and generous in her disposition, she constantly needed some one on whom to lean—and that a loved and trusted one. Her imagination was active, brilliant; and her whole feelings more or less tinged with romance.

She loved Frederick Cummings better than any other one whom she had ever met. She saw that he loved her; and, although she could not but feel that the return she gave was not the soul-engrossing passion she had ever dreamed it must be, to ensure perfect happiness, yet she accepted him.

And thousands thus give themselves away.

Yet, these may be called *happy marriages*; for so many are entered into with even less security for their future weal or woe. Men and women, in all things else so clear-sighted and cautious, are here but very creatures of chance. A couple meet—fall in love, or imagine they do, flirt awhile, talk of mutual feeling and the like, and end by getting married. Aye, if they awake not to utter wretchedness, blessed are they!

And blessed were Frederick and Harrie. True, he cared less, too, for flowers and books, pictures and music, than did she. But he placed them ever at her disposal, so how could she complain. He was ever ready to attend her slightest bidding, where care or money could obey it. What more was wanting?

Ah! to Harrie there was much. She wanted him to feel, to enjoy, and to suffer with her. She yearned for a *heart-union*. Alas! that such a one should be so rarely found! 'Tis an anomaly when it is met, depend upon it. I am aware that I may be censured for severity. Well, let it be so. I only ask every lady reader of mine to look into her own heart, to candidly and honestly examine it, and then tell me if I am wrong. I bide the answer.

There came to L——, a young and talented lawyer, Abbot Elkins by name, who soon became well and widely known in the circles where Mr. Cummings and his wife moved. Harrie and he often met. They found much in each heart to accord with the other, and daily their intimacy increased. Secure in his wife's affection, Cummings never dreamed of suspicion. Safe in her own convictions of duty, Harrie never dreamed of danger; and thus passed they on.

Ah! 't was a fearful ordeal for that young wife. Better had they never met, or met when each was single. Alike in tastes, feeling, and disposition—both warm-heated, impulsive, and imaginative—how could they otherwise than become attached? 'T were not in human nature—not in a lady's nature, at least—to avoid it. Yet both deemed the attachment pure and innocent. And so, perhaps, it was. But Harrie, although loving her husband, as we have said before, yet was not *perfectly satisfied*; and Abbot's affections were hitherto free. Yet, in justice to both be it said, had either seen their danger, it had been otherwise.

Abbot was called away to attend the bed-side of his dying mother. Most tenderly and devotedly had he loved her, and the summons had been to him a death-blow. He had been spending the evening at Mr. Cummings' when the message came. Instinctively he turned to Harrie for sympathy; and the ready tear, and hasty "God

bless you," as he pressed her hand in parting, told one, at least, the true state of the case. To Harrie, how long were the hours of his absence! Her music, her drawing and painting, her favorite books, all lost their interest. Society, even, failed to amuse her; for the unmeaning and senseless remarks of those about her, fell on her ear like mockery. Her husband, as was his wont, would be discussing the merits of some new piece of machinery, or the value of a water privilege, and she must mingle with the crowd. True, she had ever mingled thus; but when Abbot was there, he frequently gave a new tone and coloring to the whole series of conversation and amusements. So much can be accomplished by one master-mind, when its powers are rightly wielded. Would there were more in society, in this respect, at least, like Abbot Elkins.

Abbot was absent three months, and during that period, Harrie had much time for reflection. She was forced to acknowledge too—for she could deceive herself no longer—that she loved Abbot Elkins with her whole heart—while her hand was given to another. It was a humiliating, a terrible acknowledgement, even to herself. She felt that she had outraged truth and honor, wronged her lawful husband, and debased herself. Naturally conscientious in the extreme, she now suffered intensely. But turn which way soever she would, there was the fearful and guilty conviction—for guilty she deemed herself in the sight of heaven. Oh! how she stood and prayed that she might root out this love from her heart—that she might meet *him* calmly as a passing friend. But it was of no avail. He came; and she had no power to check the rapid beating of her heart, or the trembling of her fingers as they lay in his. Poor Harrie! thy misery is but just commenced.

And Abbot Elkins knew and felt their situation: yet he loved, and could not tear himself away. Day by day he lingered at her side, guiding her pencil or diverting her thoughts, till it seemed they could scarce live apart. Immersed in business, as was Mr. Cummings, he saw not how matters stood. Lively and cheerful, Abbot ever seemed in his presence. He felt that his wife enjoyed his society, and ever warmly welcomed him to his domestic hearth. Warm-hearted and single-minded man! he would have done anything, received any visitor, to give his wife pleasure; for, with all the heart he had to spare from spindle and loom, did he love her. And Harrie knew this; thereby increasing her own self-condemnation.

"Oh! Harrie, doom me not to misery," said the soft and earnest voice of Abbot Elkins, as he

stood, pale and almost breathless from emotion, before her he loved—"I cannot, *will not* live without thee!" and he grasped her hand almost convulsively.

Instantly she withdrew it; and, summoning all her self-control, said calmly—

"Abbot, this is not right—it is unjust and unmanly. Am I not the wife of another? Oh! break not again my resolution. I have said that this is the last time I will ever see you alone. Help me to persevere in my resolve."

"What, Harrie! never see me more—never more let me tell you how dear you have become? I tell you it shall not be! You shall be mine—you are mine, in the sight of heaven, now!"

"Hush, hush, Abbot. This is folly—crime. You know that I already suffer with you; for but too well do you know my ill-concealed love. But I will not be a mark for the finger of scorn. I shudder when I think of it! And my husband—how he loves me. Kind and generous man! Has he not surrounded me with everything necessary for my happiness? Has he not loved me more than any other one on earth? And is this, then, my return? Oh! Abbot, Abbot—do not urge me to commit further wrong. Let me go to him, rather, and acknowledge the error of the past. Let me crave his forgiveness—let me still return his love!"

"And see him spurn me from his door—trample me under his feet, and hate me forever! No, Harrie, if you *love* me you will not doom me to this!" and he looked imploringly, in her face.

"Abbot, hear me this once. *I love you*—how well, God only knows. Had we met earlier—met when I was free, I dare hardly think what might have been our happiness. But now I am a *wife*. Would you see me a scorned and despised outcast among men? No, no, you will not," added she, entreatingly. "Rather will you suffer with me—*away* from me, rather than see me this. Tell me, will you not?"

Abbot gazed on her pale and suffering cheek. That very suffering he had helped to cause. Should he deepen it? Should he, indeed, render her the thing so to be despised? *Could* he do it with one he loved? His better nature was aroused—passion was stilled, and again taking her hand, more gently than before, he added, "pardon me, Harrie, I will no longer cause you unnecessary suffering. Forget the past—let us be *friends*."

"But friends only in name," replied she, sorrowfully. "We, who have become all the world to each other—pardon me this once, if I speak the whole truth—cannot meet as do others. All our resolves would crumble to the dust. No,

we must part forever!" and she shuddered as she said it.

Again her companion's impetuosity returned. He would have spoken, but she silenced him with a look.

"Nay, Abbot, it must be so, at least, for the present. Perhaps when time shall have wrought a change—as though sweet hearts could change—we may again meet as in former days. But not now, oh, not now!"

Abbot turned away in sorrow. He *felt* her words were right; but it was hard to yield. Yet again his better nature triumphed; and, turning to her once more, he replied, "I will do as you bid me, Harrie—I will leave you. In other lands and other scenes I will seek forgiveness and forgetfulness. But oh," and his voice trembled as he spoke it, "should you ever need assistance, should you ever again crave affection, remember Abbot Elkins will serve you ever with his life. And now, Harrie, farewell!" Once more he pressed her hand convulsively, and was gone.

And now Harrie was alone. No longer she needed the partial veil she had assumed, and she gave full vent to the emotion of her crushed and bleeding heart. Oh, God! what agony was hers! What a life of misery was before her! She had bid farewell to the being dearest to her on earth—henceforth she must live alone. *Alone!* Oh, the fearful import of that one word when it forces itself upon the heart! Better death—aye, a thousand times better, than life to the loving heart *alone!*

Yet, Harrie had chosen the right; and when the violence of her first emotions had passed away, she felt a sort of conscientious pride in having been enabled thus to choose. The world knew not of her wrong doing; for so delicate and thoughtful had Abbot's attentions ever been, that none heeded them. Her husband even was not aware of the strength which their affection had acquired. He knew they enjoyed each other's society—he saw Harrie was happy in his presence, and he was satisfied. Should she tell him her wrong, now that it was passed? Should she incur the risk of his displeasure? He might never know—it might never be known save to themselves. But Harrie's nature was noble—candid and sincere, even to a fault. She would go to him and tell him all. She would lay her head on his loving and faithful breast, and, in all humility and confidence, beg his pardon.

Does my reader think Harrie's resolution was needless, useless? that she might as well have been silent? I tell them *no*. There are natures that cannot brook concealment of any kind. If

they have wronged, even though it be but in thought, they cannot rest till acknowledgment has been made and forgiveness obtained. That sweet natures are not among the happiest, is but too true. Yet they are noble, and we can but admire them. Sincerity is a jewel to the highly prized, come under what form soever it will. If one has such a heart confided to his keeping, let him see to it that he guards it well. A word, a breath even, may chill it. Let him see that it cometh not. And did Mr. Cummings cast his wife aside? Did he bid her go and return no more? We shall see.

"And now can you, will you forgive me?" sobbed the sweet, low voice of Harrie Cummings, as she threw herself upon her husband's bosom.

One moment she was pressed there, convulsively. The strong man was deeply, painfully moved. Could he forgive *his wife* that she loved another better than himself? At this thought he pushed her, quickly, from him. But, as he did so, she looked up with such an expression of sorrow—of heartfelt agony on her pale countenance, that he drew her to him once more, and relaying her hand upon his bosom, said, "Harrie, my wife, I forgive you. It is I who have been partly in the wrong. I see it—I feel it. Henceforth it shall be the study of my life to correct it."

"Oh, no, it was I, only I," murmured Harrie, as she threw her arms caressingly about him. "You have ever been good, ever kind and loving. Alas! that I should so illy have repaid you!"

"I have been kind," continued the husband, musingly, "but have I been sufficiently thoughtful of her feelings, her extreme sensitiveness? Have I fully returned the love she had to give? No, I have not—I feel that I have not. Harrie, my wife, we have both been wrong. In the first place, I ought not to have taken such an angel to my home. I was too worldly, too earthly-minded to appreciate her. While I have been giving my affections to my business, my wife has been pining at home. And this is a fault with our sex. We take you from your homes, it may be, where you have lived in a very atmosphere of love, and place you, often it is so, among entire strangers. What if we do surround you with luxuries—what if every expressed wish is gratified? May not the heart hunger and thirst still? Ay, does it not but too often do this? Men love, but not as women. With us 'tis a passion—a link in the great chain of existence. With you 'tis existence itself. Is it not thus, my wife? Have you not felt it but too keenly?"

Harrie shuddered. She could not answer him; for her own heart told her there was *one* gentleman who loved, even as did she. But *that* she

must shut out from her heart. She must not even think of it.

Mr. Cummings was, as Harrie had said, before marrying him, good, truthful, and honest. He saw how his young and loving wife had been left to herself. He wondered not that she had loved when love was offered her; and though he felt her estrangement from him—keenly felt it, he could not condemn. Noble man that he was! Were more like unto him, less wives would linger long astray. But men are too severe; aye, and women too, are thus. How little mercy is shown an erring sister! How we proudly and confidently "pass by on the other side!" Heaven grant their blood may not be required of us.

Mr. Cummings made every reparation in his power for the errors of the past. More of his time, more of his affection, if so it could be, were given unto his wife. He made her his companion, his confidant. To her, ever, the intricacies of business became a pleasure; and her keen perceptions oftentimes saw where his own lagged. He too, took more interest in her favorite pursuits and pleasures. Gradually they came to be more like each other. Their happiness increased, and Harrie forgot, partially, that she had ever gone astray. I say *partially*; for it was too deeply woven with her nature to be ever *entirely* obliterated.

"And are you sure, Harrie," asked her sister, "that you can meet him unmoved? If not, let me entreat you to shun him. Break not again your own and your husband's happiness. Already has he suffered enough. Now let him see that his wife is strong."

"He shall!" answered Harrie, in a low, but firm voice. Whatever feelings *might* have risen in her heart when first she learned the return of Abbot Elkins, no one knew. *Now* she was calm. She would meet him thus—would show to her husband that his love and kindness were not unappreciated—not abused.

And they met—those two who had not "loved wisely but too well." It was at a party given by a mutual friend. Abbot, of course, seeing he had just returned from a three year's residence abroad, was the lion of the evening. Harrie and he were frequently side by side; but though she listened with evident pleasure to his pictures of other lands, her heart was strong. Once, and once only, was there a moment of danger. She had been led to the piano and asked for a song. It was one written by herself and set to music by Abbot during their days of mutual affection. The one who requested the song knew nothing of its history, it being merely a favorite piece of his. For a moment she hesitated. It was

but for a moment; and then, though at first her voice trembled a little, a very little, it soon became clear and firm. Once she caught Abbot's eye fixed on her, as though to read her inmost thoughts, and the color rose to her cheek. It passed, and she finished to the satisfaction of all. As she was led to a seat, Abbot moved to one beside her.

"And may I ask if Mrs. Cummings retains, unchanged, those sentiments still?" he said, with some emotion.

"Yes, but purified, exalted," was her ready answer, as she turned to him her calm and spiritual eyes. "Those were the longings and aspirations of youth. They are now replaced by the calmer but more reasonable realities of riper years. May I ask if Mr. Elkins has not also grown wiser with the passing of time."

"Wiser, perhaps; but not so happy," answered he, with a sigh. "I would give worlds to recall the bliss, the ecstasy of former hours. Oh, Harrie, —Mrs. Cummings, I mean,—have you forgotten the past—the happy past?"

"Not forgotten," answered she, as calmly as before. "But it is remembered only in sorrow and humiliation. Mr. Elkins himself would not wish it otherwise;" and she turned to him a look full of confidence.

It was enough. He saw her firmness, her strength, and he respected her for it. Directly the conversation turned upon other subjects, and Harrie's hour of trial was over.

"And I have met him, my sister, and was not moved. Thank heaven! I now feel safe—feel strong."

"And may you ever thus feel, my most loved Harrie," said Maria, as she drew her to her side, and imprinted a kiss upon her clear and open brow. "And may I ask if you are not happier—far happier than while yielding to wrong?"

"Happier sister! you know I am! Oh, I have such a treasure in my husband! He loves me so devotedly! How can I be otherwise than happy?" and her whole face lighted up with enthusiasm.

"Ah, ha! a tete-a-tete I have interrupted, I see," said Mr. Cummings, entering at that moment. "But so I do not mar my wife's happiness," added he, playfully caressing her, "I care not. But come, here are some drawings from which I wish you to select. You see," continued he, turning to Maria, "I am just learning to play the lover, by trying to assimilate my tastes to Harrie's. 'Tis wonderful how she has changed me, the fairy!"

THE FUTURE.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

THE bright and glorious future, to it I turn my eyes,
Forgetful of the dreary past, or present clouded skies;
I see its radiant sunshine—its bright, unfading flowers;
Its sparkling streams, its verdant hills, and cool and
fragrant bowers.

Its softly breathing zephyr e'en now around me floats,
And, though amid discordant sounds, I hear its bird-
like notes.

The glad and happy future, on it I fix my eyes,
When gloomy mem'ries of the past in countless
numbers rise;

And when o'er all the present are night-like clouds
of grief,

I turn to it in gladness, still sure to find relief.
With clear, prophetic vision, I realize its hours
Of purer hopes, and higher aims, and strong, unfet-
tered powers.

I bless me with its blissful hopes, its love, and joy,
and truth,

That seem so well to realize the visions of my youth.

Perhaps these brilliant hopes are wrong—experience
cold and stern,

Perchance would teach a sadder love which I had
better learn.

And yet such blissful gleamings will glad the present
day,

And sunlight from the future, shed brilliance o'er my
way.

If I could pierce the veil of mist, the prospect to
explore,

Perhaps the future has for me a dreary lot in store.

It may be I will find at last, that all these fairy scenes
Were bright illusions, pictured on the cloud which
intervenes,

Dissolving on a near approach, as melts that cloud
in air,

To leave the dark and settled gloom that shadows
forth despair.

But yet whate'er my earthly lot, grant that to me be
given,

The truer and the holier hopes of perfect bliss in
Heaven;

That in the drearest, saddest days, the future still
may be

A glorious thought, a happy hope, a vision bright to
me.

THE COUNTERFEITER'S DAUGHTER.

BY CLARA MORETON.

AMID the romantic hills of Hampden county, the beautiful War-ri-no-ocoe wends its way, now calm and placid as the gleaming surface of a polished mirror, and anon, fretting and foaming against the stones and rocks that impede it in its progress. At intervals, of but a few miles, small villages of white houses, with green lattices, nestle lovingly between the crag-crowned hills, and the river murmurs along through their midst, spanned here and there by rustic bridges, which greatly add to the picturesque beauty of the scenery.

In the whole length of the Warrinocoe, from its rise in the mountains, to where it loses itself in the broad Connecticut, there is not a wilder spot than the little village where a portion of my sketch is laid. Here, the river winds along the base of a mountain, then passes through a ravine with scarcely room for a road—then the valley widens gradually for a quarter of a mile—and then, as gradually, the hills approach nearer and nearer, forming, at length, a narrow gorge, through which the Warrinocoe escapes after dividing the little valley as equally, as if the hand of man, with compass and rule, had marked out its course.

Two rustic bridges span the stream between the gorge and the wilder ravine. At the upper bridge the water glides calmly and gracefully in its crystal clearness to the rough logs of the mill-dam, and there, in one unbroken sheet of silver, it falls over, unmindful of the noise and tumult it is hastening to meet.

Directly facing the southern end of the lower bridge, the white spire of the village church arises, and on the smooth, green lawn in front, the children roll their hoops, and fly their kites, for it is the only level place beside the river road throughout the village. The dwellings are scattered up and down, between the two bridges, on either side, and not one of them but has their compliment of shaded trees, wreathing vines, and flowering shrubs.

The road from the upper bridge crosses the lawn, just in front of the church, while the one which sweeps down the hills from a northerly direction, over the lower bridge, curves round a latticed cottage, and the little school-house, and loses itself in the other road, just where the

trees grow the thickest, and the river looks the loveliest before entering the gorge.

For twelve delightful miles this road winds on, keeping beside the river in one almost unbroken mass of shade. The luxurious wild vines arch across from tree to tree, whose thickly woven branches present an impervious canopy to the scorching rays of the mid-day sun, and the air is never free in summer-time from the rich perfume of the wild blossoms, which spring from the tangled thickets on almost every side.

Here and there, embosomed amidst the forest trees, scattered farm-houses and insulated dwellings appear at intervals, during the first five miles, and then, for more than a mile, the road winds deeper and darker, until suddenly emerging from the forest, it sweeps with a broad curve, around the base of a hill, thickly covered with masses of waving foliage, containing every shade of green, from the delicate leaf of the silver maple, to the dark hue of the tasselled pine and towering cedar. Not a tree, or shrub, here separates the highway from the stream, but the road winds along, skirting its very brink; and the image of the passer-by, be he in carriage or on foot, is reflected as in a mirror, in the pure depths of the here placid river, which spreads itself out in such a broad, unbroken sheet, that it looks more like a miniature lake, than the wild-foaming mountain torrent that it is.

Too beautiful a spot, is this, for the haunts of sin, and yet, for years, was this portion of the country infested by a gang of counterfeiters, who, by their ingenuity, eluded, for a long time, all pursuit, and even, when imprisoned, found some means of escape.

One of their principal places of rendezvous, was a small, low-browed cottage, which stood at the very foot of the hill, which here slopes down nearly to the river, and just where the road enters the forest again. It was shaded in front by the trees which spread over from the opposite side, while at either end window you could see up and down the road, unobstructed by shrubbery of any description. The back of the cottage was one story higher than the front, or rather one story lower, and a beaten path led from the one back door, through the thicket

to the masses of rocks just below the house, where the river rushes headlong from crag to crag, streaming through deep and dark fissures, and leaving the topmost rocks bare, and easily passed, excepting in the season of freshets. The bank on the opposite side is steeper, and a portion of the river diverted from its original channel, here pours over the rocks into an abyss full fifty feet below.

Over this frightful chasm, a rude bridge had been constructed from rock to rock, of a few planks nailed together, with a hand-railing of the untrimmed boughs of forest trees; but it looked so frail and trembling that few ventured to pass. A heavy stone at either end steadied the crossing, and served, in time of high wind, to keep it from blowing away. Here, there was no danger from freshets, for the water would spread far over the meadows, before it could reach the top of the lower crag, which, at such times, always stood a lone and solitary sentinel of the rage and fury of the rushing waters, which foamed and dashed against it on every side.

At the front door of this little cottage, one cold, windy evening in October, there stood a young girl looking wistfully up the road—although the light of the moon, which struggled through clouds, was so misty and feeble, that she could not have discerned a figure until it was within a few yards of the place where she stood. For more than an hour she remained leaning against the wood-colored frame of the door; now stamping her feet with impatience, and again giving vent to her disappointment in muttered words, and half-stifled exclamations.

"Molly, come here," cried a deep, hoarse voice from within, and the young girl answered the summons, slamming the door after her with so much violence that the whole house shook. The room she entered was low, with dingy ceilings, and an unmatted floor. In an old arm-chair beside the fire-place, with the light of the flickering flame reflected full upon his face, there sat an old man, his narrow forehead shaded with the long grey hair, which covered his head profusely. His keen black eyes rested full upon the face of the girl as she approached, and in a quick petulant tone asked him what he wanted.

"I want you to sit down here, and keep me company," he replied; "what's the use standin' outside in the cold, lookin' for Bob, when like as not, he won't be here till midnight?"

"But father, he wrote that he would be here before sunset, and I am afraid that something has happened him," said the young girl, her wild but beautiful features expressing all the anxiety which she felt. She drew a low seat up to the

embers of the smouldering fire, and crossing her hands over her knees, bent her head over them.

Her father laid his hand, which was much too soft and white for a common laborer's, on his daughter's head, and smoothing the glossy black hair, which the wind had dishevelled, he said—

"Never fear for Bob, Molly; he is too quick witted to suffer himself to be caught, I tell you, and though he hadn't ought to disappoint you, he'll set it all right when he comes, I guess; so cheer up, and get me a mug of cider—there's a good girl."

She arose, and taking down an iron candlestick from the mantel, thrust the wick against the burning coal, and with the tallow still dripping on the stone hearth, she lighted it, and set it down on the table, which bore the remains of their evening's repast. Then taking a mug from the cupboard, she left the room with the light. In a few minutes she returned with the mug to her father, and after heaping the wood on the fire, she moved her seat to one beside the window, which looked up the road.

The wood crackled and blazed upon the hearth, illuminating every corner of the small apartment. Over the mantel a varnished wood-cut of Jackson, in a rough frame, was suspended, while a large map of Massachusetts, and one of the United States, adorned the wall on either side. A maple framed glass hung between the two front windows, and on the small table beneath, lay a pile of soiled engravings and a quantity of worn books.

"There, father, I heard the tramping of a horse's feet," said the girl, springing wildly from her seat and rushing to the door. This time she was not disappointed, for within a stone's throw the horse stood—his rider leisurely dismounting.

"Ah! Robert, how worried I have been about you," said she. "It is after nine, and you wrote that if nothing happened, you would be here before sunset."

"Better late than never, Mary," replied the young man, as he passed an arm around her waist, and, bending over, kissed the lips that had been raised to chide.

She slipped from his embrace, and gliding into the room, soon wrought a wondrous change in the appearance of the tea-table.

Meanwhile the two bent over the fire and whispered long and earnestly together, and the younger counted out upon a stand between them, several piles of bright, shining, silver dollars, and a heap of fresh new bank notes. These they huddled together in a coarse brown bag, and loosening a stone in the far corner of the hearth, they deposited the treasure there, and

the youngest took his seat at the supper-table. He ate heartily of the cream toast and fresh cakes, and then turning to the fire, renewed his conversation in the same low tone with the old man, while Mary hastened to clear the table, and after washing the dishes, arranged them on the dresser.

"Come, father, you and Robert can finish your conversation to-morrow, when I have to be busy—now that I am through, let me have a little talk with him, for I have a great deal to say to-night."

"Very well, Moll, give me another light, for I'm tired and sleepy; and I'm thinking," he said, turning to the younger man, "that you'd better tell her all about it," so saying, he left the room.

"Mary," said Robert, "I have got into a most confounded scrape, and you will have to help me out of it, or I shall swing, for what I know."

"Oh, Robert! what have you done now?" gasped the affrighted girl, and she bent her dark eyes searchingly upon him—"tell me, there is no blood upon your hands—tell me quick, or I shall die."

"Behave yourself, Mary," answered Robert, "and don't look so like a maniac. I'm no murderer, I can assure you, and I hate this life as badly as you do; though if one can't make a living in one way, they must in another; but come, I haven't told you what a narrow escape I met with in Albany."

At this moment a loud tap upon the window pane, repeated before either of them had time to reach the spot, alarmed them. It was a signal of danger, and Robert hastily threw up the window.

"What now?" he cried.

"Let me in quick," was the answer—"I have a message from the village."

Mary hastened to the door and unbarred it, and a tall, gaunt-looking man, with his clothes hanging about his sinewy frame, as if they had been thrown around him, bent his head to pass under the doorway, and entered the room.

"Where is Steve?" he said, casting his eyes around.

"Father has gone to bed," answered Mary; "is anything the matter?"

"I should rather guess so—you'd better go wake him, and tell him Dan Medows ain't a fellow to be scared in a hurry." Mary passed out.

"They are after both of you," said the man, "and there's the all-firedest excitement I ever seed about it. The Squire's set aginst you, because you passed off a bill to him."

"Never you mind—I'm safe yet, Dan, in that

quarter—the Squire must be over anxious to turn states-evidence against his son-in-law, I reckon," and Robert nodded his head, and winked knowingly.

"You don't say! thunder and lightnin'! Well, this beats all I ever hearn—be you, now really, Mister Bob?" ejaculated the surprised looking Dan.

"I ain't anything else!" was the only answer Robert had time to give, for Stephen Billings, followed by Mary, came into the room.

"What now, Dan?" said the old man, as he bent his small, sparkling eyes upon him.

"Why a couple of 'what do ye call 'ems,' got on the track of this bird here," said Dan, pointing to Robert, "and they come along into the bar-room of the General Jackson just after sunset;—Mister Bob's white hoss hadn't more nor cleared itself in the bushes, when I seed 'em come pattering over the upper bridge. They went into the bar-room, and I followed 'em. Squire Merton was sittin' thar, and they give such an exact description of Mr. Bob, I know'd in a minnit how 't would go, and sure enuf the Squire jumped to his feet, and tell'd them he know'd all about him, and that he lived at times with one Steve Billings—a man whom he reckoned wasn't much better; and then he went on to describe you, the men larfin' to split, for they said you must have been the very one that slipt away from them once, when your hands had been already cuffed, and the next week the sheriff got the hand-cuffs done up, and sent to him in a bundle. The Squire 'gin a good description."

"The Squire be —," muttered Billings, between his closed teeth.

"Well its time you was stirrin' anyhow," said Dan, "for they agreed to get men and surround the house by daylight."

"The d—l they did," exclaimed Robert Peets, springing to his feet, "that's sooner than I reckoned. We must out with those dies in the cellar—come, Dan, you help me stow them away in the rocks, and Billings you'd better burn up those cursed notes, for we shall have a hard enough time without those to bear testimony against us."

The next hour was one of bustle and confusion; but when that had passed the house was quiet. Dan Medows had walked down the road to the next bridge, with the intention of crossing to the opposite side, and returning home in that way to avoid meeting the expected party from the village; and Billings, after mounting Peets' horse, bent down to his pretty daughter and whispered—

"Keep of good heart, Molly, love, and don't be

worried if I ain't back for a week or more, and don't keep Bob too long, for I shouldn't be surprised if they should be here before long, and conceal themselves in the bushes." So saying, he rode away, and Mary, with a long-drawn sigh, shut and barred the door, and returned to Robert, who was bending gloomily over the fire.

"Mary, do you love me?" said he, raising his strikingly handsome face to hers, as she stood beside him.

"Heart and soul, Robert—I am yours forever. But why do you ask me?" she said, slipping one hand into his, and resting the other about his neck. He drew her gently to his lap, and kissed her tenderly, but there was something so peculiar in the tones of her voice, that he seemed to hesitate in answering her question.

"I have loved you from a child," she continued, "not only loved, but idolized you; and when I see your strong mind and noble intellect stooping to coin such things as these," and she spurned with her foot the bag which lay upon the floor beside them, "then I feel that, could my life expiate the sin which you have committed in violating the laws of the land, how willingly would I offer it; but, Robert, I have learned of how little avail are my wishes, either with you or with father, and I despise myself at times for loving you both as I do. Can you wonder that it is so?" He made no answer, Mary continued—

"Oh! if you would but promise me now, to earn your living righteously and honestly, I would go with you to the end of the earth. I would labor for you from hour to hour, and from day to day, without murmuring. I would toil ceaselessly for the glittering gold, and never breathe one word of complaint, however wearied. Oh! try me, dear Robert, and we shall both be happier than we have been for many a long day." He looked up into her face with an earnest—almost a pitying gaze—he traced no signs of passionate love—no drooping lid—no quivering lip—he read naught, save the deep devotion which a sister might feel, and trusting to that one glance, he said—

"Mary, it cannot be; but now, while your heart is warm with a sister's love, I want you to listen to me."

For the first time that evening, Mary's lashes drooped beneath his gaze, and a peach-like blush spread over her clear, brunette complexion. He marked it, and paused.

"Mary," he questioned, "you love me as if I were your brother, do you not?"

She hesitated—a bright light flashed from the clear depths of her hazel eyes, and in a voice thrillingly low she answered—

"No, Robert; I thank God every day that you are not my brother, for then we could never be to each other as we shall now, one day, most assuredly be, if our lives are spared."

Oh! how beautiful—how transcendently beautiful did Mary look, as she uttered these words. How pure the smile of confidence that wreathed her lips as she murmured—

"No, dear Robert: thank God that you are not my brother, for then I could never be the wife which you so long ago promised me that I should be." She rested her head upon his shoulder, and looked up into his face. What read she there that made her spring so suddenly from her seat, and bow herself before him, gazing earnestly into his eyes? How wildly she looked as he bent over her, with his pallid face and his trembling voice, whispering, "my poor Mary, this can never be."

"And why—tell me why, Robert? No suffering—no poverty—no crime can ever separate me from you—no prison-walls so strong but I can find my way through—no dungeon, go dark or deep but I could share it with you—then tell me why it can never be?"

"Because, my darling, since I have become older, I have only thought of you as a sister—because I have, this night, come to tell you that we must separate: for, Mary, I married since we parted. I had not suspected—" but Robert paused, for fearfully pale was the face before him—the crimson fled from the full, red lip, and the dark, hazel eyes grew fixed and glassy.

He lifted her in his arms, and bore her tenderly to the broad settee—he sprinkled her brow with water—he called upon her by every endearing name he could imagine—but wan and lifeless she lay before him—not a breath heaving the folds of her dress, not one faint quivering of the drooping lash with its graceful fringe.

"Oh! good God! my Mary is dead," cried Robert, as he found every effort unavailing to bring the color to her pallid cheeks. The hours passed on—in despair he threw open the window, and fastened back the lattice. Morning was already breaking, but the clouds hung in such heavy masses over the little glen, that Robert thought it was only the faint moonlight, and he knelt beside Mary chafing her cold hands and calling on her piteously to awake.

Already a party of ten or twelve were stealing through the woodlands upon the right of the cottage. Dismounting from their horses, they fastened them to saplings, and with Squire Merton at their head, stole noiselessly around the base of the hill, and came in full view of the cottage. Still Robert unmindful, bent beside

Mary's rigid form, striving to find some pulsation, however faint, to give him hope. A well known voice aroused him, and looking up, he saw the face of the Squire, surrounded by several others, peering through the window.

"Your day's over, young man," said the Squire, in a taunting tone. "You can come with us."

"I do not choose to," replied Robert, as he seized the bag, and quietly passed out of the door leading to the cellar.

"Around to the back of the house," screamed Squire Merton, his face reddening with passion. The men swung their unwieldy forms down the crags, in no apparent hurry, with the exception of the two officers, who were agile and sprightly enough. They, followed by the burly Squire, made for the wood-path, but their agility did not serve them, for when they reached the falls, they saw Peets bowing to them on the other side. He had crossed the rude bridge, and pulling it after him, there was no means of following.

The Squire, vexed at having been so outwitted, vented his ill-humor upon those around, declaring that he believed the half of them were in league with the counterfeiters. But they paid no attention to his mutterings, and returning to the cottage, the police searched the house from garret to cellar, but no trace of counterfeiting was found. It was broad day-light when they returned to the room where Robert had torn himself away from Mary.

They had passed her, supposing she had slept, but now there was something so deathly in the repose of the young girl, with the light from the open window streaming full upon her up-turned face, that one of the men stooped over, and put his ear to her mouth.

"The girl is dead," he said, turning to his companion, "there has been murder here." A cold shiver ran through the frames of both. Leaning out of the window, one of them called to the group, who were waiting orders to return to the village.

"Is there any physician hereabouts?" he asked.

"Yes, one not half a mile from here, on the Glenwood road."

"Take your horse, and gallop for him quick then, for there has been foul work here."

Nearly an hour had passed, when an old physician, saddle bags in hand, entered the room, while those around the lifeless form fell back to give him room. He pressed his ear to Mary's breast, then taking from his saddle bags, a small vial, he poured a portion of its contents into a spoon, and forced it between the rigid

but beautiful lips. Drawing out a lancet, he commenced rolling up the sleeve of her dress.

"There ain't no use in that," whispered one to another.

"No, no," sighed the answerer, "she'll never see daylight again, and it will about kill her father, for he sot stores by her."

"And no wonder," replied a third, "they say she could sign the bills better nor himself—she's a proper smart looking girl too, and I always thought she and Mister Bob would make a match of it, they seemed so fond of each other."

At this moment they all gave a half scream of surprise, for upright upon the settee, sat the deathly-looking girl they had been lamenting as dead. Her wildly glittering eyes rested upon the forms shrinking from before her, and her pale lips moved, as if she could have inquired the cause, but they gave no sound.

"We thought there had been murder here," said one, advancing. Mary moaned, clenching her hand tightly over her now painfully throbbing heart.

"Do you feel better, child?" questioned the physician, clasping her cold fingers between his own.

"I shall be soon, no doubt, if I am left alone," she replied, in a husky voice. Some of the group hastened to re-kindle the fire, and after expressing their kind wishes, they all left. The physician soon after took his departure, attributing her faint to fright; and then Mary sank down upon the settee, and covering her face with both hands, she rocked to and fro. When she removed her hands, the expression of her face was calm and rigid as death itself. All day long she sat, scarcely varying her position, and the fire upon the hearth ceased to blaze—it smoked and smouldered in its ruins, 'till one by one the brands fell back, blackened and crumbling; and one by one the embers died away, until not a spark of warmth remained. Even so Mary felt all hope die from her bosom, and even so she wished her life could pass away. Twilight stole on, and deepened into darkness, and still with locked hands and pallid lips, Mary rocked monotonously upon her seat. She heard the outside door open and shut cautiously, the latch of the inner one was moved, then the door opened, and Robert approached and sat beside her. She knew it was him, and yet she remained motionless.

"Mary, how I run the risk of being taken, and imprisoned, and will you breathe no word of kindness or of welcome to me?"

She heard the appeal, and her lips moved as if she would fain have answered.

"Speak to me, Mary—for the love of God

“speak to me, even if you reproach me, I can bear all, anything except this horrid silence;” and as he spoke, he sought to pass his arm around her waist, as he had done the night before. Then, Mary rose to her feet, and her form towered before him in the darkness.

“Never seek to touch me again, Robert, if you care for my respect,” she said.

“Can I not be a brother to you, Mary, and as a brother, love you as I have ever done?”

“No,” she answered, in a firm voice, “our paths are henceforth separate—you have chosen yours, leave me to mine.”

She bent over the fire-place, and drawing the embers together, re-kindled the lifeless brands. Even so, with words of love, did Robert strive to re-animate the faded and withered hopes which had died in Mary's heart, but still he received the changeless answer—“you have chosen your path—leave me to mine.”

“This frigidity is not natural to you, Mary—this coldness is assumed,” replied Robert, and again he sought to draw her nearer.

With what a queenly air did Mary rise, and turn herself toward him—how her dark eyes flashed, and her pallid lips crimsoned as she spoke.

“Robert, I assume nothing, and I am as nothing henceforth to you; all that you could say, if you were to talk for years, would never change me, although I neither blame nor reproach you. Now, leave me, I would be alone.”

This was said neither pettishly nor hurriedly, but her voice was hoarse with emotion, and her frame quivered with weakness.

Robert had known her from a child to be wilful and obstinate, but he had never seen her so calm before; and, as she stood thus, resolute and dignified, a sentiment of respect stole in, and nestled side by side, with the brotherly affection, which he could truly say he bore her. He stooped and kissed her hand tenderly, almost reverently.

“I must leave you now, Mary—I had hoped you would be willing to carry a message for me to Lucy, for I know she is anxiously waiting to hear from me. If we go west, it is time that she knew it, but I cannot expect you to be willing to help us.”

As he spoke, Mary's eyes flashed with a strange light, and when he had finished, the rigid expression had departed, and every line, every feature, was moulded into tenderness. How many—how very many times had she plead with her father and Robert, to give up their criminal life, and begin in the boundless west a new existence.

VOL. XVII.—4

Now, the hope that this was his intention, re-animated her whole being, and with a sudden movement, she grasped Robert's hand, saying,

“Promise me, that you will go to the west, and I will leave no means untried to make you both happy—promise never again to lead such a dishonorable life, and I will always stay beside you to cheer and encourage with a sister's love; for Robert, believe me, it was this one hope—the hope of influencing you to give up these ways, which made me dream of becoming your wife. I awoke from it so rudely and suddenly, that I thought I had lost all care for you—for life—for anything; but, if you will make me this promise, I shall be happy again.”

“You shall be happy, then, my sister, for I have fully and firmly resolved to lead a better life. Now, what about Lucy—how can I contrive to meet her?”

“You forget, Robert, that you have not told me who Lucy is,” said Mary, making a strange effort to smile, which plainly showed that she was deceiving herself into a calmness which her heart could never feel.

Robert noted the smile, and he appreciated the motive which caused the effort, although it had succeeded so poorly. He answered quickly, as one who sought to avoid the subject, rather than to dwell upon it.

“Lucy Merton is my wife, Mary—we were married in Albany, while she was there on a visit. I got a letter from Miller the same day, saying Powers had been arrested for passing counterfeit notes at Glenwood, and lodged in the Springfield jail, and that I must come on and help get him out. I lost the letter—the confounded tavern-keeper found it—examined a note I had paid him that morning, and started for the police. Old Lynch's son was in the bar-room when he read the letter—Lynch at the village, I mean, you know he was in with us a spell; well, he told me, and I was off quicker than you could say Jack Robinson. Lynch took the stage, and brought on the note to you, telling you to keep your father in the next evening, for that I had especial business with him, and should be with you before sunset, if nothing happened. When I reached the village, it was nearly sundown of the second day, for my horse was wearied with the long journey. I stopped to see if I could get a glimpse of Ellis, and put him on his guard, but he had gone to the cave at Rock Hill. I'm afraid they won't be able to get Powers out, even if we escape.”

“Oh, Robert, I wish we were all through with it.”

“So do I, with my whole heart, for Lucy's

sake, even more than for my own. She is a sweet creature, Mary, and is completely devoted to me."

His eyes were moist with unbidden tears, as he added in a low, deep tone, "God knows I love her too well to ever be willing to bring disgrace upon her. It was the memory of her innocence which made me cast that bag of false coins down in the foaming waters yonder, and Mary, they are the last my hands shall ever touch."

At this moment there was a rustling amidst the shrubbery by the window, both turned their eyes in that direction, but the noise had ceased. Another instant, and the door was forced open, and Robert vainly strove to free himself from the strong arms which grasped him.

Before Mary had time to think, she was alone. She heard the sound of the wheels which bore him from her, grating over the pebbly and frozen road, and in despair she knelt upon the oaken floor, and wept long and bitterly.

Stephen Billings rode slowly away from the cottage keeping the road to the right, until he came to a narrow lane, which wound up the hill. This he followed for the length of three quarters of a mile, when he reached a small, dilapidated building, with a ruined out-shed adjoining. Here he dismounted, and after tying the horse under the shed, he knocked repeatedly at the door, before there was any sign of life within. At length through the patched panes came a feeble glimmering of light.

"What's wanting?" cried a voice from within.

"News from the village," was his only answer, and the door was quickly unbarred. The man who opened the door was in the prime of life, with florid complexion and sandy hair. He carried a lantern in his hand, by the light of which he conducted Billings through a small deserted-looking room, and down a crazy old staircase into a cheerless apartment in the basement. Here he opened a trap-door in the side of the wall, and they both entered a large room where some half dozen men were busily at work, amidst dies and rolls and other implements of counterfeiting.

"What's started you out this time of night?" inquired one, as he entered.

Billings briefly explained the cause, and then they all gathered around the fire to concert some way for the escape of Powell.

"You see, Peets can have nothing to do with it now—he'll have enough to keep him busy to take care of himself. It's a pity they've got him implicated. Who wrote that letter, anyhow?" said Billings.

"I wrote it," replied Miller, the man who had opened the door—"Peets is so complete at a disguise, and I had a plan for him."

"Well, I thought we were in pretty comfortable quarters here; but now we shall have to pull up stakes."

"Not a bit of it," answered Lynch, who had come up from the village that morning—"not a bit of it! Just wait until Peets has been closeted alone with the Squire awhile—he'll bring him to terms, I warrant."

"Why, how so?"

"Well, you see, Peets, when he was in Albany. After all, I don't know as I had ought to tell, for it's a sort of a secret."

"It's no time for secrets now," said Billings—"tell what you know, so that we can make up our minds what to do, for now them police officers have got on our track, and I am afraid they will hunt us all out."

"Well, when Peets was in Albany, the Squire's daughter was there, too, and Peets, he over-persuaded the girl to marry him, without waiting for her father's consent. She thinks he's a prince, I believe; and I shouldn't blame her, if she did, for he threw his money away upon her, like one. The fact is, Peets is down-right dead in love with her, although he began the affair three months ago, in a frolic."

"Now we are in a scrape," said Billings, in an angry tone—"the Squire's mortal proud, and he won't leave a stone unturned, 'till he lodges us all in jail. It will be the easiest thing in the world for him to git 'em divorced."

"But, supposin' she won't consent—how then?"

"She won't be long about it, when she finds out who her prince is, I reckon," answered Billings, moodily.

The conversation then turned upon Powell. Miller's plan was the most approved, and it was finally agreed that he should carry it out himself. It was early morning when he left Rock Hill on Billings' horse.

In the afternoon of the next day, a stylish-looking carriage, drawn by two spirited steeds, drew up in front of the hotel in Glenwood. The driver dismounted, and assisted an elderly looking gentleman with grey hair, and somewhat gouty, from the vehicle. He hobbled into the bar-room, and after seating himself in an arm-chair, and placing his tender limb upon a seat opposite, he called for a bottle of the best Port. The landlord, who was duly impressed with his guest's importance, bustled about, and soon had everything arranged for his comfort. In less than an hour the frigidity of the stranger's demeanor had somewhat thawed; and the host, all

smiles and bows, was listening with eager attention to his few remarks. At length, he spoke of the counterfeiters who had been so successful in passing spurious notes in the neighborhood.

"One of the chaps passed some off to me," he said, "but I was pretty sure he was one of 'em from his looks, so I examined the money close, and sure enough I was right; the fellow's in jail now."

"Ah, indeed! Why you were very discerning. When I was an attorney in York State, I used to often get taken in by the rascals. I have had more than one fee paid me in their good-for-nothing money. I should like to know how you told."

"Well, I'll show you," and the landlord drew a wallet from his pocket, from which he took two or three bills which were tied together, and after spreading them out upon the table, he drew another bill from his pocket, and placed it along side.

"Now can you tell which is which?" said he.

The stranger adjusted his spectacles, and bent over the table with an earnest gaze.

"Well, really, I can't see any difference; supposing you point it out; but first bring me another bottle of Port, if you please—my long, cold ride has made me thirsty."

The landlord arose with alacrity, and going into an adjoining room, ordered a boy to bring up another bottle from the cellar.

Returning to his seat, he commenced pointing out the difference between the true bill and the false ones.

"You see," said he, "the face of this female figure is a little blurred; don't it strike you as being more so than this one?"

"I can't say it does—I don't think either of them blurred; a little worn, that's all. They look both alike to me."

"Well, here's another difference; the word five stretches farther across—don't you see it does?"

"Let me see," said the stranger, taking it from his hand, and turning to the window to conceal the smile that was playing around his mouth; "I can't see a mite of difference; but then, my eye-sight's rather failing," and he handed it back again.

"Well, I can't see very plain; here, you take one of the counterfeits, and the real one, and I'll tell you in a minnit, which is which."

The stranger placed the two together on the table, while the landlord's back was turned. He looked around; eyed them attentively for a moment, and then said he was puzzled himself.

"Have you ever showed them to any of the bank officers?" inquired the stranger.

"No, I never thought it was necessary. I really supposed there was more difference."

"Well, it's my advice to you, as a member of the bar, to take three over to the town where the bank is, for they can tell in a moment whether they are genuine or not, and all I have got to say, if they are counterfeits, they are the best I ever saw!"

Soon afterward the stranger's carriage was brought around—the driver helped him in, and they rode away, leaving the landlord looking very disconcerted over his bank bills.

"Eh! John, Powell's as good as out," said Miller, as they drove out of the village. "I did the business neatly. At my invitation, he helped me to drink the bottle of Port, and while he went to get another, I slipped the genuines into the places of the others, which I pocketed. Oh! Lord, I thought I should have roared, when he began to point out the difference to me."

The next day the worthy host of the Glenwood Hotel rode over to Springfield to transact some business, and while there, he stopped into the bank, and found, greatly to his surprise, that the notes were all good. The same day Powell was liberated, and as the landlord made a handsome apology, and even offered to return the bills, Powell generously concluded not to prosecute him. Fear of other witnesses might have had somewhat to do in deterring him; but, at any rate, the landlord gave him full credit for his forbearance.

The same evening that Robert was arrested by the Albany police, the little family of Squire Merton were gathered around the cheerful fire in his office.

Lucy alone sat back from the rest in the recessed window. Her delicate face, generally lacking in expression, was now thoughtfully sad. Hurried into the important step which she had taken, without the advice or consent of any friends, she now had sufficient leisure to think of her folly. With the romance of youth she had endowed her lover with a thousand virtues which he did not possess, and it was these imaginary virtues which had won her love. She doubted not his truth, and fully believed him when he told her that the reason he wished to be married secretly, was because his parents would oppose his marriage.

What was her surprise then, when upon this evening, without any warning, he was borne manacled into her presence! She started instantly to her feet—the blood rushed in torrents to her face, then died away—leaving it white as the snowy curtains of the casement, against which she now leaned for support.

His eyes hurriedly scanned the group about

the fire, and when he found she was not of the number, relief was evident in his face. Quick as thought Lucy re-seated herself, and drew the thick folds of the curtains about her.

Mrs. Merton and her children immediately left the room, as was their custom when any one came upon business. As the door shut Lucy heard a younger brother say—

"They've caught one of the counterfeiters, I guess."

"A counterfeiter! my husband a counterfeiter! No, it cannot be," thought Lucy, as tremblingly she watched from her place of concealment the form in which she had enshrined so much that was noble and good.

She listened to the conversation, and was too surely convinced of the truth of the accusation. How bitterly swept the torrent of mortified pride and wounded love through her bosom! She saw, that by one injudicious act, she had prepared for herself a life-time of never-ending sorrow and regret. But, with the proof of his criminality, the love which her girlish fancy had yielded to him, vanished from her heart. She despised him for the deception he had practised—she almost hated him when she thought that he now possessed the power of calling her his.

"Father—can I see him one moment alone?" she said, starting to her feet suddenly.

"Why, my child! what are you thinking about?" he answered, as he looked at her in amazement.

"I will tell you all another time, father: but grant me this if you love me."

"Have you known him before, Lucy?"

"Yes, father, and under very different circumstances. It cannot hurt any one to grant my request—do, dear father!"

Mr. Merton looked at the officers—they smiled, and bowed their consent, and the three crossed the hall into the opposite room.

"Robert, is this accusation true?" she said, looking at him almost scornfully.

"Too true, Lucy; but God knows, if I am once free again, I will lead a different life. With your love to cheer and encourage me, I shall become a better man."

"My love! Do you for a moment think that I have wasted it on a criminal?"

"Ah! Lucy, do not let me hear such words from your lips—remember, my darling, I am your husband," and he approached her respectfully, his face pale with emotion.

"Come not a single step nearer," said Lucy, resolutely, "but listen to me while I say that, with my own consent, you will never again approach me, even as near as you are now. I care

no more for you than I do for the dust I trample on!"

"Lucy! Lucy! you cannot—you do not mean this!"

"Every word that I have said I mean, and more—a thousand times more! But though I despise you with my whole heart, I offer you the means of escape. Promise me, never to breathe of our marriage—never to claim me as your wife, and I will help you to free yourself. Will you promise?"

"I cannot—indeed you are asking too much of one who loves you with his whole soul. In calmer moments you will think differently of this, for I am not all evil, and for the sake of the good within me, you will forget my error."

"Never! never! I tell you. Will you not believe me?"

He had no time to answer, before Mr. Merton opened the door.

"One moment more, father, and I will tell you all," Lucy said. The door closed. Cautiously she raised the window opposite.

"Quick—you have no time to lose—but remember, I do this from no love to you."

"Listen to me one moment, Lucy."

"No, not a moment, not a word," she replied, "if you wish for freedom, it is before you—if not, stay where you are."

"I entreat of you, Lucy, to listen."

"Speak another word, and I call my father!" was her determined answer. In the stony expression of the large eyes turned full upon him, Robert read his fate. He had not dreamed of meeting with such a strong, stern spirit, in the delicate form that clung to him so trustingly the morning of their strange bridal. His moral susceptibilities, blunted by the life he had led, prevented him from reading what her feelings would be, when she should discover his real character. He trusted to the strength of woman's love, little thinking how fragile a thing it is, when not based upon respect.

He heard the hand upon the latch again, and without one farewell word—one relenting look from Lucy—he sprang through the window, and made his way as rapidly as he could with his fettered hands, through the shrubbery, to the hill-side.

When Squire Merton opened the door, he gazed for an instant, without speaking, at the open window, and then would have given an alarm, had not Lucy placed one hand over his mouth, as she said—

"Father—do not say a word until I tell you all. That bold, bad man—that criminal—is—oh! father, how shall I say it?"

Mr. Merton closed the door, and sat down by his heart-wrung daughter.

"Lucy, tell me what all this means, and do not look so strange and wild, my child. You surely cannot have loved that man, and have helped him to escape?"

"Love him! no, father, *I hate him*; but I helped him to escape because, oh! father—because he is my husband. I, your heart-broken Lucy—your sinful, misguided daughter is that man's wedded wife!"

Mr. Merton horrified, started to his feet, but struck with compassion for the suffering face before him, and passionately fond of her, his only daughter, he forbore expressing the anger which he felt.

"How can this be possible, my poor child? when—where—how could it have happened?"

"Ah! father, pity me."

"I do, my child—but why if you do not love him, did you help him to escape?"

"Because, father, I wanted him to promise never to claim me as his wife."

"But, Lucy, did you not know that you could be divorced from him?"

"No, no, I had no time to think of that, but thank God if I can."

Mr. Merton, after explaining as much as he thought proper to the officers, found no difficulty in bribing them to silence, under the circumstances, and they departed fully satisfied that they had made as much money out of the affair, as if they had succeeded in imprisoning Peets.

Poor Lucy Merton did not seek to shield herself from blame. She told everything to her parents, but her proud spirit was crushed to the earth by the sudden blow. Her father's forgiveness, and her mother's loving sympathy, had no power to heal its wounds, and but a few weeks elapsed before Robert heard of the death of the impulsive and trusting being whom he had deceived.

Years have passed since these events, and now amidst Ontario's lofty and beautiful forests, there is a little village of scattered cottages, belonging almost entirely to men who, at one period of their lives, made their living by violating the laws of their country. Influenced by the good example of Robert and Mary's father, they have followed one by one, and have settled down into useful members of society.

The unwearied Mary was the germ of all this good, and Robert was not many months in appreciating the qualities, which in their new way of living, found such a happy development.

Gradually there stole into his heart a sincere love for the one, who, though educated under such

perverting influences, had proved herself worthy of a higher sphere.

The memory of his errors—the errors which had lost to him the innocent love of the victim of his deception, chastened his wild and exuberant spirit, and many were the heart-felt sighs which he yielded to the past. Still dearer in his thoughtful sadness did Robert become to Mary; but when after a year from Lucy's death, he told her, in honest and manly words, his love, and asked her to become his wife, she firmly, and without hesitation refused.

In vain he plead—no entreaties moved her; and Robert felt more than ever the punishment of the sins of his youth.

Another year passed slowly on. Powell had joined the settlers, and Mary's beauty and goodness had captivated his heart. He became a daily visitor at her father's cottage, and Robert noticed with undisguised sorrow, how cordial was the greeting which Mary always gave him.

One spring morning Robert entered the little cottage just as Powell passed out.

"I have come, Mary, to bid you good bye." He spoke so sadly and earnestly, that Mary dropped her sewing and looked up with eager inquiry.

"You surely will not leave us—your business, I mean, Robert."

"That I have already disposed of, and I have nothing else to keep me, for now that I have lost your love, I care for nothing else."

Mary's long fringed lids drooped over her eyes—once with her pure heart, and innocence of the ways of the world, she would have flown to him and told him how truly—how fervently he was beloved; but the sad lesson she had learned, had taught her to conceal the love which she well knew she should never cease to feel.

"I have watched Powell's increasing happiness with bitterness of heart, Mary, and I must leave this place until I can feel willing to see you his—but I am afraid that will never be, and so, Mary, I must bid you good-bye forever." Robert extended his hand.

"Will you not give me one parting word," he said.

"Do not go, Robert—I do not love Powell—indeed you do not know me; you never will."

"I know you well enough to love you devotedly, dearest Mary," said Robert, as he drew near her.

Her words had given him hope, and he looked earnestly in her face to see if he could read any traces of the love he knew she had once borne him.

Their eyes met, and he did not look in vain.

"Oh, Mary, dare I ask you to be mine again?"

He encircled her waist with his arm, and as in the days so long past, her head was pillowed upon his shoulder.

Their marriage was soon celebrated; but

Powell, who had been refused by Mary that same morning on which she accepted Robert, left the village without waiting to be present at the ceremony.

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

BY JEANIE ELDER.

THIS earth seemed beautiful to her,
So full of light, and love, and truth,
And all those budding joys that twine
Around the heart of truth.

Her soul expanded in the love
Of Nature, in her beauty rare,
The flower, the shrub, the brake, the grove,
To her were passing fair.

She loved to list to wild bird bright—
That sprites of woodland witchery—
As, pouring forth his evening song,
He filled the air with harmony.

And tender throbs of joy would thrill
Her bosom, innocent and pure;
Heart-offerings arose that made
All language else seem poor.

She lingered o'er each fragile flower,
Whose leaves the gentle zephyr stirs,
And felt that their bright fleeting life
Was but a type of hers.

The hue of rose and lily fair
O'erspread her youthful, child-like face,
While o'er the intellectual brow
Was many a blue vein's trace.

Her form seemed made to revel in
The sunny, sheltered vales of life;
Unfit to bear one chilling blast
Of falsehood or of strife.

Oh! she was fair, and pure, and won
The homage deep of many a heart;
Even strangers, as they met her gaze,
Felt new emotions start.

Within their hearts a wild'ring thought
That angels here had made their home,
To lure all spirits Heavenward
Like a sweet dream would come.

There was strange beauty in her mein,
A latent meaning in her eye,
That seemed to say "a home on earth,
Is not for such as I!"

And even so, the spoiler came,
But oh! in such deceitful form,
As the bright sunbeams o'er the earth
Precedes the murky storm.

The light grew brighter in her eye,
The rose-dye deepened on her cheek:
The coral on her cherub lips
The rose-bud's place did take.

And deeper grew the blue veins trace
Upon her classic, marble brow,
As if even Death, in mockery, did
That mould'ring shrine endow.

She felt that the pure springs of life
Were failing 'fore the simoom breath,
That fired each vein with fatal glow—
Precursor sure of death.

And oh! with taint of earthliness,
Which to the purest heart will cling;
Regrets at leaving all she loved,
A shadow still would fling.

Yes, tighter grew home-ties before
The loosening of the silver cord,
That moored the bark to earthly shores,
By Heaven-bound breezes stirred.

She lingered on a mother's name,
She lingered on the holy kiss;
She lingered on each word that made
Her home a scene of bliss.

She knew that now, these thoughts were vain,
And wrestled with a holy strength,
For undivided parting faith—
This boom was given at length.

A holy smile illumed her face,
A holy joy lit up her eye;
And feeble songs of praise made light
The pathway to on high.

The evening breeze stole calmly in,
And her last breath was breath of flowers.
Oh! the sweet peace she bore with her—
May it at last be ours.

THE TIFF;
OR, JEREMY SHORT GIVING IN HIS EXPERIENCE.

"As thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they're grown,
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near."—HUDIBRAS.

"How are you, my dear fellow?—John, a chair for Mr. Graham—excuse my rising, you see I'm gouty—beefsteaks and bumpers have done it at last, and, though only eighty-seven, I'm really beginning to feel old."

"Sorry to hear it, Jeremy! But you look quite hearty yet. Ah! what have you there?—'Shirley,' I vow—a good novel, isn't it?"

"Passable, my young friend, but inferior to 'Jane Eyre.' Caroline Helstone, the principal heroine, is a little angel; but in Shirley herself there's a cross of the devil, I'm afraid. Her husband led a dog's life of it, if the truth was but known. She reminds me of the heroine of that picture—the one over the mantel-piece—'The Tiff,' I call it."

"I have often heard you say, Jeremy, that there was a story connected with it. Tell us the tale."

"Well—stir up the fire—take a cherooot. John, retire till you're called—and now, my dear lad, we'll be as cosy for the rest of the evening, as if we'd just eaten a Thanksgiving dinner, and had had our fill of boiled turkey and oyster sauce. 'Blessed be the man,' as Sancho Panza says of sleep, that first invented turkeys—though to my taste, it would be better if they all ran about, ready boiled, swimming in gravy and oysters. But to my tale.

"When I was about twenty—that was in the year 1783—contemporaneous, I believe, with your grandfather's marriage—I knew as pretty a girl as ever sewed a sampler on week-days, or carried her prayer-book on Sundays to church.

"Bella Belgrave was the beauty of the district. Her step was like a dryad's might be supposed to be: her eyes were as dazzling as the sun at noon-day; her lips were fragrant as strawberries, and twice as sweet; and her voice—sir, if you could have heard it, you would have fancied that a nightingale had nestled in her throat, or that St. Cecilia herself was come down from heaven. At twenty a man falls in love as naturally as he takes to smoking: and he does both, I suppose, to prove himself full-grown. Well, I soon lost my heart to Bella. Nor was my suit hopeless. I am handsome yet, as you see—don't laugh at

me, you young scapegrace—and, of course, I was handsome at twenty. I wrote poetry, too, which won girls' hearts just as a moustache does now; and I had a pretty little fortune: so I was soon the accepted lover of Bella.

"Bella possessed but one fault. She had a deuce of a temper. Now, a little sharpness in a wife occasionally may be very excellent, just to spice the monotony of matrimony, as mustard spices beef; but too much of it is as bad as spilling the contents of a whole pepper-box in your plate, when you had just taken the last bit of what was nice on the table. Not that Bella was what is called quick-tempered—I often wished she had been—for it's better to blow off superabundant steam now and then, than to keep it screwed stubbornly down, till, some day, a grand explosion takes place, that sends everything to kingdom come. Unfortunately, Bella both took offence easily, and then 'nursed her wrath to keep it warm.' She had been so much petted that nothing short of abject slavery on the part of a lover would suit her: and, i'faith, I grew tired of it at last, as you shall hear.

"One day I had been singing to her a ballad she had asked me to write to some of her music, when one of her friends came in—a dashing little creature she was—since a great-grandmother, my lad, with three hundred and fifty lineal descendants, egad—and I, as in duty bound, did my best to be agreeable. Scarcely, however, had the visitor gone, when Bella, with a face like a thunder-cloud, began—

"'Mighty sociable you and Alice Green are,' she said, 'I suppose you're half in love with her yet; I always heard you were her most devoted admirer.'

"'Now Bella,' I said, 'don't be jealous——'

"'Jealous!' she exclaimed, stamping her little foot, while her eyes flashed fire, 'it's time to be jealous, sir, when every pretty face you meet tempts you to neglect me: but I'm not jealous—I'm only ashamed of you, sir.'

"'My dear, lovely creature,' I began again, trying to take her hand. But she jerked it pettishly away.

"'Don't *dear* me,' she broke forth—'you know

you don't love me: you never come here more than once a day, while Harry Saville, whom I dismissed for you—more fool was I—used to be here three times a day, and always dined with us on Sundays.'

"I began to grow red in the face, I assure you, at being thus talked to; but I mastered my rage—you know I'm a meek man, its because of that I was chosen president of the Peace Society—and said meekly—

"Bella, dear, don't be foolish! I love you better than all the rest of your sex put together: but you musn't expect me to neglect, nay, insult by my rudeness, every other woman I meet. Once for all, let this be understood between us.'

"Woman's rights were not yet thought of, my boy, and wives were expected to obey their husbands, as nature and Scripture command. I deemed it high time I was asserting my prerogatives; and spoke accordingly.

"Yes!' I repeated, 'you are unjust: you ask too much of dear Bella.'

"She gave no answer; but sat sullen and sulky. I again attempted to take her hand, and, thinking I had spoken too harshly, used a tone of mild persuasion. But she only replied by jerking her hand away, and removing her chair from me. I expostulated with her; I told her how idle was her jealousy; but, the more earnestly I defended myself, the further she hitched her chair around, until, at last, she brought its back directly against that of mine.

"I now gave up explanations; and sat silent on my part. Her pettishness began to open my eyes. She had always been unreasonably exacting; her vanity forever ran ahead of possible attentions; and the jealousy, thus unjustly entertained, yet continually smothered by her sullen temper, was now finally come to a head. As I stole an occasional glance at her, over my shoulder, I saw no longer any beauty in that sulky face. My love was fast changing to anger. I asked myself why I had submitted so long to her tyranny.

"Yet, fearing that I might be also in the wrong, though unconscious how, I made a last effort, after we had sat for some time in silence, to conciliate her. For this purpose, I threw my hand over my shoulder, and dangling my glove so as to let it playfully strike her head, I said, smiling and speaking gaily—

"A penny for your thoughts, Bella. Come, forgive and forget. We've had a very pretty quarrel, now let's make up: you know the making up is always the sweetest part of it.' And, as I spoke, I wheeled my chair around, and would have put my arm around her as of old.

"Did you ever see a tigress in a fury? If not, you've no idea how Bella looked then. She had been sitting, pouting, pulling at a chain to which was attached my miniature: she now sprang to her feet, her eyes emitting fire like an electric-machine in the dark, and her whole countenance blood-suffused with passion.

"Unhand me, sir,' she cried, 'how dare you touch me after having insulted me? Leave the house, this instant, sir!'

"I had borne a good deal: I was not going to endure any more. I had never dreamed my charmer had such a temper. I replied, haughtily—

"As you please, Miss: but if I go now, remember I go forever.'

"She became white as death for an instant—I had spoke firmly, and she knew me to be resolute—but directly her face grew redder than ever; and, with a jerk, breaking the miniature from its chain, she cast it, shivered into atoms, at my feet.

"I discard you, as I discard that,' she hissed between her teeth. 'Never dare to come here again!'

"My eyes darted lightnings at her: I was, for once in my life, in a towering passion; but I remembered that I was a gentleman, and, therefore, controlling my tongue, I merely bowed low, bade her a good morning, and walked from the house."

"And is that all, Jeremy?"

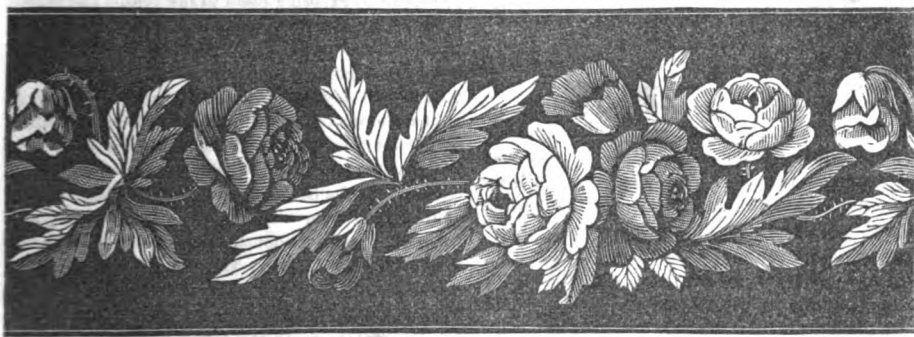
"All. She repented, the next day, and sent a verbal message to me that she forgave me; but I took no notice of it. *Forgave* me, egad! Yet it was long before I cured myself entirely of my passion. I often found myself on the point of going back to her; but, in such moments of weakness, I called up the vision of her face inflamed with passion, and thought what a precious life I should lead, if my wife was to treat me to such exhibitions every now and then, as I felt sure Bella would if I married her. She actually did drive her first husband into being a drunkard: but her second was too tough for her; he had buried three wives before, and knew how to manage viragos; he said nothing to her when she got into a passion; and, consequently, in three years she fretted herself to death. And now, my dear fellow, take another cheroot, and I'll ring for coffee."

"And the picture was painted to commemorate your escape?"

"Just so: Wellington has one of Waterloo, and thanks heaven, they say, whenever he looks at it; and, I am sure, I do the same when I regard THE TIFF."

THE WORK TABLE.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.



GENTLEMAN'S BRACES.

Materials—Black velvet or white satin ribbon of a very good quality, and five shades of crimson and three of green embroidery silk.—Line the ribbon with linen; draw the design, and work in embroidery stitch,

shading, as taste may direct, the leaves with the greens and the roses with crimson, using three shades for each rose, and working first only with the lightest shades, then with the darkest only.

OH! ASK ME NOT! I NEVER CAN AGAIN.

BY P. A. JORDAN.

MOTHER! my heart has weary grown,
My spirit is distrest:
I feel a sorrow at my heart,
A weight upon my breast,
A burning as of fire within,
That will not let me rest.
I strive to drive sad thoughts away—
I fain would happier be!
I mingle oft with fair and gay,
And all their pleasure see,
Yet seem like some lone shattered barque
Upon a shoreless sea.
Their songs of love illumine awhile
The shadows round my heart;
I try to smile for every smile,
And fain would take a part;
But yet a coldness chills my frame,
And curdles round my heart.
Oh, ask me not! I ne'er again
Can mingle as of yore,
Amid the scenes of revelry!
Those festive days are o'er!
My bosom, like a blasted shrub,
Forgets it ever bore.

Did I not once seek happiness
Amid the festive train?
When smiles and glances from bright eyes
Fell on my soul like rain;
Did I not woo a maiden fair,
Dreamless of hidden pain?
Nay, as to all of worldly bliss,
The cloistered cell is dumb;
A sacred spot—far-off—alone
Where earth-joys never come:
So is my heart—this lonely heart—
A dark and hidden home.
E'er since—as stars from Heaven decline
And nevermore return—
My Mary faded from my heart,
And why I could not learn;
I would not dream of love again;
Its silken bands I spurn.
Nay, let me live with the sweet joys,
Of other days to bless,
A crumbling shrine, where yet one flower
My drooping heart doth kiss
With its pale lips, so cold, yet sweet,
So full of happiness.

EDITORS' TABLE.

CHIT-CHAT WITH READERS.

THE PRESENT NUMBER.—We promised the public to make this the most beautiful number of the "Ladies' National" ever issued; and have we not redeemed our pledge? The same elegant variety which characterizes the illustrations marks the tales, poetry, and sketches of the number; and while our old subscribers will recognize many familiar names, they will also make the acquaintance of more than one new writer: in addition, they will discover several novelties, among which "Pilgrimages to American Shrines," a series of short, illustrated papers, designed to make the graves of the great heroes and patriots of America familiar to the reader, will strike them, we trust, as not the least valuable. Throughout the entire year we shall labor to render this Magazine the Magazine of the country: at least so far as really meritorious literary contents can give it that pre-eminence. For 1850 it shall be most readable of all.

In embellishments, the present number proves what we can do, and is an earnest of what we will do. Even in this number, however, we have paid more attention to the quality than to the quantity of our illustrations; and, in one instance, the illuminated title-page, *have expended the cost of three ordinary engravings in a single embellishment.* This title-page is not only dazzlingly beautiful, but curious as a specimen of mediæval art. In this style the missals of the middle ages were ornamented with the most lavish expenditure of time and money; even now, and in the specimen under notice, the plate had to be *printed over seven times*, once for each color; while the gold consumed cost more alone than an ordinary steel engraving. The costumes of the persons introduced in the picture belong to the middle ages, as also do the musical instruments; in short, the artist has admirably maintained the *keeping* of the entire design. Of the other illustrations we have not left ourselves room to speak; but we may venture to affirm that of their kind, and there is one of every kind common to the magazines, they are not to be surpassed, scarcely indeed equalled.

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.—In the month of January there is but little out-of-door work, in this climate, for the cultivator of flowers, either amateur or professional. Plants are to be protected, in many cases, however, by mats: and, in all such instances, when the mats are taken off during the day when it is not actually freezing, they should be replaced before the sun sets; or, as a safer rule, they should only be taken off between ten in the morning and three o'clock in the afternoon. The eggs of insects should be sought for at this season, and destroyed wherever they can be found.

In green-houses as much mischief is often done by keeping the plants too hot, as would have been experienced by exposing them to the cold. The proper rule, for a green-house, is never to let the thermometer fall lower than forty degrees, nor rise above forty-five degrees. Air should also be given regularly every day when it is not actually freezing. It is an important axiom in plant culture, that air is as necessary as water, and the admission of air to a green-house, particularly during winter, is absolutely essential for the health of the plants. Plants obtain nourishment from air as well as from water; and when they have too much water, and too little air, they invariably decline. The sashes of every green-house should be made to open at the top, to admit the exit of the heated air before any cold air is suffered to enter; as, if the lower sashes are opened first, so as to admit the cold air before the heated air has escaped, the latter is condensed, and falls back upon the plants in visible drops, and this is found to be highly injurious to them.

Bulbs, when they are left in the ground during the winter, should never be covered with straw, and only moderately with dead leaves, as they are easily injured by damp, and when deeply covered they are frequently attacked by mice. Rose-bushes which are covered with "seal" or troubled with insects should be scrubbed with brine; and many plants are benefited by washing their leaves with a sponge.

The pride of the green-house at this season, the *camilla japonica*, will probably be in full bloom, and the expanded flowers may be preserved in beauty, by shielding them from the direct rays of the sun; indeed, the same may be said of all flowers; and in order to secure their bloom for the greatest length of time, and screen the foliage from the full force of the sun, acting through the glass, it is usual to give a thin coat of whitening on the under surface of the glass. A mode still better would be to provide the sash with curtains of cheap muslin, arranged on rollers, so as to be let down or drawn up at pleasure. It is a plant of hasty habit, and will sustain a slight frost without serious injury; but it is liable to disease and ultimate death in a green-house, or sitting-room, where the temperature greatly varies; as is frequently the case in dwelling-rooms, where the heat is high by day, and low at night. Indeed there are few plants more susceptible to change, and the buds will from such transitions frequently become discolored, and fall; thus disappointing the hopes of the expectant cultivator, even the plant itself has apparently sustained no injury.

ENCOURAGE AMERICAN WRITERS.—This periodical, as its name imports, is not only a lady's magazine, but a national one also. In other words it is thoroughly

and consistently American. We noticed lately, in one of our cotemporaries, a story, in which the hero, a young English lord, *condescends* to bestow his hand on a young American lady; and thus, not only were false views of life inculcated—for when do penniless Yankee girls marry rich British noblemen?—but a weakness already too prevalent, we mean the fashionable adoration for *moustached* foreigners, was encouraged by a magazine pretending to be “peculiarly fitted for the females of our country.” In this periodical we generally confine ourselves, from principle, to the illustration of American manners, for our aim is to instruct as well as amuse: and when we wander into other lands, which we do but rarely, we endeavor to be consistent with the realities of life there. We should consider ourselves unpardonable, to foster such ridiculous views, as those taught in the tale to which we allude. We desire to be thoroughly American, to publish a truly *national* lady's magazine.

We also confine ourselves to American authors. On several occasions we have been offered contributions from abroad, and, once or twice, were induced to accept them, as in the instance of Mrs. Gray, the sister of Mrs. Hemans; but, on subsequent reflection, we declined these articles, as well as those of other English authors. We did this because we found that America had really better writers, for light magazine literature at least, than Great Britain, and because we considered it our duty to prefer home productions, at least while we could obtain them as good as foreign ones. Strange that this should be, the *only* magazine that adheres rigidly to what all persons will acknowledge to be a commendable rule, equitably demanded by the requirements of American literature! For the magazines are not only the schools of future novelists, but they exercise a powerful, even if unnoticed influence, on the popular taste.

As appropriate to this portion of the subject, we copy a letter lately received by us from one who is a writer himself.

“I perceive that the other monthlies have introduced a new feature into their columns. I allude to the publication of original articles, by transatlantic authors. This may be an improvement, but, in works professing to be purely national, it appears an enigma to me. Besides, it is calculated to depress, *not elevate*, our standard of literary worth. In a country as extensive as our own, have we not talent enough to furnish the matter for books, which are designed to set forth the manners, customs, and peculiar characteristics of our nation? I should be sorry to believe that we have not. In giving expression to these views, I am not actuated by any prejudices against the writers who have been employed. No one hails a new work, from the pens of William and Mary Howitt, with greater alacrity than myself. No one peruses, with more avidity than myself, the pages which convey to us the refined sentiments of Fredrika Bremer. So with the talented authoress of ‘Mary Barton.’ They are all welcome visitors at my home. But I do mean to insist, with all tenacity, yet with all due deference, that their introduction into our monthlies is out of place, *in toto*, and will not be encouraged by a reading and discriminating public. I am glad to observe that it has not met with your approval.”

VIEW ON THE JORDAN—FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH.

—The wood-engraving, which we give under the above title, is from an original sketch by Lieut. Dale, one of the members of the late “Dead Sea Expedition.” It has never before appeared in any publication; and, we feel proud to be the first to present it to the American people. From it an excellent idea of the general appearance of the Jordan may be derived. A tortuous course, with conical, barren hills in the distance, characterize this celebrated river. Lieutenant Lynch, in the following passage of his book, graphically describes the general appearance of the Jordan. He says:—“There was little variety in the scenery of the river to-day. The stream sometimes washed the bases of the sandy hills, and at other times meandered between low banks, generally fringed with trees and fragrant with blossoms. Some points presented views exceedingly picturesque—the mad rushing of a mountain torrent, the song and sight of birds, the overhanging foliage and glimpses of the mountains far over the plain, and here and there a gurgling rivulet pouring its tribute of crystal water into the now muddy Jordan. The western shore was peculiar, from the high calcareous lime-stone hills. At one place, we saw the fresh track of a tiger on the low, clayey margin, where he had come to drink. At another time, as we passed his lair, a wild boar started with a savage grunt, and dashed into the thickets; but, for some moments, we traced his pathway by the shaking cane and the crashing sound of broken branches.”

THE TRANSLATION OF ST. CATHARINE.—This noble engraving is the embodiment, by the German artist Mucke, of a beautiful monkish legend connected with an illustrious lady of Alexandria, who suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Maximin, about A. D., 307. She was to have perished by the wheel, but it is related that upon the first turn of this terrible engine, the cords with which she was bound were broken asunder by the invincible power of an angel, and so she was delivered from that death. According to the chronicle, her body was afterward translated by angels to the Great Monastery at the top of Mount Sinai in Arabia, where it remains to this day, in a fair tomb of marble. The true meaning of this translation most probably is, that it was carried by the monks of Sinai to their monastery. The painter has, however, adopted the more poetical reading of the legend.

NEW NOUVELLETTE BY MRS. STEPHENS.—A new *nouvellette*, by Mrs. Stephens, will be begun in the February number. The title of this story will be “The Divorce.”

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Many new books have been received, which we have not yet had time to examine; but, in our next number, we shall notice them at length.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—A DRESS OF WHITE TARLETANE over an exceedingly light blue silk under-dress. The skirt is trimmed with three deep flounces, scalloped and edged with a row of white silk braid—two rows of the same are run on a few inches from the edge of the flounce, and one row at the head of it. Corsage plain with a sharp point, with a berthe of the same material as the dress, finished to correspond with the flounces. An edge of Valenciennes lace around the top of the corsage. The hair is dressed in bandeaux in front, and rather low behind, and puffed. A wreath of green leaves, and canary-colored flowers, with the side bouquets very full. The bouquet for the corsage corresponds with the wreath for the head.

FIG. II.—A DRESS OF PINK SATIN, with three pink tarletane tunics, each tunic finished with a piping trimming put on in the diamond form. A Grecian corsage, sleeves very short, made to correspond with the trimming on the skirt. Hair dressed very low at the back, with a demi-wreath, passing around the back of the head. Bouquet for a corsage to match.

GENERAL REMARKS.—A very beautiful evening dress, which has just arrived from Paris, is of light blue silk, with eleven narrow flounces, slightly graduated, and edged with silk trimming of a small zigzag pattern. The corsage, which is low, and rounded in front, is edged with a row of the same trimming as that on the flounces, and in front of the bosom there is a small bow of ribbon the color of the dress. Short sleeves or epaulettes of silk, trimmed with passementerie; and attached to them, are long, full sleeves of white lace, gathered at the wrist on bands of lace. A small chemisette of drawn muslin, headed with lace, shades the front of the bosom. The head-dress consists of a long lappet of lace, fixed on the head in slight fulness, forming a sort of demi-cap, with the ends hanging down at each side. It is ornamented with a wreath with full side bouquets.

Most of the French merino dresses made up this season have been without either flounces or tucks; front and side trimmings being preferred to trimmings at the bottom of the skirt. This is, however, a mere question of taste; and flounces or tucks may be worn without any marked deviation from fashion. The tucks should be simply run in the usual manner, and each one may be headed with embroidery, with braid, or with narrow rows of velvet. When flounces are adopted, two broad ones are most general. They likewise may be trimmed in the manner above mentioned: the trimming may be placed at the top and edge of each flounce, or at the edge only.

The most fashionable winter mantelets are of embroidered cloth, or velvet. Fur trimmings are likely to be revived this winter, and we have observed several velvet mantelets edged with deep borders of chinchilla or sable. A few mantelets have been made of colored velvet of dark tints, such as purple. Mantelets of satin and satin *à la reine* are partially worn. Several of the last named material are made without trimming, and are quilted at the

edge of the bottom, up the fronts, and at the ends of the sleeves.

The very latest novelty, however, is the imported cloth cloak. These cloaks are of all the dark colors, but principally black. They are made very much like a gentleman's sacque coat—of a sacque pattern, entirely loose, and wadded and quilted all through. The sleeves are set in at the arm, and loose to the wrist, where some are turned up with a Louis Quatorze cuff, and others are plain and braided in rich patterns. Many are made to open in front with lapells, thus exposing the bosom of the dress if the weather be sufficiently warm, but with buttons and button-holes, or loops to close, if otherwise.

There is but little variety in Bonnets. The latest novelties are the drawn bonnets of colored velvet. They are lined with the same; and some are without trimming on the outside, whilst others are ornamented with feathers. A bonnet of garnet-colored velvet, just arrived from Paris, has no outside trimming; but the inside is ornamented with two small feathers, one at each side. A bonnet of violet-colored velvet may be ornamented round the edge with a small ruche of black blonde. Chenille trimming is much used this season for ornamenting bonnets. It is disposed in a variety of ways. Some bonnets have the side bows on the outside edged with chenille; others are entirely covered with a network of chenille; or it may be set on round the edge only of the front, in straight rows, or like braid in a sort of arabesque pattern. The chenille may be of the same color of which the bonnet is composed, or of a different hue. Feather trimming is likewise used to edge the bows of velvet or ribbon with which bonnets are trimmed.

Fur capes, boas, and muffs will, this winter, be very generally worn. Muffs are of medium size. For boas, that called "The Queen's Boa," is the fashionable pattern. It is flat, and has no silk lining; both the outside and the inside being of fur. It is made to cross on the bosom by means of a loop of fur fastened on the inside of one of the ends, the other end being passed through this fur loop. Sable boas, made in this style, are exceedingly handsome. For evening dress, at the theatres, opera, &c., queen's boas of ermine and swansdown will be very generally adopted during the cold weather.

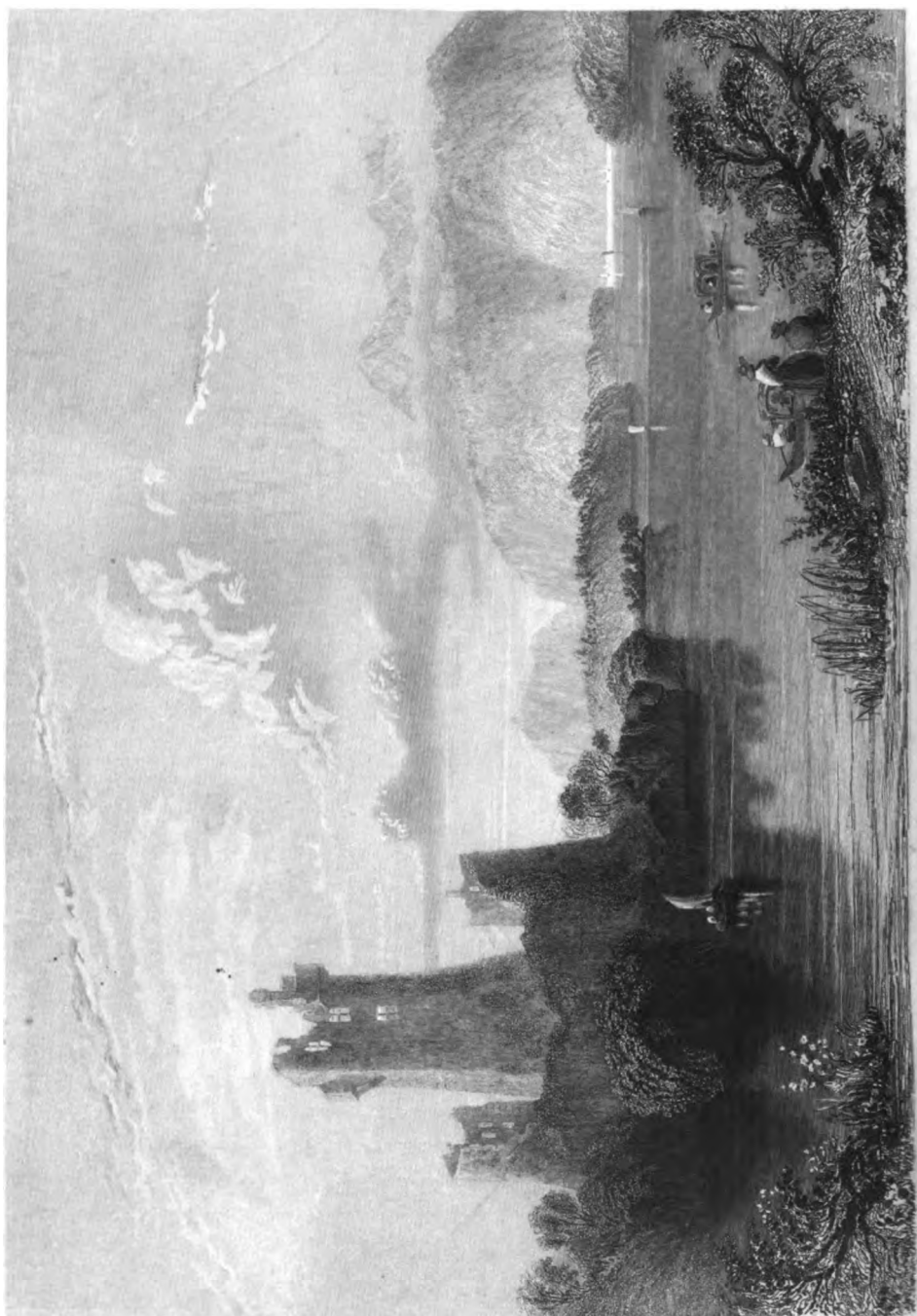
For children, sacque coats, without a seam up the back, and with a large cape, are most generally worn. These coats may be trimmed with velvet ribbon, braid, or embroidery. For very little boys, the small white, grey or black beaver hats, with the brim looped up with ribbon, and ornamented with a feather, is the only style at present. The white beavers are decidedly the most beautiful. Little girls bonnets are made of drawn satin or velvet, or of quilted satin, or else of satin embroidered and wadded, but not quilted. These last are exceedingly beautiful. In these a small feather is generally placed on one side, with a rosette on the other. Dresses for children are made much longer than formerly, with the pantalette just coming to the bottom of the dress.





Engraved by F. G. D. v. m.

LES MODES PARISIENNES





THE DEATH OF MARMION.



THE PONEY.



HARRIET MARTINEAU.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1850.

No. 2.

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"CAROLINE, I wish you would remain a moment," said Mr. Warren, as his daughter was about to leave the parlor.

"Well, papa," she said, "what is it?"

She strove to look unconscious, but her varying color, and the nervous movement of her lips, betrayed secret agitation; in fact she suspected the purpose of her parent.

"I thought," said Mr. Warren, "that, when I forbade young Collins my house, you were prepared to submit to the prudence of my decision. We talked the matter over, Caroline, if you remember, and I was at considerable pains to convince you that he was idle, wasteful, and, I feared, dissipated, in short a very unfit person for any woman to trust her happiness with. You silently agreed with what I said, at least you said nothing in reply. I fancied I had persuaded you, for I thought your own good sense, to which I appealed, would see the matter in a light similar to that in which I and your mother beheld it. Judge then of my inexpressible pain when I saw you walking, arm-in-arm, with him, in the outskirts of the city, to-day."

He paused, and Caroline held down her head abashed. "I was not mistaken," she said, to herself, "it was pa whom I saw."

Mr. Warren waited, for more than a minute, for her to reply, but, as she continued silent, he went on—

"Now, Caroline," he said, "I wish you to look on me, as what I am, the best friend you have in the world, and one who has no motive, much less any wish, to advise you wrong. It is a common mistake of young people, especially of those of your sex, to suppose that their parents wish to tyrannize over them in the affair of marriage. Believe me, nothing is generally further from a parent's thoughts! It is not unfrequent indeed that a father differs from a daughter as to the wisdom of her uniting herself with a certain

suitor; but, in such cases, the father is, nine times out of ten, right, and the child wrong. The parent, from his knowledge of men, from what he hears on the street, and, from other sources, usually arrives at a juster conclusion respecting a young man's character, than a daughter, who has little, or no means of ascertaining the truth. In the case of this young Collins, I *know* him to be extravagant, idle, occasionally intemperate in his habits, and head over ears in debt: besides this he has a violent temper. I beseech you, Caroline, my dear, do not give way further to this infatuation of yours."

As Mr. Warren spoke, he approached his daughter and tenderly took her hands. She burst into tears, looked up into his face, and said—"oh! but, papa, I love him, and he loves me: he says he will throw himself away if I do not marry him: surely, surely, if I *can*, I *ought* to reform him."

Mr. Warren shook his head. "Caroline," he said, severely, "this is sheer folly, miserable infatuation! No woman ever reformed a man, whose principles were so loose as those of Collins; a wretch, who, in his own words, will throw himself away if you do not marry him. Listen to my words, child, for you are weaker than I thought, and I must rule where I would prefer to persuade—if ever you marry Collins, from that hour this house is shut against you."

The tears of Caroline flowed faster. Mr. Warren, after a turn or two across the room, softened again, and addressed her in kinder tones—

"My child," he said, "I speak thus for your own good. I know, if you marry Collins, that you will regret it, and I would, by interdicting it, spare you much future sorrow. I will never urge you to unite yourself with any man you do not fancy, however excellent I may think him to be; this, I promise you; and, on your part, I shall expect you to give up this acquaintance."

To-morrow I will look for your promise to this effect. Go now, and think of it: I am sure you will obey me."

He stooped down, and kissed her tenderly; and then Caroline, still weeping, rushed from the room.

But was it to think, as her father desired, of her duty?

Alone, in her chamber, she re-called, at alternate moments, the words of her parent and the insidious persuasions of her lover: and alas! the latter had most influence with her.

Caroline was not exactly a weak girl, but she had fallen into a bad set at school, and from it imbibed many hurtful notions of a child's duty to its parents, especially in a case of supposed affection. She had read, not good novels, but visionary romances; and these had strengthened her mistaken ideas. Her present suitor was a handsome, designing libertine, who, knowing her father to be rich, desired to possess the daughter's hand, as, with it, went a large fortune. The finished manners of Collins had easily won her liking, for we cannot call it love, and, imagining herself to be in a similar position to her favorite heroines, she regarded the opposition of her father as oppressive and unreasonable.

That very day her suitor had urged her to elope with him, and she had consented to do so; but her parent's kind expostulation had, now, for a time, shook her purpose. Finally, however, the vanity of being the heroine of a runaway match, as well as her biased views respecting the supposed injustice of her father, induced her to fulfil her promise; and, at the dead of night, she left her home forever.

We say left her home, for she never had another. Mr. Warren proved true to his threat, and was the more inflexible, because Caroline had eloped, on the very night he had plead so earnestly with her. "She left me with my kiss still warm on her cheek," he said; "she preferred another, and a stranger to me; she treated me, not like her best friend, but like an enemy; and henceforth she is banished from my heart."

Yes! she never again had a home. Her husband took her to a hotel, where they remained for several weeks, hoping daily to receive a summons from her father; but, as none came, they were forced at last to retire to a cheap boarding house. Here, amid indifferent society, Caroline, who had been tenderly nurtured, learned soon to feel acutely the advantages of which she had deprived herself, learned to long for her old home.

If her husband had really loved her, or if she could have continued to persuade herself that her father had been unjust, she might have found some alleviation in her altered fortunes. But her

husband, angry that Mr. Warren was inexorable, now began to punish Caroline for her father's firmness, by neglecting her; and left her, evening after evening, to amuse herself, while he spent the hours at the billiard-table, in the theatre, or with some gay friends over a bottle or two of wine. It was now that Caroline saw the correctness of the judgment, which her father had expressed respecting Collins. She not only soon learned that he was both idle and a spendthrift, but discovered that he was intemperate, passionate, and unprincipled.

Often, when he came home excited by wine, he would address her in the most brutal manner, charging their present poverty on her, or rather on her "niggardly father," as he called Mr. Warren to her face. At last, one night, he returned, in a state of violent excitement, from the gaming table, where he had lost largely; and, finding Caroline weeping, struck her a blow, in a fit of passion, that felled her to the floor, where she lay bleeding.

And this was the end of her dream of romance! Into this life-slavery, into this deep degradation, her vanity had led her! Ashamed to tell the truth and throw herself on her father for protection, she endured, for more than a year, every variety of insult from her husband; her health, meanwhile, consuming away, and her spirits, which had once been so high, utterly broken.

Oh! how often she repented of her folly. How, when she heard of others of her sex forming clandestine marriages, she would shudder, and exclaim—"alas! the chances are they will be yet as miserable as I am. Can they not see, that the man, who persuades them to disobey their parents, shows, in that very thing, a want of principle that promises little for their happiness with him?"

But the cup of her misery was not yet full. She had been married little over a year when her husband left her to visit a neighboring city; and, though she waited his return for long after the promised day, he never came. At last a letter from him was put in her hands; and the missive announced, in the most unfeeling terms, that he had left her forever.

She sank in a swoon, and lay for hours before she recovered. When she regained consciousness, it was to shudder at her condition; for she was penniless, with board for many weeks due, and not a friend on whom she could call for the slightest loan. Suddenly, the parable of the Prodigal Son came up to her memory.

"I will arise and go unto my father," she said, humbly, in the words of that beautiful story; and, with the exclamation, she went forth, to seek her old home and sue for forgiveness, heart broken as she was.

It was snowing fast, but she did not heed it. She had thrown on her bonnet, and a light shawl; but had forgotten to change her thin shoes, or to assume a cloak. The melting flakes penetrated her slight attire, but she hurried on, breasting the wild tempest.

She arrived at last in the proud square where her father lived; and stood, a few seconds after, in front of the house. The window shutters were still open, though twilight had set in, and through the lace curtains the ruddy glow of the fire within shot athwart the stormy night. A sharp pain twitched her in the heart; she felt faint; and, staggering up the steps, just managed to pull the bell, when consciousness deserted her.

The servant who answered the door started and cried out when he saw an apparently lifeless corpse lying on the step, with the fast-falling snow rapidly covering it; and Mr. and Mrs. Warren, who were sitting by the parlor fire, coming out

to learn the cause of the disturbance, staggered to behold, in this emaciated form, their disobedient child.

They took her in, they wrapped her in warm clothing, they laid her in her old bed; but it was all of no avail. She revived just enough to ask their forgiveness, and receive it from them weeping. Then, murmuring blessings on them, she died.

This may be thought a fancy sketch; but it is not. It may be considered an excessive case, it is not that either. Caroline Collins, or Warren, as we would rather call her, was early delivered from her sufferings; and in that, terrible as death may seem to the young and happy, she was blessed. There are others, victims of runaway matches, who drag on an existence so miserable that the grave itself would be a relief.

But, as the Scripture impressively says, "they that sow the whirlwind, shall reap the storm."

MY FATHER'S BIBLE.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

Flow on sweet tears! I needs must weep,
For memory calls from fountains deep
That treasured store of holy tears
The heart hath garnered up for years;
Mine eyes behold
My father's Bible—his of yore,
Than mines of gold,
He prized it more.

When grief oppressed, and crushing care;
When death had nipt our loved and fair,
And dark misfortune's heavy hand
Was laid upon our little band,
In painful loss,
He then would read what Jesus bore
Upon the Cross—
We wept no more!

When pleasure spread its flowery mase,
To lure our feet from virtue's ways;
And sin, with fell insidious art,
Wove fatal spells to snare the heart,
Its truthful page
Our doubting footsteps onward bore,
Through every stage,
Till doubt was o'er.

When called to seek the distant West,
I craved a father's last behest;
'Mid parting pangs, we scarce could brook,
"Take this," said he, "this blest old book,
So long, long mine;
And though I give no other store,
'Tis wealth divine,
Prize nothing more!"

"Long hast thou known a father's care,
Shared daily in his fervent prayer;
But now we part—go, go, my child!"
He said no more, but wept; yet smiled,
As pointing still
To this old book, when through the door
I passed the sill,
Crossed never more!

Now moonbeams sleep upon his grave,
And sighing willows o'er him wave;
No more from death's repose to wake,
To plead with man for Jesus' sake
His sins forbare—
Oh! as I turn these pages o'er,
Than jewels rare
I prize them more!

When death would fright the timid soul
With coffin, shroud, the grave's dark goal,
The parting hour, the dying groan,
A world unseen, a fate unknown,
A light from thee,
Thou Book of books, doth round me pour.
Death's shadows flee—
Life evermore!

Thou'rt dingy now, and sadly worn,
With crumpled leaves, and binding torn;
Thy value others may not see,
But thou art priceless wealth to me!
Shrined in my heart
Shall be thy memory and thy love,
My soul's best chart
Forevermore!

THE VALENTINE PARTY.

BY MRS. J. Y. FOSTER.

"FAN," cried Sophy, as she burst into my room on the thirteenth of February—"I have such an excellent idea, and you must help me to carry it out!"

"Is that you, Soph? I thought I heard you humming 'Susannah' on the stairs! but you see my hands are wet, and I could not open the door. An excellent idea, is it? Wait till I have done with the napkin, and I will give you the attention the rarity of the occasion merits."

"Now, you are laughing at me, Fanny!"

"Not I, indeed! I'm as serious as a deacon!"

"Yes, with that wicked pucker of the lips—but wait till you see my idea planned and effected, and you shall acknowledge I have some originality." And Sophy seated herself in my easy chair, and fanned her glowing cheeks with her bonnet, although it was still winter. "You know I told you I wanted a Valentine party, and you thought Valentines vulgar and often offensive—but I am not to be put down when I have set my mind on anything—and I am determined to have one, but not in the old way."

"And what may be the *new* way, most original Miss Sophy?"

"Never mind! only trust to my word that they shall be neither vulgar nor personal, and promise me that you will come to-night and help me to write the rhymes, for you know that we cannot get along without you."

"Very well! I will go if the old crazy man who has been making love to me through the window for some days, does not carry me off in the meantime."

"What a funny old soul he is, to be sure! with an orange in each hand—do you know he chased Mary Bell in the street, and frightened her so much that she took refuge in a friend's house; a little while afterward, hearing some noise in the hall she peeped out, and there he was brandishing his oranges! Last Sunday as she came out of church she saw him again, and thinking he was after her, she set off at full speed, upsetting two or three children by the way, and terrifying all around her. But, Fan, have you heard the good news? your eyes say 'no!' Well! then, Arthur is in Boston, and has telegraphed us he will be at home this evening at half-past ten. He had just landed from the steamer."

"Indeed!—you must be very happy!"

"To be sure we are! Ma is in a perfect

ecstasy of delight!—my Valentine party is to be in honor of his arrival—I want him to see a few of his old friends assembled."

"On second thought, Sophy, I do not think I can go to help you to-night."

"You cannot? and why, pray?"

"Father will, perhaps, be alone, and need my services."

"Now what nonsense, Fanny! you really vex me—I'm getting in a tremendous passion; you think I can't see through it all, but I do; you were very willing to go till I told you of Arthur's arrival. My opinion is that you are a pair of simpletons."

Sophy rose, and with a serious face began to tie on her bonnet. "Now, Soph!" I said, in a deprecating tone, "don't be offended, I will go if you wish it—at what hour do you expect me?"

"At five in the afternoon! Disappoint me at your peril! I have a world of things to do!" and she was gone.

I sat down when she had left the room in a perfect tremor. What could possess me? I did not know whether to laugh or cry, Arthur had actually arrived, and was coming home—that was the one thought that filled my mind. Would he return the same unselfish, unaffected being who had parted from us two years before? And *our* parting? every word of that interview was ineffaceably impressed upon my mind. He had then explained to me, for the first time, the position in which he stood. His father had left all his property, which was moderate, to his mother and sister, trusting to his uncle to provide for him. His uncle's will allowed him nothing until he should reach the age of twenty-five, and he was then to go abroad for two years. As he did not wish to encroach upon his mother's income, he had applied himself diligently to the study of the law—had practised it with no small measure of success, and had actually become enamored of red tape and parchment. He spoke of his family's removal to our city, and of the pleasant year he had passed here. He alluded to our acquaintance, and to the favorable impression produced upon him previously by mutual friends. He said it would be pleasant to hear of me when far away—and still more pleasant to hear directly from myself. All this was on the old sofa in the back parlor; the fire burned brightly in the ample grate, and our little grey-hound Kate was

stretched upon the rug. What spell came over me I do not know—but I *do* know that it should have yielded to the influence of those words and that hour. Phebe Clay, (I have always detested the name of Phebe, and shall always dislike the person) Phebe Clay had been speaking to me of Arthur that very afternoon, and had asked me if I did not think his family made an idol of him. I replied that they could not well avoid it, he was so devoted and affectionate a son and brother—that he never allowed any engagement to interfere with the comfort or pleasure of his mother or sister. She then advised me to take care of my heart, for she had heard from good authority that Arthur had a great propensity to flirt—that his manners were insinuating—that he had won more than one lady's heart in the city where he formerly resided, and that the most devoted attentions from him signified nothing; she added that his sister thought no one in the world good enough for him, and much more to the same effect.

I ought to have attached no weight to these representations, but they *did* influence me—and when Arthur asked me to write to him I hesitated. He begged I would give him this proof of my friendship. Knowing the weakness of my own heart I could not bear he should number me among his friends merely—I must be all or nothing; and fearing the pent-up feeling might show itself in some way, I answered him coldly, even lightly. His manner changed—he became serious and distant. Perhaps he could not understand how, if I had any regard for him, I could jest at such a time. So we parted with a light clasp of the hand and a common-place adieu. If he had returned a few moments later, he would have found me in tears and sick at heart. He sailed the next day, and I had not seen him since, not even a letter from him, for Sophy never named him before me except when others inquired for him. To hide my real sorrow I had laughed, and danced, and sung, but had discouraged all serious attentions as far as practicable, and had refused one or two unexceptionable offers. I fancied I had conquered my attachment, and was glorying in my own strength—yet this sudden announcement had completely upset me. I had promised Sophy to go, and I must keep my word, but I would leave long before her brother's arrival.

"Why, Fan!" said Sophy, as she opened the door, "I saw you from the window, and you have such a serious look that I could not help laughing. You are ten minutes after the time too, you—the very model of punctuality," and she put back her pretty little watch, Arthur's gift from abroad, "now if it were I, no one would wonder. You know my motto is '*punctuality is the thief of time*' instead of *procrastination*, for I'm sure it runs

away with a great deal waiting on other people. I now make it a rule never to be punctual. The last effort in that way was at your suggestion—I went to Stanley's party at half-past eight, the time Harriet fixed, and I was an hour before any one else. I had exhausted every topic of conversation when the company assembled, and in consequence was stupid the whole evening."

I had laid off my bonnet and mantilla as Sophy said this, and she led the way to a table on which was spread quite a variety of toys, some comical, some pretty. "Here are Harriet and Annie," exclaimed she, as the door opened—"you are just in time, young ladies; let me take your bonnets, and now I shall expect something very droll from you."

"What is to be done?" asked Harriet.

"Why, Sophy is directress and judge," said I, "and each one of us is to select a toy and to write some verses, which we are to submit to her inspection."

"I will not be very severe, girls, never fear," cried Sophia, "but you must do your best."

"Great encouragement," remarked Annie, drily, "what will you have, Fanny?"

"I think I will take this bow with two strings, it will just suit my genius."

"And I," added Harriet, "this little mirror; I suppose they are fortunes to be drawn, and you are to be grand Sybil, Sophia!"

"I would rather not tell you just now; what will you have, Annie?"

"This little dumb watch; there's brother George across the street, shall I call him in, Soph? he is the very one for you."

She knocked on the window-pane, and George, who is a good-hearted, jovial young man, came in. We explained the affair.

"Just the thing! young ladies! I will do my best, but I must let you know beforehand," and he struck his knuckles against his forehead, "that I am a little weak in the upper story. But it unfortunately belongs to the family."

"All the better!" returned I, "you will make a charming variety."

"Miss Sophy, you are not going to let these girls write!"

"Indeed I am! that's why I sent for them."

"You will get something very silly, that's all."

This was said to tease Harriet, who reckons herself uncommonly clever, while Annie, who has more real ability, is guided by her sister in almost everything.

"What will you be pleased to select, Mr. Stanley?"

"Let me see—this little tin-cup; Miss Sophy, must it pass for a pint or a quart cup?"

"According to your inspiration—if you have a quart of it, pour it out by all means."

"Thank you, a pint will be draught enough for any one."

We sat in silence a few moments, and glancing round, I could not help laughing to see the contracted brows, and eyes set upon the little toys, at which, I suppose, the muses were to descend and take a look.

"I have done," said George, "is any one else ready?"

Harriet was the last to conclude, but I knew she was finishing it with care, and that with her it was a serious affair, for she would not risk her reputation lightly.

"Come, George," cried Annie, "read yours first; gentlemen should always lead the way in any difficult undertaking."

"Well, here goes—impromptu lines on a little tin-cup."

To some sprightly young Calebs I'm *painting* the way,
To make himself happy as soon as he may,
Should his choice of Lucillas be not very ample,
I'd advise him to turn now to me as a sample—
No matter how deep, so the opening's small,
That none, at first meeting, may ever know all,
She must handle you, sir, with no riveting strong,
But plenty of solder to fasten it on;
Now this sort of woman, you know, is a treasure,
But then she's entitled to "measure for measure,"
And should anything ever induce you to bicker,
Remember, my friend, you are never to lick her.

"Excellent," said Sophy, when he had concluded, "I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure. Now, Harriet, let us have yours."

Harriet read in rather a pretending manner—

The mirror of Fate—thou may'st look at me here,
In which all the traces of Time shall appear;
If thou'rt young and wilt keep me for many a day,
I will show thee thy locks shall be sprinkled with grey;

The eye shall be dull which so brightly hath beamed,
The cheek shall be furrowed, the brow shall be seamed;

But if doing to all as thou'dst still be done by,
Be the rule for thy conduct—the light for thine eye,
Relieving and cheering the poor and faint-hearted,
Thy look shall be lovely, though youth hath departed.

"It's very good, Hal," said George, "but too serious."

"No! no!" exclaimed we, "let us have all kinds."

Poor little diffident Annie, I saw, had written and effaced two or three times, and could hardly be brought to read her four lines on a dumb watch.

I am a watch, fair lady,
But I do not go,
And bear I not resemblance
To thy last night's beau?

"Capital, Nancy, the best of all—you are quite

the genius of the family," and George glanced provokingly at Harriet.

Mine came next—mere doggerel upon the bow with two strings.

Two strings to your bow!

Oh, no! indeed! no!

If one were worth anything, dear,

If 'twas long, if 'twas strong,

If 'twas tightly tied on,

I'm sure you'd have nothing to fear.

Young ladies are few

Who'd ever take two,

If one would present just to please,

And you always will find

Where two strings are joined

One good one were worth more than these.

Sophy had selected a grey horse, and her lines were very good, indeed they took me quite by surprise.

As you want a nag, you say,
Here's a prize in Dobbin grey,
She can gallop, trot or canter,
Any pace that you may want her:
If a bachelor you be living,
Do not grudge the sum you're giving,
For she'll prove a real racer
Anywhere that you can place her;
If to marry nothing loth
Husbandry may suit you both,
For as swift as Indian arrow
She will draw both plough or harrow,
And to save you lots of trouble
Dobbin Grey will carry double.

We wrote on until tea-time—then nothing would do but George must stay to tea with us, for his rhymes pleased all but Harriet, who thought them rather careless. At nine o'clock we had finished, thirty in all, and we tied them up in fancy paper with bright ribbons. As the clock struck ten I jumped up—"now, Soph, I must be off—you are probably glad to get rid of us, for you have been very fidgetty the last hour, and your mother has looked at her watch so often; I wish you a happy meeting with your brother." I said this in as indifferent a tone as possible, but I was really far more nervous than she, and my hands trembled so that I could hardly tie the ribbons.

And resisting every entreaty, I resolutely set off with Frank, who had called for me punctually as I had desired him.

Under ordinary circumstances I should have been round two or three times during the following day to see if I could be of any service to Sophy, but I did not leave the house. I thought Arthur would certainly call to see us; he was a great favorite with my father, and with old Uncle John. The latter was continually teasing me, and had never forgotten a speech I made when

so sorely pressed upon the subject—which was that I cared not a straw for Arthur, and nothing would induce me to marry him. I listened and watched at every ring of the bell. Could any thing have prevented his coming? I had not heard of his certain arrival—but in such a case Sophy would have sent me word, and would have deferred her party. I dreaded meeting Uncle John at the dinner-table, and sure enough as soon as I appeared I was accosted with—"well, my dear little wo-begone niece, has the gentleman you do not care a straw for, come yet?" "Indeed, sir, I do not know." "Ah! I remember! some one has probably told him that nothing would induce you to marry him, and he has no idea of being refused before he has proposed." I could have cried with vexation, and papa said, "are you not well, Fanny, dear?" I muttered something about a head-ache, I should have said heart-ache.

During the afternoon I changed my mind twenty times; sometimes I resolved to go and show Arthur my perfect indifference; then again, I was resolved to remain at home, since he cared so little to see me, I would not place myself in his way. All ended, however, in my being dressed with more than ordinary care, and setting off after my usual time. The party was nearly all assembled, and Sophy accosted me as I entered the room—"why, Fanny dear, you are so late, I thought something must have happened." One glance around convinced me *he* was not there, whose presence I knew not whether most to long for or to dread. I fell back into a corner and commenced an animated conversation with George Stanley. After some chat, he asked—

"Miss Fanny, have you seen Arthur yet?"

"No, I have not—have you?"

"Oh, yes! he arrived before we left last evening, and I saw him again this morning—he looks uncommonly well, and has actually returned without a moustache!"

"That shows his good sense. Do you know I heard a very distinguished person say that he could not control his repugnance toward a citizen of the United States when so disfigured. He also remarked that when in office, *that* cause alone would sometimes prejudice him against those applying for favors, and the president, of whose cabinet he was the foremost member, had precisely the same feeling."

"Well, I confess I don't like them much myself. But to return to Arthur. He sent beautiful bracelets to Harriet and Annie, and a fine cameo pin to ma. It is a head of Minerva; I proposed to Hal, who might pass for the goddess of Wisdom, you know, to exchange with ma, for Arthur had certainly intended it as a profile of her. But what do you think he brought for me?"

"I can't imagine—a Parisian coat?"

"No, not quite—I wish he had; wouldn't I look famous in one?"

"Irresistible—but what *did* he bring you?"

"Why! I am quite flattered with the compliment paid to my literary taste—he brought me a marble bust of Cicero; I, who could never blunder through his orations. If I were as rich as Arthur I would have staid abroad much longer. But they say an affair of the heart hastened his return—have you heard of it?"

"No," said I, faintly, "what is it?"

"The lady whom he met with on the Continent, is, I believe, a Miss Rushton, of Virginia, handsome and rich. She returned a month or two ago, and I suppose he will soon be off on a visit to her, as he cannot have seen her since he landed."

George little thought how my heart sunk as he carelessly uttered these words; I dreamed not for an instant of doubting the truth of his information, but felt it was too true! and I never knew the depth and strength of my feelings until that moment. What he said further I know not, and he was rallying me upon absence of mind, when Arthur entered the room. I did not look toward him, but I heard his frank, manly voice replying in pleasant tones to the welcome and warm congratulation of friends as they pressed around him. He passed from one to another until he came where I knew his eye rested upon me; once he stepped forward to speak, but I was watching my companion's face as if deeply interested in his words, and Arthur stood still for an instant, and then drew back. Again he came forward and held out his hand.

"Fanny," said he, earnestly, "have you not a word or a smile for an old friend?"

I returned his warm grasp lightly—my fingers were as cold as my words of welcome. Every drop of blood seemed to have rushed to my cheeks, which were scorching; at that moment Sophy came up.

"I want you to look, Fanny, at this handsome dressing-case of Arthur's; he has never used it—it was presented by a lady whose child he saved from imminent danger."

"Do tell us the story," asked Harriet, turning to him.

"Indeed, I cannot now," he returned, "but the lady gave me her friendship, which is far more valuable than the dressing-case." Lightly as Arthur seemed to value this article compared with the lady's regard, to us it was exceedingly pretty—beautifully inlaid and furnished with silver, and we examined it with curiosity.

"Here is a secret drawer, I know," exclaimed Annie, as she touched the spring. The box flew out, and there was a general exclamation. There

lay a tiny jeweled and enameled Geneva watch, and connected with it by a light Venetian chain was a miniature, which all knew at the first glance to be Arthur himself. I could have looked long at the semblance, although I had not dared to raise my eyes to the original. Arthur turned and saw our discovery; he seemed disconcerted for a moment, and then quietly re-placed them, replying to Sophy's question—

"My dear, little, curious sister, they are for a lady if she will accept them. The miniature was taken at the request of a friend, an Italian artist; he presented me with this, and kept a copy for himself. He is the same, Sophy, who painted the beautiful copy of Lucretia I gave you."

Disappointment weighed heavily upon my heart before this, now it seemed piled up and pressed down. I longed to be alone in my chamber that I might throw myself on the bed and find relief in tears—I longed for a mother upon whose sympathizing heart I could rest my aching head. But Sophy's voice summoned me to the table.

"Will you be kind enough, Fanny, to carry this little tray round? There are thirty young persons here, fifteen of each sex. This contains slips of paper numbered from one to fifteen, let each gentleman select one. I will carry this (the contents are the same, you see,) to the ladies, then all will be supplied."

"Will those whose numbers match be called together?"

"No! no! Harriet," replied Sophy, "do not flatter yourself with anything of the kind, if you should chance to get the number of one you admire."

I handed the tray to Arthur in silence—he looked at me with surprise, and said gently—

"I scarcely know you, Fanny, you are so changed."

"Am I?" I replied, coldly, and passed on. When all were served, Sophy assumed an air of great importance as she took her place in the centre of the circle, and the two large trays containing our pretty little parcels were placed before her. By the side of each tray was a box filled with slips of paper similar to those we had distributed. With the right hand she drew from one, and with the left from the other of these receptacles, and calling out, "the lady who holds No. 7 will please to come forward," dear little Mary Bell presented herself with a roseate blush. Sophy glanced at the other hand, and said mischievously—

"Remember those that fate couples now are Valentines, and are expected to be paired for the evening, both in the dance we intend to have, and in the walk home, and who knows but it may be for life. Ah! you need not laugh—stranger things have often happened; and now

the gentleman who holds No. 4 must place himself by No. 7." We all smiled as our bachelor friend Meryton made his bow to Mary.

"There is no knowing, Miss Sophy, what you may do for me," said he, "I have always thought if any one could help me to matrimony, it would be you."

"Then present your partner, if you please, with one of these little parcels. This is the tray from which the gentlemen are to select—the other is for the ladies' choice."

Others were paired in like manner; some of the verses, as on all occasions of the kind, were laughable hits, while others were as amusingly inappropriate.

Frank and Annie were called together. Her package contained a tiny sofa.

Fair lady! fair lady! to thee I resign
This old-fashioned sofa whereon to recline,
So tempting it looks that it makes one feel dory,
I've thought, with a lover, oh, dear! 't would be cosy!
Yet a servant discreet who will be on the watch,
Who'll never come in without rattling the latch;
If strangers should enter, you might be, I'm sure,
At either end seated with aspect demure.

Frank's was a tin grater.

You resemble the horse-radish
Rubbed against me,
Which some few partake of
For dinner or tea;
And all who have known you
Must feel no surprise
That you've brought very often
The tears to their eyes!
You are cool, but not icy,
Are sharp, but not spicy,
You are waiting for wit,
And will e'er be a waiter,
You think you're a great one,
But I am a grater!

I have forgotten now who was the favored recipient of each, but I will give a few of the rhymes which I can remember. There was a funny little terrapin.

The warmest welcome should be mine—
Take me and season well with wine,
And then sit down to sup or dine,
I'm fit for lords;
I can crawl into man's affections,
And should young ladies need directions
How to bring youths to genuflections,
Just mark my words.

To reach man's heart the shortest way—
Surest in this degenerate day—
Is down his throat—and you may stay
When once safe in;
Then quickly learn to dress—ye fair!
Not your own forms or curling hair—
But dress—with condiments most rare,
The Terrapin!

There was another on a gridiron with two fish.

This gridiron is cel'bracy, all here will say,
On which are two bachelors broiling away;
They are drying and drying all up they will find,
Contracting in body, contracting in mind.
Of a fall in the fire each was so much afraid
That he would not be taken to please a fair maid;
But soon every thought will be centered in self
Then they'll not be worth having, but laid on the shelf.

Another was on a glass toy—a goose in a boat.

I'm afloat! I'm afloat!
A goose in a boat—
A sailing over Life's sea;
Oh! sad is my fate!
I'm in search of a mate!
'Tis my only resemblance to thee!

Still another, and on a box of lip-salve.

I ask thee to halve
This box of lip-salve,
For the salve though I care not a fig,
The lip-salve divide,
Take the salve on thy side
If thou wilt but present me the lip.

George and Sophy were allotted to each other.
His prize was a dripping-pan with one of his own rhymes.

Here's a new dripping-pan
Which for woman or man
In the kitchen is always found handy,
'T will hold turkey or pig,
If they are not too big,
And for beef, veal or goose 'tis the dandy.
On the next Christmas day
'T will afford you fowl play
When your friends meet to hear themselves toasted,
But if poultry should strike,
And a calf's-head you'd like,
Put your own in the pan to be roasted.

Sophy's was a beautiful toy, a little boy with a bird's-nest.

Run away! little boy, there's no room for thee here,
Thy bird's-nest I want not—and thee I do fear;
Thou'st an innocent look, but I am not so stupid,
I know thee, I know thee! thou naughty boy Cupid!
Disguised though thou be, thou art Venus's minion,
And always betraying thyself by thy pinion.
Run off! else the door I will shut in thy face—
For thy dear little birds could I find but a place,
Their wings would shoot forth with a marvelous start,
And some day I'd find they had flown with my heart.

While Sophy was reading these lines, I looked round in some trepidation; Arthur and myself were the only persons remaining, and before I could think how I would act under the circumstances, we were called upon and obliged to take our places. As I passed Uncle John, he whispered with a provoking smile—"stop, Fanny, let

me arrange your dress; what a pity your Valentine should be one whom you have refused beforehand; now if it had been George Stanley!"

"You have no choice, Fan," said Sophy, "you must take the parcel left and give it to Arthur." I felt vexed with her, and deigned no reply, for I was sure the arrangement was one of her own planning.

"Only a little chair!" exclaimed George, as Arthur opened and read—

I give you this chair
Of a beauty most rare,
Nor will I betray by my blushes,
For no one supposes
That like little Moses
Young Cupid lies hid in the rushes.

I could scarcely command myself, yet laughed with the rest, for I must either laugh or cry. One comfort, Arthur was as much agitated as myself from some cause, and this re-assured me. I attempted with trembling hands to open my own package. Soph took it from me and held up a set of pretty tablets for a ball, and then read—

Thou art told by lot, fair lady,
What thy future fate shall be,
Gay quadrille, and waltz, and polka,
All shall be adorned by thee;
But amid the world's false glitter
One true heart is all thine own,
One who loves thee for thy virtues
And thy gentleness alone.

Should he breathe this pure affection,
Treat not thou his suit with scorn,
Though thou hid'st with friendly tablets
Blushes like the radiant morn.
Canst thou vow to take upon thee
All the duties of a wife?
Not the partner for an evening,
But the chosen one for life.

I threw down the gift, I am afraid, rather contemptuously.

"Fanny, you are not well!" said some one in my ear; it was Sophy; "I am sure you are feverish, you have such an intense color." Arthur looked at me inquiringly as I replied—

"I am perfectly well; I thought you were going to have a dance, Sophia!"

"So we are," said she, running to the piano, "I intend to play the quadrilles myself, and as you are my Valentine, Mr. Stanley, you will have to turn over the music for me." The rest took their places, and I exerted myself so far as to ask my partner, during the intervals of the dance, some questions respecting his travels. Any one might have thought from our manner we were talking together for the first time. He seemed grave and absent-minded, and I thought with a pang of Miss Rushton; "no matter," said I, to

myself, "I am determined to enjoy the present, even if I have a sleepless night."

From the dance we passed to the supper-table, and afterward a waltz and polka were proposed, but I was resolute to go home.

"Do not trouble yourself, I beg," said I, to Arthur, "Frank will accompany me, and can easily return in time for his partner."

"When was it any trouble, Fanny?" asked he, reproachfully, "besides, have I not the right?" and he passed my hand with decision through his arm.

We walked at least half a square without a word—the streets were deserted, for it was nearly midnight; at last, the silence becoming oppressive, I made some remark I cannot remember what, but he seemed not to hear me. A few minutes afterward he said seriously—

"Fanny, can you tell me what has become of the light-hearted, gentle girl I left in your place? whose spirit was like sunshine to all within its influence, and whose laugh gladdened the hearts of those who listened for it?" As I could not reply, he continued, passionately, "I have *longed* for this moment, Fanny, but I find you changed, how much so I cannot express; I might have known it when you cared so little to see me that you would not wait one half hour last evening after two years of absence!"

"I feared to intrude," I returned, in a husky voice.

"Intrude! were you ever an intruder, Fanny?"

"And yet, Arthur," said I, when I could command my voice, "you made no effort to see us this morning, papa and Uncle John too, who thought so much of you!"

"Could you think so ill of me, Fanny? I was on my way to your house at an early hour, but your Cousin Harry met me and told me you had all gone to Bellevue to spend the day." This was true, for we had intended to go, and I had told Harry so the day before, but the lameness of one of the horses had deferred our visit.

At this moment we reached the door-step, and my heart felt lightened of half its load. As I turned to pass in, Arthur said, "good-night," and held out his hand; mine trembled in spite of all my efforts at self-possession.

"May I come in?" he asked, in a joyful tone, "I have not yet seen your father!" I knew papa had retired, but could I have the heart to tell him so? I turned to enter the front parlor. "No! no!" he cried, "let us go into the *back* parlor," and he opened the door. "Here is the old sofa—take off your bonnet, dear Fanny, and sit down; no! no! just here, close beside me. My heart is so overflowing with happiness this evening that you *must* feel its influence. *There* are the table and your father's chair just as I

have often pictured them, I am sorry there is even a new foot-stool." Kate, who was sleeping before the fire, rose, shook herself, and came toward us; she passed Arthur to welcome me, but something seemed to attract her attention, and she returned to him. In an instant she had recognized him, for she bounded, and whined, and licked his hands.

"Ah! Kate!" he exclaimed, as he caressed her fondly, "at all events you are not changed! you remember old friends! Fanny! do you recollect the last evening we sat here? do not turn away and withdraw your hand, dear Fanny, I *must* be heard! If you cannot think of me as I would fain be thought of—and loved, you will say so, gently but firmly. The remembrance of our parting weighed heavily upon me when I was far away, but I thought you were very young. Fanny, and scarcely knew your own mind. Sophy, with the delicate tact of a woman, had long divined my secret, and her letters were full of you; as I received each one I rejoiced to learn your heart was still free, and hope whispered it was mine, or might still become so. Have I been mistaken? is my affection then of no value to you?"

I cannot tell how it all happened, but my head rested on Arthur's shoulder, and my feelings found vent in tears and smiles of happiness.

"But Miss Rushton!" exclaimed I, suddenly.

"Miss Rushton! what put her into that dear little head? Ah! I see it all now! some one has been misrepresenting me to you; Miss Rushton is to be married shortly to one in every way worthy of her, and I have promised to attend the wedding."

It was two o'clock before Arthur tore himself away.

"May I come to breakfast? you know I have not yet seen your father," he said, and I smiled assent. I knew Uncle John was waiting for me in the dining-room, for he never *will* retire while there is any one down stairs, and as I could not face him then, I stole up to my room. I did not close my eyes until day dawned, but my thoughts were all joyful.

Trying not to look too happy, I entered the breakfast-room at the usual hour. Uncle John raised his eyes demurely from the paper—

"Fanny, considering you were up until two o'clock, you look very radiant this morning!"

"Why, what kept you up so late, my child?" asked papa.

"Ask her who came in with her and stayed so late!" said Uncle John, maliciously.

"Why, Arthur, papa," I answered, with a blush, "he wished to see you, and I invited him, or rather he invited himself to breakfast this morning."

"Oh, ho!" cried Uncle John, "brother, you had better look to it—it is very wrong for Fanny to be keeping a young gentleman so late when you know she has already refused him."

I was so light-hearted I could bear this teasing, and when Arthur entered I was delighted to see how cordially papa welcomed him. About mid-day Sophy came rushing in, and threw her arms round my neck—

"Oh, Fanny, I am so glad! there—you need not say a word—Arthur has not told us, but I know he is very happy. Hadn't I a famous Valentine party?" She kissed me, and before I could speak or return the caress, she was gone.

I have since taken care to possess myself of the dear little tablets I lightly threw aside, so that the watch and miniature are not my only tokens from THE VALENTINE PARTY.

TO AN ABSENT HUSBAND.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

Howe spreads its cheerful arms to-night,
The hearth-fire blazes free,
And happy ones are singing there,
In mirthfulness and glee;
Light hearts and merry voices join
To swell the joyful song,
And not a pensive look is seen
In all that careless throng.

Beauty and youth are treading now
The mazes of the dance,
And whisper'd words and blushing cheeks
Tell love's delicious trance;
No thoughts but those of happiness,
As bright as Summer skies,
Are lingering in each youthful heart,
Or sparkling in their eyes.

But far from this gay festive scene,
On wings of memory,
My widow'd heart has flown, and now
I'm once again with thee;
Again, as in our early days,
I'm standing by thy side,
And listening to thy manly voice
With all my woman's pride.

Morn brings thee with its earliest dawn,
In each familiar thing,
Each household altar when the heart
Its offering used to bring;
Each book and flower you used to love,
The songs you used to praise,
Are shrouded now as the things that make
The dreams of other days.

Through all the march of weary hours
Thy image oft will come
And nestle closely to my heart,
As exile to his home;
Will come at evening's dreamy close,
And, like night's tuneful bird,
Make melody until my heart
With ecstasy is stirred.

And night has wedded thy dear name,
With all its richest dreams,
Those bright-wing'd images that flit
Like sunshine o'er the streams;
Then do we wander as of yore
Beneath the evening star,
While music on the perfumed air
Comes floating from afar.

Then do I gaze into thy face
And banish every tear;
And my full heart sinks calmly down
Without a truant fear,
Without a thought, save those that come
That I might always be
Beside thee in life's darkest hour,
To shield and comfort thee.

I wake to see our daughter's smile,
And meet her laughing eye,
In which, as in a mirror's face,
Thy image seems to lie;
To think how 'mid the battle strife
That tiny form shall stand,
And beckon back each sabre stroke
With its small cherub hand.

To dream how will its memory
Around the watch-fire rise,
And make thy weary, home-sick thoughts
Turn to thy matin skies;
Those skies that bend above my path
With the same peaceful hue,
They bore as when beneath their smile
We said our last adieu.

God shield thee in each fearful hour!
When gathering round thy way
A thousand angry war-clouds rise,
With dark and dismal ray;
Oh! shed upon the wanderer's path,
Wherever he may roam,
The light of happier stars, and bring
Him once more to his home.

PILGRIMAGES TO AMERICAN SHRINES.

NO II.—BRANDYWINE BATTLE-FIELD.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.



THE OLD STONE MEETING-HOUSE.

It was a quiet evening when I visited the battle-field. The sun was just setting as I reached the summit of the hill; and I paused a moment involuntarily to look back upon the scene. Far away to the west rolled the billowy hills, spotted with farm and woodland. Just over the undulating horizon thus formed, glowed a narrow streak of red and gold, while a dark battlement of pitchy clouds lay piled in the blue atmosphere above. The long, lurid line rolling along the hills, and surmounted with the dark masses of vapor above, seemed like a distant city in flames, and gave a wild and ominous appearance to the landscape. Here and there through this gloomy curtain, the sunbeams struggled out, tinging the edges of the clouds with gold, and shooting in long lines of light over the green hills. A solitary bird sailed in the distance. The voice of the tired ploughman calling to his oxen floated from the valley, and the deep quiet of a summer evening prevailed around.

I gazed upon the scene in mute delight, until the twilight had mellowed the landscape, when, remembering the object of my visit, I turned and walked on. The battle-field crowns the hill. Before me was an old stone meeting-house, dark

with antiquity, and surrounded on two sides by a still older grave-yard. Not a monument was seen in that lonely resting-place. The grass was brown and withered; no flowers bloomed above the graves; the little mounds were nearly all washed away by the rains; huge cavities where the ground had sunk in yawned around me; and in the centre of the yard, an old, rugged cedar lifted its dark head a solitary mourner. It was a scene of perfect desolation. To add to its startling effect a few sheep were carelessly browsing on the stunted herbage, ignorant of the hallowed memories around, or the mouldering generations below.

A hale old man was standing in the middle of the yard, but perceiving me he came slowly out, and I addressed him. He had lived hard by for forty years. Leaning against the gate, my grey-haired, yet rubby-faced narrator drew, with his knife, upon the shingle top of the low stone wall, a plan of the battle. He showed me where, on the right, one wing of our army had been posted in an orchard, and where, on the left a little down the hill, the rapid charge of the foe had routed the other wing while in the act of forming. Here a spot had been fiercely contested: there a

brave continental had watered the soil with his blood. He turned and unlocking the rude gate we entered the yard. On this very spot a portion of the little army had stood, pouring in a deadly fire from the shelter of the low stone wall, and making a gallant stand until nearly cut to pieces. At our feet were the graves of the slain. Friend and foe, private and officer, there they lay, their ears stilled to the roar of battle, and the green grass growing over them where for fifty years it had waved. There was a huge mound near the gate covering the remains of the fallen. A couple of English officers lay untrophied by. The old man had discovered them while digging a new grave, and knew them by their regimental buttons, and the still undecayed portions of their uniforms. A half a century had rolled by since first they were hurriedly laid in their rude resting-place.

"No useless coffin enclosed the breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound them;
But they lay like warriors taking their rest,
With their martial cloaks around them."

Who would not warm amid such memories? Around us were the relics of the strife:—the bullet holes in the old meeting-house; the dark, blood-stained spots upon the floor; the very woods which had echoed to the cannonade; and beneath us the sod where some patriot had died. As the old man conversed of the eventful day, his voice grew warmer, his hale cheek glowed, and his eyes flashed with unwonted fire. Fancy took wings; we forgot the present; we were back in the days of iron war. Beneath us the serried files of the foe were dashing up the hill, their arms flashing and their banners waving as they rushed to the attack. We could almost see the eager Americans ranged behind the wall, and hear their thick breathing as they waited for the enemy to come nigh. Then rose up a wild huzza, the sharp rattle of their musketry ensued, the thick, white smoke curled around the prospect, and directly the solid phalanx of the foe emerging from the vapors, the fierce contest was maintained almost hand to hand, and breast to breast. Volley followed volley, one wild huzza succeeded to another, the crash of muskets, the rattle of the fire-arms, the groans and shrieks of the wounded grew nearer and nearer, until at length the enemy swarmed along the wall, forced it with the bayonet, and the fight—oh! God—was battled above the quiet graves of the dead. The shout of victory and death was around us. Then the scene changed. The gallant continentals were retreating, and anon they were strewed dying along the orchard. The volleys gradually slackened, a few scattering shots only dropped at intervals, the

roar of battle swept by and died faintly in the distance, and only the stifled groans of the wounded or the agonizing prayer of the dying met the ear.

So deeply had we been wrapt in the story of the past that we forgot the time, and when the old man ceased, twilight had long since gone. The landscape around was putting on the cloudy mantle of night. The breeze came damp from the valley; the low twitter of the birds had ceased in the hedges; the still glades of the distant wood darkened dreamily away; the shadows were already black on the rolling brow of Osborne Hill; and a few stars, like virgin brides, modestly peeped forth from the calm, blue sky above. The old man and I gazed on the scene for a moment, and then with a warm pressure of the hand, we parted. With a feeling of quiet pleasure I slowly wandered home. A gentle, soothing influence pervaded my thoughts. The evening hour, and the memories around, tinged every reverie with a mellow hue, diffusing over me that gentle, yet unwritten feeling which forms the *Sabbath of the heart*.

I never went to the battle-ground again. I was afraid I should dissolve the charm. But often in the golden twilight, I would go out on Osborne Hill, and gaze on the old grave-yard wall, lying like a white thread along the horizon, until gradually the shadows deepened, the whip-poor-will sailed by with his melancholy wail, and one by one the dim outlines of the distant hill melted into darkness.

I thank God I was born in a land whose few battle-fields are those of freedom! The traveller who threads our vast domains is never startled by stupendous Acadelmas like those which blacken every kingdom of Europe; but often in his journeys, amid the hills and vallies of our land, he will come across the lonely grave of some martyr to freedom, or the grassy mound where our bold farmer fathers perished for their rights. Holy and venerated are such spots! Humble though they be, they are full of hallowed memories, and in their simple majesty, are prouder monuments than the rich trophies of Waterloo. Poets shall sing of them; painters shall picture them; historians shall chronicle them to mankind. Thousands shall pilgrim to them as to the altar of their faith, and genius, with God-like inspiration, shall weave them in undying song. They will nerve our youth, inflame our soldiery, and fire the land with the loftiest patriotism. Should a foreign foe pollute our soil, and drive us for awhile before him, these battle-fields shall be the arcana to which we will retreat; there will we rally for a last effort, and there, where the spirit of our martyred ancestors fill the air around, will we nobly conquer.

THE VALLEY FARM; OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ORPHAN.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36.

WHEN I was about twelve years of age, an uncle whom I had often heard of as having gone to India when a lad, and who had not written home for years, suddenly made his appearance at the old farm-house.

He had amassed a competence, and was now returned to enjoy it. As yet, however, he had formed no plan of life; but, after being in the valley about a month, he announced his intention to set up an establishment in the city, and almost in the same breath asked my Aunt Sarah to preside over his household.

It was accordingly determined that she should leave the old homestead, and that I should accompany her. It was not my uncle's intention, at first, to invite me; in fact he had scarcely noticed me, for he disliked children, and I was at that age when girls are at once ugly and shy; but when my aunt informed him that she had engaged to protect me, and could not accept his offer unless I went with her, he assented as of course. So we went to town, where my uncle took a house, and where a new world opened to me.

My uncle was my mother's brother, and, therefore, connected only by marriage with my Aunt Sarah. We had now been living in the same house about six months, before the nearer relationship existing between himself and me appeared to break upon him for the first time; and he began to take some notice of me. Perhaps also I was growing prettier. One day he met me in the hall, just as I entered from school, flushed with exercise, and looking happy, for I had that day been raised to the head of my class.

"Come here, Mary," he said, looking at me earnestly; then placing me between his knees before him, he took out his spectacles, wiped them, carefully adjusted them, and scrutinized me. I blushed. "Why I declare," he said, at length, "how much you look like your mother! It never struck me before. Strange. Yet what a resemblance! It seems as if I saw my poor sister," he continued, soliloquizing, "as she used to be when we were children together. God bless you!"

He took off his spectacles to wipe them, for

the tears were in his eyes. From that hour I loved the old man.

We soon grew to be great friends. I used to have his slippers and dressing-gown ready for him, when he returned toward evening, and would wheel his morocco covered arm-chair to his corner before the grate; he would allow no one else to do these things. But stay, I have not described him.

My uncle was now about sixty, rather tall, inclining to corpulency, and with a head of the whitest and thickest hair I think I ever saw. It was a crown of glory to him, that mass of snowy hair. His manners were of the old school, very formal, but a little spoilt by his long residence abroad. He was a bachelor, and, therefore, precise, with a tendency to be self-willed, but he had an excellent heart. Having read much, and thought more, and in addition having travelled over half the world, he was a most entertaining companion, and his society was courted very generally. He was fond of chess, but I rarely saw him play at home, and then only when he had some old friend to dine with him. I have heard, however, that he spent half his mornings at a public library and reading room, where three or four grey-headed chess-players like himself would meet to contest a game, or watch others at it.

As he had retired from business, and invested his fortune, he never engaged in any mercantile affairs; but he loved to talk about the scarcity of money or its reverse, the prospect of trade, the price of government sixes, the rise or fall of cotton, and the arrivals from Canton. Of mornings he divided his time between the exchange and the reading-room I have mentioned. He was a heavy stockholder and director in an insurance company, whose business chiefly lay with the East India fleet; and, when he had no other place to lounge in, he used to go to the office and talk over the commercial and monetary world with his brother directors, retired old merchants, most of them, such as himself. He liked a good cigar after dinner, and a glass or two of old Madeira; and his breakfast was never complete

without the —, a newspaper which his father had taken before him, and which, though now the most stupid of journals, he regularly read through, advertisements and all.

He had no liking for the country. He had left it when a boy, and had never returned to it, so that the life of a town had become part of his nature. I used to walk out, in the spring and autumn afternoons, with some of my schoolmates into the fields and woods without the city, and return at evening laden with wild flowers; but this was a taste he could never comprehend; and I think I hear now his "pooh! pooh! what can you do with such trash!" as he turned from his book or paper, when I would lay my treasures on the centre-table. He liked the smell of cordage better than that of the freshest field of hay ever made fragrant by sunshine; and the spectacle of a ship in full sail he was accustomed to declare the finest sight in the world. He had, on the mantel-piece of his chamber, an ivory frigate in a glass-case; and all sorts of curiosities, from a gilded Chinese god down to an enormous hookah, were scattered about the apartment. He was proud of what he called the unmixed blood of his family, and had brought back with him from Canton a porcelain breakfast service, with our coat of arms, and motto upon it: and sometimes, when he had indulged in an additional glass of wine, or his heart was thawed from other causes, he would talk proudly of the day when his grandfather lived in Boston, before the revolution, and was three out of the four gentlemen there who drove his carriage. "The son of an earl," he would say, "but I am prouder of him, because he lost his all in the cause of his country, than for even that, sir."

At sixteen I was no longer an awkward, ugly girl, but, if I trusted what was told me, quite pretty. I remember my astonishment the first time the consciousness of my improved looks burst upon me. It was one afternoon when coming home from school. The day was warm, and I was nearly at our door, so, with girlish indifference, I took off my bonnet, and began fanning myself with it. It was a large Leghorn — what was then called a flat — and answered the purpose of a fan admirably. My color was heightened by exercise, and my curls were blowing carelessly about. Suddenly one of two gentlemen passing, exclaimed—"by Jove, what a little beauty!" I was in a nervous tremor in an instant. Remember that up to this time, I had never been praised for good looks, but always been abused for awkwardness. No wonder I was frightened, astonished, that my breath left me. I hurried home with a beating heart, ran up to my room, and looked at myself eagerly in the glass. But it was a long time before I could

persuade myself that I was really prettier than my schoolfellows, so thoroughly had oppression and neglect in my early years impressed a humble opinion of myself on me. It required many a look of admiration in the street, and many a direct compliment to convince me of it, nor was I thoroughly persuaded until one day my uncle, looking earnestly at me through his spectacles, said at last, "well, I do believe, Miss Sarah, that Mary is growing pretty."

The last year I went to school I began to have a reputation for wit. I think now that my partial friends over-estimated me, and that a certain gaiety of spirits, joined to a facility in conversation won me the name of a *bel esprit*; but it is certain that wherever I went, I obtained this character; and often, when I was not known to be near, I overheard my aunt and uncle conversing about my smart sayings, and laughing at them. Once or twice my uncle complimented me on them, but at such times my aunt gave him a look of reproof, and at last finding this did no good, said—"how can you indulge the vanity of the child, brother: you will ruin her immortal soul!" My uncle, at this, shrugged his shoulders: but he never afterward flattered me.

If I had not received such severe lessons of humility in earlier life, or if my aunt had not even now sought frequent occasions to mortify me, I might have been spoiled in the two years that followed my coming out. Between sixteen and eighteen I lived in an incense of flattery. I was almost constantly out of evenings, at a party, at a concert, or at some other resort of pleasure. Even had I been less observing, I could not have failed to notice that few girls of my age received so much attention. Bouquets were constantly being sent to me. I generally had half a dozen invitations for the first opera of the season, for I was passionately fond of music, and had the credit of being a superior amateur performer, which after all is not much praise. Everybody thought me supremely happy. Alas! I was not. I saw my companions loving and beloved, but, among my numerous admirers, there was not one to whom I could attach myself. And yet I felt the need of loving, oh! how acutely. An orphan and alone in the world, I had never had one on whom I could pour out the secret hoards of my affection, but had pined for such a one, a mother, a sister, or a father. Ah! how I longed for some one who could be solely mine. Like most others of my sex, whose sympathies were acute, I felt it necessary to my happiness to love. Yet I saw no one who awoke more than a passing interest in me.

There were some indeed who seemed at first to approach my ideal of true manhood, but they all disappointed me bitterly on a closer acquaintance.

They whom I had believed high-minded turned out calculating. The apparently intellectual proved common-place. The seeming virtuous were found to be dissolute. In short, my dreams of perfectability were dissipated daily; and in the end those whose society I began with welcoming, I ended with spurning.

I gradually obtained, by these means, the name of a coquette, yet nothing was further from my nature. Often I asked myself if I was ever to love. I feared that I had pitched my ideal too high. Yet I felt, much as I longed to love, that I could not compel myself to love; and I shuddered when I thought of a long life dragging slowly along, without any closer ties of affection, until finally, as years advanced, I should harden into a cold-hearted automaton like my Aunt Sarah.

With these feelings I gradually found my affections twining closer and closer around my uncle. I still loved my aunt, at least in a measure; but I loved him more. And yet, kindly as he was, there were many things about him certainly not attractive to a young girl. I did not understand then why I could never make a confidant of him, why there was something in my bosom that checked the gush of my affections beyond a certain point; but I do now. How could two natures so dissimilar as ours ever approach closely? It could not be.

One day my uncle came home in unusually good spirits.

"Mary," he said, patting me on the head, his habit when pleased, "I have a husband for you—a fine, handsome fellow, and as rich as Croesus—the son of an old merchant I knew in the Indies, so that there is no mistake about his wealth—he will be here this evening, and you must dress in your best."

"Indeed," I answered, "I shall do no such thing. A pretty affair, to be getting myself up for exhibition, like a Chinese bride. Mr. Somebody must take me as he finds me."

I said this playfully, but I was in earnest nevertheless. My uncle had lived so long in the east that he considered our sex a merchantable commodity, to be disposed of to the highest bidder.

He shrugged his shoulders, and looked piteously at my aunt, as much as to say, "what foolish notions the child has!"

My uncle's protegee came, punctual to his appointment. He was a remarkably gentlemanly looking person, and would generally have been considered handsome. He dressed with unusual taste for one of his sex. My uncle introduced him as Mr. Thornton. The manners of this new acquaintance were easy, and what the world calls high-bred; his conversation was intelligent,

varied, and even entertaining; and, moreover, he seemed struck with my appearance from the first moment of his entrance, and paid assiduous court to me. All this might be supposed to be not without its effect on a girl of seventeen. But it did not move me.

I admired him, however; but my heart was untouched. And I startled both my uncle and aunt by saying as much after he had gone.

"Confess now, Mary," said my uncle, rubbing his hands when our guest had departed. "Confess now that Mr. Thornton is a more interesting visitor than you had expected. I must compliment you on your conquest. You little jade, to tell me you did not intend to dress handsomely! I never saw you look so well as in that white dress, with the moss-rose bud in your bosom. Well, he is worth the trouble of catching. A quarter of a million—not a cent less. Been to Europe too, danced with Queen Victoria, and dined with the Emperor Nicholas."

I smiled.

"What are you smiling at, you little hypocrite?" he said, pinching my ear. "Don't try to persuade me you are not determined to secure this prize. I could see how adroitly you angled for him. How you chatted, and laughed with him. Own the truth now; is he not a splendid fellow?"

"Since you give me a chance at last to speak," I said, laughing, "I will tell you frankly what I think of him."

"Ah! that is right," said my uncle, rubbing his hands.

My aunt smiled approvingly.

"He is thought handsome, I suppose," I continued, "but I do not consider him so——"

"Not handsome!" cried my uncle, bouncing up out of his chair.

"Not handsome!" cried my aunt, dropping her work into her lap.

"No, his face wants character—and so does his conversation. In a word, though handsome, rich, well-educated, and improved by travel, he is decidedly common-place. It is lead, well gilded indeed, but only lead after all."

My uncle looked at me sharply, and a frown gathered on his brow; then he turned to my aunt and said—"the deuce take the girl and her nonsense!"

My aunt lifted up both her hands, and ejaculated piteously—

"Mary—I never!"

I could not avoid a hearty laugh, to see them both so ludicrously bewildered.

Neither of my hearers appeared to relish my merriment, which was, perhaps, a little rude. My uncle looked grave, and, after a moment's silence, said—

"I tell you what, you minx, you read too many novels. I suppose you have the Children of the Abbey by heart."

"I never read the book," I said.

"Never read it!" exclaimed my aunt, surprised out of her discretion. "Why, Mary, that cannot be! I had read it half a dozen times before I was your age—the more shame to me," she hastily added, remembering herself.

"The girl always speaks truth, I will say that for her," said my uncle, with grave displeasure. "But I'll engage she has read Thaddeus of Warsaw, The Scottish Chief, and all that trash."

"She had better read Dunallan; or, The Lady of the Manor," interposed my aunt, parenthetically.

"I have never perused any of the novels you mention," I said. "I have read most of Scott's, and find others not interesting enough. I would rather read a good fairy tale than the stuff you name."

"Humph!" said my uncle. "You set up for a critic, do you, with your other nonsense? Let me tell you, Miss Pert, that when I was young, the novels you call 'stuff' were considered remarkable."

"Dunallan is worth all Scott ever wrote," ejaculated my aunt.

"Well, uncle," I said, going up to him, putting my arm around his neck, and kissing him first on one cheek, then on the other, "don't let us quarrel about our favorite writers! And now I'll acknowledge, if that will please you, that Mr. Thornton is a very nice, conversible young gentleman, and I'll treat him well, when he comes here, if it's only for your sake."

My uncle always thawed when I kissed him after this fashion. He drew me to his knee, and said, patting my cheek—

"That's a good girl now. And, by and bye, you'll treat him well, I hope, for your own sake; for it rests with you," he added, seriously, "whether to be Mrs. Thornton or not."

I did not care to renew hostilities by saying what I thought; but I made a mental reservation to be guided by circumstances.

My aunt smiled, and took up her knitting.

From that time Mr. Thornton became a constant visitor at the house; but I cannot say he gained in my opinion. Let me be understood! I esteemed him more and more every day, for he had a hundred excellent qualities; but I did not love him.

I had hit the truth the very first night I saw him. Women have an instinct, in those matters, I believe. Thornton wanted character. He was a man of good abilities, could talk well, had wandered over the whole range of modern literature, and even made some pretensions to authorship in

an amateur way; but there was nothing original in his mind, or forcible in his character. He might have suited a thousand women more accomplished than myself: he did not suit me.

"Why don't you do something?" I said to him one evening, for I had learned to talk to him with the frankness of a sister.

"What shall I do?" he said, "you have only to command me, and I obey."

"Oh! that is not it," I replied, carelessly running my fingers over the piano, for I had been playing from Beethoven, but noticing that he was not listening, had stopped to ask my question. "You ought to know best what you would like to do."

"Well, then," he said, "I like to do nothing. I am rich, and have no motive to work. I had rather dawdle along, enjoying life."

"Dawdle!" And I laughed. Then, turning around on the piano stool, I looked him full in the face, and said—"do you know it seems so odd to me that any man should prefer loitering idly through life—dawdling, as you call it—to action. Why, were I a man, I should die of ennui, if I had nothing to do. Without some purpose in life, life itself is not worth having. Be a politician," I exclaimed, wheeling back to my piano, "if you can be nothing better." And I began to play vigorously at Beethoven again.

When I had concluded, I looked up. My lover was still standing at my side, and with a deprecating look.

"Do you really wish me to be a politician?" he said, in a low voice.

I blushed to my temples. If I answered in the affirmative, he might take it for encouragement. Honesty compelled me to speak frankly.

"Not unless you like it, Mr. Thornton," I said. "And I should be sorry if you did like it," I added.

"You're a strange creature, Miss Lennox," he said, "you first tell me to be a politician, and then say you would be sorry to see me one."

"Well, I mean," I replied, "that a politician, even if successful, is never sufficiently compensated for his exertions. He coins his heart's life away to purchase dross."

Thornton stared at my enthusiastic expression, so that I blushed again. "Pray, tell me what you wish," he said, "and don't be quizzing a poor fellow."

On this I recurred to my first remark, and explained myself more fully. The truth was, I wanted to return Thornton's love, if I could. I pitied him. Besides, seeing how my uncle desired the match, I was determined, if possible, to gratify him. But I could not love a man who dawdled through life. I wanted this error corrected: then, perhaps, I could consent to be his wife.

"Politicians," I said, looking up earnestly at him, "stoop to such tricks, and so constantly, that their moral sense, not to say their honor, becomes impaired. But there are other pursuits, I am sure, in which a man of fortune can engage, with pleasure to himself, and profit to his race."

"I never liked the law," said my lover, as if in a tone of inquiry. "It is too late to enter the army or navy. I'm sure I don't know what a man, in my situation, could do, if he would."

"I have read," I said, and I felt my cheek kindling with enthusiasm as I spoke, "of men—John Howard was one—who, laying aside the luxuries of their station, suffered privations, pecuniary losses, and even disease that they might relieve those lying in prisons, and carry comfort to the sick and miserable. I have read of others—Xavier among them—who have sacrificed rank, country, even family ties; exiled themselves to distant and even inhospitable realms; suffered hunger, fever, abuse, and died at last alone and unassisted; and all that they might proclaim in other realms the religion in which they believed. I have read of men—rich and luxuriantly nurtured—who have languished in miserable dungeons, or perished on the scaffold for opinion's sake, when, by remaining in quiet at their comfortable homes, they might have lived to eighty in possession of wealth and rank. I have read of still others—born in the lap of ease—who have toiled, night and day, unintermittingly, like Wesley, or Whitfield, to preach salvation to the poor——"

I broke off for want of breath. Thornton had, at first, colored at my indirect reproof; but latterly he had gazed at me with astonishment. Now he spoke.

"You would not have me turn minister—would you?" he said, in amazement. "Why, I thought—excuse me—but I did not know you were religious."

"Nor am I, I am afraid," I answered, gravely. "But you don't seem to understand me, Mr. Thornton; so we had better change the subject."

I closed the piano as I spoke, and rose. My momentary feeling of enthusiasm had subsided, and I felt almost ashamed for having betrayed myself to one who could not comprehend me, but only thought me odd. This conviction, perhaps, gave something of coldness to my tone.

Thornton himself followed me across the room to the sofa, where I now retired. He was too well-bred to allude to a subject which I had desired might be waived; but he obviously thought me offended, and strove, by his apologetic manner, to make peace with me.

The next evening, however, he managed to acquaint me, though with a humble, deferential air, as if not certain that I would be pleased,

that he had subscribed to two of the principal philanthropic institutions of the day. The subscription, I afterward heard, was a munificent one.

And this was his comprehension of my meaning! I wished him to become a man of action, for I could not love one who did not play his part somehow, and with credit, in the great drama of life; and he thought I only desired him to give money to benevolent societies, money that he could well spare, and which it was scarcely a merit for him to bestow.

Was I not right when I said he wanted character? And yet he was the kindest, best-hearted lover I had ever had, and withal the most well-bred. He was the most intelligent also, though he did not show to advantage in conversations like the above: he was too humble as a lover for this; with others he acquitted himself more creditably.

There was a continual struggle in my mind whenever he was present. I did not wish to encourage him, and yet I shrank from giving him pain. And when I did treat him coldly, my uncle or aunt was always ready to soothe him by some delicate piece of attention, and thus secretly induce him to renew his suit. Not that he ever offered himself to me in words. Had he done this, I should have refused him, and in language that could not have been mistaken. But every day saw the choicest bouquets on my table, the newest poem, the latest periodical, Landseer's last engraving, or some other novelty, and all the gift of Thornton.

These silent, assiduous attentions continued for more than a year. I would have been utterly insensible if they had not produced their effect. Thornton bore too with all my whims, and so patiently and forgivingly, that my heart must have been harder than steel not to have melted from its first indifference.

Warm and impulsive, I was also wayward, and often in the wrong. Sometimes, irritated at his pertinacious attentions, I was pettish, even rude to him, but he never revenged himself on me. A glance of mingled surprise and reproof would beam on me from his eyes; but that was all. Devotion that continued thus unchanged, in spite of injustice and rebuffs, had its effect at last. I began with pitying him, and eventually believed that I might yet love him.

What increased this growing conviction was the fact that though I was now eighteen, and had new admirers every season, I saw no one, among them all, who could compare with Thornton. He was as infinitely superior to the butterflies of fashion that hovered around me, as my ideal had been superior to him. But I began to think that this ideal was an impossibility, and that, as my uncle said, I was a visionary.

And yet, at times, how the thirst for some loftier spirit to strengthen and uphold my own in the great battle of life, would seize me. Oh! how mean and petty seemed the aim of the common herd, at moments like those. What it was that I sought, I scarcely knew. It was not solely the world's applause; for mere earthly ambition palled me. It was "the desire of the moth after the star."

I felt this most when alone, at the deep hour of midnight, or when walking in the woods or fields. The contemplation of the boundless firmament, with its worlds on worlds wheeling forever in endless orbits, affected me with an awe indescribable, and a longing to be freed from my clayey fetters and roaming far away among those starry spheres. The rustling of summer leaves; the gurgle of waters; the thousand flowers smiling on hill-side and in valley filled my soul with dreams of supernal beauty, which sometimes visited me, as it were, like reminiscences, and sometimes as foreshadowings of a better land yet to come. From such fevers of the imagination, I would come back dissatisfied with my lot, and most of all with my lover.

But these deliriums became fewer and fewer. The kindness, the devotion of Thornton subdued me more and more, until, at last, I mentally resolved to hold out no longer, but make him and my uncle happy.

I now received his attentions with more composure. No longer checked by my fits of displeasure, he grew more attentive. My uncle smiled and rubbed his hands; and my aunt began to think of the wedding dresses.

Do not blame me, reader, until you have heard all! A great crisis in my life was at hand.

We were at a watering-place for the summer, not Saratoga, nor the White Sulphur, but one of those quieter resorts, where, though there is less fashion, there is always more real enjoyment.

A camp-meeting was to be held in the vicinity. I had often heard of these assemblages, but had never seen one, and accordingly expressed my desire to go. My aunt shook her head; my uncle, however, laughed an assent. Thornton offered to accompany me. Finally it was agreed that my aunt, Thornton and myself should take a carriage after dinner, drive to the camp-ground, remain until after the evening service, and then return.

During the journey my spirits were in a joyous flutter. I never had felt more exhilarated, or with less apparent cause. I was gay, I laughed, I did a hundred unaccountable things. But, as we drew near the ground, my feelings suddenly changed. I grew sad. My depression was such that I almost shed tears. Was it a premonition of my destiny?

The B—— Springs are high up among the mountains, as all who have been there know. The camp-meeting was held in a grove, on a mountain-side, in one of the most picturesque situations possible. Unlike such assemblages on the Atlantic sea-board, where the dense population of a great city is usually at hand to create disorder and make a mock of religion, the camp-meeting at B—— was attended principally by those who came to worship God after the fashion of their fathers. The audience was composed mostly of illiterate hearers, but serious, earnest and even enthusiastic in their religious views. The preachers had been collected from the surrounding counties, and those were generally preferred who had the greatest reputation for eloquence. Among them was the Reverend Mr. N——, whose impassioned style a service of thirty years in the ministry had not softened, but who still possessed, among his brethren, the name of a Boanerges, and was said to have been the means of converting more souls than any member of the conference. It was because he was announced to preach that we had chosen this particular afternoon to visit the camp.

The evening closed in while we were still a mile from our destination. As our horses toiled up the mountain road, suddenly, on a point high above us, I saw a light stream up, like a beacon, into the twilight sky.

"There is the camp-ground," said Thornton, pointing with his whip toward the light. "You know, I suppose, that at night these places are lit up by a fire of pine-knots."

I did not know it, I said, but thought the effect must be very picturesque.

"It is," said Thornton. "The flashes of light, rising and sinking as the fuel is increased or burns out; the play of the fires on the faces of the spectators; the strong glare within the circle of tents and the darkness beyond: all give a wild, lurid effect to the scene indescribable. But hark! The services have begun—don't you hear the singing?"

Clear and high the strain rose up, then sunk mellowed by the distance, and then again, borne on the night air, came audibly to our ears. The hymn was one of those wild, passionate ones, in which the hearts of the people, when stirred by some deep enthusiasm, find vent. The music was a chaunt, rather than a harmony. As it rose and fell it had an almost unearthly effect. The hymn, as far as I could distinguish its meaning, by the snatches of words I caught, depicted the terrors of the judgment seat, where families would be torn asunder, fathers from children, wives from husband, brothers from sisters, these to wailings unutterable, those to eternal glory. I remember one stanza—

"Fathers and children there shall part,
Fathers and children there shall part,
Fathers and children there shall part,
Shall part to meet no more."

A little while after, as we drew nearer, a still more unearthly cadence rose across the darkness.

"Oh! there will be wailing,
Wailing, wailing, wailing—
Oh! there will be wailing
At the judgment seat of Christ."

The night was so gloomy that we could only see our way by the fitful glare of the pine-knots burning in the distant camp, and as the road wound around the mountain this wild light continually appeared and disappeared. Through the almost pitchy darkness that thus occasionally enveloped us, when a single false-step would have plunged us sheer down a precipice hundreds of feet high, the burden of this strain, and the prolonged cadence with which the unseen congregation sang, "wailing, wailing, wailing," made me shiver nervously.

Suddenly the hymn ceased, and silence followed. The congregation was at prayer, and we could not hear the single voice that led the petition. Occasionally, however, a cry of heartfelt anguish, or a shout of rejoicing rose on the night.

We reached the camp-ground before the prayer was over. Thornton tied the horses to a tree outside the circle of tents, and, giving each of us an arm, we entered the (to me) strange scene.

Right in the heart of the primeval forest, beneath giant trees that had weathered the storms of a hundred years, and on ground where not a particle of undergrowth was found, the camp had been pitched. A circle of tents, about two hundred feet in diameter, enclosed a space occupied almost entirely with rude unplanned benches. A stand, or sort of open shed, at the head of the circle, faced these benches, and was used for a pulpit. This stand was now occupied by about half a dozen ministers. Immediately in front of it was a space railed off for an altar. Four huge platforms stood at regular distances around the camp, filled with blazing pine-knots, which threw a lurid flame over the white tents, the tall trees, the preachers' stand, and the faces of the congregation upturned to the speaker.

We took our seats. The whole scene, so strange, so wild, affected me indescribably. The minister who was to address the audience had just risen. Let me describe him.

He was about fifty years of age, with a person and face that reminded me forcibly of the portraits of John Bunyan: the same massy brow, the same dreamy eye, the same fixedness of purpose in the expression of the mouth, and the same rough, almost burly form. He wore a

black coat, cut with a square collar, such as we see in pictures of Wesley, and other early Methodist divines. His cravat was white, and he wore no shirt collar.

The first sound of his sonorous voice made me start. Never had I heard such a voice. It rang out, through the deep aisles of the forest, like a trumpet, yet, with all its volume, it was strangely musical: and he held it entirely under his control. In its accents of persuasion the softest female voice could not be sweeter; but when denunciatory, its tones were like those of low, hoarse thunder.

Before he gave out his text he paused, with his hand on the Bible before him, and looked slowly around the assembly. I know not how others felt, but there was a magnetism in his eye, as it met mine, that bowed my soul before him. He must have exercised the same influence on most others, for a profound hush fell on the congregation, so that I heard distinctly the deep breathing of my neighbors.

When he had, by a look, produced this breathless silence, he gave out his text, a sermon in itself:—"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."

He read these words impressively; then waited a full minute, during which his eye wandered, as before, magnetically around the assembly; and then he read them again. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

Never had I heard such a sermon as that which followed; and old men, who had been members of the society since their youth, and who had listened to Summerfield himself, said the same. It seemed to me as if I heard an apostle, or at least one divinely commissioned. Mere human eloquence could certainly never soar so high.

I shall not attempt to describe that sermon. Language would fail me. Yet my memory of it is distinct. The various positions which he assumed, as if carelessly, and to which he gained a ready assent; the masterly manner in which he next gathered them up in succession, and rapidly welded them into one irresistible argument; the enthusiasm with which he fused the whole mass; and finally the almost miraculous power with which he poured the living, burning, consuming torrent on the hearts and consciences of his hearers:—how can I ever forget it!

The climax would, at any time, have been terrible, but was rendered more so by a thunder-storm which arose. All through the evening the clouds had been darkening overhead, and occasionally a huge drop of rain would patter to the ground; but so absorbed was the congregation in the sermon, that no notice was taken of these signs of a coming tempest. As the speaker

approached the conclusion of his address, the thunder began to bellow in the distance, and now and then a flash of lightning threw a ghastly glare over the faces of the assembly. But, with the rising storm, the power of the orator rose also. He began to depict the day of judgment, according to the tenets of his sect: I may say of almost all sects, for the mass of every denomination favors sensual pictures of that dread trial-scene. He described a summer morning, in a wealthy, crowded and gay city; the streets thronged with traffic; splendid equipages rolling along; ships putting out from the wharves; merchants counting their gains or forming plans for the future; the courts filled with suitors, lawyers and judges; and a bridal procession going to church, with smiles on every face, and the vista of a long and happy life opening before the youthful pair. So vivid was the imagination of the speaker, and so graphic his words that the scene seemed to be realized by all, when suddenly a sharp and terrific clap of thunder broke over our heads. All heard the stunning sound, but before they could comprehend what it was, the orator cried—"hark! the trumpet sounds—the voice of God is abroad—lo! in the midst of feasting, the great day of judgment breaks upon the world."

The effect was electric. Carried away by the scene he had conjured up, the vast congregation, momentarily believing that they did indeed hear the trumpet of the last day, rose, almost to a soul, with a wild shriek from the benches. In that wild shriek were mingled cries for mercy, shouts of mortal agony, and rejoicing hallelujahs. Before the effect could wear off, the flood-gates of heaven opened, and the rain descended, not in a shower, but in a deluge. The fires of pine-knot went out, and all was darkness. Yet, through the gloom, there rose up that awful, and now prolonged cry from the vast multitude, mixed with the sound of the rushing rain. Soon a vivid gush of lightning made everything for a moment as light as day, and revealed, with its ghastly glare, the faces of the congregation, each under the influence of a different, but overpowering emotion, fear, hope, despair, rapture, agony unutterable, bliss beyond human language to describe. The flash passed, and all was again darkness. Yet, through the gloom and uproar, was still heard the voice of the preacher, no longer exhorting, but now crying incessantly, like one from the dead:—"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Suddenly my aunt grasped my arm. "This is horrible," she said, "let us go." Thornton rose at the same moment, saying—"we shall be wet through." I had but to obey.

We groped our way along the benches, and finally reached the rear of the circle. Here a faint light, streaming from the back of the tents, which were generally open, guided us to our carriage, of which shelter we hastened to avail ourselves.

"Had we not better wait till the storm abates?" said Thornton.

"No, no," cried my aunt, impatiently, "these awful sounds will drive me crazy. Besides it may rain till midnight."

Thornton made no reply, but unfastening the horses, led them out into the road, and then took his seat silently in the carriage.

We drove for about a quarter of a mile in profound silence. The road was just distinguishable, and that was all, being known from the surrounding rocks, by its grey color. At last, it entered the forest again, and now we could not see the horses' heads. The way ran along side the precipice continually. Our peril was imminent. The horses trod slowly and cautiously, as if sensible of the danger, their ears pricked to catch the slightest sound.

All at once I noticed a faint light ahead. It moved steadily along, at about the height of a man from the ground.

"What is that?" I said, pointing to it.

"I know not," replied Thornton, in a whisper. "It can't be an ignis fatuus."

As he spoke, the horses started suddenly aside, snorted with affright, and then sprang forward at full gallop.

My aunt shrieked. Thornton himself uttered a cry of terror. As for me I was speechless with horror, for I expected to be plunged down the precipice.

Not much time, however, was given to thought, when the horses were seized by some unseen, but powerful arm, which, after almost throwing them back on their haunches, brought them to a stop. The shock nearly flung us from our seats.

"Wo—hoa," said a deep voice from out the darkness, "be still, won't you? Wo—hoa—there—be quiet now—wo—"

A flash of lightning, at this crisis, revealed the speaker, and the entire scene to us.

Right on the edge of a precipice, so profound that the tops of the gigantic pines below were on a level with him, stood a tall and powerfully built man, attired in a rough shooting-dress, and smoking a cigar. With both hands he held our horses by the heads, and pushed them back from the abyss. A single glance sufficed to show that his vigorous arm alone had saved us from death. All this the lightning revealed, and then darkness followed.

"Sit still," said the stranger, "and I will back the horses into the road again. I know every

inch of ground here. There is no more danger if you remain quiet."

The rain was still pouring down. We could hear it running in torrents on the mountain side, and tumbling over the sheer precipice in front of us. At every step of the horses the water splashed over the front seat.

"There," said the stranger, at last, "you are in the road again. It is as dark as a wolf's mouth, however, and unless you know the way as well as a man knows the road from his chamber to his study, you may get astray again. Have you no lamp to your carriage? Few people, in this neighborhood, travel without lamps."

I recollected that there was a lamp, and wondered now that we had not thought to light it, before we left the camp. I whispered as much to Thornton, who told the stranger.

"Sit quiet, then," he answered, "and hold your horses well in, sir; while I light it. Luckily my cigar is not out yet."

He crept boldly under the carriage, though the horses still champed at the bit; and, in an instant, a broad glare shot from under the carriage along the horses' feet, and for several yards in front. As the stranger rose to his full height, he perceived, for the first time, ladies in the carriage, and gallantly took off his hunting-cap. His countenance, thus fully revealed, was a remarkable one.

He was not, perhaps, handsome, certainly not so handsome as Thornton was generally considered; but then his face was peculiarly impressive. A broad, massive forehead; overhanging brows from which a dark eye gleamed like a coal of fire; a mass of thick, almost raven hair, and whiskers as heavy and even blacker, formed the most striking peculiarities of this countenance. The details of the face were, however, not less significant. The bold, finely cut nose, and the resolute-looking mouth, spoke of firmness and power in every curve and line.

"I beg pardon," he said, placing his hand on the dasher, and looking into the carriage, "but, as I am perfectly familiar with this road, may I offer my assistance as driver?"

He addressed Thornton, but his eyes wandered to myself, for though I sat on the back seat, I was in full view. I am sure I looked assent.

"I am much obliged to you," said Thornton, extending the reins, "you will confer a favor on us if you do."

The stranger made no answer, but flinging away his cigar, sprang into the carriage, gathered the reins up firmly, and, giving a low whistle to the horses, we rattled forward immediately on a rapid trot. A sensation of relief was felt by both my aunt and myself, in spite of the accelerated pace at which we travelled. The stranger was

evidently at home with our steeds, and held the restive beasts in hand as firmly as if they had been playthings. Under his bold, but resolute and skilful driving, we soon passed the worst part of the road.

The storm was now passing away. The rain had ceased, and a few stars broke through the clouds. The white houses of the village of B— were visible just ahead.

"A strange scene is a camp-meeting," suddenly said the stranger, turning and addressing me. "May I be so bold as to ask if you ever saw one before?"

I replied that I had not. My aunt immediately added, that she "hoped her niece would never visit one again. For my part," she continued, "I was horrified and disgusted. It seemed almost impious, parts of it at least."

The stranger gazed at my aunt in silence, nodded, and then frankly turned to Thornton.

"And what is your opinion, sir?" he said, addressing my lover.

"Really, I can hardly say," replied Thornton, "I can't understand it. I'm too wet to think much about it, however, just now."

The stranger smiled, though almost imperceptibly.

"Well," he said, "I differ with you both. I confess I am half a convert to that preacher, though brought up, all my life, to despise Methodism. I have heard many orators, but never one like him."

My eyes met his as he thus spoke, and their glance must have assured him that one of his hearers, at least, agreed with him. My aunt now took up the conversation.

"I am sorry," she said, "to hear one, who seems so much of a gentleman, utter such opinions. Surely you cannot see religion in the mere physical excitement of a camp-meeting."

"I don't know about that," answered the stranger, bluntly. "I question whether these violent demonstrations are not absolutely necessary to a certain order of minds, when under the influence of religious feelings. Rude men, when excited by any joy or grief—around a dying bed, or at a successful election—find vent for their emotions in groans or shouts. Even the educated, if of a nervous, imaginative character, frequently do the same. I do not say that all religion exhibits excitement; but I certainly believe that, with many, the two go together. Heaven itself is described as a place where the redeemed cry hosanna forever."

These remarks, whether correct or not, were remarkable enough for a man picked up on the road, in a rough velvet jacket. So my aunt seemed to think, at least; for she stared at the speaker without reply, evidently not capable of

it, but yet stubborn in her opinions. Thornton, however, took up the debate.

"For my part, sir," he said, eyeing the stranger. "I believe in no religion which is not one of conviction, and where it is one of conviction, it is calm and passionless."

"You mean that religion is, or ought to be entirely intellectual?"

"Certainly," replied Thornton.

"A religion of the intellect merely," said the stranger, "is a misnomer. Religion, like love, or hate, or friendship, is chiefly an affair of the feelings. The heart is concerned in it more than the head. I don't mean to say that the latter has nothing to do with religion; but, like this lamp beneath us, it can only point out the road: there must be something more powerful to carry us along, and that is the heart. A mere intellectual religion soon degenerates into cold formalism, or passes into absolute skepticism."

"You don't mean to say that nobody but shouting Methodists can be saved?" said Thornton.

"By no means. There are almost as many roads, I trust, to heaven, as there are Christian sects. I have charity for all. I strive not to judge my neighbor. But, if I must choose, I would rather be too enthusiastic than too cold—rather have too much heart in my religion than too little."

"Well, I can't say I like such ranting as we heard to-night," said Thornton, half pettishly, for he saw how intently I listened to the stranger.

"Parts of the sermon were rude, I own," said the stranger, "but so were the hearers. If oratory is great according to the success which attends it, surely Mr. N—— is a great, a transcendent orator; for I never beheld such an impression produced by mortal words before. I tell you, frankly, I envied that man, to-night! To believe, as he believes, that he is laboring, not for mere earthly aims, but for results that

shall endure through eternity, must be ennobling almost beyond conception. No wonder his tongue was clothed with thunder, or that his words were fire. Before such a vocation all worldly ambition becomes nothing, and, I can well imagine, that the highest results of rhetoric flow, like inspiration, from a speaker thus confident in a divine commission. But here we are at the village. I suppose you stop at the hotel."

He drew up as he spoke and tendered the reins to Thornton. The urbanity of the latter immediately triumphed over his sudden jealousy.

"Won't you go on with us?" he said.

"No, thank you," said the stranger, preparing to leap out. "I am living at a house close by, and as you can see the road now, I will go home at once. As I walked from the camp to where I met you, I am even more thoroughly soaked than yourself. But," he added, turning to me, "if the ladies will allow me, I will pay my respects to them in the morning."

I smiled an assent, and my aunt expressed, in words, the pleasure we should have on seeing one, who had been of such service to us. The next instant he had bowed, sprang from the carriage, vaulted over a fence, and was gone.

"An extraordinary man," said my aunt. "How very eloquently he talks!"

"A theological student, I suppose," said Thornton, drily.

I was the only silent one of the party. But, all that night, I dreamed of this stranger, with his impressive face, his bold and resolute bearing, his singularly attractive style of conversation, and, more than all, a something in his train of thought like what I had often indulged in myself, and which, therefore, exercised an irresistible fascination over me. I dreamed, a dozen times, that I was in peril of my life, and that he rescued me from death.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

T O - D A Y A N D T O - M O R R O W .

BY GEORGE E. SENSENEY.

To-day and to-morrow! A mystical stream,
That blends with the rest, the haze of a dream:
The one ever present, the other afar,
Is hid from the vision, a nebulous star.

To-day and to-morrow! To-day is the warm
Endowment of being, a visible form:
To-morrow's the shadow that glideth before;
A bark that the zephyrs waft never to shore.

To-day and to-morrow! The scholar and sage,
Wait not for the future to open the page:

They hear in its promise a treacherous call;
The lure of the Sirens devising their fall.

To-day and to-morrow! A voice from the past
Proclaims that the moments are fleeting and fast:
A hand that is viewless displays on a scroll,
This motto—black Lethe comes over the soul.

To-day and to-morrow! Arouse thee to-day,
Seize hold of the minutes fast ebbing away:
Wait not for the morrow if you would be wise,
The sun of its presence will never arise.

KEEPING THE TRYST.

A SEQUEL TO "PLAYING AT CROSS PURPOSES."

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

CHAPTER I.

THE mid-day train from New York had arrived at Boston. There was a little bustle at the door of the Tremont House, as one carriage after another deposited its dusty burden. Out of the last, stepped two beautiful women, whose tasteful travelling dresses, together with the quantity of well conditioned carpet-bags, baskets and shawls, that were lifted out after them, told that theirs was a journey of leisure and enjoyment. The gentleman who seemed as their escort left them in the drawing-room, and returned to see that various enormous trunks were properly disposed of, and then he entered upon the register, the following familiar names.

"Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, Savannah, Georgia; Miss Josephine Bradford, New York city."

From this, dear ladies, you may come to a speedy conclusion, that our old friend, Clara Cuthbert, now Mrs. Freeman, was on her bridal tour, and Josephine as first bridesmaid attended her.

And while the ladies are making a dinner toilette, and Mr. Freeman is refreshing himself with a cigar, in the reading-room, we will take a glance in retrospect at the events of the past winter. Josephine passed the greater part of it with the Howards, in Philadelphia. Her brother, the only near relative of the orphan girl, unmarried and immersed in business, expressed himself "thankful to any one that would take Joe off his hands." Consequently after she had officiated as attendant at Clara's wedding in the early part of the summer, she had accepted the invitation cordially extended, to accompany them to Niagara and the lakes. Her brother shook her hand very heartily in parting, and informed her that she might draw on him for any amount, without scruple. Every one has a different method of displaying affection. This was Henry Bradford's, and we know of some people who would prefer it to any other demonstration.

It was strange how much Josephine had changed in these few months. Her gentle quietness of manner, her shrinking from general admiration, and the total absence of all coquettish display, perplexed Mr. Freeman as much as it pleased his little wife. At first he was disposed to regard it as a deeper policy, for he could but remark that she had more admirers than ever. The little

encouragement received by them refuted this suspicion, however, and at last he forgot that she had ever been any other than the lady-like, dignified woman, whose sprightly and intelligent conversation made her a most agreeable travelling companion.

It was now August, and our party, after having been at Saratoga, the Falls, and the Canadian lakes, were on their way for the promised tryst at Centre Harbor. Mrs. Cuthbert, who had been left at Brooklyn to pass the summer with an old friend, was to join them in Boston, and the Howards had gone on before.

The heavy dinner was concluded. Clara had driven out with Mr. Freeman on a shopping expedition, and Josephine, who was too weary to accompany them, resolved on a comfortable siesta. She had left a book in the drawing-room while waiting for dinner, a new novel in which she was much interested. So she turned from Clara's parlor, and went in quest of it. At this hour the room was nearly deserted. One little girl with her hair *a la Kenerig*, tormented the poor piano, and two younger children quarrelled for the possession of a favorite ottoman.

She was leaving the room before she saw that it had any other occupant, and then she noticed a gentleman, who was leaning by one of the windows, with his eyes fixed upon the street. His face was turned from her, but there was something in his air that re-called past associations. The soft, close curls that clustered about the well-formed head—the erect and graceful form—they had once been familiar, and in confirmation of the sudden suspicions, the low voice in which he was humming an air from "Lucia," sent a thrill of recollection to her heart. It was Mr. Lisle, who, for the first time since their parting at Centre Harbor, was before her!

For an instant she stood perfectly still, covering her face with her hands, and then stole away so noiselessly that Frederick Lisle did not know he had been looked upon by the same large, sad eyes that were even then haunting his memory.

It was quite dark when Josephine re-joined her friends in Clara's parlor. Mrs. Freeman was alone, and exclaimed at the feverish heat of Josephine's hand as she touched it. But Mr. Freeman opened the door at that instant, and Clara flew toward him as if they had been

parted for years, instead of for half an hour, and Josephine was spared any further comment.

"By the way, Miss Bradford," said he, playfully, lifting his little wife into an immense *faisi*, "whose name do you think I just spied upon the register?"

With what an indifferent tone she suggested a recent acquaintance!

"Who but your old admirer, and my recreant friend Lisle. I've half a mind to cut him for refusing to act as my second, on this recent melancholy occasion," and he glanced toward Clara, who shook her head threateningly. "But, however, as we are somewhat at a loss for beaux this evening, I'll invite him to go out with us."

"Oh! do," said Clara. "I always admired Mr. Lisle. He must be on his way to meet us at Centre Harbor. He promised, I'm sure——" and then she stopped suddenly, for she remembered the unfortunate termination of that boat ride, and she began to fear that Josephine might not be altogether pleased with an arrangement that would bring her in close contact with a rejected suitor.

Josephine's lips quivered, but she did not look up. How thankful she was for the twilight! She would not have had Clara see the flush she felt rising to her forehead for worlds.

A silent and disagreeable ten minutes passed before Mr. Freeman's return, and then Josephine's heart sank within her, and she felt a chill of disappointment, as his footsteps sounded through the corridor alone.

"That Lisle has grown to be the most incomprehensible fellow," were his first words. "He hoped to pay his respects to Mrs. Freeman in New York; but is very much fatigued this evening, and has a thousand engagements into the bargain. According to his account he must have as many friends as Josephine has lovers, and a separate appointment with every one of them. I vowed he had not yet forgiven her rejection, whereupon he blushed like a girl, and began asking about Mrs. Freeman's health with the tenderest anxiety."

"Of course then he is not going to meet us at Centre Harbor."

"He might—he could not say. He had promised to meet his sister at Phillips' Beach to-morrow. Could not tell when he should get away. Miss Chester, the heiress we met at Centre Harbor last summer, you know, is of the party, and I'm half inclined to think he's engaged to her."

Poor Josephine! She knew he did not love her; that all these glances, these gently spoken words, she could even now re-call, were counterfeited. She could not allow herself to dwell upon the thought of him an instant, or on what he might have been to her, but for her own folly. There was mortified pride mingled with her regretful tears that night, for she plainly saw that

he avoided her, and still believed that she had wilfully coquetted through all their former acquaintance.

"How unwomanly I was," she thought, turning from the window where she had been watching the moonlight glide over the comparatively quiet streets. "Yet day after day he came to my side. He certainly looked all the affection I had hoped he felt. But it was just, and I must brave the punishment. How often have I deceived others. How often have these eyes looked wordless falsehoods!"

Her punishment had indeed been severe. For once she had felt the regard she had so often thoughtlessly assumed, and the lesson taught by its misapprehension she could never forget. Again and again had she re-called that scene, and as often hoped that he would some day know all, and—could she hope for it?—even love her. She had looked forward through all their journeyings to the promised tryst with an undefined hope that then everything would be explained. But now even this was taken from her, revealing in the anguish of her spirit at its departure how deep and earnest, in spite of its concealment, had been her regard for one who valued it not.

CHAPTER II.

It was morning before she slept, and then her cheeks, though burning, were stained with tears, and the tangled mass of her dark hair streaming over the pillow, told how restlessly she had tossed during the summer night.

She woke from a strange dream, just as the first red rays of light heralded the sun. She thought she had once more been seated on the little island in the still lake. She was alone, and while she trembled with an undefined fear, a boat shot out of the bay. It came steadily toward her. It bore but one person, and at last she recognized the face of Mr. Lisle. He seemed eager to reach her side—she rose and stretched out her arms toward him, but just as he was about to spring upon the beach, the boat sunk in the dark waters, and she saw them close over him dividing them forever. A shriek burst from her lips, and she awoke.

She felt as if fainting, and hurried toward the open window. The cool morning air revived her. She laid her head upon her arm, and sobbed like a child from fear and weakness, as the recollection of yesterday's events returned mingling with her dream. The room was directly over the main entrance, and as she sat there a carriage was waiting in the street below. There was little noise as yet to disturb the morning stillness, and the impatient pawing of the horses, and the driver's oaths, arrested her wandering thoughts. Almost mechanically she looked out, the muslin

drapery of the curtain shrouding both her face and figure. The trunks were covered with white canvass, and bore in large letters the initials F. L. A solitary passenger hurried down the steps; his voice came distinctly to her ear as he bade the man drive fast. The door was closed with a quick, loud snap, and as the carriage rolled away she knew that Frederick Lisle was indeed parted from her. The dream in its conclusion at last had been prophetic. The dark, cold waters of indifference and mistrust had separated them.

She did not give way again to tears, but she pressed her hand over her forehead as one who would seek to drive away a ghastly vision. Once more her head pressed the pillow, and all became blended in a fitful sleep. When she woke again, hope and despair had alike given place to a strong resolve, a struggle to banish from her thoughts one who so evidently shunned her presence.

It astonished even herself, the careful exactness of her toilette that morning, and the few traces that appeared on its completion of the last night's mental conflict. She was complimented at the breakfast-table on the unusual brilliancy of her eyes and complexion. She heard the announcement of Lisle's early departure, as she sipped the fragrant coffee, with an air of extremest *nonchalance*. Clara looked relieved on noticing this, and buttered a hot roll as she hoped he would pass an agreeable life with Miss Chester, though from her observations on that young lady's disposition she thought the matter doubtful. Josephine smiled in reply, and the programme of the day's engagements was announced and discussed, Mr. Lisle's very existence seemingly forgotten on the next instant.

It may seem strange that one of whom she had known so little should have power to move the proud girl. She could not account for it herself. Others as manly, as intelligent, had offered devotion which had been rejected without a thought. And thus had she been won. First, her vanity enlisted by the involuntary homage to her beauty and sprightliness of one pronounced invulnerable: then her heart yielded to his evident interest, and finally scorn, or indifference to the prize he had so unconsciously won, completed the conquest. True, the time of their acquaintance had been short, but they had met daily and hourly then. In the intervening space she had brooded over its every event, until unconsciously to herself, her love had strengthened with the hope that soon he would know all. That hope was destroyed. He had shunned her—he was the affianced of another, and the thought of him had become a sin. And now with others who have suffered, she turned her longing eyes from the past to an unregarded future.

Mrs. Cuthbert arrived that evening, much to Clara's delight, who was as usual soon calling

"mamma"—mamma!" any time the good lady chanced to be out of sight. She was always declaring she had so much to tell, but when they sat down for it she never could recollect half. Mrs. Cuthbert had grown very fond of "my son," as she now called Freeman, and she leaned on his arm with an air of confidence and pride that delighted Clara. In justice to the young husband we must say that devoted to his "bonny wee wife" as he was, he never forget the comfort or the wishes of her mother. His deferential manner, which was not assumed, and his constant attentions had so won Mrs. Cuthbert's heart, that she often expressed her wonder to Josephine how "either she or Clara had managed to live without him so long."

It was the evening of a cloudless summer day when they arrived once more at Centre Harbor. None of the party spoke as the noisy stage-coach bowled over the smooth road. Here and there they caught a glimpse of the placid lake. Often by the road-side they discovered some shady nook familiar to them in walks and drives, and recalling a crowd of recollections. Clara thought of her pride and folly which had so nearly wrecked her happiness. Her husband involuntarily clasped her hand as he remembered that here the precious treasure had been confided to him. Josephine sat with averted face, and more than once tears stood in her eyes, for recollection was most bitter.

At last they were all brought back to real life just as they swept round the broad curve that heads the bay, on which the little village stands.

"My dear," said good Mrs. Cuthbert, with a groan and sigh of weariness. "I do hope we shall have a good cup of tea to-night; and some of these nice trout. The air from the lake makes one really hungry."

CHAPTER III.

JOSEPHINE BRADFORD had resolved to banish all thought of Mr. Lisle. She had come to the very last place she should have chosen for the attempt. Not a walk or ride but re-called him, and, struggle as she would, more than one solitary hour was passed in tears. The Howards noticed that the change from her old coquettish air was even more marked than when she had left them in the spring. There was nothing of the sadness of a "love sick girl" in her quiet movements; her pride forbade the confidence in which many would have indulged. So her friends could not account for the thorough change of character, but they all approved of it; and Josephine found as many others have done, that the love and respect of friends more than overbalanced the transient admiration of a crowd. Besides, the consciousness of a fault overcome has its own peculiar happiness.

Day after day passed in quiet enjoyment by most of the little party. Only once had the delinquent been alluded to, and then as Mr. Freeman read the name of Frederick Lisle among the arrivals at the Astor, Mrs. Howard remarked that he must have given up all thoughts of coming further northward. Josephine took up the Tribune which Mr. Freeman had thrown down, and as she saw the name so often in her thoughts, noticed directly below it that of his sister and Miss Chester. It was another proof that Freeman's suspicions of their engagement was correct.

It was but a few days after this that a fishing party was resolved on, and at the same time a whortleberry expedition to an island still beyond that.

Every one seemed disposed to do their utmost in contributing to the amusement of the rest. Josephine had been unusually cheerful for several days past; and now her spirits rose with every dash of the light oars. She sang, she smiled in that soft morning sunlight, and Clara whispered involuntarily to her husband—"is she not beautiful?"

It was a freak of Clara's, that, while Josephine had strolled off by herself round a little thicket of hemlock, the boat should push off and leave her alone until their return from berry hunting. It pleased the gentlemen to humor her, and when startled at finding herself thus deserted, Josephine waved hat and handkerchief for them to return, it pleased the boating-party still more to pretend a perfect unconsciousness of these demonstrations, and to push on.

I do not know what put so wild a scheme into Clara's busy brain, but you know when people are wild with the unrestrained freedom of a country ramble, they often do very ridiculous things, and consider them excellent jokes.

At first, it must be confessed, Josephine was disposed to be vexed. But the day was very lovely, the shade of the neighboring thicket delightful. It was, moreover, the very cove where the strange *denouement* of Mr. Lisle's attentions had occurred little more than a year since, and finally she was almost grateful to Clara for having given her this quiet hour for re-calling the scene, and all its subsequent emotions. She sat for a long time on the very stone where Lisle had once been beside her. She was sad, yet not miserable. Who could have been so with that soft air bringing sweet perfume from the water-lilies over which it passed, sweet sounds from the opposite shore mellowed, as music ever is floating above the quiet waters. The mimic waves broke gently at her feet with a soothing murmur, and now and then a far-off skiff glanced by with snowy sail mirrored in the deep blue lake. It is true that tears fell through her hands as she shaded her

eyes from the bright sunshine, but another feeling than sorrow mingled with her regret. She was grateful, most grateful that her career of heartless self-seeking had been checked, and resolved in the stillness of her heart, that henceforth her fortune, her acquirements, every talent which had been so lavishly bestowed, should be devoted to making those around her happier and more content with life.

It was a deep reverie, and broken at last by the splashing of an oar. At first she did not look up, there were many besides themselves seeking amusement upon the lake that morning. But it came nearer. Larger ripples broke at her feet, and then she saw the skiff of which she had dreamed, with its single passenger, and that passenger was *Frederick Lisle*. It was no vision now! There was no dread mischance to separate them. The keel grated upon the pebbly beach—the light oar was thrown down, and once more they stood face to face, alone, by the lake side.

He, with earnest, sorrowful eyes, gazing without a word, as if he would read her very soul—she with cheeks still wet with tears, and a trembling, fluttering heart, that stayed the words of welcome her lips essayed to give. And thus the tale was told. How Frederick Lisle had in reality believed her false, yet, despite his reason, had given her his deepest love. He had not known it until the morning of their separation; not until her hand had trembled in his own—and he had spoken the words that sent a shaft quivering to the heart that he would have given worlds to believe true and noble. He tried to forget, but had sought her presence again and again, though she knew it not. Often he had watched her for hours in the crowded concert room, at the opera, when perchance she had been thinking of him as miles away. He did not seek to renew his acquaintance, yet he tracked her every movement. He had shunned the intimacy which his friend's bridal festivities would have brought, because he could not trust his own resolves. Then he heard how changed she had become; and his pulse leaped with a new hope. Could it be that she had not trifled with him after all? That his own hands had dashed aside the cup mantling with love and hope! This too he strove to banish as a vain dream; again he had fled her presence, even when fate seemed to have brought them together. But he could not rest. Amid the bustle of crowded watering-places, in his own home to which he restlessly turned, he was haunted by her presence. And now he had come, urged by an impulse which he could not resist, to know his fate. If it was disappointment he would strive to brave it—anything rather than this torturing uncertainty!

And then he clasped her hand. Once more after all that dreary separation. Again it trembled in his own—"blessed dream!" murmured those pale lips, "do not leave me——"

"It is no dream," said the pleading voice once more. "Tell me that I may hope, do not send me away in scorn again."

And then the girl knew that it was indeed reality; there were no dark waters between them now.

Perhaps you can imagine the scene which ensued when the boating party returned. I will not attempt to describe it. Clara protested that it was all a hoax. That they had been secretly betrothed all this while, and in excess of romance had resolved upon the time and place of astonishment to their friends a year before. "All this indifference?" said her husband.

"It was assumed, of course," answered the artful lady.

"And the separation?"

"Who knows what correspondence has been going on all the while; what braces on braces of letters Joe keeps for private consultation. Oh! you arch hypocrite, with your sudden and wonderful reformation!" You would have smiled to see how naturally the blushing girl looked up to Mr. Lisle to defend her.

It was an excellent time for explanations as they glided back to the shore. Josephine, screened in part as she sat in the bow of the boat, by the green whortleberry branches piled up in the centre, shining with their blue, delicious fruit; and Mr.

Lisle still clasping her hand, as if he too was fearful it was all a dream, and that she would vanish as suddenly as he had won her.

Clara was unmerciful in her raillery, and the Howards earnest in their congratulations. Mr. Lisle had not been very explicit in the first part of his narrative, and every one held the impression that he had really been rejected at first, until Josephine discovered it months after, and insisted on assuming her own share of mortification.

She might have seen this had she not been very much pre-occupied, when good Mrs. Cuthbert came up in her stately way just before dinner that day, and said—

"Well, my dear, I'm glad you thought better of it. Mr. Lisle is a fine young man."

Once more Josephine sat by the open window with the cool air coming in from the lake, and communed with her own heart; as on the night of Clara's engagement. But now there was no tumult there. Peace and unutterable joy filled her soul. The remembrance of early folly was the only shade upon the present, and she saw how wise had been the punishment which had taught her that the love of one far outweighed the admiration of many; the remembrance of past suffering, and knowledge of its cause serving as a talisman to keep her from future error.

A worldless prayer rose from her heart, as she looked out upon the calm night, of thankfulness for the gift she had that day received, the priceless gift of human love—for strength that she might never prove unworthy of the treasure.

CÆLICOLA.

AN ELEGY-PÆAN ON THE DEATH OF EDGAR A. POE.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

LIKE that sweet bird of night,
Starting the ebon silence from repose,

Until the stars appear to burn more bright
From its excessive gush of song which flows
Like some impetuous river to the sea—
So thou did'st flood the world with melody.

For as the evening star
Pants with its "silver lightnings" for the high
And holy Heavens—the azure calm afar—
Climbing with labor now the bending sky
To lead Night's Navy through the upper sea—
So thou did'st pant for immortality.

And now thou art in Heaven!
The Israfel among the sons of song!
Like Hesperus among the stars of even!

Great Shepherd! folding thy celestial throng,
With lips all honeyed with the dews of love,
Into the Paradise of bliss above.

Yes! thou art now in Heaven!
Leader of that seraphic host which sing
God's praises through the Eden-bowers of even—
Drinking refreshing drougths from that sweet spring
Which flows out of God's everlasting sea
To green the joy-fields of Eternity.

As yon bright star of even,
Ascending, kindling in its rapid flight—
Forever to endure—till in high Heaven
It shines the captain of the host of night—
So did thy glory-circled spirit climb
The mount of Fame which overlooks all Time.

THE DIVORCE.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

It was in a remote district in France, a district sparsely inhabited, dense with forests, and bearing in all its rude features traces of the feudal power which was yet strong in the land. In the most picturesque portion of this district stood an old castle scarred by war sieges, heavy with the imposing grandeur of many centuries, and bearing traces within and without of a lofty race that had been lords of the district long before the most ancient of those gnarled forest trees was rooted. One after another, generation following generation, had the lords of that proud family been carried through those massive portals, to sleep in the chapel that stood shrouded in its mantle of dark ivy far down the eminence, from which the castle, in dark and gothic grandeur, loomed against the sky. A hamlet lay embosomed in the forest some miles beyond the castle, and near that stood, amid smiling meadows and pasture land, a fine old convent, endowed by the first lords of Gronnoud, and now one of the most thriving religious houses in France. Some daughter of that proud race had ever been the presiding abbess of this retreat. The religious house—the chapel with its tomb crowded full of haughty dust—the towers and turrets of the castle, all were alike features of the great family pride that held in its grasp the past with its proud array of warriors; and the present, with its accumulated honors, its army of vassals, its vast wealth stretching from horizon to horizon. Its political power felt even at the distant court, never in all its history had that lordly domain been so full of haughty strength, and yet from all the heap of coffined pride hoarded beneath that chapel, two male representatives alone survived.

They stood together, the Count Gronnoud and his son, upon the battlements of their feudal house. Fifty hamlets, and four strong holds scarcely less imposing than the pile upon which they stood, lay between them and the horizon. This little world, bounded only by the clouds of heaven, with all its grandeur, all its teeming life, was theirs; or *his* rather, for that lofty old count, with his eagle eyes and haughty bearing, was the free lord of all. His ancestors for two hundred years had rendered no homage for their land.

The king himself would not have been master in the castle which a Gronnoud claimed as his inheritance. Free to possess and free to give was that stately old count. At any moment he could disinherit the pale and slender young man at his side. No vassal in all the domain that lay at their feet was more entirely in the power of that old man than the son who stood by his side.

The Count De Gronnoud held a roll of parchment in his hand, the seal was broken, a thread of crimson floss lay upon the stone pavement at his feet. He clutched the parchment in one hand, and his eyes were bent sternly on his son.

"Ha! what is this, do'st thou hesitate and turn white? By the rood, this is a strange reception of news that should send all the young blood tingling to thy heart; I tell thee, Lady Eleanor will be here, with her noble sire, before the month ends, and so the blood leaves thy cheek, and there is a coward look in those eyes. Is this the way in which a bridegroom meets the lady of his love? Shame, boy, it is not thus the counts of Gronnoud have received the mothers of our race.

"Father, father, spare me!" faltered the young man, casting himself at the count's feet, "I cannot wed this lady?"

"Cannot wed this lady, art thou mad?" thundered the old man; "get up, sir, and say what evil fiend possesses thee—up, I say, and prepare to receive this lady as becomes thy father's son!"

Ernest arose and stood before his father with downcast eyes and a cheek of marble; you could see that his limbs shook, but the expression of his features was resolute, nay, stern.

"Father, I cannot wed this lady; I am already the husband of another!"

It was the old man's turn now. His cheek and mouth grew pale; his nostrils dilated; his proud, Roman nose seemed to arch itself, he looked like an eagle stooping to his prey. He spoke, and the mighty passion aroused within him thrilled through the forced calmness of his voice.

"Speak again, I did not hear aright!"

"Why should I speak again, you *have* heard aright, father, the passion in your voice proves it!"

For a minute—and that minute seemed an hour to the young man—the Count Gronnoud stood

motionless, the rage in his heart was too mighty for words, but his iron will made itself felt more forcibly in this strange silence.

"Who?" he demanded, at last—"who is the woman?"

Ernest waved his hand toward a cluster of houses that lay at their feet to the left. Far apart from these a rude stone dwelling, more spacious than the rest, and having some claim to architectural elegance, could be easily distinguished. That dwelling with a hyde of land had been the gift of a former De Gronnoud to one of his captains for bravery in battle.

"Forgive us!" said the young man, when he saw from the glance of his father's eye that his gesture was understood—"her father saved your life."

The old count stamped fiercely upon the battlement.

"What ho, will no one come hither?" he shouted, with a cry like that of a wounded battle-horse.

Half a dozen armed men rushed toward him from various points of the battlement.

The men looked at each other aghast. Ernest turned away from his father, and prepared to follow them. He cast one appealing glance upon that haughty face, it was locked and rigid with some stern resolve. The old count was gazing upon the stone house in the valley, he did not seem conscious when his son left the battlement. Thus he stood mute with passion, all his faculties centred in one train of thought for at least fifteen minutes, then he gathered the velvet folds of his cloak about him, and strode away. He called neither for horse nor attendant, but crossed the drawbridge with a stern and rapid tread. He descended the hill, and, for the first time, perhaps, in his life, entered the little hamlet that lay nearest the castle, alone and without any sign of his high rank, save the costliness of his garments, and the air of indomitable pride which broke forth in every look and gesture. The stone dwelling which his son had pointed out stood far apart from the meaner habitations, one end and half its roof was overrun with ivy, and a clump of forest oaks rose at the back, sheltering thickets of flowering shrubs, and a little nook of wild blossoms that had been transplanted from the forest. The old count saw nothing of this, his eyes were bent upon an open casement, from which the ivy was with difficulty crowded back to make room for a creeping, forest vine, full of delicate blossoms, that clung around the casement in a wreath that seemed like a ripple of light flung against the ivy.

Within this casement sat a young girl, bending over an embroidery-frame. Now and then she raised her head, shook back the golden ringlets

that became troublesome in her stooping position, and leaned over with a bird-like chirp as if caressing something at her feet.

This sight only made the old count move faster toward the house; unseen and unannounced he opened the outer door, and strode into the room where the young creature was sitting.

What passed between the haughty noble and the fair girl who stood up to receive him, pale with affright, no one can tell, but his voice rose high more than once during that momentous half hour, and the wild, sweet agony of her pleading was again and again broken by the unheeded wail of an infant. At last the door opened, revealing the old noble, in his iron pride, turning from his son's wife. She had taken up her child from where it had been lying at her feet, and as if borne down by the weight of his denunciation, had sunk cowering upon the cushion, holding the baby close to her bosom, and striving to veil it from the proud grandsire's wrath with the golden fall of her hair.

"Let me hear it from his own lips; mercy—oh! have mercy!"

"Never shall he breathe the air of heaven again till the dispensation arrives!—never till he comes forth to wed the lady of his father's choice," answered the stern man.

"But my child—his child."

"That shall be cared for. To-morrow you will be ready to give it up."

"What, give up my child, my pretty, pretty daughter? ah, sir, you will not do this." She flung back the ringlets from her face, revealing her pale lips quivering with anguish; her blue eyes full of wild terror and swimming in tears: her white arms straining the child to her bosom. That face, that drooping form might have won a fiend to pity, but the proud spirit in that old noble's bosom was not one to yield anything to grief or to youthful beauty. He only answered—

"I have spoken my will!" and went forth proud and untouched to express that will elsewhere.

That night a message left the castle, being a missive to the Pope of Rome; that night also the young mother fled with her child. She had neither father, mother, nor kinfolk to mourn her loss; so when the old house, which her ancestor had won by his prowess, was left vacant, no one regarded it, for Rosalia belonged to no class; her birth as a knight's daughter, her education in the convent close by, lifted her above the surfs and common people of the hamlet, while it left her far beneath the inmates of the castle. Her dwelling was isolated, friends she had none, save the inmates of the convent, and an old woman who had been her nurse. This woman fled with her mistress. The old count smiled grimly when he heard of this, and muttered to himself—"they

will perish in the forests, thus no one need learn the stain upon our house."

Months went by, and then the Castle De Gronnoud became a scene of gay festivities; hawking and hunting parties issued daily from the scarcely raised drawbridge; lights flamed from turret and keep; the sound of harp, and lute, and gleeful young voices filled those massy old walls with cheerful sounds. De Gronnoud the younger was free once more; his black horse might ever be seen by the graceful white Jeanette, which bore the lady guest whose presence had brought so much sunshine to the castle. His hand was upon her bridle-rein when she rode forth; his arms supported her haughty loveliness when she dismounted from her horse. But it was mechanical attendance, grave, courteous, and so respectful that even the most exacting woman on earth could require no more in words, though a loving heart would have pined to death on homage that had so much form and so little feeling. People looked upon the pale, sad brow of the man who was so soon to become the husband of so much beauty, and marveled at the change that had come upon him. A vague rumor that he had braved the displeasure of the proud old count in some way had got abroad, but all appeared well between them then. But in all this whirl of gaiety the young man seemed like one walking at a funeral. One day there came a courier from Rome, jaded and travel-worn, for his errand had admitted no rest on the way. A scroll of parchment, a private letter, and other friendly tokens were laid before the old count, who retired to his closet to peruse them. He spoke to no one of their contents, for his guests were ignorant that a divorce was necessary before the heir of his domain could wed the lady who even now deemed herself mistress of the castle.

When the documents had been scanned over and again, the old count sent for his son. The young man entered his father's closet, the huge door shut him in, and no sound of what passed during that interview was ever heard; but when Ernest came forth an hour after, there was a look of such profound misery upon his face, that even the servants gazed at him with commiseration as he moved along the dim galleries toward his own room.

Ernest and the Lady Eleanor were married that night in the chapel below the castle walls. It was a beautiful sight, that gay throng pouring down the winding road which led from the portcullis to the house of God. The gleam of white veils; the flash of jewels; the sweep of silken garments, and the proud sway of a hundred snowy plumes, looked dream-like and beautiful in the moonbeams that fell over castle, church, and hamlet. It was a noble sight when they

gathered within the holy walls of the chapel, lighted by a thousand tapers, hung with cloth of silver, and, the floor around the altar, carpeted deep with flowers. Amid all the glittering crowd there was no one to observe a slender form muffled in a cloak and hood, that was hovering near the porch as the wedding party came up. Back against the dark ivy the form pressed itself, gathering the thick tendrils over her with trembling haste, and looking through, oh! with eager and wild agony. First came the bride in all the proud array of her young beauty. Her wedding garments of white damask rustled as she walked; the jewels in her hair sparkled in the flood of light that came pouring through the chapel door; a smile lay upon her lips, and she swept toward the altar with the tread of an empress. What a contrast to all this was the bridegroom. His garments like hers were resplendent with jewels. His port was naturally proud as hers, but when the light fell on his face it seemed glancing upon marble—marble that possessed the power of suffering, and in all things else was stone.

The poor creature cowering behind the ivy saw all this, and a smothered groan broke through the dusk leaves. After that no sound betrayed the presence of life beneath the pendant vines, till a gush of music swelled out upon the soft night air. It was the marriage anthem. Then came wild sobs from beneath the shaking foliage—sobs that seemed like the first faint wail of a mustering storm. The ivy was dashed aside, and once more the wronged wife fled.

For weeks Rosalia had been concealed in the forest at a woodman's hut, but goaded with anxiety, wild with a craving desire to learn something of the man for whom she had suffered so much, she ventured back to her old home. Stealing from its shelter in the night she wandered forth, hoping to meet some dependant or villager who could give her news from the castle.

She had reached the chapel, and lingered near it with that enthralling sensation which makes us love every object connected with the happiness that has become a memory, when a burst of music and flashes of light come from the castle. She looked up, and there, winding down toward the chapel, came the procession which we have just described.

He had deserted her then! At his father's command he had consented to wed another. The dispensation had been obtained—she, her child, were nothing—worse than nothing to him. It was these thoughts that wrung the groan of agony from her young heart when the wedding anthem swelled around her. It seemed as if a crowd of angels were warning her away from the spot where she had been sacrificed.

Rosalia went home—if that desolate and dreary house could yet be called her home. In the wild agony that sprang from the scene she had witnessed everything was forgotten; her fear of the old count, her terror lest he might learn that she had returned, and force her to give up the child. She entered the room where she had been sitting when the old count came to crush her with his proud power. A single taper burned on the hearth; and on the cushions of a great oaken chair, in one corner of the room, lay her infant sleeping softly beneath the mantle that she had folded over it before going out.

When Rosalia saw her child so still and smiling in its rosy sleep, she clasped her hands and flung them over her head with a gesture of wild sorrow, pathetic beyond my powers of description. Then moving toward the chair, she drew the mantle over her infant's face, and, seating herself on the floor, buried her forehead in the folds of her dress.

Rosalia had forgotten all precaution; the casement was open, and the night wind stole through it flaring the solitary taper, and sometimes sweeping the disheveled tresses which fell around her shoulders over the sleeping child.

All at once Rosalia started to her feet, and flinging back the hair from her temples with both hands, held her breath to listen. Something was moving around the house, a slow footstep as of one who had stolen forth to muse in the night solitude. To another the sound might have seemed nothing more than this, but to that young creature who stood listening with suspended breath and parted lips, there was enough in that faint sound to make the blood leap through every vein. You might have heard her heart beat in any corner of the room. Her eyes were bent on the open casement; the leaves were trembling all around it, and clusters of blossoms quivered in the waving light shed through them by the taper. She still gazed and listened, the footsteps drew near and nearer, a shadow fell athwart the moonlight; a man's shadow, and then she saw a face formed in the lattice. She moved forward gently, extending her hands as she went; no smile was on her lip; not a gleam of joy in her eyes; the tension upon her nerves had been too strong for sudden relaxation: but reaching the lattice she leaned against the frame, gazing upward into the eyes that had followed her all the time.

"Ernest—Ernest!"

"Rosalia!" The name burst from his lips as if all the waters of a tortured heart had rushed upward in one fierce surge. The face fell upon her shoulder, and sobs, such as shake a strong heart in its sorrow, filled the room. "Rosalia—Rosalia, you are no longer my wife!"

"I know it—I know it!"

"She is waiting for me up yonder—look how they have illuminated the castle—hear how the townsmen shout—their torches redden the trees—there is a brave light streaming from the bridal chamber. Rosalia, are you cursing me in your heart?"

"No, I cannot curse you—I am weak—I am heart struck, that is all, Ernest!"

"That is all. She is heart struck, she is weak—that is all—that is all!" He held her head back between both his hands and kissed her forehead. The touch of his lips made her shudder all over: pain and the most exquisite joy blended in that shudder. Both these sensations filled her pure heart with terror. For the first time in her life she was afraid of him.

"You shrink from me—you would tear yourself from my arms," he said, putting her back, and peeping through the casement.

"Why did you seek me?—why come hither?" cried the poor girl, supporting herself by a chair.

"I did not know that you were here—they told me you had been persuaded to give me up—that you had gone away with our child to secrete yourself from my search. I expected to find the old house empty, dark as it has been for months."

"And you came here—you still loved the old house?"

"As the bird loves the nest that it has slept in, but it was empty, dark, deserted, the nest where I had left my mate and her little one; oh! Rosalia, who was it frightened you away? It was false that my father's gold bribed you—I look in your face and know that it was false!"

"And did they tell you this? Did he, your proud father, utter a falsehood so monstrous?"

"He told me so with his own lips!"

"And you believed him?"

"No, I did not believe him. He told me to come hither and be convinced; I came and found the house dark."

"And then you believed him?" said the young mother, in her low, sad voice.

"I was mad—I was not myself—they goaded me on—they no, no, I did not believe him, Rosalia; but what of that? his words left a doubt—I obeyed him. Do you know what has happened?—do you know what I am?"

"Yes, I was there—I saw it all—I was at the chapel."

"Yes, I felt it—not within the chapel, but near the entrance; I did not see you, Rosalia, but the ivy shivered as we went in, I felt your presence. Up to that moment my heart had been cold as stone; my veins were full of ice. As my foot touched the threshold, a shower of dew from heaven itself seemed to fall into my heart. I felt, Rosalia, as if your breath were upon my lips, filling my eyes with mist, my bosom with

tera. I felt your presence, Rosalia, it fettered my soul at the altar, it wandered about me like a spirit. It was in the light, in the music, in the moonbeams. It drove me from the revel—from the chamber they had decked, and lured me here in the stillness—in the calm night to your feet, Rosalia, my wife—my wife!"

He would have taken her in his arms—he would have buried her face in his bosom, she drew back gently, but with firmness. Though her lips quivered, she forced back the tears that were mustering at her heart. It was marvelous to see a young creature so troubled, and yet so firm.

"No, Ernest, I am not your wife—your own lips have said it—God's Vice Regent on earth has said it. I am not your wife; holy mother, shield me!—I am not your wife!"

She fell upon her knees as she spoke, and clasping her white palms together, held them up to a picture of the Virgin that hung upon the wall.

He approached, and circling her waist with his arm, lifted her from the floor. "Look into my face, Rosalia; not there—not there!"

She looked into his face steadily, mournfully.

"Do you hate me, Rosalia?"

"No. Oh! how can you ask it?"

"Do you love me?"

"A few hours since it would have been no sin, then I should have said yes!"

"But now?"

"An earthquake has passed over my heart, but there was one image which it could not shake down!"

He held her closely in his arms, she struggled to free herself, but it was like a flower wrestling with the tempest.

"Rosalia, we have sworn before God's altar to love one another!"

"I know it!"

"Unto death!"

"Yes, unto death!"

"And this vow, you will keep it, my wife?"

"I will keep it even to the end," answered the sweet, mournful voice from his bosom.

She had no power to move in those strong arms, but her eyes were turned upon the Virgin: some inward prayer deeper than her words spoke in those meek eyes.

He bent down and kissed her forehead and her lips. "He may render me an outcast, stain my escutcheon, proclaim me false knight to the ends of the earth. He may imprison me, for this has been, and may be, but I will never leave you again, Rosalia!"

She put away his arms and stood up, pale, sad, and oh! how beautiful.

"Ernest, remember the mother of God looks upon us."

"I will acknowledge no other wife, though all the saints in heaven look frowningly upon me."

"Before them are registered the vows you have made this evening!"

"They were false vows—I love her not—I never can love her!"

Rosalia lifted her eyes to the Virgin: her pale lips moved: shadows of deep and painful thought flitted over her white face. Those eyes so full of heavenly tenderness; those soft golden curls falling back from the upturned brow. It was the face of an angel bathed in the troubled waters of humanity.

She turned at length and took his hand between both of hers. Her lips trembled; her face was bloodless: she pointed with her finger toward the castle, which, with its blaze of light and its banners sweeping into the moonbeams, could be seen from the open casement.

"Return," she said, "your honor as a knight—your faith as a gentleman—your vow to God, all are pledged to the lady who waits up yonder. She may not—oh! mother of heaven, she cannot love you as I have done, but—" The noble creature faltered, her frame trembled from head to foot: she could not force the word from her heart which would command him from her presence. His eyes were bent upon her, he had turned his back to the castle with a resolute air.

"Go," she said, in a deep, steady voice—"go now while we have strength to part!"

He was about to speak, but the tramp of many feet drawing near checked the words upon his lip.

"They are looking for me: let them come," he said, with a mocking smile, but still there was indecision in his manner, that characteristic wont of firmness that had so nearly worked his ruin.

"Not here—not here should they find you!" said Rosalia, attempting to draw him away. "It is his—it is your father's voice!"

He yielded to her feeble violence, and was drawn into another room, from which a door opened to the forest.

CHAPTER II.

It was long after midnight. The burst of clarion notes, ringing laughter, and shouts mellowed by rich wine, blending with all the confused sounds of protracted wassail, rose from the chateau, that stood uplifted, as it were, above the common earth, flooded by the moonlight, and illuminated with a thousand torches through turret, keep, and battlement. The soft moonbeams had withdrawn themselves like a dream, leaving sweet tranquillity behind. Dim, beautiful and quiet as a corner of Paradise when all the angels are asleep, lay that portion which the

castle and its eminence cast into more dense shadow. There slept the convent, huge, black and lowly in comparison with the lighted castle that arose between it and the sky, but imposing and solemn in the midnight stillness that hung around it.

Between the lordly castle and the still house of religion, two figures might have been observed like black shadows threading the moonlight. One was a tall man, haughty in his step, and terrible in the iron sternness of his countenance whenever a glancing moonbeam made it visible. The other was a female, who followed him like a creature forced suddenly in full health and bloom to accompany some overmastering spirit down to the vale and shadow of death. Her head was uncovered; her brow pale as snow, and whenever the light touched it the beauty of her young face seemed frozen.

Something more than the slender figure of Rosalia was muffled up in the mantle that she carried rather than wore. She had drawn it fold by fold from her shoulders down over her bosom, and held it there huddled up in a desperate grasp, leaving the beautiful neck and golden ringlets which it should have covered, exposed and wet with the night dew. It was not the mantle alone that the poor young creature folded with such desperate fondness up to her heart. In the wild hurry of her movements as she gathered it up, now a tiny foot would break through the folds, which she would seize with one hand, press to her lips, and huddle up in the drapery again, as if in fear that the haughty man stalking darkly before her might turn with his cold eyes and witness the act. Sometimes she would put aside the garment with a shaking hand when they came to a lighted spot, and gaze down upon the little face it had covered till her pale lips were convulsed with the sobs she dared not utter, and the swell of her heart seemed to heave the child away that her arms so tightly clasped. Then a pair of bright eyes strangely star-like, for the night wind let all at once upon the child startled it, looked into hers questioningly, appealingly it seemed. Then the look became insupportable, and with the baby's little face pressed to her bosom, she would turn and look toward the castle as if fiercely impelled to spring aside from that cruel man and seek for help there. But a flash of mocking torch-lights, a dusky banner streaming forth to the night breeze, and snatches of music that seemed to her fiend-like and mocking, met her impulse. Then her limbs would relax; her step become slower, and with her poor white face bent helplessly down she crept on utterly desolate.

The old lord walked on with long, heavy

strides, that seemed to spurn with contempt the earth he trod. Sometimes he would look back upon the wretched young creature that followed him, but there was no pity in his glance; a hound that had broken from the pack would have touched his heart more nearly. When she felt these glances, Rosalia would hurry on with quick, nervous footsteps, like a frightened lamb dragged by some iron will to the sacrifice.

At length they stood upon the verge of that dense shadow cast from the castle eminence down upon the convent. It lay before them heavy and black like a pall, beneath which he was about to bury that young creature forever. The old lord paused here, thinking, perhaps, that he might awe her more deeply by stern looks than by cruel words, or perhaps desirous of reading the heart he had broken, in her countenance. Be this as it will, he paused sternly, and waited for her to come up. She stood before him white with anguish, and shivering from head to foot, but not from cold. The moonlight lay full upon her, dropping its pearls into the depths of her hair, that with all its golden brightness in the daytime, seemed shadowy and spirit-like as it floated back in disheveled tresses from her forehead. Never, never did the old noble forget the face that was uplifted to his that night. It haunted him in his sleep—it was reflected in the wine cup—it moved and swayed about his death-bed—it breathed upon the tall plumes that canopied it, and made them tremble. His heart was proud and hardened with pride, all its soft impressions had long since died out, but upon the cold live surface that face with its beauty and its anguish enameled itself; when the old man looked in upon his soul that face met him at the threshold, and he could never thrust it aside.

She was very still, but those blue eyes were unnaturally large and lustrous as she lifted them to his face. It seemed like a spirit that had chased him close up to the shadow. She moved the babe from her bosom, and held it out with both arms shrouded in the mantle, she could not have done it with the face exposed; he did not take the child, and with her eyes still riveted upon his, the mother drew it slowly and tremblingly back to her bosom. She began to tremble; her eyes grew black; her forehead radiant.

"You have a heart, you will not take it from me!" she cried, girding her arms tight around the precious burden, and sinking to the earth strengthless, helpless, but trembling with the wild re-action of her feelings.

"Not here," answered the old noble, and his voice after the sweet anguish of hers, fell like drops of cold lead upon the air. "There is yet some distance to walk before we reach the convent. I did but pause to say that after you reach

the portal there must be no converse between us, not even to the holy abbess, who is herself of our own blood, must the mischance that has fallen upon a noble house be known."

He waved his hand for Rosalia to arise: she made the effort, but only struggled feebly upon the ground: his words had smitten all the strength from her limbs. He reached forth his hand to her arm, this gave her life, the touch of that proud hand was terrible to her, she shrank back with a moan and staggered to her feet.

"Remember," said the count, "that upon your own discretion rests the future. Be silent, bring no disgrace upon our house, and both you and the child shall be cared for, even as if you were of the old, true and honorable blood. The Lady Abbess is old, she cannot live many years—the daughters of our house have ever fulfilled that holy trust. Is it nothing that we consent to give this honor to one of common birth?"

"Oh! not that—not that, there is but one thing between this and the grave that I think of," cried Rosalia, "my child, your pledge, once each year I shall see her, assure me of that, swear it, aye, here. The holy mother who fled to save *her* child will bend from her seat in heaven to listen. Tremble at the very thought of evading or breaking that pledge, for she who was a mother shall avenge me. Swear to this, else will I perish here on the earth at your feet, with your son's child girt to my bosom, rather than enter that pile."

She pointed to the convent with one hand, holding the babe firmly with the other. But the wildness, the pathos of her appeal was all of no avail to her cause. The old count had already pledged himself to that which she desired, and his haughty word once given was to a proud nature binding even as an oath. He said this calmly and coldly, and his chilling tones awed her into submission. He turned away and strode into the shadow that had crept toward them while they had been standing. Rosalia followed him feebly, and with an air of exhaustion, her anguish had been too great, and was now becoming vague. She was conscious of a hard, dull pang when the child was taken from her bosom; a flash of cold air seemed to strike upon her heart, as if the child only had kept it warm till then: after that she remembered nothing, save a tall, dark figure moving rapidly away, carrying her soul with him, it seemed to her. A turret looming against the sky with its thousand lights, mocking and twinkling, and glancing at her like spirits of living fire, and added to this the tinkle of a far-off bell, which her own cold hand had set in motion, mechanically as the hand will act sometimes when all the mind seems locked as in a vice. It might have been minutes

or hours that passed while Rosalia sat upon a stone flag, dull, dreamy, and unconscious of all things, waiting for what might come next. At length a ponderous door opened; she saw a light and behind it a figure. She arose feebly and walked toward it; a few words passed, she never remembered what, then the portal closed, and all was quiet again as if a human destiny had not that moment been accomplished.

CHAPTER III.

YEARS went by, and change fell both upon the castle and the convent. The old lord had gone down to sleep among his ancestors beneath the chapel; the abbess had dropped away from her place of solemn trust, and her chair was filled by one of the holy sisterhood.

Lord Ernest was now master of all that feudal dominion and rude wealth that had been his father's, joined to the dower of a noble bride that rendered his possessions more than princely. In the first year of his marriage an heir was born to all these vast possessions, and like his father, Lord Ernest centred all his pride and hopes in this only son. The beautiful child was the only sunbeam with which the Almighty brightened that proud castle home. Lord Ernest did not love his wife; is there not a world of meaning in these few little words, "Lord Ernest did not love his wife?" You could have seen it in his cold, proud manner as he rode by her side in the hunt—you could see it in the half shrinking reserve which always hung around him when she was present—at the festal board, or alone in her sumptuous bower-chamber. His heart was with the past: his thoughts ever looked backward with sorrow and bitter regret, which time only deepened. He grew stately and proud as his father had been. All affection, all the passionate love, so ardent and impetuous in his youth, seemed locked up in his soul like dead roses hoarded away even from his own reach. But those were days of stately processions and proud appearances! People dreamed nothing of the nature which the iron will of a proud father had petrified when its life was in full bloom, as we sometimes find living flowers shrined deep in the coldest stone.

At times it would seem as if the young count found sources of unhappiness even in the joyous youth and beauty of his son. Occasionally when the child would climb his knee, or spring into his arms bright and rosy with the sweet craving for caresses which is so natural to childhood, a spasm as of pain would sweep over the noble countenance of the father, and putting the disappointed child away, he would go forth upon the ramparts and walk alone for hours, or, perhaps, depart

altogether from the castle, and wander around the ruins of an old stone house, now quite over-run and choked up with ivy, which had long been a picturesque object in the valley.

Why these moody fits came upon him no one ever knew, it was only certain that he always returned from his wanderings with saddened eyes and languid footsteps, and that for days after, nothing however mirthful could win a smile to his lip. If a few in the village remembered Rosalia, it was as a passing fancy of their lord for a maiden of inferior degree—as a humble daisy that somehow had been swept from his path, about the time of his proud marriage, no one exactly knew how; not even himself, for with regard to Rosalia or her child the old count had kept rigid silence even on his death-bed. That they still lived Ernest had little doubt, but how or where? These were the questions that drove him so often to the battlements or the ruined house. Honor and that domestic loyalty which was the spirit of knighthood, kept him from any direct effort to seek for her. She was safe and not unhappy, of this the old count had solemnly assured him: more than this he had no power to learn—more than this he dared not ask. He knew that there was that in his heart which made the question perilous.

How many women spend a whole life, pillowed upon a heart to which they are perfect strangers, and this all unconsciously as a child leans against a harp, ignorant and careless of the music that lies silent among its strings. More than half the human beings with which the world is peopled, having no capacity for deep affection themselves, fail to win even the knowledge of a want when the precious treasure of love is withheld from them. So it was with the proud wife of Count Ernest. She was one whose existence depended upon the outer world, she could no more have comprehended the deep love that had left her husband's heart desolate, than she could have returned that love had it existed for herself. How many there are who tread upon wild flowers all their lives, and never know that they are any thing but food for the bird that crops them.

Thus it was with the countess, she graced her state, she received homage to her beauty, she yielded gracious deference to her husband, because pride forbade anything that would lessen the dignity of a man honored by her hand. So, stately, proud and heart strangers, the two moved on till she paused upon the brink of a grave.

She died suddenly, that proud countess, in all the plenitude of her beauty and her power. Lord Ernest mourned for her then, for she had slept in his bosom, and there is something terrible in yielding up the being we have clasped to the cold arms of death, even though we loved

it not. Yet his grief amounted not to passion, for since the day of his marriage the bright waters of his heart had been closed up, and not even the angel of death had power to splinter the rock and trouble them to their depths.

For three days all that remained of that beautiful and haughty woman lay in state, that all who had bent before her in life might bow still lower beneath the sublime majesty of death. The stately chamber was blackened with clouds of velvet, and kindled up again with gleams of pale light. Six tall candles of wax flung a glow of silver over the pall, that laden with heavy tassels swept over the death-couch to the floor. Above her brooded a canopy, black as the half folded wing of death, upon which white plumes drooped like frozen sea-foam, heavy and motionless. Was there no hidden feeling in the heart of that lordly mourner as he paced to and fro upon the battlements of his castle? Did he never once reflect that death, while it filled his home with gloom, had made him a free man—free to act, to love, to marry at will? The old stone house in ruins, and black with ivy, lay beneath him—how could he look on that and not think of Rosalia, his first, his only true wife?

He did think of her for the first time in years, he drew a deep breath while gazing upon that ruined house, a deep, luminous glow came to his eyes as he remembered how impossible it was, now that he could seek her in the face of the world, that Rosalia should conceal herself longer from his knowledge.

As these thoughts grew upon him, the ice seemed thawing from his heart. He wept with strange tenderness when young Justine came in all the fulness of his grief, and flung himself upon the bosom of his parent for comfort in his first great trouble: these feelings broke forth in a burst of almost passionate tenderness, that surprised almost as much as it effected the youth.

While thought is lightning-like and feeling so capable of condensation, how much of the inner life may any human being know in three little days? It took less than that time to make Lord Ernest feel in every vein and nerve of his body that he was a free man—free to love and choose according to his own will. He looked into his soul, and amid the shadows that death had left there, found the one great passion of his life powerful, yet so powerful that, before the funeral came, the shadow of Rosalia, with her soft eyes and her golden hair, with her tenderness, her pride, would constantly glide like a sunbeam between him and the stately death-couch upon which his wife rested.

We have seen the bridal train, glittering with rainbow colors bathed in moonlight, winding from that noble old castle to the lone chapel,

where marriages and deaths had been linked together for centuries, like cypress leaves and blush roses woven in the same garland. Now we witness another procession. Dark was the castle, heavy and black were the clouds heaped in angry billows behind it; folds of sable velvet streamed out from the great flag-staff, around which the proud banner was swathed in gorgeous folds, and knotted down with sombre cordage. Music swelled along the path, soft, solemn, and low, rising slowly upward, and dying amid the black clouds, filling them, as it were, with tears. Torches moved like stars through the darkness, revealing the sweep of a pall, the sway of dusky plumes, the ghost-like outline of many figures.

This funeral train drew nearer to the chapel, and that was lighted up even as it was on the wedding night, yet it seemed dark, for the ivy had thickened around it like a pall, hiding even the rainbow glory that exhausted itself upon the stained windows. As the pall-bearers approached the door, they were met by a stream of light, misty and clouded with incense, and moving through it was a train of nuns in snowy garments, murmuring a low, sweet chaunt, such as the angels sing when one of their sweet sisterhood is weary.

When a lady of the castle died it was always thus. The abbess from the convent with all her nuns, in white veils and flowing robes, met the corpse at the door, greeting it with incense and holy music. Now these religious women led the way up to the altar, and through them the corpse was borne. Before it walked the abbess, holding a crucifix in her pale hands, following it were the mourners, Count Ernest and his son, then a long train of lords and ladies, who, from blood or marriage, claimed a right to weep while this solemn death service was in progress.

They set down the bier reverently before the altar: a burst of solemn music surged upward with a power that made the veil of incense gathering overhead break and ripple like a cloud.

Up to this moment Count Ernest had marked no single feature of the imposing ceremony. Solemn, sad, impressed by the gloom and power of death, he followed the body of his wife close up to the altar. He was so near to the dead now that not even a thought of Rosalia could force itself between him and all that gloomy velvet covering. He was very pale; his eyes were bent downward, and one hand rested upon the shoulder of his son, who wept with passionate grief.

The abbess placed one foot upon a step of the altar, and turned facing the bier: her hands were seen to quiver as they clasped themselves around the crucifix: her soft, holy eyes rested, one instant, on the widowed count. She thought that

she could trust herself—that religion—the holy vow—had frozen up all the passion and tenderness of her nature—but impelled by some invisible power he too looked up. A moment they stood thus face to face, the husband and wife—the dead separating them as the living had done. The chaunt, the music rose around them undisturbed. No one saw the agony that swept over these two pale faces—no one saw how cold her lips were becoming, how heavily the broad, white lids closed over her eyes, but the crucifix fell with a muffled crash to the coffin, a low moan, and the abbess sunk noiselessly like a heap of snow upon the altar.

They bore away the living and the dead, the wife stretched beneath her velvet pall, the wife muffled in her living shroud. Count Ernest looked on as they disappeared without a word or a sign. They were both dead to him. He had but one wish, a fierce, wild desire to be alone.

He was alone, and solitude did its work upon a passionate nature that had gathered force from perpetual restraint. Heart and brain both took fire, and one tortured the other till the foundations of his strength gave way.

"Justine!"

A noble boy who sat in a dim corner of the room, lifted his forehead from the hand that had supported it, arose and went up to the couch where his father was lying. Count Ernest, pale and with that haggard look about the mouth and eyes which mental torture leaves, arose to his elbow.

"Justine!" The youth bent down, and his face almost touched that of the sick man.

"My father!"

The count fell back on his pillow, closed his eyes, and seemed to struggle for thought. He looked up at last, his lips parted, but with difficulty, and he said—"bend down, Justine!"

The youth bent his ear close to those marble lips, and during the next half hour a hoarse murmur stole through the room, sometime broken by sobs from that warm, young heart—sometimes disturbed for an instant by some faint exclamation. When the murmurs ceased, the youth stood up, holding the hand of his father with a hard grasp, and gazing on him with eyes full of keen affection.

"Though she were in her grave I would bring her," he said. A look of ineffable happiness stole over the dying face of the count; his pale lips moved again, and twice after the youth had left the chamber he murmured—"I bless thee, my son!—I bless thee!"

The priest who entered the chamber a few minutes after, saw from the tall window a slender form flitting through the twilight down toward the convent. He knew the graceful outline, the

quick, deer-like step, and wondered what could take an only son from his father's death-bed, when every moment threatened to make him an orphan.

The night had deepened, and all was darkness in the valley, when the old priest saw a gleam as of snow moving through the trees. It might be a human figure—it might be some wandering spirit hovering around the place of death. The doubt was in his mind when a noise in the room made him turn. There stood the object that had startled him, a frail figure, clad in white—for such was the religious dress of the convent, and face and hands shrouded in ample folds of linen.

"Together let us go hence, he is quiet now, and here is one to care for him," said Justine, gently approaching the priest. The old man bent his head and followed the youth. Then the figure drew back her veil and walked toward the bed. The sick man had been lying quite still, and with his eyes closed, but he felt her presence, and the moment her foot touched the floor rose up, and supporting himself with one shaking hand, looked upon her with a wild, bright stare, as only the dying can look.

"Rosalia!" he gasped, sinking back to the pillow, and holding out both arms.

She sunk to her knees. The garments of a nun swept around her, the nun's veil dropped down, and partly concealed the unutterable anguish in her features, but beneath those cold

white folds the woman's heart rose high and strong. What were religious vows to her then? What power on earth was there terrible enough to keep her from those trembling, outstretched arms? Penance, remorse, death, let them come! She lay upon his heart, her lips clung to his cold forehead, her shivering arms drew him closer to her bosom. He struggled, his heart was still, and yet he struggled.

"Not yet—not yet. Ernest! Ernest!"

Oh! heavens, what agony it is to call for the dead when they can no longer answer us!

That morning at daybreak, when the landscape was heavy with that grey light which is so much more gloomy than entire darkness, a female in monastic garments all wet and heavy with the night moisture through which she had walked, stood before the portal of the convent. She was pale and grief-stricken as when she had stood upon the same spot years before, torn rudely from the world, and cast like a wreath of foam upon that cold threshold. But in her face there was, deeper, and subduing the grief that lay so palidly upon it—a calm, holy light. Her soul now in truth turned heavenward with all its pure aspirations, and during many years which she presided over that quiet community she thanked God each morning that another link was dropped in the chain that was drawing her to heaven and to him.

THE WATCHERS.

BY JANE GAY.

On a green bank that skirts the stream of life
In the Celestial Paradise, reclined
Two angel youth! Fairer than aught we dream,
Seemed they, in silvery robes of brightness clad,
And wearing on each brow the softened light
Of starry purity! They touched a harp,
Wreathed with unfading flowers—and melody
Was blended with the perfumed air of Heaven.
They sang of a fair earth, where sweetest buds,
Born of the soil of Paradise, were shed
Unseen and noiseless as the drops of night,
To open their bright blossoms to a sky
Chiller and darker than the blue of home!
Thither they were commissioned, and had paused
For the last time beside the crystal stream
Ere they went forth upon their viewless errand;
For now another link from the immortal chain
Was fixed to earth, and angel hands alone
Might keep it polished 'mid the mould and rust
Of its corroding atmosphere! Away!

They spread their golden wings and left behind
The bowers of ease and Immortality,
For they were watchers, and the night had come.

From a low cottage home one morning dawn
Came a faint murmur, sad, though sweetly borne
Upon the breath of Summer, as a bird's
First song. A nestling had been cradled there,
And bending o'er its humble earthly bed
Stood these two angel watchers, hymning now
Their voiceless benison! To the little one
It cometh like a well remembered strain
Of its home-melody—and the babe smiles!
Gaze mother, 'tis a cherub of the sky,
And side by side with angels thou wilt go
In thy love-hallowed ministry! Gaze on!
The dew-drop sparkling in the lily's cup
Is not more pure than the bright spirit-drop
Just given to thy keeping; guard it well,
And holy ones shall aid thee in thy work.

Time treads not lightly—and years are gone!
 Childhood's glad seal is on that infant brow,
 And in the eye's deep blue—the seal of Heaven!
 The Watchers have not left her, and she treads
 The green earth with a happy, guileless heart;
 She plucks the flowers, and in the web of life
 These are the tracery of her youth's glad morn.
 She gazes on the stars as one who reads
 In their revealings a bright destiny;
 And sometimes o'er her mind flash memories
 Of her first star-home, dim and dimmer growing,
 Though haunting oft her dreams, and on her brow
 Stamping the seal of thought—deep stirring thought
 That feeds the soul on bright imagery;
 And many wondered at the beauteous child.

Years have gone by—and in the web of life
 Its golden threads are woven! She has found
 Wandering alone like her, her spirit-mate,
 And both are recognized. There is no Heaven
 Unto the pure and guileless, brighter than
 Love's hallowed Elysian—for the earth
 Mirrors but happiness; and skies as bright
 As hung o'er Eden's bowers—hung now o'er them.

From that glad cottage home one Summer eve
 Came the sweet hum of voices, uttering
 In cadence soft, the low response that bends
 The ear of holy ones in sympathy!
 Angels were at the bridal—those who bent
 First o'er the cradle of that cherub bride—
 The Guardian Watchers! Softly in her ear
 They whisper blessings, and above her head
 A moment drooped their pinions—then away!
 And on the morrow from her childhood's home,
 The bride went forth, richly, in blessing, blest.

A change is on her! In the web of life
 Is woven now, dimly, mysteriously
 To mortal eye, the darkest thread of sorrow!
 Another angel with destroying wing
 Had crossed her pathway, and her other self
 Was smitten and laid low. That weary night
 How fearfully she struggled to ward off
 From the loved victim, the destroyer's aim;
 But when the morning dawned with rosy light

That trusting bride dwelt on the earth alone;
 Yet no! Those angel Watchers still were by,
 And from her earth-dimmed eye they tore the veil,
 And, lo! on her glad vision burst again
 In a full glory-tide, the blessed home
 Whose shadowy images had fallen oft
 On her young spirit—and she did not weep,
 But girded her with strength to tread alone
 The world's rough pathway, ministering to all
 The cup of blessing, which her lips had quaffed
 From the Immortal Fountain! Thus she grew
 To angel size on earth, and those who walked
 With her, invisible, spread over her
 Their snowy plumage, and she went abroad
 A spirit recognized in a dark world.

Who calleth "age unlovely?" Let them rend
 The time-worn casket, and in beauty there
 Behold the jewel's lustre—for the mind
 Fades not with its clay-temple, but grows bright
 Within the crumbling ruin! There is shrined
 A living spirit, and it will not die.

The whitened locks of three-score years and ten
 Fell on a wrinkled forehead, and the form
 Of graceful symmetry was bowed beneath
 Time's heavy burden; yet the same pure light
 That dawned within that cherub infant's eye,
 Gladdening the cottage home, identified
 The happy pilgrim who had come to die.
 The web of life was finished—from its loom
 Angels ne'er cut a snowier fabric than
 This one, now waiting passage to the sky.
 Within a curtained room were rustling wings,
 And the low hymning of triumphant song
 Was borne on evening's breeze to upper air!
 Still by a lowly couch were lingering
 Those angel Watchers, but their silvery robes
 Were girded round them, and their wings were spread
 As if for journeying! A struggle more;
 The broken tenement was left behind,
 And the winged spirit was forever free.
 On a green bank beneath the "Tree of Life"
 In the Celestial Paradise, reclined
 Those angel youth again! Their work was done,
 For they were Watchers, and the morn had broken.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

BY EMILY HERMANN.

I grope my way amid life's caverned glooms,
 Terror and dimness mock me everywhere,
 Until a form above the horizon looms—
 A form of light, I breathe the upper air.

A day-star rises when the glaciers rise,
 Round their pale foreheads gather radiant hues;

I stand secure and gaze, with wondering eyes,
 At scenes so fair, when froze the midnight dews.

I mind me not of long and weary ways,
 Nor do I think of dark and slippery steeps,
 My mind expands, my heart an anthem plays
 Of lofty joy, that stirs its ocean-deeps.

EDITORS' TABLE.

CHIT-CHAT WITH READERS.

FLOWER GARDEN FOR FEBRUARY.—There is very little to be done in the pleasure-grounds and shrubbery in this month; but the gravels walks in both should be attended to, as gravel walks are very liable to be injured by melting snow. Care, therefore, should be taken, as soon as a thaw commences, or before, to remove a portion of the snow; and, as soon as the ground is sufficiently dry, the walks should be carefully rolled. Seeds of trees and shrubs are generally sown in this month; and the rule for sowing them is to let the soil be as deep above the seed as the seed is thick.

In the flower-garden great care should still be taken to protect the half-hardy plants, not only from the frost, but from the sun, which at this season is frequently very powerful. It must be observed that the mischief done by frost is always very greatly increased if the sun be permitted to shine upon the frozen plants: *it is like exposing a frost-bitten person to the heat of a great fire*. The best thing that can be done when a plant is frozen is to cover it over with a flower-pot, or some other covering, till the air has gradually become sufficiently warm to thaw it slowly. The choicer kinds of anemones and ranunculus are planted in this month. They are generally planted in rows of about five inches apart and two inches deep; and a little sand is put under each tuber when it is planted. In planting the ranunculus tubers, care should be taken to put the claws downward, and not break off any part of them, as when the claws are broken off the tubers are very apt to rot. In planting the anemone tubers, the eye or bud should always be kept uppermost. This is generally considered the season for manuring a flower-garden, and the best kind of manure for the purpose is the remains of an old hot-bed. Decayed leaves, which have become a kind of mould, and chopped turf taken from an old pasture, are also very useful for enriching the ground intended for flowers; but guano and the new kinds of mineral manures are very dangerous in inexperienced hands, and even first-rate gardeners frequently find them produce injurious effects.

In green-houses ventilation ought to be carefully attended to. Whenever the air is mild, and the sun shines, the door should be opened, as well as the windows, for at least half an hour in the middle of every day, so that there may be a free current of air through the house. All the dead leaves should be removed as soon as they are sufficiently decayed to come off the plant without injuring it; and if any moss or green matter appears on the surface of the earth in the pots, it should be removed, and the earth loosened with a flat piece of stick about an inch broad. It must be observed, that what has been said of removing the dead leaves does not apply to bulbous plants, as their leaves should be

left on as long as possible. Plants require very little water at this season; but fire heat is even more useful than in the middle of winter, as it serves to dry up the damp, which is now a most dangerous enemy to plants. Where cuttings of green-house plants which were struck in autumn have been kept several together in one pot during the winter, they should now be potted separately.

SEQUEL TO PALACES AND PRISONS.—Mrs. Stephens has received numerous solicitations to write a sequel to "Palaces and Prisons," in which the fortunes of the flower-girl, of her grandparents, and of Adeline Leicester shall be continued. She will probably begin such a tale in the March number. The sequel will be a complete story in itself, and will not require, as a preliminary, the reading of "Palaces and Prisons," though such persons as have perused that novel will find the sequel increased in interest thereby.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MONTH.—The fine engraving of Ross Castle is from a well-known scene in Ireland. "The Truant," "The Death of Marmion," "The Poney," and "Harriet Martineau," are subjects that illustrate themselves without words. On the whole, our embellishments for February will be considered, we think, unusually good.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By Frances Sargent Osgood. Illustrated by Huntington, Darley, Rositter, Cushman and Osgood. 1 vol. Philada: Carey & Hart.—This is certainly one of the most beautiful volumes ever issued from the American press. It is printed with large, new type, on thick, white paper, and bound in the most elegant manner. The illustrations are twelve in number, and have been got up apparently without reference to cost, the first artists in the country having been employed on the designs, and the best engravers engaged on the plates. The portrait of Mrs. Osgood, by Cheney, is a master-piece of art, and as a likeness is accurate and characteristic. The most choice of the mere embellishments is "Ida," engraved by Cushman, from a miniature by the same admirable artist. In its literary contents, moreover, this volume is not less meritorious. For grace, for fancy, for melodious rhythm, and for many other high qualities as a poet, Mrs. Osgood is, perhaps, inferior to no other female writer of America. The present is the first complete collection of her poems which has been made. "Eurydice," "Erman-garde's Awakening," and "Ashes of Roses," are the best of her longer pieces; to select the many excellent smaller ones would be almost to make a catalogue. No one can read this volume, and see how



many superior poems Mrs. Osgood has written, without having his, or her estimate of the poet's abilities very considerably increased.

Shirley. By *Currer Bell*, author of *Jane Eyre*. *Harper & Brothers.*—As a complete novel we consider *Jane Eyre* inferior to *Shirley*—very inferior in its moral tendency, more extravagant in its delineation of character, less worthy of the great genius which every one must yield to the author of both these extraordinary books. There is in the novel of *Shirley* no one thing to cavil at—there is no intricate plot to startle the reader with unnatural development—no characters that may not be found in any village of England. Nothing in the whole five hundred pages that is not natural, graphic, good! for *Shirley* is emphatically a good book, healthy in its tone, full of spirit, rich with genius. *Shirley*, the heroine, strange as the name seems, is one of those wild, sparkling, mischievous creatures that now and then start up in the path of life to be scolded about by many and loved by all. *Caroline* is a noble, patient, womanly little lady, contrasting with *Shirley* as only genius can contrast characters so opposite, and yet so much alike. *Jane Eyre* has its faults, but we defy any one to find anything to cavil at in *Shirley*. That and the *Caxtons* we intend to read over once a year at least during the rest of our natural lives. *Shirley* is published by the *Harpers* in a neat, handsomely printed volume ready for the library, and also in a cheaper form, so that all tastes can be gratified, and at any price.

•
Agnes Gray. An *Autobiography.* By the author of "*Jane Eyre*," "*Shirley*," &c. 1 vol. *Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—Though of a quieter character than "*Jane Eyre*," this fiction is, in some respects, superior. Nothing, for instance, can be less exaggerated than the whole tone of the novel. The incidents are such as are met with in every day life, the characters are naturally drawn, and the plot is worked out in the simplest, yet most effective manner. In fact, the absence of all extravagance is what strikes us as a great merit in "*Agnes Gray*." The heroine is neither pretty nor very talented, she is only a true and loving woman. Her affection for the curate of the parish arises in the most natural manner, for the friendlessness of each is a common tie of sympathy that draws them together. The endeavor of *Rosalie Murray* to deprive *Agnes* of his love, and indeed the whole series of the coquette's flirtations, are told with a reality which, not only awakens our sympathies for the heroine, but will charm every reader of taste from the wonderful naturalness of the portraits.

Anne Boleyn. A *Tragedy.* By *George Boker*, author of "*Calaynos*." 1 vol. *Philada: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart.*—The author of this fine tragedy surprised the literary world, about a year ago, with a drama called "*Calaynos*," which, after meeting with the approval of critics here, had the compliment paid it of being put upon the stage in London. The present play is, however, even superior to its predecessor. The characters are finely drawn, especially those of *King Henry*, *Jane Seymour*, and *Wyatt*. Many of the scenes rise to the highest walks of

tragedy. But "*Anne Boleyn*" is not only to be commended for the grasp of mind, and great dramatic power which it displays, but also for the many passages of high poetic beauty which are scattered through it. Indeed, we regard Mr. Boker as the most promising dramatic writer we have in this country, and as one who is destined to leave his name hereafter high on the rolls of American literature.

Headley's Miscellanies. By *J. L. Taylor.* *New York.*—Mr. Headley is widely known as a popular writer. "*Napoleon and his Marshals*," "*Washington and his Generals*," have been received with various commendations and criticisms. His *Miscellanies* bear the stamp of his genius, and the characteristics of his somewhat eccentric yet attractive style. They contain his travels abroad, his rambles about Rome, Paris and London, a truthful portraiture of the Waldenses, their earnest and heroic faith under the most trying persecutions, and various other papers, forming two most attractive and readable volumes. They certainly will not detract from the well-earned fame of the author. His criticisms upon the Pope and his institutions are both discriminating and just, and the startling events which he once saw only in the future, have now become matters of history.

Hildreth's History of the United States. 3 vols. *Harper & Brothers.*—These volumes bear proof of a sincere desire to lay the true and the real before the reader. Historical characters are not presented either as friends or angels to suit the prejudices of the author, but they are given, honestly, as a mirror might have portrayed these features with their beauties and their faults. The three volumes before us embrace a period of time between the discovery of America and the close of the Continental Congress. Other volumes are to follow, and they will be found everywhere if the work is received as it deserves. The mechanical part is like everything that comes from the *Harpers'* press, perfect in all points.

Redburn. By the author of "*Omoo Typee*," &c. *Harper & Brothers.*—This book we consider far more interesting than *Mardi*, and equal to *Melville's* previous works. There is a little affectation of simplicity in the style—a little affectation of rusticity in the author, which those who know him will be sure to detect; but these are light faults, and the book is far too pleasant reading for them to effect the reader. It is published in beautiful style.

Lives and Anecdotes of Illustrious Men; adapted for the Amusement and Instruction of Youth. 1 vol. *Philada: George S. Appleton.*—This is a neat little volume, of about two hundred pages. It contains the lives of *Cromwell*, *Cortez*, *Sir John Reynolds*, *Dr. Adam Clarke*, *Sir Humphrey Davy*, *Lindley Murray*, *Currier*, and *Crabbe*; and will be found to be an excellent book for the young.

The Caxtons. By *Bulwer.* *Harper & Brothers.*—Next to "*The Last of the Barons*," we consider this the greatest novel ever written by the great author of England. The aim is noble, the execution perfect.

Pendennis. By Thackeray. Harper & Brothers.—The three numbers of this work reached us too late for a thorough perusal before our number goes to press, but we have glanced over it here and there, finding every page rich with peculiar humor of its author. The illustrations are full of spirit.

Shakspeare's Dramatic Works. No. 5, 6 and 7. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—The present edition of Shakspeare is unquestionably the most elegant ever issued in America, yet the price of each number is so low, that the entire series can be obtained for comparatively nothing.

Alfred the Great. By Abbot. Harper & Brothers.—It is our delight to see these beautiful crimson and gold volumes on our table, a rich treat is always in store for the young people, and we seldom fail to enjoy it with them.

Hume's History of England. Vol. 5. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—This elegant edition by Hume, deserves the especial attention of all persons, desirous of obtaining a copy of that popular historian.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

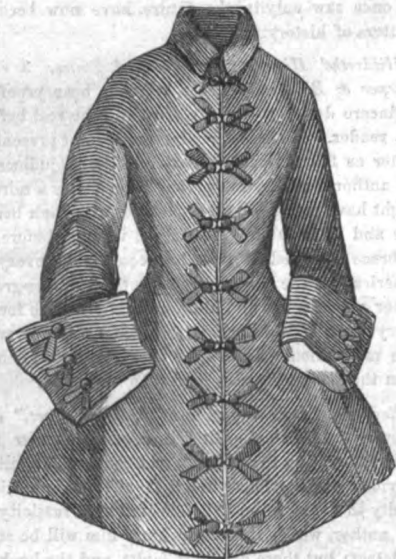


FIG. I.—A WALKING HABIT of purple velvet, trimmed around the bottom with sable, half a yard in depth. A large pelerine cape made of the same fur, lined with pink silk quilted. Sleeves made tight to the arm, and finished with a lace frill around the hand. Bonnet of drawn lemon colored satin, with ruffles of satin over the drawings. Muff of sable, lined with pink.

FIG. II.—AN OPERA DRESS of pink brocaded satin, the skirt is trimmed each side of the front with puffings of pink tulle, confined by bows of pink satin ribbon. The corsage is cut low, and finished with a berthe composed of puffings of tulle. A head-dress of dark green velvet, and pink feathers. An opera cloak of emerald green velvet, trimmed with ermine.

FIG. III.—A MANTELET of cloth made in the sacque form. Louis Quatres sleeves trimmed with a new style of button, ornamented with braid. Buttons of the same description ornament the front. The whole is lined with white Florence silk, quilted.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is nothing very new in the style of dresses, bonnets, cloaks, &c. The dresses are still made with tight backs and points behind, and to open in front, some in the cadet style, with a button confining the dress at the throat, and is then opened half way down to the waist; others in the Swiss style, opening very nearly to the bottom of the corsage, and laced across the body over a chemisette of fine worked or puffed muslin. Some again are made with revers like a gentleman's vest, and others with a perfectly tight, high corsage.

A few bonnets have been trimmed with fur, but these are generally too unbecoming to be popular. The cloth cloak or mantelet is the last novelty, although velvet is much more worn, being richer.

Among the newest evening dresses we may notice that several have recently been made of terry velvet, of light colors, such as pink or blue. They have been trimmed either with lace, or with fancy ornaments of ribbon, tulle, &c. Other evening dresses of a very elegant description have been composed of beautiful figured silks; the patterns being colored wreaths or bouquets on white grounds. Such is the tasteful ingenuity displayed in the patterns of these silks that the bouquets appear, both in design and color, to be all different the one from the other. Embroidered moire antique is also employed for evening dresses.

Ball dresses of tulle, worn over slips of silk or satin, will be very fashionable during the present winter. Some ball dresses of tulle, either black or white, are richly embroidered with gold, or with gold colored silk. These dresses are usually made with three, four, or five flounces, covering nearly the whole of the skirt, each flounce having a rich border of embroidery, and the other part filled up with sprigs. The other portions of the dress, viz: the upper part of the skirt, together with the corsage and sleeves, are sprigged to correspond. This gold colored embroidery on black tulle, worn over black satin, has a most rich and showy effect. Dresses of black tulle, embroidered with flowers in variegated silks, are exquisitely beautiful, and will, no doubt, be highly fashionable. They are flounced in the manner above described.

Dresses of a less light description, but equally appropriate to ball costume, may be composed of rich figured silks, and trimmed with lace; or ornamented with the new trimmings now so much in fashion, and composed of ribbon disposed in a variety of fanciful ways, intermingled with puffings of tulle. These fancy trimmings may be either of the same color as the dress, or of white, and that color intermingled. Bouquets and wreaths of flowers will also be profusely employed in trimming ball dresses. For very young ladies, dresses of white or colored crape are made with flounces pinked at the edges. Dresses of tulle over silk slips are also suitable to young ladies. They should be made with double jupes; each jupe being trimmed with puffings of tulle.



THE FOUNDATION: MOTHER AND OFFSPRING.

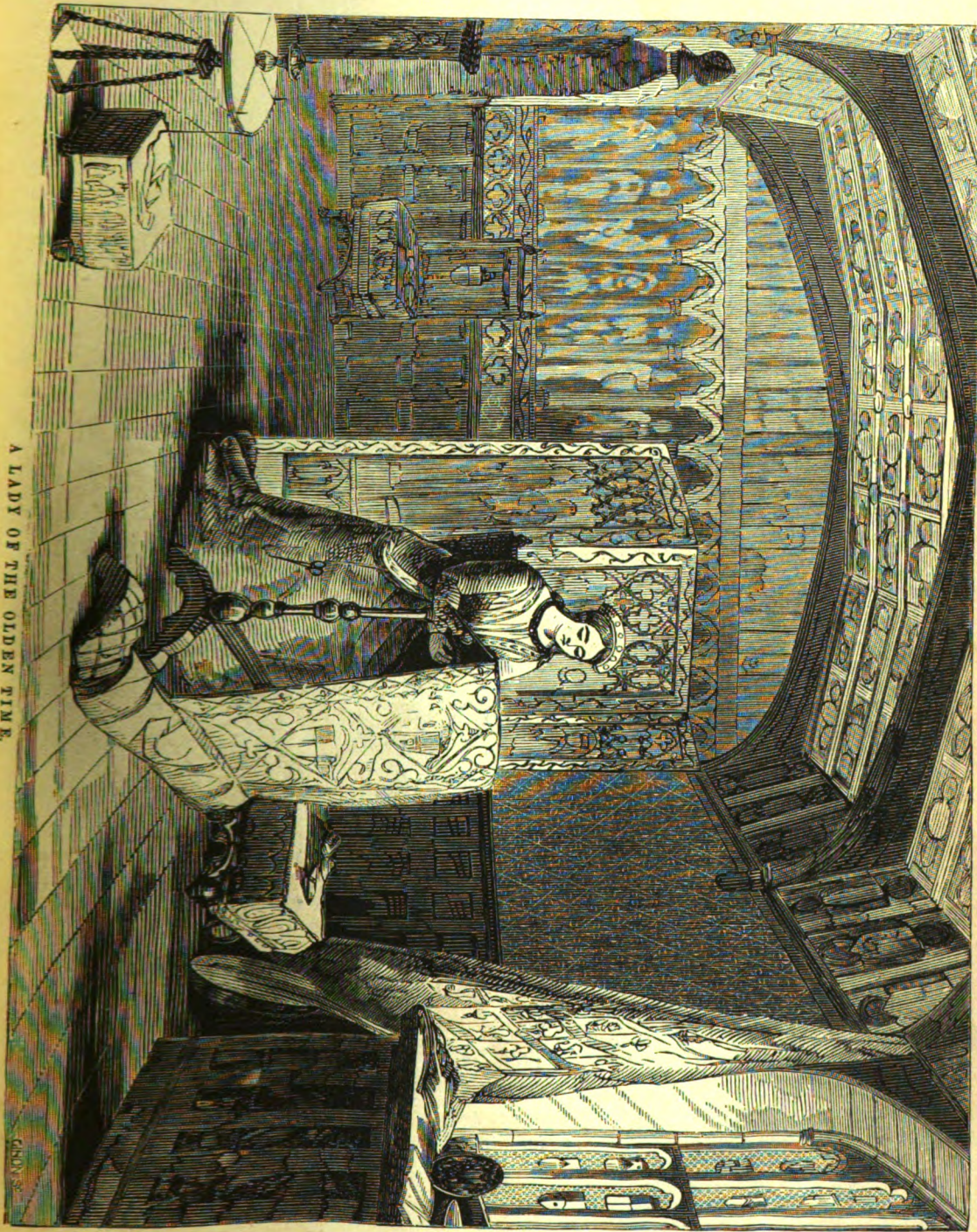


Engraved by F. Sturdevant.

LES MODES PARISIENNES.



THE CITY BELLE.



A LADY OF THE OLDEN TIME.



THE WIFE'S LAST REQUEST.



THE HOME OF ARMIDA.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1850.

No. 3.

THE REMEMBERED DREAM.

BY A. J. WHITTAKER.

Nor to the calm, blue lake alone the moonlight glory came. But to the sleeping rose bending so meekly with the summer dew; the trembling vine-leaf resting beside the cottage door; the closed petal of the meek violet: to all of these it came as a blessing after the long and sultry day.

You would have said that the humble cottage, in the valley, had become a grand, ancestral palace, so sweetly did the shadows rest upon it—so bravely did the ancient trees stretch over it their giant arms. Just by the lattice, where the rays could scarcely struggle in, some earnest words were spoken and vows were breathed from lips all eloquent with love, and the brow of the fair young girl flushed with the deep joy of this, her first and purest passion.

Still further down the valley—there where the village church was almost hidden by the foliage, the white grave-stones glittered in the light so plainly that you might almost read the epitaphs upon them. Very peacefully the holy dead were sleeping in that silent church-yard. They were gathered from the cottages around. Each home had lost an inmate. The aged patriarch had left his old arm-chair by the ancient hearth-stone, and his little grandchild still stood there, wondering when he should hear another story of the times gone by. The strong man had come in from his weary, daily toil to this, his last eternal rest. The miser striving so long, so eagerly for gold was sleeping there, but to his dream there came no glitter of the yellow dust which he had left on the dark brink above him. And the sweet and sinless babe had gone to be an angel, and many a time, no doubt, at the calm twilight had come back again and hovered near the flowers which decked the humble grave, and then returned to heaven. And so, they rested peacefully. The cares of life were all forgotten. Its agony was over. The long, sad years of strife

and fear—the ceaseless toil for bread—the hopes so long deferred—the weary, anxious prayers for light, or hope, or joy, were all passed by forever, and the flowers now bloomed as sweetly there as though no human hearts were resting underneath.

On other and on sadder scenes the moon looked down that night. Far away in a great city there stood a dark and dreary prison—not very dark or dreary at this time, however, for the moon had gilded the massive walls and grated windows with her mild light. Deep within were desolate hearts—hearts crushed and sad and broken. But at this home their crimes and sorrows were forgotten. Deep sleep had sealed their eyelids—had transformed those men of guilt and blood as if by magic, from the despairing, hardened inmates of a prison to the harmless dreamers of the free air and the sweet sunlight. Far down the long and silent corridor in the darkest portion of the prison, some cells had been set apart for the more obdurate criminals, and within the most gloomy one of all, pinioned and bound, slumbered a lonely man—a man whose career for many years had been no common one of petty crimes committed at long intervals, but rather a ceaseless and determined course of the deepest and most desperate villainy. For twenty long and desolate years had he been thus closely confined without the least apparent reformation, until at length so fierce and terrible had he become from long imprisonment that the keepers dared scarcely approach him. All the better attributes of humanity had left him long ago, and in their stead came nothing but blasphemy and despair. And standing by his bedside, in that dreary cell, at that solemn midnight hour, you would have almost deemed him some restless fiend come back to haunt the earth. Suddenly the moonlight streamed through a crevice in the wall and rested on his features. The chains clanked heavily as he moved slightly in his sleep, and as the light

lay on his face a smile came to his lips—such a smile as will sometimes come to us in pleasant dreams. That man of crime was dreaming now, not as he had done a thousand times before, of the sinful deeds he had committed; not of his capture, and the trial, and the sentence, and the black walls around him, and the heavy chains upon him; not of the dreary hours, which had gone by in thousands, since he first entered that gloomy cell; but rather of his better life; of the innocence and freedom of his boyhood; of familiar faces which had looked upon him lovingly before his first sad crime; of a dear old cottage home far away among the hills—a home around whose humble door the vine-leaves still were clinging, and by whose hearth-stone still sat, perhaps, his aged parents mourning their long lost son—of a sweet sister whom he adored—of his mother's prayer as she blessed him many a time—of the father whom he loved and yet forsook—of all these and still more he was dreaming there, with the light upon his face. And then amid these dear old memories he seemed to hear familiar voices from the past; voices reproving not his sins, reminding him no more of his follies and his frailty, but speaking gently and in supplication—beseeching him to come back from the cold, unfeeling world to his wild-wood home again, and take his seat once more around that household hearth. These memories had their influence—these voices came with joy, and to the sleeping captive there, the hardened criminal, the dark, deserted, wretched man, they came with deepest blessings—came to attend him back again to the olden, primal purity, to the haunts of his early childhood; came as the angels always come to the erring and degraded, with meekness and with love. And so the vision ended. Cottage and vine grew dim and indistinct. The haunts of his childhood faded into air. His aged parent and his sweet sister left the cheerful hearth, and the fire went out forever. His mother's prayer died into an echo. There came no words of love, no song of consolation. The walls were still around him as they had been for years, and his fetters still clanked heavily—and with the words,

“mother, dear mother!” trembling on his lips, the sleeping dreamer woke. And the moonlight came on quietly and glittered on his tear-drops as they fell.

That man of guilt was changed—transformed by the silent magic of a dream—brought back from the forbidden bye-ways to the sunshine and the flowers. The keepers were astonished at the change, but the reformation was complete. Humble, repentant and sincere, he was no longer to be feared, and so ere many days they took his fetters off and brought him to the light again. Weeks, months and years went by, until at length the atonement had been made—the penalty was paid, his punishment was ended, and he went forth to the world again a changed and contrite man. His footsteps turned with eager haste toward his early home—that home whose threshold he had not crossed for more than thirty years. It was the evening of a winter day when he arrived. A cheerful fire burned within. Around it were gathered at this very hour those dear ones whom he had deserted so many, many years before, and as the red light fell upon their faces he could see that each one wore a look of grief. He paused and listened for a moment at the door. They were speaking concerning himself—their long-lost son and brother—were wondering whether he still lived—and their voices, quivered with emotion, and their tears fell mingling with each other as they spoke of his innocent childhood, and referred with sorrow to the day of his strange departure. A moment more and the door opened—the prodigal returned. It were a vain attempt to tell you of that blessed meeting—of the astonishment and joy and tears which followed. You should have stood without and heard the earnest, heartfelt thanks which then and there went up to God for that wanderer's return. Or you might go there even now and listen with humility to their thanksgiving.

The flowers are somewhat withered, and the green moss grows upon the cottage roof, and the wild grass almost hides the little violets—yet the inmates of that home will tell you still of the Remembered Dream.

TO MARY.

BY MISS A. ALLIN.

As the wild-wood bird on its homeward wing,
Just stops to sip of the cooling spring,
And bears a drop on its beak, afar,
To the cherished nest where its loved ones are;
And gives to each with equal care,

Of the trembling drop, their welcome share;
So those to me, from thy soul's deep spring,
Like the wild-wood bird on its homeward wing,
Hath borne a drop from its brimming store,
To bless the soul 'till it lacks no more!

TWO SCENES

IN THE LIFE OF A CITY BELLE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

SCENE FIRST.

"Isn't she a glorious creature?" said my young friend Merwyn, glancing, as he spoke, toward a beautiful girl named Florine Malcolm, the daughter of a merchant reputed to be rich. We were at a party, and the object of remark sat, or rather reclined near us on a sofa, with a graceful abandon, or rather indolence, in her whole air and attitude, that indicated one born and raised in idleness and luxury.

"She is a fine looking girl, certainly," I replied.

"Fine looking!" said my enthusiastic young friend, in surprise, half inclined to be offended at the coldness with which I expressed myself. "Fine looking, indeed! She's a perfect Hebe; a very impersonation of youth and beauty."

"No one can deny that she is a very lovely and beautiful girl," said I, to this. "But she lacks animation."

"What you speak of as a fault, I consider her greatest charm. I never met any one so free from all vulgar hurry and excitement. An exquisite ease distinguishes her actions, and she reminds you, in nearly everything, of those courtly ladies who give such a charm to foreign aristocratic society. Certainly, I have not met, in this country, with any one who has so perfectly the air of a high-bred lady as Florine Malcolm."

To understand this, perfectly, the reader must be told that Merwyn had recently returned from a tour through Europe, whither he had been permitted to go by a wealthy father, and where he had discovered, like most of our young men who venture abroad, that in our forms of social intercourse, and in all that gives fashionable society its true excellence and attractiveness, we are sadly deficient. Foreign manners, habits, and dress were brought home and retained by the young man, who, as a natural consequence, became a favorite among the ladies, and was thus encouraged in his silly imitations of things anti-American, and, therefore, in America ridiculous. In the eyes of sober-minded, sensible people, who did not know him well enough to see that there was a more substantial groundwork in his character than all this would lead a casual observer to infer, Merwyn was viewed as a mere fop, whose brains had grown out upon his upper lip in the shape of a moustache.

Such a man was my friend, Henry Merwyn. I knew his better qualities, and esteemed them; at the same time that I saw his weaknesses, and bore with them for the sake of the good that was in him. He had been raised in a sickly atmosphere, and his mind had taken an unhealthy tone; but he was honorable, and rigidly just in all his actions toward others.

As for the young lady he so warmly admired—Miss Florine Malcolm—I only knew her as we know those into whose society we are but occasionally thrown. She was a fine, showy girl, with a face of more than ordinary beauty; but, to one of my tastes, uninteresting for the very reason that she proved so charming to Merwyn. This genteel languor, this elegant indolence, this distinguishing repose, never much suited my fancy: I like to see the soul flow into the bodily organism, and thrill its every nerve with life and sentiment. I like to see the eye burn, the lips quiver, and the whole face glow with animating thought. This makes beauty tenfold more beautiful; and gives to even plainness a charm.

"By a high-bred lady," I replied to Merwyn's particular praise of Miss Malcolm, "you mean, I presume, a woman who is entirely artificial."

"No," he quickly answered, "you put a construction on my words that I do not acknowledge to be fair. By a high-bred lady, I mean one who possesses that peculiar ease and grace, that exquisite repose, and that charming elegance of manner that comes from a refined taste and long association with those who move in the highest rank in society. In fact, it is hard to fix in words all that goes to make up a well-bred lady; but, when you meet her, you know her at a glance."

"And you say Miss Malcolm comes nearer to the high-bred, courtly lady, than any woman it has been your fortune to meet on this side of the Atlantic?"

"She does. In Paris or London she would find herself at home in the first circles of fashion. Now just look at Miss Watson, who sits near her, bolt upright, and stiff as a post; and then observe how gracefully Florine reclines on those cushions like a very queen. There you have the exact difference between a mere vulgar girl, and a true lady."

There was a difference between the two individuals thus referred to—a very marked difference. Miss Watson looked like a girl of thought and action, while the other reposed languidly among the cushions of a sofa, the very picture of indolence.

"I see nothing vulgar about Miss Watson," said I. "And I know that there is nothing vulgar about her. She is a true lady in every sense of the word."

Merwyn half vexed me by his dissenting silence.

Just then he observed that Miss Malcolm looked pale. Going over quickly to where she was, he inquired if she were not well, and learned that some particular perfume used by a lady who sat near, was so unpleasant as to make her feel faint. He immediately proposed that she should go into an adjoining room where were fewer persons, and get a place near one of the windows, offering his arm at the same time. She arose, and I saw her pass out slowly. She was in good health, in fact, in the very prime and vigor of young life; yet, surrounded as she was by every luxury and elegance, she had grown inactive, and felt even a small effort as burdensome. Trifling causes affected her; and she imagined a physical inability to do a thousand things that might have been done with scarcely an effort.

The very sympathy and concern manifested by Merwyn, who was the lover of Florine, made her feel that she was really indisposed; and she languidly reclined on the sofa to which he had conducted her, with the air of an invalid. Finding that she did not grow any better, Merwyn, in a little while, proposed that she should go home, and had a carriage ordered. Wandering into the apartment to which they had gone, I saw him bring her shawl, without which she could not pass into the dressing-room for fear of cold, and saw her meet the attention with a half averted face, and a want of effort, that made me feel as if I would like to have aroused her by means of the wires from an electric battery.

"A beautiful couple they will make," said I to myself, as Florine arose and went out, leaning heavily on the arm of the young man, "to pass through the storms and over the rough places of this troublesome world. A summer breeze will be too rough for that young creature, and the odor of violets too stimulating for her nerves."

A few months subsequent to this they were married, and not long afterward I removed from the city, and did not see them again for some years. But, I learned, in the meantime, with sincere regret, that in a great "commercial crisis" through which the country passed, both of the families of this young couple had been reduced from affluence to comparative poverty. A sigh for the human summer flowers I have

mentioned, was my simple response to the news. A couple of years afterward I met them again.

SCENE SECOND.

DURING a journey through the western part of Ohio, I had occasion to stop for a few days in the little town of R—. On the day after my arrival, a man whose face struck me as being familiar, passed the door of the tavern in which I was standing. A sort of doubtful recognition took place on both sides, but neither of us being certain as to the other's identity, we did not speak, and the man passed on. I looked after him as he moved down the street, wondering in my mind who he could be, when I saw him stop, and after appearing to hesitate about something, turn round and walk back toward the hotel. He was a young man, plainly dressed, and looked as if he were a clerk in a store, or, it might be, a small store-keeper himself. As he came back, I fixed my eyes upon his face, trying to make out who it was who bore such familiar features.

"My old friend Merwyn!" I exclaimed, as he passed in front of where I stood.

He called my name in return, and then we grasped each others' hands eagerly.

"The last man in the world I expected to meet," said I.

"And, certainly, I as little expected to meet you," was returned. "This is indeed a pleasure! When did you arrive, and how long do you stay in R—?"

"I came here yesterday, and hope to resume my journey to-morrow."

"Not so soon!" Merwyn said, still tightly holding my hand. "You must stay longer."

"I am doubtful as to that," I returned. "But is this your place of sojourn in the world?"

"Yes, for the present, seeing that I can't find a better."

There was a manly cheerfulness in the way this was said, which I could not have believed it possible for the young man to feel, under the great change of circumstances that had taken place.

"And your lady?" I felt some hesitation even while I asked this question.

"Very well, thank you!" was cheerfully replied. "We live a mile or two from town, and you must go out and spend a night with us before you leave. Florine will be delighted to see you."

"It will be quite as pleasant for me to meet her," I could not answer; yet even while I spoke I felt that our meeting must remind the wife of my friend so strongly of the past, as to make it anything but pleasant.

"How long have you lived here?"

"About two years."

"It is almost the last place in which I expected to meet you. What are you doing?"

"Merchandizing in a small way. I had no profession, when kind fortune knocked us all on the head, and so had to turn my hand to the first thing that offered, which happened to be a clerkship in a store at three hundred and fifty dollars a year. This was barely enough to keep soul and body together; yet, I was thankful for so much, and tried to keep down a murmuring spirit. At the end of a year, having given every satisfaction to my employer, he said to me one day—'you have shown far more business capacity than I thought you possessed, and, I think, are the very man I want to go out west with a stock of goods. Can you command any capital?' 'Not a dollar, I fear,' was my reply. 'I'm sorry for that,' said he, 'for I want a man who is able to take an interest in the business. Don't you think you could raise a couple of thousand dollars in cash?' I shook my head, doubtfully. We had a good deal more conversation on the subject.

"When I went home, I mentioned to my wife what Mr. L——, my employer, had said, and we talked much about the proposition. I expressed a great deal of regret at not being able to furnish capital, as the offer I had received was plainly an advantageous one, and would give me a fair start in the world. 'Would you be willing to go off to the west?' I asked of Florine, while we talked over the subject. 'Wherever you think it best to go, I will go cheerfully,' was her brave answer. Thus far she had borne our change of fortune with a kind of heroism that more than anything else helped to sustain me. We were living with my family, and had one child. My father, of whose misfortunes you are aware, had obtained the office of president in an insurance company, with a salary of two thousand a year, and this enabled him still to keep his family around him, and, though luxuries had to be given up, his income afforded every comfort. We had a room with them, and, though my income was small, we had all that health and peace of mind required.

"On the day after the conversation with my wife about the west, she met me on coming home to dinner with so happy, yet meaning a smile on her face, that I could not help inquiring what it meant. As I sat down by her side, she drew from her pocket a small roll of bank bills, and, handing them to me, said—'there is the capital you want.' I took the money, and, unrolling it in mute surprise, counted out the sum of two thousand dollars! 'Where did this come from?' I inquired. She glanced across the room, and my eyes followed the direction hers had taken. I missed something. It was her piano! 'Explain yourself, Florine,' I said. 'That is easily done,'

she replied, as she looked tenderly in my face. 'I have sold my piano and watch, my diamond pin, bracelet and ring, and every article of jewelry and *bijouterie* in my possession, but *this*,' holding up the wedding ring, 'and there you have the money.' I cannot tell you how much I was affected by this. But, no matter. I used the two thousand dollars in the way proposed, and here I am. Come, walk down to my store with me, and let us chat a little about old times, there."

I went, as invited, and found Merwyn with a small but well selected stock of goods in his store, and all the evidences of a thriving business around him.

"You must go home with me this afternoon," said he, as I arose to leave him, after having had an agreeable talk for an hour. "I live, as I told you, a short distance in the country; so you will stay all night, and can come in with me in the morning. The stage leaves here at five o'clock, and passes within a short distance of my house. Florine will be delighted to see you."

I consented, well pleased with this arrangement, and, at five o'clock was seated in the stage by the side of my old friend, who bore as little resemblance to one of your curled, perfumed, and moustached exquisites—what he had once been—as could well be imagined. His appearance was plain, substantial, and business-like.

Half an hour's ride brought us to our stopping place.

"I live off to the right here," said Merwyn, as we left the stage, "beyond that piece of wood." Ten minutes' walk will bring us to my door. We prefer the country for several reasons, the principal one of which is economy. Our cottage, with six acres of ground, costs us only fifty dollars a year, and we have the whole of the land worked on shares by a neighbor; thus more than clearing our rent. Then we have plenty of fruit and milk for ourselves and children, and fresh air and health into the bargain."

"But don't Mrs. Merwyn find it very lonesome out here?" I inquired.

"Oh, no. We have two children, and they, with a very clever young woman who lives with us more as a friend than a domestic, although we pay her wages, give Florine plenty of society through the day, and I come in by night-fall, and sometimes earlier, to make the evenings all she could wish. At least, I have Florine's own declaration for this." The last sentence was uttered with a smile.

As we walked along, the means of my meeting with Mrs. Merwyn, turned my thoughts back to other times. A beautiful girl was before me, languidly reclining upon a sofa, overcome by the extract of some sweet herbs, the perfume of which had fallen unharmoniously upon the sense.

A hot-house plant, how was it possible that she could bear the cold, bracing atmosphere of such a life as that she was now living? When last I saw her, she was but a tender summer flower, on whom the warm sun shone daily, and into whose bosom the night dews came softly with refreshing coolness.

Silently I walked along with my mind full of such thoughts, when an opening in the woods through which we were passing, gave me a glimpse of a woman's figure, standing on the second rail of a fence, and apparently on the look out for some one. The intervening trees quickly hid her again from my view. In a minute or so afterward we emerged from the trees but a short distance from the woman I had seen, who was looking in another direction from that in which we were coming. We were close upon her before she observed us. Then the voice of Merwyn, who called "Florine!" startled her, and she turned upon us her beautiful young face, glowing with health, surprise and pleasure. I paused in astonishment. Was that the indolent, languid city belle, who could scarcely sit erect even with the aid of cushions, now standing firm and straight on a fence-rail, and looking more lovely and graceful than she had ever seemed in my eyes?

She recognized me in a moment, and, springing from the rail, came bounding toward me, full to overflowing of life and spirits. Grasping my hand, she expressed the warmest pleasure at seeing an old face, and asked me a dozen questions before I could answer one.

I found them occupying a neat little bird's-nest of a cottage, in which were two as sweet little children as I have ever seen. While I sat and talked with Merwyn, holding one child upon my knee, and he the other, Florine busied herself in getting the supper. Her only domestic was away. Ever and anon I caught a glimpse of her as she passed in and out of the adjoining room where she had spread the table. A very long time did not elapse before I sat down with my old friends to a meal that I enjoyed as well as any I have ever eaten. The warm, white biscuits were baked by Florine; the sweet butter she had herself churned, so she said, and the cake and preserves were her own.

"I am surprised at all this," said I, after tea. "How is it possible for you to be cheerful and happy under such a change? How was it possible for you to come so efficiently into a mode of life, the very antipodes of the one to which you were born, and in which you were educated?"

"Misfortune," replied Merwyn, "brings out whatever is efficient in our characters. This has been particularly the case with us. We had both led artificial lives, and had false views of almost everything, when, at a blow, the golden palace in which we had lived was dashed in pieces. We were then thrown out into the world, with nothing to depend upon but our individual resources, which were, at first, you may well believe, exceedingly small. The suddenness with which our fashionable friends turned from us, and the entire exclusion from fashionable society that followed, opened our eyes to the utter worthlessness of much that we had looked upon as of primary consideration. The necessity of our circumstances turned our thoughts, at the same time, to things of real moment, the true importance of which grew daily more apparent. Thus we were prepared for other steps that had to be taken, and which, I am glad to say, we were able to take cheerfully. We now lead a true and useful life, and I am sure Florine will join me in saying, that it is a happier life than we ever led before."

"Yes, with all my heart," replied the young wife. "I have good health, good spirits, and a clear conscience; and, without these, no one can be happy."

"Still," remarked Merwyn, "we look to growing better off in the world, and hope, one day, to be surrounded by at least a portion of the elegance and luxury of early times. But until that day comes, we will enjoy the good things of life that fall to our lot; and should it never come, we will have lost nothing by vain anticipations."

When I parted with my old friends on the next day, I felt that their lot was, beyond comparison, more blessed than it would have been had not misfortune visited them; and wished, from my heart, that all who had met with similar reverses would imitate their good example. Still, I wondered at the change I had seen; and, at times, could hardly realize its truth.

THE INUNDATION: MOTHER AND OFFSPRING.

BY MRS. B. F. THOMAS.

ALL night the freshest rose and rose;
All night the cattle lowed;
When morning broke, the fertile vale
A deluge overflowed.

And floating on the tide, fast-chained,
A noble dog went by;
A mother howling in despair
To see her offspring die.

THE VALLEY FARM; OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ORPHAN.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97.

On the following morning, for the first time in my life, I awaited a visitor anxiously.

I felt nervous, I could not sit still; yet the hour of dinner approached without the appearance of the expected guest.

The conversation had turned on him at the breakfast-table, but had been confined of course to our own circle, in which there was no one who knew him. My uncle, grateful for the assistance rendered us, declared that he would have sought out the stranger, to thank him, if the latter had not expressed his determination to call.

We had abandoned the thought of seeing our new acquaintance, and were assembled in the public drawing-room waiting for the dinner gong, when his tall and striking figure suddenly presented itself at the door. A coat and pantaloons of black cloth, and a vest of white Marseilles, simply crossed by a black watch ribbon, made him scarcely recognizable for the same individual, who, in the dress of a workman, and on foot, had surprised us on the mountain road. Indeed I should not have known him but for his face; that countenance on which power was written in every line; and for the proud, yet graceful carriage which not even his coarse jacket the evening before had disguised.

He stood at the door, a moment, looking around the room, until his eye met mine, when, with a smile of recognition, he advanced hastily toward our group.

I felt my heart flutter and my color come and go. I knew that Thornton was watching me, but I could not help this agitation.

Our new acquaintance came up eagerly, and gave me his hand, after which he paid his respects to the other members of our party. His manner in fact was singularly free and manly, yet perfectly well-bred. One saw immediately that he was familiar with the etiquette of the best society, yet from a certain bold independence natural to him, and which sat gracefully upon him, not its slave.

"I forgot to ask your names, last night," he said, "or to tell my own, so I had to wait until I knew you would be assembled here for dinner,

before I could present myself. Besides, I had to be here, at this hour, as I dine with some friends at your hotel. And now, let me introduce myself —Mr. Walter Carrington."

My uncle rose, and announced his own name, tendering his hand again with scrupulous particularity to our guest, who rose and bowed. After this my uncle formally introduced him to the rest of us. The whole party then resumed their seats. My uncle again began to thank Mr. Carrington.

"Oh! I deserve no thanks, but rather censure," he said, "I believe it was my cigar that frightened the horses, sir. I heard the sound of approaching wheels, and as the road was narrow, stood close to the mountain-side in order to let the carriage pass. Naturally, in so doing, I turned around."

"That then was the light you thought an ignis fatuus," said Thornton, addressing me.

"I have been called many hard names in my life," said Carrington, good-humoredly, "but never an ignis-fatuus before. I hope, Miss Lennox, at least, will not find me one. However," he added, quickly, seeing perhaps that I colored, "I certainly came near leading you all to destruction, and deserve, therefore, blame, rather than praise."

My uncle immediately began to disabuse the idea that Carrington was in any way answerable for our peril; and Thornton magnanimously enlarged on the self-possession as well as strength which our guest had displayed.

"I did not believe," he remarked, "that any man could back the horses from that abyss."

"I cannot boast of any extraordinary self-possession, at least what I call such," replied Carrington. "But as for strength, I have, I believe, more than the common share. I ought to have been a wagoner, or miner, or something of that sort, instead of a professional man. I often console myself," he said, jestingly, "that if all other schemes should fail, I might earn a livelihood by feats of strength in the circus."

I have not yet described Carrington's smile. It was one of the most beautiful ever seen. His face was somewhat too stern in repose, something

too much like a majestic, but rugged mountain: it was the smile that made it winning. And this smile, now sportive, now inexpressibly sweet, lit up the countenance like sunlight, indeed it *was* the sunshine of the heart.

My aunt shook her head at this sally, which she took in a serious light, and remarked gravely—

“You spoke of a profession just now. From your conversation, last night, we supposed you were a student of divinity; but I presume now we were mistaken.”

Carrington looked serious in turn, as he replied, “I must plead guilty, madam, to a far less worthy profession. I am a lawyer, but lest that should prejudice you against me—for lawyers are considered sad scamps, I believe—let me urge in extenuation that I am but newly fledged.” He said this with returning gaiety: then added, seriously again, “I am not good enough, I fear, to be a minister. To enter that holy office, a consciousness of peculiar fitness for the task, is, or ought to be, requisite; and such a consciousness I have never felt. If I had, or if I ever do, I should at once abandon everything, and dedicate myself to the work.”

My aunt looked at him gratified, but still evidently not quite comprehending him. As for my uncle he stared in undisguised wonder; while on Thornton's lip there was the slightest perceptible curl of incredulity. Carrington turned to me instinctively as to the only one of the group who understood him. I felt strangely flattered.

The conversation went on. All present seemed to yield to the charm of Carrington's high spirits; of his remarkable individuality of character; and of the stores of knowledge which, without the slightest appearance of pedantry, he brought to bear on every subject that came up. He left on the mind the impression of one who had read much, but observed more; and who thoroughly digested all his stores of information, from whatever source derived: in a word, of a bold, and original, but just thinker. With my aunt he talked little: and with Thornton still less, for the latter wilfully withdrew into a gloomy silence. His principal conversation was directed to my uncle and myself. At last he informed us that he was going soon to the city, and expressed his intention, with our permission, to call on us there.

“What? Are you from —?” said I and my uncle, in a breath.

“I was born there, but reared in these mountains,” he replied. “Now, however, that I have entered the law, and began in earnest the battle of life, my friends advise me to return thither. And as the gentlemen I am engaged to dine with,” he said, rising, “have come in, I must excuse myself for the present. I suppose I shall

not get a chance to eat much though,” he added, smiling, “for we will all be lawyers, and, just now, the profession here is divided about a knotty point, the sense of neither side of which could any reasonable man, not perverted by the quips and quirks of the science, see. If you hear us, Miss Lennox, wrangling like a den of angry bears, don't suppose there is danger of pistols, for lawyers, you know, have had, from time immemorial, more wit than courage, and not much, our enemies say, of either.”

He vanished with a bow as he spoke: and the next minute had joined his friends. They proved to be, as my uncle, with increased admiration of our new acquaintance informed me, the judges of the supreme court, who, in their circuit around the state, had stopped, for the day, at our hotel.

The group at the head of the table, where they sat, was striking. The Jupiter-like forehead and majestic presence of the chief-justice; the grey hairs of most of his associates, and the mature wisdom written on every face; and particularly the shrewd, wiry look of the youngest associate, famed, as I understood, for his acumen in the subtlest questions of the profession, speedily arrested and fixed the attention of the whole table, as far at least as was consistent with politeness.

Among these veterans, Carrington was received with cordiality. The chief-justice made room between himself and his youngest associate, for our new acquaintance, and, for some time, repartee and jest flew unintermittingly from one to the other. Carrington had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and his stories set the whole table in a roar.

When the dessert, however, came in, the long-delayed question was started: and instantly, like a ball thrown into the ring, all snatched at it.

The tumult, as Carrington had foretold, soon became excessive. But over all rose the giant tones of the chief-justice, who, after listening awhile in silence, had shook himself, like a lion rousing his strength, and plunged into the debate. During this tumult I once caught the eye of Carrington. He gave me a meaning smile, and then the burly form of the chief-justice, leaning forward in his eagerness, hid my new acquaintance from sight.

The question, as I afterward learned, was one to be decided, not so much by precedent, as by broad and comprehensive views. Hence learning was not so requisite in the debate as a bold range of thought. In the end, the controversy became confined to the chief-justice, his youngest associate, and Carrington; and when the ladies left the table, the storm of debate raged fiercer than ever.

I heard afterward that the discussion continued

over the wine, until the waiters came to set the tea-table. And my uncle, who had been introduced to the chief-justice by Carrington, said that the able and learned judge had highly complimented our new acquaintance for the ability he had displayed. "The youngster," he said, putting his arm within that of Carrington, so that the two stood, side by side, a head taller than any in the crowd, "will make a Samson yet; that is unless he marries too early—the usual Delilah of young lawyers."

What made me glad, yet melancholy at these words? What was Carrington to me, or I to him? Was I not *almost* engaged to Thornton?

Ah! with what a sensation of relief I repeated that word, "*almost*," to myself. I was still free: and, that night, I had delicious dreams.

The next day passed without my seeing Carrington. He called once, but we were out. I thought much, that day. I saw now, in seeing Carrington, why I had never been able to love Thornton. The latter wanted that high, resolute, self-dependant character which I had always unknowingly sought in my ideal, and never before found. Yet, in a few days more and I should have been committed forever to him! What a gulf I had escaped! Conscious now of the happiness that might be mine, if a man like Carrington should ever love me, I realized the misery that would attend a union with one similar to Thornton.

I saw Carrington but once more before we left the Springs. He was not in as high spirits as on his first visit; something seemed to be weighing on his mind. Occasionally, however, he would rally and be as brilliant as ever. He did not remain long. Once, during the interview, I noticed him watching Thornton, with a peculiar, scrutinizing look; and when he saw I had detected him, he colored. Could he have heard the common report that Thornton and I were engaged?

He seemed surprised to hear how soon we were going; was lost a moment in thought; and then renewed his request to have the honor of calling on us in the city. "I shall be there in about a month," he said.

We had parted at the door of the saloon. The others re-took their seats immediately, but I remained unconsciously gazing after him. When he had descended the slope on which the hotel stood, he turned, and, observing me, took off his hat and bowed. I colored with conscious guilt, and hastily re-entered the house. As I did so, I caught Thornton's eye: it had a half-jealous, half-inquiring look; but, covering my confusion by humming an opera-tune, I seated myself, taking no notice of his gaze.

Nearly two months had passed since our return to the city; and yet we had heard nothing

of Carrington. I frequently detected myself wondering whether he had come yet; but, ashamed of such interest in a mere passing acquaintance, I as often resolved to think no more of him. Did I succeed? Those who have been similarly situated can tell that I did not.

Thornton, who had adopted a silent, distant manner, during the few last days we were at the Springs, and who had maintained it for some weeks after our return, gradually melted into a more genial mood and became as entertaining as ever. He thought, perhaps, no one read his thoughts; but I am sure I did. With a lover's quick instinct he had seen, from the first, that Carrington was capable of becoming a formidable rival; and had been uneasy while there was any danger of his re-appearance. But this long delay had re-assured him. He believed that his rival was established somewhere else.

I began to think so too. My uncle had said, from the first, that it was almost insanity for a young man, without fortune or connections, and Carrington frankly acknowledged he had neither, to come to the city to practice law. "He will be lost in the vortex here," said my uncle, "whereas, in some country town, he may gain a foothold, and subsequently rise to eminence."

But, though I assured myself that I should never see him again, I did not renew, for one instant, the thought of marrying Thornton. From the hour I had discovered that the feeling I entertained for him was not love, I had adopted a different demeanor toward him, and studiously followed it out. I was not cold, for I esteemed him. I was not rude, for I respected myself. But he saw and felt the difference.

Yet, when he found the field left clear to him, he took courage. He remembered that his perseverance had once almost won me, and he flattered himself it would again. Ah! he little knew me.

I have been prolix, perhaps, in explaining these things; but I could not help it.

The reader will understand that I was not in love with Carrington. I only felt that I *could* love one like him. It is only in novels that people fall in love at first sight; and even then, I believe, nobody but school girls do it. Now I, at eighteen, was a woman, at least in heart; for the sufferings of my childhood had done for me what years do for others.

It was early in November when my uncle, coming in one day, said,

"Who do you think I have just seen?" And, without waiting for a reply, while I helped him off with his overcoat, he continued—"Mr. Carrington. He tells me he has been in town for a month."

The coat actually fell from my hands. "In

town for a month and never been here!" I mentally ejaculated. I felt myself first become pale, and then color to the temples.

"I asked him why he had not been to see us," continued my uncle, not observing my agitation, "and he blundered out something about business, time occupied with getting fixed, and other nonsense of that sort. Business!—I don't believe he has enough to pay his office rent, how could he? I had half a mind to ask him if you, or any of us had done anything to offend him at the Springs——"

"I offend him, uncle. Now you did not ask him that——"

"No, I did not; though I had a mind to. But, to cut the matter short, I insisted on his coming here to-night; and, at last, when I said how glad you would be to see him, he declared he would."

"Oh! uncle," I cried, blushing, "you did not say that—that I would be glad to see him?"

"Why, what's the matter?" he cried. "Don't you like him? I am sure he is a very agreeable young man."

Had my uncle looked at my face, obtuse as he was in matters of the heart, he must have guessed something of the truth; but I kept my countenance turned aside.

"Well, he is coming to-night. Be civil at any rate. You are not going out?"

"No," I answered, faintly; but I almost wished I was.

The evening came. I was dressed with more than usual care. Shall I confess it? I was piqued at Carrington's neglect, and resolved to look as beautiful as possible.

I was sitting at the centre-table, engaged on some light sewing, when he entered. I looked up. His eyes shone with sudden joy as his glance met mine. I was more successful in retaining my composure than he was, for I had been schooling myself all the evening. He looked, I thought, disappointed, at my merely polite reception of him; and, taking a seat by my uncle, began to talk about India.

Thornton was not there as yet. He had left town for a day or two, but expected to return this evening, though at a late hour, so that it was doubtful whether we should see him.

My aunt and I sewed quietly, at the table, having our conversation nearly entirely to ourselves, Carrington and my uncle only occasionally joining in for a moment.

Thus affairs continued for nearly half an hour.

Carrington's eyes, however, often wandered to where we sat; and, at last, after the conversation had languished, for some time, between him and my uncle, he rose and took a seat on the sofa, by me.

My aunt looked up, and smiled a welcome. She

thought, perhaps, he was diffident, and needed encouragement; she had no other way of accounting for his absence.

"How do you like a city life, Mr. Carrington?" she said, to open the conversation.

"Not as much as a rural one," he replied; and then stopped. He seemed under a restraint.

"Your profession is generally called dry and exacting. Do you like it?" she resumed, without lifting her eyes from her needle.

I looked up as he was about to answer. Our gaze met. I smiled. Immediately his countenance altered, and with some animation he replied,

"The law is fascinating enough to study, but the practice of it is far less pleasant. However," he added, with one of his old smiles, "of the last I know but little: we young lawyers are kept on probation, you know, for many a long year. Generally a man is thirty-five—and that I shall not be these seven years—before he has much to do in a large city."

"You need patience then," I said.

There was nothing in these words, but his whole countenance brightened up; and he answered, with a smile, addressing me,

"Lord Eldon used to say, that to succeed at the bar, a man must work like a dray-horse and live like a hermit."

"I wonder anybody is a lawyer, then," interposed my aunt, looking up from her work.

"Oh! I rather like it," replied Carrington, his fine eyes kindling. "Difficulties excite and stir one; the strife and the conquest for me; and, to do it justice, the law, from first to last, keeps a man on the strain. I think I should die if I had nothing to rouse me."

I looked at the speaker admiringly; I could not help it; these sentiments, so full of the power I revered in manhood, surprised me out of my self-possession. I blushed to find his eye fixed full on me. To cover my confusion I said,

"But, to be kept so long waiting for practice—does not this tire many out?"

"Yes! The laggards fall behind in the race and are never more heard of, but the glory of those who succeed is only increased by the difficulties conquered."

"I should think," drily interposed my uncle, who was without enthusiasm, "that a man of sense would become disgusted with a profession that was so long in making returns. Before thirty-five many a merchant has amassed a fortune."

"It is true," replied our guest, sadly, "that the law involves many a self-denial, at least to the student who aims high. He must, if poor, forbid himself some of the sweetest consolations of life—he has, perhaps, no near relatives, and,

therefore, no home, yet he cannot marry unless his wife is an heiress—he must be literally alone in the world—and this, while the hard, dry life of his profession makes him yearn for sympathy, as the parched earth, after a drought, longs for refreshing rain."

He paused abruptly, sighed, and seemed embarrassed. I felt that he had spoken of himself. A light broke in upon me. He was in love, and his mistress was poor; this explained his neglect of us, as well as his melancholy words. And I sighed also.

Conscious that he had nearly betrayed himself, he immediately changed the conversation to a gayer strain. He and I were soon engaged in an exchange of repartee, which infinitely amused my uncle and aunt.

Suddenly Thornton came in. We had all been so occupied that we had not heard the door-bell, and, therefore, his entrance was the first intimation of his approach. When he saw Carrington he turned as white as ashes. But immediately controlling himself he shook hands with all, our guest among the rest. Then he took the seat by my uncle which Carrington had vacated half an hour before.

The rest of the evening dragged on rather heavily. Carrington endeavored to rally the conversation, and I assisted him, but the sudden appearance of Thornton had cast a chill over everything. It was yet early when our guest left. Thornton remained longer. He tried to talk, after Carrington had gone; but I answered only in monosyllables, and scarcely raised my eyes from the work. At last he took his leave.

From that time Carrington became a constant visitor at my uncle's. At first indeed he came only at comparatively long intervals, but afterward his calls were more frequent, until at last he made his appearance at least every week.

Thornton grew visibly jealous. Not an evening passed that he did not visit us; but his behavior was variable. Sometimes he would exert himself to be agreeable; at other times, he would sit silent and moody. When Carrington was present, the behavior of Thornton became even more strange. He would often remain during the entire evening, watching anxiously the countenances of both my visitor and myself; but as frequently he would start hurriedly up, mutter something of an engagement he had forgotten, and disappear.

Carrington grew more and more a favorite with my uncle. But it was not so with my aunt. She soon began to suspect that Carrington visited us, in consequence of an interest in me; and her manner toward him changed from comparative cordiality to chilling reserve.

To me also she became occasionally ungracious,

so that I began to recognize again the persecutor of my youth. By numerous innuendoes she strove at once to disparage Carrington, and force me into a confession of my interest in him, if indeed I possessed any.

But on this subject I dared not examine my own heart. The conduct of Carrington left me still in the dark as to his real sentiments toward me. A struggle seemed to be going on in his bosom. At times I fancied he loved me, but then again I was persuaded that he did not. But I ceased to think that he loved another, perhaps because the idea pained me too much.

In consequence of this uncertainty, of my aunt's growing harshness, and of the unpleasant character of my relations with Thornton, my health began to give way.

Oh! how I wished that Thornton would speak, in order that I might cut a part of the mesh that enveloped me. I strove to let my actions be as decisive as possible; but I saw, notwithstanding, that he occasionally yielded to hope. At last my behavior toward him became positively rude.

Often I caught the stern eye of my aunt fixed upon me, often her hard brow became even harder with a frown, as she heard me decline Thornton's repeated invitations, or witnessed my chilling manner toward him. Frequently also I noticed a look of surprise and inquiry on my uncle's face, as if he, blind as he was in such matters, began to suspect.

At last Thornton, maddened by my icy demeanor, resolved to terminate his suspense by making me a formal tender of his hand. Heretofore he had put off this crisis, hoping to be sure before he spoke; but now doubts tortured him into speaking. Yet he foresaw the rejection that he received.

I softened my refusal as much as possible; for I pitied him from my soul. Besides, he never appeared to better advantage than on this occasion. The momentous interest at stake gave him, for the moment, that manliness and elevation of character, whose absence had lost him my love. Nor was I without some compunctions of conscience as to my former treatment of him. Though I had never really favored his suit, I had unquestionably, at one time, not frowned on it. True, I had done this more through the fault of my friends than of myself, and had altered my demeanor the instant I saw that I never could love him as a wife should love her husband; but this did not entirely free me, in my own opinion.

Never shall I forget the look of despair on Thornton's countenance when he heard the decisive negative.

"It is as I feared, Miss Lennox," he said. "The plans of my life are shipwrecked. God help me!"

He sat for some minutes in silence, his head bowed gloomily on his breast.

I did not attempt to soothe him, by hoping he would be my friend. How could I? I knew such pretended consolation would be gall and wormwood to him.

At last he spoke.

"I am about to take an unpardonable liberty," he said, hesitatingly. "But I beg you to answer me!" And now he spoke rapidly and hoarsely. "Do you love Mr. Carrington?"

I felt that my cheeks, neck and brow were dyed in crimson. I could have wished the floor to open. I thought I would sink for shame.

"I am answered," he cried, springing up; and he muttered between his teeth, "fool that I was not to know it from the first!"

I too rose, laying my hand upon his arm.

"You misunderstand me," I said. "There is nothing—between—Mr. Carrington—and myself."

The words were spoken with difficulty; for I seemed to be choking.

His eyes gleamed with sudden joy. He seized my hand between both of his, pressing it convulsively.

"Then he does not love you, nor you him. Oh! Mary, say this again; and I will bless you; it will sweeten, a thousand times, my own rejection."

He was terribly agitated, so that, as he spoke, he trembled like one in a fit.

What could I say? I did not know that Carrington loved me, but I hoped, nay! almost believed that he did. As for my own heart, I shrank from examining it. I looked at Thornton pleadingly; but I could not speak.

He gazed wildly, passionately into my face, despair darkening in his eyes as he met no answering look of confidence.

Suddenly he flung my hand away, and with a look of mingled agony, jealousy, and attempted calmness rushed from the room. The next instant the hall-door shut with a violence that jarred the whole house.

I had struggled to keep composed, and had succeeded until this moment. But now I flung myself on the sofa and burst into a passion of hysteric tears. Oh! how miserable I felt.

Half that night was spent in weeping. I know not how it may affect others, but, to me, to refuse an estimable man, whom you cannot love, has always given inexpressible pain.

Before I descended to breakfast, on the ensuing day, a letter was brought to me in Thornton's handwriting. The missive had few words, but they were full of misery. He had left, he said, for New Orleans, where he had some business; and he would not return until he had cured

himself of his unfortunate passion. "If I never succeed in this," were his concluding words, "we shall not again meet in this world. Keep my secret. God bless you, whatever be my fate."

I found, on taking my seat at the table, that my uncle had also received a letter from Thornton, announcing his departure.

"Strange," said my uncle, "that he should have business so imperative. He will be gone three months at least, perhaps more. What shall we do to console you for the absence of your lover, Mary?" And he turned suddenly to me.

The action, not less than the words brought the color to my face. But, after rallying my thoughts, I said—

"Not my lover, uncle!"

My heart beat so fast as I spoke, and my agitation was so great that I could hardly articulate; for I did not know but that my words would bring on an explanation, from which I shrank instinctively. But my uncle's answer re-assured me.

"Pooh! Pooh!" he said. "Like all the women, I see—innocent, very innocent. Pray give me some sugar: you've forgot to put it into my cup. I've no notion to drink bitter coffee, even if your lover does run away."

My aunt said nothing, but looked at me gravely. I felt, with many misgivings, that she suspected the truth.

All that day I feared that she would ask me if I knew why Thornton had left us so suddenly; and I could not determine what to reply; for I was resolved against telling a falsehood, and yet I saw no other way to keep Thornton's secret. But fortunately my aunt did not allude to the subject.

The winter had now past, and spring, in all its beauty and perfume, was coming in. Carrington became a more frequent visitor at the house. I saw him three or four times a week, and some weeks even oftener.

In these visits, Carrington often found himself at variance with my aunt on speculative points. He never sought discussion, but he was too honest, when asked his opinion, to deny it; and, though my aunt invariably tried to make a convert of him, she was always worsted in the argument.

I remember one evening in particular, when a controversy arose between them.

"Have you heard, Mr. Carrington," she began, "of that disgraceful affair, the elopement of Miss Sewell? What do you think of it?"

"I heard of it to-day," he replied. "And her conduct seems to me equally foolish and wrong."

"Foolish? Wrong?" ejaculated my aunt, warmly. "It was positively wicked. I know no words of condemnation sufficiently strong to

characterize it. And her only excuse is that her parents wished her to marry Mr. Benson."

"But, aunt," I interposed, "Mr. Benson was twice her age, and had, it was said, broken the hearts of two wives."

My aunt stole a look at me, from her keen grey eyes, that would have crushed one not accustomed to it. Carrington saw it and came to my aid.

"I don't defend Miss Sewell's elopement," he said, "but I think she did right in refusing to marry Mr. Benson, whom I know to be habitually intemperate, as well as guilty of other vices, which, in a poorer man, would exclude him from decent society. It would have been a moral murder to have married that poor girl to such an old *roué*."

My aunt looked at him severely.

"You and I differ widely as to what is the duty of children, Mr. Carrington," she said. "My Bible teaches me that they are to obey their parents."

"What if the act commended is a wrong one?" he asked.

She looked puzzled for an instant, and then said—"then the parents, and not the children are accountable for it."

"I can't think that is so," replied Carrington. "The question, however, is an extremely nice one for casuists, and not to be decided as a cold abstraction; but, on the contrary, every particular case should be judged on its own merits. From what I know of the instance before us, I should unhesitatingly say that Miss Sewell was justified in refusing to marry Mr. Benson. But she ought to have contented herself with a mere negative, and not have united herself with one whom her father had forbidden her to marry: there is no excuse in short for her having disobeyed her parents more than necessary."

My aunt shook her head. Carrington continued—

"Suppose her father had told her to commit a deadly sin, would she have been justified in obedience? Of course not. Yet to marry such a man as Benson is surely a sin, is moral death to the immortal part of her nature. The truth is, marriages have come to be, of late years, too conventional; parents ask only whether the bridegroom has money or position, not whether he is a proper person to whom to commit a daughter's temporal and eternal welfare: and hence the increasing unhappiness in the married state, the scandal of fashionable life especially, and the growing frequency of applications for divorce."

My aunt was silenced; but the rapidity with which she went on with her work, showed that she was little pleased; and from that evening she liked Carrington, I thought, less than ever.

At the back of my uncle's house was a garden in which I cultivated my favorite flowers; and here a summer-house had been erected on an artificial mound. This little retreat was covered all over with the Chinese honeysuckle, whose fragrance, for it was now in blossom, made the arbor my constant resort. Frequently Carrington would find me here. The hours never flew faster than on such occasions. In our being thus alone together there seemed a sacredness which soon made him inexpressibly dear to me. Yes! at last I owned to myself that I loved.

Maidenly pride no longer struggled against my yielding to this conviction. Why should it? Could I doubt the sincerity of Carrington, and did he not, by every look, gesture and tone, betray his affection?

He was no longer, as of old, subject to moody fits; he no more appeared under an unaccountable restraint: but his eyes, beaming on me with unspeakable tenderness, and the low, heart-felt eloquence of his words, assured me of his priceless love.

Oh! what delicious hours were those. How my heart would beat when I heard his step coming up the walk! How I would hang upon the tones of his voice, as, with the ambition of a high and soaring nature, he talked of his future career, and opened to me his most secret hopes!

After evenings thus spent I would sleep the sweetest of slumbers, because full of delicious, happy dreams. In the world of the imagination then thrown open, what visions would rise before me. I saw Carrington, covered with honors, the centre of applauding thousands, taking his seat in the councils of the nation; and always, in such dear dreams, I recognized myself as his wife. Blessed, blessed visions—too soon destroyed.

Why should I thus record my weakness? And yet was it weakness? Let the reader, when all is told, decide.

One evening, Carrington came to announce that he would be absent for a few days. "I am about," he said, "to attend the wedding of an old classmate at B—. He has lived, for some years in the west, and only comes east to claim his bride, for the engagement has been of some standing."

"And he carries his young wife, delicately nurtured, out into a wild, half-settled country, away from all her family and friends?" I said.

"Of course," replied he, laughing. "He would scarcely leave her behind."

"She must love him dearly."

I was thinking only of the privations of her future lot, when I said this. The reply of Carrington was earnest.

"And would not any woman—any *true* woman,"

he said, "who was willing to give herself to her husband, be willing also to follow him to the ends of the earth?"

I coincided at heart in all he said, but I was a little annoyed that he had misunderstood me, the more, perhaps, because it was partially my own fault. Hence a spirit of gay perversity, such as I have often had to lament in my life, seized me. I replied,

"Oh! that is very pretty and sentimental. But do you think, sir," I said, looking saucily up at him, "that the comforts of life are nothing to our sex? That old social ties can be broken as easily as one snaps pack-thread? Is it a trifle to leave acquaintances, friends, the refinements of cities, brothers, sisters, parents, home itself, to follow a husband wherever he may choose to go? Your sex have a way of fancying," I continued, with a slight tone of sarcasm, "that we women are so honored by your love, that a condescending word from you is enough to repay us for any sacrifice. But we are not *all* of us ready to submit, I can assure you, to this grand style."

I stopped, for I feared I had gone too far. The face of Carrington had assumed an air of seriousness, and he regarded me with a fixed, earnest look, in which there were traces of some painful emotion resolutely kept down. Did he take my remarks as having a personal application? What mischievous spirit induced me to proceed, knowing, as I did, that I should still further wound his sensitiveness? Pique, I am sure: pique at myself for having done wrong; mingled with pride that urged me to a still greater error, rather than admit the offence.

"Indeed," I resumed, after a pause, the color mounting to my cheeks, "I don't know whether a man is justifiable in asking such sacrifices: too often selfishness is thus made to wear the aspect of affection."

There was a painful silence. I already repented of what I had said. I picked a flower, and pulled the leaves rapidly off, looking down on the ground.

At last Carrington gravely spoke.

"You say right," he said. "Beyond a certain point it is selfishness for a man to ask a woman to share his lot and love. In the case of my friend it is, perhaps, so; but there are other instances where it would be still more apparent. It would be selfishness for one poor and unknown, to whom a long life of struggle presented itself, to induce, by any representations, one born to a better and happier lot, to share his fate. Why should he deceive himself and her with the idea that his affection is disinterested, when only the selfish desire to lighten his own load by inducing her to bear it with him, actuates him? But we hug phantoms like these all our life, and

pride ourselves on the nobleness of our motives when often they are meanest!"

He spoke, at the last, with impassioned earnestness, though I thought there was a slight shade of bitterness in his tone.

Oh! how easily I could have answered these fallacious arguments. With a few words I could, at least, have assured him that I did not think such a suitor would be merely a selfish one. I could have told him, as I had often told my own heart, that God had wisely and beneficently bestowed human affection, in order that it might sweeten the cares and griefs of life; and that marriage for any other reasons than a mutual love and esteem was sacrilege to our natures. But I did not. Had I not just expressed different sentiments? It is true these opinions were uttered in jest, but it was true also that he ought to have known this, and in consequence not have answered me so seriously. My pride was thus still further engaged against a recantation.

There was a long and painful silence. I asked myself why he did not speak out the feelings which, I believed, then moved his heart? If he loved me, why did he not dare all? I would then have had an excuse for telling him that I thought no sacrifice too great for a wife to make in behalf of a husband. I would have assured him that sacrifices were, in such cases, almost pleasures to a true, a loving woman. But he did not speak, and I could not.

At last he broached another subject; but there was a constraint in conversation for the remainder of the evening. We talked on many themes; but the old feeling of confidence was gone. He lingered later than usual nevertheless, as if loath to leave. Eleven o'clock had struck before he departed.

"Farewell," he said, as he held my hand at parting; and then added hesitatingly—"if I do not get off to-morrow, I may call again to-morrow evening."

My heart leaped with joy at these words, for they implied a hint that he would defer his journey for a day; and, when we next met, our slight misunderstanding might be explained away. I regarded them as an advance for a re-conciliation, and met them accordingly.

"Come—do come," I said, and my eyes, in spite of all that had passed, assured him that my former idle words had no meaning.

He pressed my hand, half raised it to his lips, seemed to hesitate, then let it fall, and was gone.

The next evening came and went, yet he did not make his appearance. I confess I was disappointed. I supposed, however, that he had left town in the morning, until my uncle, on coming in, said,

"I have just met Carrington in the street.

He is off for B—— to-morrow; and told me to give his compliments to the ladies."

And was this all? No message to explain his absence. I felt heart-sick. Then pride came to my aid; for surely I had not deserved this!

After what had passed the evening before, after my manner at parting, he owed it to me to call, or, if prevented, to explain. He had done neither. Yet, after a moment, I reflected that business might have kept him away.

"I presume he was much occupied, this evening, it being his last," I said, carelessly, in order to see if my uncle would confirm this hope.

"No, I found him in a *café*, where he was taking his coffee with two other young lawyers; they had been together the whole evening, laughing, and jesting, 'killing time,' Carrington said."

Then, for the first time, there flashed across me the terrible, the humiliating suspicion that this man had only been playing with my affections. What else could explain his "killing time" with two young associates, when I was counting the hours for his arrival?

With what anxiety I had listened to every step

that approached the house, and how my heart had sunk as I heard one after another pass by! At every ring at the bell I started, but only to find it was not he. Thus, devoured by eagerness and anguish, I had seen the evening glide by, hope gradually darkening into despair, until the last fond expectation had been so cruelly destroyed by my uncle's words.

While I had been watching for the coming of Carrington; while I had been suffering every fluctuation of hope and misery; while my heart had been yearning toward him with unutterable love, he had been idly jesting with his gay companions, utterly forgetful of his promise, or only remembering me to turn my love into ridicule. Was I not humbled?

Yes! my parting words, at our last interview, had revealed my secret: and now he was triumphing in his conquest, and perhaps making sport of it.

Oh! bitter, degrading thought. What pen shall record the agonies of that self-accusing night, or tell of the tears that through long hours wet my pillow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO A LADY ON HER BRIDAL DAY.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

Our love has fashion'd for thy home

A bower of perfect bliss,
As free from taint of worldliness
As was thy bridal kiss;
As joyous as the wild bird's song,
Or laughter from the nuptial throng,
On wings of *sephyr* borne along.

A love-made home, where casket-like
Thy heart its wealth may store,
Until this priceless treasury
Of jewel'd hopes runs over,

Thou'st left the friends of early youth,
The chosen and the tried,
For him who, in his manhood's prime,
Is standing by thy side;
Hast trusted all that thou may'st be
In thy pure heart's sincerity,
Upon his truth and constancy.

Hast left thy father's doating pride,
Thy mother's angel care,
And all the fond, devoted love
A sister's heart could share.

They're not forgotten—but thy soul
Has felt a deeper flame;
And on the altar now upraised
Is seen another name—
A name so linked with life's dear dream,

So blended with each early gleam,
'Tis like the fountain to the stream.

Within thy sky another star
Has risen pure and bright,
Amid the world's uncertain gloom,
To guide thy steps aright.

Another sun is shining now
On cottage and on bower,
Whose beams, if felt in trusting faith,
Emparadise each hour—
Banish all doubtings, and all fear,
Wipe from the eye each truant tear,
And make another Eden here.

An Eden such as home shall be,
Where love sits by the hearth,
And conjures with its magic spell
A thousand joys to birth.

A host of fond, familiar things,
Such as the heart oft heard
Within the mazes of its dreams,
Like warblings of a bird;
Will come again around thy way,
And cheer the toiling of each day
With memories of some happy lay.

God bless thee in thy distant home!
Our prayers shall ever be,
For fortune's golden shower to strew
Its brightest gifts on thee.

KAUTERSKILL FALLS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.



WHERE the mountain peaks are rude and high,
Bathed in the blue of a summer sky,
Where the first Spring blossom greets the morn,
With the fragrance in its chalice born—
A mountain stream takes its crystal birth
Like waves of Paradise found on earth.
Soft and silvery, sweet and low,
As a gush of wind where roses grow,
You hear the hum of its crystal sweep,
Starting the flowers from their dewy sleep;
Then, rising, swelling and ceasing, never,
You hear the sound of a mountain river!

On, on its sweeps, with gathering might,
Now in the shadow, now in the light—
Hush'd in the dark, as a pool of sighs,
Laughing in sunshine, that warmly lies
In diamond gleams and ridges of pearl,
Where the wild waves heave, and leap and whirl
On they rush with impetuous flow—
Stormy, white, a whirlwind of snow!

The rocks are near!—they heave and clash—
Shudder, recoil, then gathering, dash,
Like a troop of war-steeds, mad with fright,
Plunging deep into bottomless night—
Down, down in the shadowy gulf below
You hear them wandering, to and fro,
As if every wave had a living soul,
It fear'd might perish in that dark goal;
The trees droop down with a wail and shiver,
Like ghosts that mourn o'er the buried river;
But the spray leaps up with the glitt'ring hue
Of an angel's wing when the sun shines through.

Down, where the mountain is rent apart,
Go find the waves in its deep, dark heart—
Lamenting, beating, and surging there
Like tears in a soul that knows despair.
Go down, I say, to the twilight, dim,
And see where the hemlock's feathery limb,
With mountain beech, and the red oak weaves
Far over the chasm its dusky leaves!—

So high above, and so deep their hue,
That the soft, calm gleams of Heavenly blue
Grows faint when the sunshine's brighter sheen
Shoots arrowy gold through the quiv'ring green,
As if born in the depths of the brooding skies,
Where the rocks, in their blackness, seem to rise—
You see the fall of that mountain river
Plunging downward forever and ever,
In wreaths, in ridges, in flashes, white,
It gleams and breaks through the solemn light,
A torrent of pearls all leaping free,
As a gush of Love from Eternity.

LOVE'S DESTINY.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

On the evening of the thirteenth of June, 183—, the eastern stage-coach, on the road to C—, contained but two passengers.

The elder of these was a gentleman about forty years of age, of medium height, powerfully made, with a full, broad chest, muscular arms, and shoulders which exhibited proportion, combining both strength and manly beauty. The features of this individual were such as to make a deep impression on a spectator, and not easily to be forgotten. His hair and beard were jet black, the former falling in careless profusion over his lofty forehead when he removed his hat, and the latter, heavy and long, totally concealing the contour of his broad, square chin. In addition to these traits, imagine a bold, prominent nose, heavy arched eyebrows shading a pair of sparkling black eyes, a firm lip, and a full, round cheek, and you have formed a pretty correct idea of the appearance of one of the principal characters in the following story.

His companion was near ten years younger than he, of a tall, slender and graceful figure, dark auburn locks, large blue eyes, and an intellectual forehead, lofty, prominent, and white as alabaster. His complexion was light, and clear as that of a girl; but, although the expression of his features indicated a less stern, passionate and enduring spirit than his companion's, it bespoke a brave and manly heart, capable of feeling in the highest degree the noblest impulses of our nature.

The acquaintance of these two individuals had commenced in the stage-coach, been cultivated there, and there, in all probability, it was destined to end. Yet, having travelled together over a disagreeable road, with nothing to amuse their minds save conversation, a familiarity, nay, a sort of earnest sympathy had sprung up between them, which might have ripened into a lasting friendship.

The younger of the two, his companion observed, was subject to frequent fits of melancholy abstraction, from which it was difficult to arouse him. It was evident something of a sad nature was weighing upon his mind, and the elder traveller endeavored in vain to make him cast off all care, and assist him in beguiling the tediousness of the journey with mirth and anecdote. Despairing of accomplishing this object,

he resolved to ascertain, if possible, the cause of his new friend's melancholy, and to offer him his assistance and sympathy. He spoke to him kindly on the subject, and told him that if he stood in need of friendly aid or counsel, he would never regret making a confidant of him.

"You are very kind," said the young man, "but I fear a history of my sorrows would fail to interest you."

"Do not fear that," said the elder traveller, "I am curious to learn why it is that the nearer we approach C— the sadder you become, and I am anxious to assist you if to do so lies in my power."

"It is not probable you or any other human being, save *one*, could do anything for me," returned the young man, with a melancholy smile.

"Yet, if you have patience to hear me, I will tell you what events have contributed to make me a most unhappy man."

"Proceed," said the other.

"But you will consider that I speak with you confidentially."

"Certainly."

"And that what I have to relate—at least a part of it—I do not wish to have you breathe to others, or even think of yourself after to-night."

"You have my word," said the elder traveller. "I can keep your secret, but I cannot promise never to think of your words again."

"True," sighed the young man. "I need not inform you, I suppose, that my present troubles are the result of an unhappy attachment."

"I had guessed as much."

"Very well. But you can't have imagined the peculiar circumstances of my case."

"That is what I am anxious to learn."

"Well, to begin," continued the young man, "some three years ago this summer, I was introduced to a young lady in L—, named Catharine Tilden—"

"Catharine Tilden?" repeated the elder traveller.

"Such was her name," continued his young friend. "She was the daughter of one of the most wealthy and influential men in Putman."

"Yes," said the other—"I have heard of him, I think."

"I have nothing to say of him—only, that he was an indulgent father, and that he had spared no pains to give his daughter all the accomplishments

which can add to the attractions of a lovely woman. Catharine had improved the opportunities her parents gave her, and had grown up to be one of the most accomplished, as well as most lovely women I ever had the happiness to meet. Indeed I thought I had never seen her equal; I considered her as perfect a creature as ever existed in a human shape. What wonder, then, that I loved her?"

"That was a natural consequence."

"It was more; it was destiny. I was fated to love that woman as never woman before was loved; and I was fated to be beloved by her in return!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the traveller, with a start.

"You think that strange, I see," pursued the young man. "I thought so myself at the time, and think so now—but so it was! Catharine Tilden loved me with something like the love I felt for her. I passed four weeks in L—. You may think that a short period for such a passion as mine, or hers, to grow to be a part of our existence; but had you known how those four happy weeks were spent, the fact would not have excited your surprise. I saw her every day, and during the latter part of my stay in L— my time was spent in her society nearly altogether. Although she had appeared so lovely at first, every day of my acquaintance with her taught me that, having judged her from external appearances, I still knew nothing of her sterling worth. I soon found that she was a jewel more precious than even I could have imagined, and that in her love I possessed an inestimable gem."

"It was not long before I had made up my mind to make Miss Tilden my wife, and I was on the point of offering her my hand, when I received a letter from my friends, stating that my father lay at the point of death. I had no time to lose; I made hasty preparations to return home, and fly to the bedside of my father. It was no time to talk of marriage; so I tore myself from the arms of Catharine, and with a few hurried words of tenderness and regret at parting, left her, and took the stage-coach to return to my father's house."

"This was sixty miles distant in the town of P—. I found my father, as my friends had warned me, at the point of death. Day and night for seven weeks I was by his bedside, attending to all his wants, and giving him what consolation I could. I need not detail to you the distressing incidents connected with his last illness; it is enough to say that I had not been with him two months when the breath of life forsook him, and I was fatherless."

"I had written to Catharine during the second week after my departure from L—. Although expecting an immediate reply, I had not heard

from her at the time of my father's death. Then, and not till then, I wrote again. A month passed, and still I received no answer to any letters. I half forgot my grief for the death of my father, in my anxiety to know the cause of her strange silence. Again I wrote; and again there followed weeks of suspense and painful anxiety."

"I felt hurt. Had any but Catharine been thus negligent of replying to my earnest appeals for an explanation, I should have been roused to anger such as time could not easily have quenched. As it was I felt deeply grieved—nay, madly grieved—but I was not—I could not be angry."

"After a long delay, I resolved to write once more. I meant that the letter should decide my fate. I could not think of visiting one who did not think enough of my regard to write to me, and I determined never to see her face again, unless my last letter brought a reply, and a satisfactory apology for her silence."

"No answer, even to that letter, ever came! I was in despair. I cursed the day when first I saw Miss Tilden. I said to myself, 'I will forget her;' but I might as well have said to the winds, 'cease to blow.' I could not banish her image, although I deemed her false. She haunted me by day and night, and she was always lovely as when I saw her in person—when I thought she loved me."

"Late in the fall, being in ill health, I resolved to go to Italy, and set sail from New York about the last of November. I spent near two years in Europe, visiting all the principal cities on a portion of the continent, and making the tour of Great Britain. Yet my intercourse with the world, and the continued change of scene through which I passed, failed to erase the memory of my unhappy attachment."

"I returned home, and spent the winter in H—, where I was born. I did not visit L—, nor did I hear a word from Catharine Tilden. Since the beginning of May I have been travelling over the New England states, and now I am on my way home to H—."

"Here I have an incident to relate, which has revived all my memories, and kindled into a flame that burns stronger and fiercer than ever my love for Catharine."

"Five days ago I passed through the town of C—, which we are now approaching. The stage-coach in which I was travelling stopped to change horses, and considerable delay was anticipated on account of some neglect on the part of the hostler, which I need not stop to explain. As it was a lovely afternoon, I resolved to walk on and enjoy a pleasant stroll through the country before overtaken by the stage."

"I was so delighted with the beauty of the

country, all fresh and green as it was in the verdure of early summer, that I thought of little else. Night was soon approaching. I had walked several miles. It was then that I began to wonder that the stage had not come up, not having anticipated a walk of more than half a mile before being overtaken. Still I kept on. At length it was beginning to grow dark, and I felt some alarm, and considerable fatigue.

"I was approaching a small, neat country-seat, surrounded by luxuriant shade trees, and orchards and gardens tastefully laid out.

"This," thought I, "would be a delightful resting-place. I could pass the time here very pleasantly until the stage arrives. I think I'll venture to make a call."

"I opened the light wicket, and strolled leisurely up the gravel-walk by which the house was approached. Arrived at the door, I was readily admitted by a servant, when I explained the occasion of my unceremonious visit. I was shown into a tasteful parlor, and took my seat at a window which looked to the westward through lattice work, luxuriant vines, flowers and refreshing foliage. The sun was setting; and I sat gazing out upon the beautiful scene before me, when I was startled from the reverie in which I was indulging by the entrance of a lady.

"I turned to regard her. She was evidently unaware of my presence, for she had passed across the room, and now her back was toward me. Her form was exceedingly graceful, and I knew her features must be of corresponding beauty.

"Slowly, as if still unconscious of my presence, she turned, and I saw her face. I started. I knew I had seen those features before. I was already upon my feet, leaning forward in the intensity of my eagerness to know if I was right in my first impression, when she raised her eyes to mine.

"Oh, God! I shall never forget that look, nor the shriek that followed! She sank upon a lounge, pale as death, and trembling with agitation.

"Catharine Tilden!"

"My lips syllabled her name, and I tottered forward, clasping my hands, and gazing at her with emotions you may easily imagine. My first impulse was to throw myself at her feet, but I remembered how my love had been slighted, and my pride restrained me. Pride, too, overcame my confusion and agitation, and restored me to myself.

"Catharine Tilden!" I repeated, in calmer accents, "I little thought to meet you here!"

"Leave me," she gasped, covering her face with her hands—"I cannot look at you!"

"I scarcely wonder at it!" said I, bitterly.

"Indeed!"

"The word was uttered as if with a burst of indignation, and in an instant her hands were dropped upon her lap, and her eyes were raised to mine with a look which went to my soul. That look was full of swelling pride, struggling agony and smothered grief!

"I can look at you!" she said, in a voice tremulous with passion, but with a look and gesture of resolution and pride. "I am not the one to dread an interview, Charles Wiley! It is not I that am guilty of wronging a heart composed of confidence and love! No, Charles Wiley! I can look you in the face!"

"What means this outburst?" I asked, with affected coolness. "I have not accused you of wronging any one, Miss Tilden."

"True," said she, in a softened tone—"true! But why are you here? Leave me, I pray you."

"Miss Tilden——"

"I cannot hear you, sir. You should go at once—indeed you *must* go!"

"Is then my presence so particularly disagreeable?" I asked, in a tone of bitter irony. "But believe me, false lady! I will not leave you, now that I have met you, until I have reminded you of your false-heartedness!"

"Sir! ——"

"Nay, look not at me with such a feint of surprise and indignation! If I *have* been made your dupe, I am not so far gone in simplicity as to be awed by such dramatic points."

"Sir, explain yourself."

"I will, madam, with pleasure," said I. "You cannot have forgotten on what terms we parted."

"No—no!" burst from the lips of Catharine.

"But yet, after all that had passed between us," I continued, "you did not see fit to deign a single reply to my letters——"

"Your letters!"

"Yes, Miss Tilden."

"What subterfuge is this?" cried Catharine, "I never received a single letter from you—not a note nor line!"

"I was staggered. A new light burst upon my mind. It might be that the letters miscarried—that Catharine was not false! In an instant I was at her feet.

"For God's sake!" I exclaimed, "tell me truly if you did not receive my letters!"

"She repeated her assertion.

"And you—you loved me," I murmured.

"I *did* love you," said Catharine, once more covering her face with her hands.

"A scene followed I will not attempt to describe. On my knees before her, I repeated all my vows of love, and earnestly entreated her to forgive me for suspecting her of being false. I believed her; she believed me, too, in turn. Oh,

have I cursed the accidents which had been the occasion of the miscarriage of my letters! Thus long I had been made miserable by a simple misunderstanding—a mistake. But I thought she might still love me; I deemed that we might yet be happy. I was cruelly undeceived!

"Suddenly starting up, she repulsed me, and withdrew the hand she had suffered me to clasp, for a moment, in my own.

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, wildly, 'why have we met again? I am miserable—leave me—let me die!'

"Dear Catharine," said I, still on my knees before her, 'why do you talk thus? You know that I love you—you know—'

"And it is that which makes me miserable!" sobbed she. 'You must not love me—I must not love you—I *will* not love you—I *do* not love you! There, now, go—we must never meet again!'

"Catharine! dear Catharine!—"

"You must not address me thus, Charles Wiley. It is wrong—you know it is wrong! But perhaps—perhaps you do not know that—that *I am married*—"

"*Married!*"

"Yes—yes—I am another's!"

"Oh, I cannot describe to you, my friend, the emotions produced by this announcement. I rose to my feet; I staggered across the room as if I had been stunned by a blow. I was dreaming—I felt like one falling over a precipice, and sinking inevitably into an unfathomable gulf.

"Soon, however, I recovered. I approached Catharine. She was sitting on the sofa, sobbing like a girl with her face hid in the folds of her handkerchief. I forgot my own sufferings in my sympathy for hers.

"I spoke to her kindly. I endeavored to soothe her, and to calm her mind, and soon succeeded. A long and earnest conversation ensued, from which I learned that she loved me still. She told me the history of her sufferings. She told me all!

"Devotedly as she loved me, when weeks and months had passed after our separation, and she had received no letters from me, she began to believe me false. Then there was a report circulated in L—that I had married another! My silence, she thought, corroborated the report. She distrusted me, and resolved to think of me no more.

"Not a week had passed after my departure from L—, when an old acquaintance of her family visited her, and immediately began to devote his attentions to her. He was what all considered a desirable *match*. Feeling indignant toward me, she encouraged his addresses. She respected him highly—she thought that she might love him. I cannot explain all—but one thing I

know to my sorrow, at the end of a year they were married!

"Married! My Catharine became another's, while still her heart was mine. She had not ceased to love me, more than I had ceased to worship her. And thus we met again, and learned that we were beloved by each other, and learned at the same time that it was too late—that our very love was sinful.

"Night had now come on. The stage-coach, which, I afterward learned, had been delayed by an accident to one of the wheels, had passed the house unobserved by me, and I was left behind. It became necessary for me to depart, as the hour grew late. She had made me put off the character of lover, and use the language of simple friendship—for deeply as she loved me, she was too strongly armed by virtue to allow me to speak again of love. Her husband was gone from home, and she did not expect him back in more than a week, but his absence did not make her forget that she had a husband.

"The clock struck eight, and I rose to take my leave. Our parting was not such as it was when we separated for the first time! She was so sad and pale that to look at her made my heart ache.

"Shall we ever meet again?' I asked.

"She sighed and shook her head.

"Hear me," said I, 'in five days I shall return this way. Your husband, you say, you do not expect in more than a week. Can I not see you, even if for but a moment, and bid you an eternal adieu?'

"Yes, yes!" she murmured, in a tremulous voice, 'if you will go now.'

"And thus we parted," said the young man, in conclusion. "I am now within half a mile of her home. In a few minutes I shall see her again. You know now why I have been at times so thoughtful on the way!"

CHAPTER II.

THE young traveller, having finished his narrative, leaned his head upon his hand, and sat for several minutes without uttering a word. His companion, who listened with considerable interest, made no remarks when the story was ended, but bent his eye upon the young man with a strange smile, as if he either despised his weakness or pitied his fate.

Not a word was spoken by either until they were aroused by the voice of the driver—

"Gentlemen," said he, as he drew in the reins, "I think this is the place where you wished to be left."

Charles Wiley looked about him. He recognized the country-seat of Catharine's husband. He started to his feet,

"Yes," said he, "I stop here."

"And so do I," said his companion, with a strange smile.

"You!" exclaimed Charles, in surprise.

"I think you can have no objection——"

"Sir!——"

"Oh, don't be alarmed, my friend. You remember I said I would assist you if in my power. I am a man of my word. But you must let me assist you in my own way. I think the best thing I can do for you is to stop here with you."

"But, sir——"

"Don't attempt to dissuade me," said the elder traveller, with the same incomprehensible smile.

"You will find me obstinate."

"But, sir, I cannot conceal my surprise," began Charles.

"You will not be surprised *when you know my motive!*" replied his companion, in a significant tone.

Charles was astounded at this appearance of audacity, but he resolved to stop at all events, whether his new acquaintance did or not; and having directed the coachman to leave his trunks at a hotel in C——, he once more approached the residence of Catharine.

His companion followed close by his side, allowing him to lead the way to the house. The night was not dark, and when Charles at length rang at the door, and turned to observe his friend's features, he was startled by their almost fiendish expression.

Charles was readily admitted, and his companion followed him into the house. Charles entered the parlor, while the latter was still lingering in the hall. Catharine was there. She started at seeing him.

"Oh, Charles," she said, "why did you come? You should not have done it."

Charles gave her a look of reproach.

"Nay," she said, "you know we ought not to meet—other duties forbid it—therefore farewell—I did not mean you should come," she added, bursting into tears.

Catharine ceased speaking. Charles, too full of emotion for words, had not spoken. Suddenly Catharine's face flushed crimson. Then she became pale as death and sunk backward, clasping her hands, and staring wildly at some object beyond Charles, near the door. The young man turned. His fellow traveller stood before him!

"This is not honorable, sir!" said Charles, in a severe tone and manner. "You intrude, sir, and I feel——"

"For God's sake," cried Catharine, springing between them, "do not irritate him—for it is—— it is——"

"Who?" demanded the young man.

"My husband!" gasped the lady.

Charles recoiled, thunderstruck.

"I intrude, do I?" said the other, with a contemptuous smile. "I intrude in my own house! My dear sir, I admire your insolence! Sit down, sir, and make yourself at home," he continued, with bitter politeness.

Great as was the young man's consternation on discovering that he had made a confidant of Catharine's husband, he did not lose his self-possession, but prepared himself to act his part boldly and well. Even a less observing man could have seen that beneath the affected carelessness of the husband, there slept a terrible spirit meditating revenge. Charles saw it, and trembled, not for himself, but for her he loved.

"Catharine," said the husband, "I think our kind friend can dispense with your company for the present. You will see that refreshments are prepared for him and me, for we have travelled far together to-day, and are somewhat fatigued. You will be so good as to excuse my wife for a few minutes, Mr. Wiley."

"Certainly," said Charles.

It was a great relief for Catharine, confused and terrified as she was, to be allowed to leave the room.

She retired, not daring to look at Charles.

"This is a tolerable good joke," said her husband, when left alone with Charles. "Don't you call it so? Isn't it very pleasant?" he added, with a bitter smile, "to know from such good authority that my wife loves another! Ha! ha! But it seems to me you don't see the humor of the thing—you look pale and sober when you should be laughing at the joke with me. Come, rouse yourself, and let us be merry!"

"Mr. Harwood," returned Charles, seriously, "you must know I feel in no very merry mood. If you do, I am glad of it, and I hope you will be so for many a day."

Charles had sat down, but now he arose to take his hat.

"You are not going!"

"Yes, sir."

"Pshaw! what is the matter with you?" cried Mr. Harwood, with feigned surprise. "Ha! I see it! You are jealous of me—I am in your way! But that is foolish. You have no cause to be jealous, I should think! Do sit down again. I must have your company to-night—we will have a merry time!"

But Charles remained standing.

"Before I go, Mr. Harwood," he said, "permit me to say one word. Your wife, in the matter of which I have spoken to you, is not in the least to blame. I am the culpable party. Now, before I go, promise to say nothing on the subject to her. If you feel that some one should be punished,

pursue me with your vengeance. I am prepared for you at any time."

"What foolish talk!" exclaimed Mr. Harwood. "Have I said I attached blame to any one, or that I thought of vengeance? You mistake me, sir. I like you, and I confess I should have acted as you did under similar circumstances. Don't fear for Catharine. I feel more like making a merry night of it than like making a great fuss about what I cannot help. So don't think of leaving me until morning—don't."

Charles knew not what to think of this strange language, or of the still stranger manner of the speaker. He felt compelled to stay, and once more took his seat.

Soon after, a servant girl brought in a few biscuits, a plate of cheese, a cold fowl, knives, forks, plates, glasses, and a bottle of wine.

"Follow my example," said Harwood, drawing his chair to the table. "You must stand in need of refreshments as well as myself. Here is some excellent Madeira," he continued, filling the glass of his unwilling guest—"I know you will pronounce it capital."

Charles drank to his health.

"But where is Catharine?" asked Harwood, of the servant.

"She is indisposed, and begs to be excused," replied the girl.

"Indisposed! hem! very well!" he remarked. "You can go, Betsy. I am sorry, on your account, Mr. Wiley," he continued, raising his glass to his lips, "that Catharine is not able to keep us company. It must be a great disappointment. Will you try a piece of the chicken, sir? Please to help yourself to cheese. Allow me to fill your glass."

"Thank you," said Charles. "Will you have the goodness to pass me the pitcher of water. This is excellent Madeira, but it is rather strong."

"Drink," said Harwood. "The stronger the better; it will do you good. It will make you merry; it will make us both merry, and we should be very merry to-night."

Charles drank, for he scarce knew what he did. Harwood's strange, incomprehensible manner fascinated him, and when he saw him raise his glass to his lips, he did the same.

An hour passed. Charles was beginning to be gay, while his mysterious companion gradually grew serious. He saw that the more the latter drank the soberer he became. All the time his eyes twinkled with a strange fire, which was not without a meaning.

It was near midnight, when Mr. Harwood proposed a game of chess. He had drank four times as much wine as Charles, but he was far more serious than when he tasted his first glass. Charles, who felt that he himself had drank a

little too much, was astonished that his companion was not dead drunk. Yet he appeared so perfectly sober, that Charles thought he himself would be no match for him in the game he proposed, and hesitated about accepting the challenge.

"Remember, we have a grand stake to play for!" said Harwood.

"What stake?"

"My wife!"

"Catharine!" cried Charles, in surprise.

"Why not?" said Harwood. "She cannot belong to both of us. Either you or I must possess her alone. Some would propose to fight for her, but I choose to play for her."

Charles felt his blood run cold. He scarce knew what he did. The twinkling eye of his rival was upon him, and he unconsciously began to assist in placing the chess-men on the board.

From the time the game began neither player raised his eyes. Their moves were rather rapid for a serious game, but nothing was done without study. Both seemed absorbed completely; they neither spoke nor stirred, except when they had occasion to utter the monosyllable—"check!" or to move their men.

Two hours passed: at the end of that time, the game seemed drawing to a close. The adversaries had nearly equal forces left, and there seemed but little choice in the position of their pieces. At length Charles Wiley, after having matured his final plan of attack, and seen in what way, by a succession of moves, he could defeat his adversary, pushed boldly forward in an unexpected quarter. His plan met with all the success he expected, and he had won the game.

"Checkmate!"

Uttering the word with a quick, exultant chuckle, the young man, for the first time, raised his eyes from the board. He glanced at his defeated adversary and shuddered. Harwood was still bending over the chess-board, with his eyes fixed intently on the men. For five minutes he neither moved nor spoke, and Charles sat gazing at his fixed brow and motionless frame in mingled awe and surprise.

At length Harwood slowly raised his head, and bent his piercing eyes calmly on Wiley's face.

"You have won!"

The words were uttered in a deep, solemn tone, which thrilled to the young man's heart.

"Won—won," Charles repeated, wildly—"won what?"

"Catharine!"

"Your wife!"

"She that was my wife. You have won her, and I give her up to you."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Charles, with a shudder. "I am not the man you take me for."

Catharine can be nothing to me as long as she has a husband living."

"Ah, I see!" sneered Harwood. "You would like to put me out of the way before you take my wife. So, I don't see but we shall have to fight after all. Well, if you wish it, we will fight for Catharine!"

The husband produced two pistols from a closet near by, and laid them on the table, together with the necessary appendages.

"We will fight for her," he repeated. "We will fight with the muzzles against each other's breast. Only one of the pistols shall be loaded with a ball. That pistol shall be taken by chance, as I will show you. Thus, one of us will be killed, and the other will live unmolested in the possession of Catharine. Help me to load!"

"No, I will not," said Charles.

"Sir!"

"I have nothing against you. You have never injured me intentionally; I cannot fight you; I have not the heart to kill you."

Mr. Harwood sneered, and once more fixed his eyes on Charles.

"You are deceived," said he, "I have injured you. I have injured you intentionally, and wronged you foully."

"How?"

"You have not guessed then how your letters miscarried."

"No!"

"Then I have the pleasure of informing you! When I went to L—— to marry Catharine, I heard of her attachment for you. I resolved to divide you—to win her myself. I was an intimate friend and confidant of the family. Hence you perceive that it was an easy thing for me to arrange matters so that all her letters passed through my hands. Yours, Mr. Wiley, I destroyed——"

"Villain!" muttered Charles, springing toward him with an impulse of indignation and rage. "I will be revenged for this."

"Certainly," said the other, coolly, "I have just suggested a method. See that I load these pistols right—one with a ball, and the other without."

Charles suppressed his passionate impulses, in order to watch the process of loading. The pistols were soon charged—one to kill, the other to do no harm.

"Turn your back now," said Harwood, "for a moment."

Charles did as desired. His adversary laid both weapons on the table, wrapped in handkerchiefs, and placed side by side.

"Now look this way," he said. "The pistols are in those handkerchiefs. Take your choice! I will not know which you take."

Charles shut his eyes, while Harwood turned

his back, and stretched out his hand at random. The pistol it touched he seized, and opening his eyes divested it of its shroud. The weapons were so exactly alike that he could not tell which he had chosen, and the handkerchiefs being similar, Harwood knew not which remained for him. Thus they were armed.

The two adversaries took their stations face to face and breast to breast. Each cocked his pistol and placed the muzzle against his adversary's bosom.

"When I give the word, fire," said Mr. Harwood.

"It will make no difference which fires first," replied Wiley, with a smile. "If I have the pistol charged with ball, I shall kill you whether you fire before I do or at the same time; and *vice versa*. But you may give the word."

"Thank you," said Harwood. "Look me in the eye."

A moment of fearful silence followed. The two adversaries stood like statues. Not a muscle moved. Harwood was very pale, and there was a diabolical smile upon his lips. On the other hand Charles' face was slightly flushed, and his finely chiseled lips were compressed with an expression of determined courage and revenge. Harwood's eye trembled as before; Charles' blazed with a steady fire; and the two gazed at each other as if they gazed their last. Each with frame erect, right foot advanced, and hand raised to a level with the breast of his antagonist, stood waiting the decision of fate!

"Fire!" said Harwood.

At the instant both triggers were pulled. There was a sudden burst of flame from the muzzle of each weapon, and a deafening report followed. Harwood staggered to the floor. Charles Wiley stood erect!

A moment after Catharine burst into the room. She saw her husband lying on the floor, and her lover gazing at him calmly, with folded arms.

"Oh, God! What have you done?" she shrieked.

Charles started. His eye fell upon her who had been the cause of the crime he had committed. He sprang toward her and threw himself at her feet.

"Catharine—dear Catharine!" he exclaimed, "you see what I have done. I have killed your husband, but he would have it so! It was he that destroyed my letters, and by that unmanly act made us both unhappy. I have had my revenge!"

"Oh, Charles!" exclaimed Catharine, shrinking with horror from his touch—"you have done a fearful thing—murder—murder!"

"No, no!" gasped the young man. "It was no murder—it was in a duel that I killed him, and it was he that gave the challenge. Do not blame me, for I was carried away with passion."

But, Catharine—dear Catharine, fly with me now—for I must escape to a foreign land, and I cannot leave you here!”

“Fly with you! the murderer of my husband!” exclaimed Catharine, with a gesture of disdain and noble pride—“never! But go—I would not have you taken—you must escape! Fly, Charles!”

“Never—never without you!” said Charles, firmly.

“Consider,” cried Catharine, wildly. “You must not be seen here after killing my husband. For, you see, my honor—my honor is at stake! Oh! if you love me—if you respect me—go!”

“I obey,” said Charles, calmly, “I leave you if you will not fly with me. Ah, I admire your feelings—I respect your firmness—and I must leave you forever! Farewell! Farewell!”

He clasped her hand, and held it passionately to his lips. The moment after he was gone.

Catharine was alone with the body of her husband.

She bent over him, gazing wildly at his features; then her heart sickened, her brain reeled, and she sank fainting upon his bosom.

It was a scene for a painter. The wife swooning upon the body of her husband, the blood flowing from the wound in his breast and staining her own white garment, the pistols lying on the floor, the chess-men and wine-bottles on the table, and the lamp which flung its sickly, fitful glare over all!

Such was the scene that met the eyes of the servants who soon rushed into the room.

An alarm was raised, the neighborhood was aroused, and surgeons and magistrates were called in.

At daylight the house was crowded with the benevolent and the curious. Harwood had not yet breathed his last. The ball, it appeared, had struck a steel button, and glanced aside, so that it had not proved immediately fatal.

At noon the surgeons told the half distracted wife that there were faint hopes of her husband's recovery.

In the evening there was no more unfavorable symptom, and the hopes of Harwood's friends were strengthened. Catharine watched by his bedside continually, doing everything for him in her power, and praying heaven that he might live!

On the following day there was a change, but that change was in the favor of Mr. Harwood.

A week from that time he was slowly recovering.

At the close of a fortnight he was pronounced out of danger. He was even able to sit up.

But Mr. Harwood was now a changed man. The period of passion had passed, and during the time when he lay at the point of death, he had had an opportunity of reflecting calmly on the

events we have related, and of seeing his own conduct in its true light. From the first to the last it had been culpable, and unworthy of a man; and now he saw it so and repented. He forgave Catharine, and begged her to pardon him for separating her from the man of her choice, and for making her unhappy for life. Catharine forgave him freely!

CHAPTER III.

Two months subsequent to the events we have related, Mr. Harwood had almost entirely recovered.

One day Catharine entered the room where he was reclining on a lounge, and took a seat by his side. She was pale and melancholy, as she had always been since her last interview with Charles Wiley, and she seemed now about to commence a serious conversation with her husband.

“Mr. Harwood,” said she, “I have a request to make.”

“Speak it,” replied her husband. “I grant it before it is made, in return for the kindness you have manifested toward me during my illness.”

“I have been kind then.”

“Oh, yes; kinder than I deserve, dear Catharine. Yet you have been cold toward me—as if you acted from a sense of duty and benevolence rather than from love.”

“Well,” said Catharine, “I think you would not be surprised if I should inform you that such has been the case.”

Harwood groaned aloud.

“I cannot conceal from you,” continued Catharine, “that since I learned the part you acted in winning me—(I refer to the affair of the letters)—I no longer regard you with the affection a wife should feel for her husband. This is what I have to say to you: Now that I have watched over you until you have completely recovered, I wish to be released from the duties of a wife, for henceforth I remain your wife only in name.”

Harwood started up, changing color, and casting a hurried glance at his wife.

“What do you say?”

“I ask for a separation.”

Catharine spoke in a calm, firm tone, and her clear, dark eye met the wild stare of her husband without betraying any emotion.

“I will go home to my father,” said she. “I have advised with him, and he has approved of my determination. Let me be where I will I shall never be happy again, but it will be a relief to—”

“To see my face no more!” interrupted Harwood, with a sigh. “I know it; I understand your feelings!”

“And you grant my request?” said the young woman.

"Catharine, my noble-hearted wife!" exclaimed her husband, throwing himself at her feet. "Can you not forget my baseness toward you, as you have forgiven it? Can you not regard me with the feelings of a wife? For—I love you more than I ever loved you before; you are necessary to my existence!"

Catharine was prepared for this outburst of feeling.

"I have spoken," said she, calmly as before. "Henceforth I am your wife only in name. I ask for a separation."

"And you shall have it!" replied her husband, rising to his feet, and conquering his emotion. "I will grant you anything you ask, although it tears out my heart-strings!"

"I thank you," said Catharine.

A week from that time the young wife was once more beneath the paternal roof, devoting herself to promote the happiness of her father's family, and of all about her.

For a time Mr. Harwood lived in loneliness. He was wretched and sick of life. The memory of his injured, unhappy wife, drove him almost to distraction, and caused him to become morose and solitary.

At length he resolved to try the effects of travel to dissipate his melancholy thoughts. He spent the winter in the West Indies, and early the following spring commenced a tour through the southern states. In the month of June, a year from the night on which our story opens, he found himself in St. Louis.

It was evening, and he was sitting in the reading-room of his hotel. There were but few gentlemen present, and he was reclining lazily upon two chairs, with his elbows resting upon a table, when some new company entered.

One was a tall, dark complexioned, reckless individual, dressed in the height of fashion, and sporting a diamond ring and a silver-mounted cane. His moustache was curled with the most tasteful precision, his long, flowing, raven locks seemed to have that moment come from the hands of a barber, and his white kid gloves were fitted nicely to a hand small and delicate as a woman's.

This personage, followed by several who seemed to be humble imitators of his inimitable manners, entered the room and took a seat, appearing to feel perfectly at home.

"What an oppressive atmosphere!" he said, taking off his hat, and wiping his brow with a white handkerchief, beautifully embroidered, "it is enough to suffocate one!"

He placed his hat on the table by the side of Mr. Harwood. This gentleman, his attention being attracted by the remark, turned to cast a glance at the speaker, and by the movement knocked the stranger's hat upon the floor. Seeing

that he was in the presence of an individual belonging to a class he despised, Mr. Harwood, without saying a word, coolly picked up the hat and placed it on the table.

"Sir," said the stranger, with a most insolent look, "that is my hat. You knocked it upon the floor."

"I am very well aware of the fact," replied Mr. Harwood.

"You knocked it upon the floor," repeated the stranger, with a languid air, once more pressing his embroidered *mouchoir* across his brow.

"And I picked it up again," said Mr. Harwood, coolly.

"Very true; I am obliged to you for the condescension," returned the other, with a supercilious smile. "But, sir, I must beg leave to remind you that you made no apology."

"I considered none necessary," said Mr. Harwood.

"Very well, but I must be allowed to differ from you. I consider that an apology is necessary."

"Sir," said Mr. Harwood, indignantly, "if I had knocked your hat out of doors, I would not have made an apology. It is not my way. Nor would I have apologized had I made a slight mistake, and kicked you out instead."

"Hem! this is a good one!" said the stranger, with the same insolent air, and the same supercilious smile. "I admire you, sir, as a splendid specimen of ungentlemanly impudence! But you will apologize, sir."

"To a puppy like you?—never!"

And Mr. Harwood struck the table, as if to nail the argument with his fist.

"Excellent!" said the gentleman, with the moustache, silver-mounted cane, and white kid gloves. "I should be happy to make your acquaintance, sir. Here is my address; will you be so kind as to favor me with yours?"

Mr. Harwood looked at him for a moment contemptuously, but seeing that the affair had become serious, and that he could not make an honorable retreat, he gave the stranger his card.

"You will hear from me, sir, to-morrow morning," said the stranger, making a polite bow. "I trust I shall have the pleasure of exchanging warm salutations with you. I wish you a good evening."

So saying, the *exquisite*, accompanied by his friends, strolled leisurely away, leaving Mr. Harwood to his reflections. The latter looked at the card which had been given him, and read—

"C. H. Mortimer, — House, St. Louis."

Being a stranger in the place, Mr. Harwood took the liberty of inquiring of a gentlemanly looking stranger, who had witnessed the altercation, who Mr. Mortimer was. In answer to his question, he received the pleasant information

that he was an individual famous throughout the town for his exquisite manners, for his skill and good fortune at the gaming-table, and for the number of duels he had fought and killed his man.

Mr. Harwood, not in the least disconcerted, told his informant that he was a stranger in St. Louis, and that he should have to find some experienced individual to be his *friend* in the expected duel with the exquisite. Upon which his new acquaintance gave him his address, and offered to negotiate the business with his adversary.

The result of this adventure was, Mr. Harwood, on the following day, in the afternoon, fought his antagonist with pistols; and at the first fire received a ball in his right side, which terminated the affair.

While C. H. Mortimer, Esq., walked off with his friends, and stepped smilingly into his carriage, Mr. Harwood was carried to his hotel by his surgeon and his friend.

The wound was pronounced exceedingly dangerous, and the surgeon was unable to extricate the ball. Mr. Harwood manifested no alarm, but calmly prepared himself to undergo any suffering, and to meet with any fate.

The remainder of the day, and during a greater part of the following night, he lay in great pain, which nothing could alleviate; and it was not until near the dawn of another day that he was able to sleep.

At about the middle of the forenoon, the attendants brought him word that a gentleman, calling himself an old acquaintance, wished to see him.

"Show him in immediately," said Mr. Harwood.

A minute after a young man entered, and advanced to the bedside of the wounded man. Mr. Harwood looked at him, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. It was Charles Wiley!

"You are the last individual," he murmured, "whom I should have expected to see."

"My visit need occasion you no surprise," said Charles, "I have been spending a few days in the city; and this morning I saw an announcement stating that you had fought a duel and had been wounded. I thought you might need the assistance of a friend, and came to see you."

"This is more than I can bear!" groaned Mr. Harwood. "I have done you much injury, and you now return good for evil. You know that I have been your enemy, and you come to do me good!"

"Do not speak of it," said Charles. "I know your history, and can pardon all. Since the night on which I fled, thinking I had killed you, I have reflected much and been a better man. Until I learned, through a friend, that you recovered, I

was most wretched; and since I was informed that, after the affair of that night, and your separation from your wife, you had been most unhappy, you have had my sympathy. Hence you will not be surprised that I have come to visit you, and you will not refuse my offer to assist you as far as lies in my power."

Mr. Harwood could not reply for some minutes, so completely was he overcome by Charles' kindness. When at last he spoke, it was to express his gratitude.

From that moment Charles Wiley became the constant attendant of Mr. Harwood. We may be surrounded by every comfort, and we may have the most faithful servants to do our bidding, but if we are among strangers, who attend us but for the sake of common humanity, or for the love of our gold, we feel that we would give all these for the presence of a single bosom friend. It was thus with Mr. Harwood, and the kind services of Charles Wiley were like a balm to his soul.

On the following morning, Mr. Harwood was no better. On the contrary, he was evidently growing worse. He called Charles to his bedside, and said—

"My noble friend, something tells me that I shall never recover from this illness. The wound I have received has penetrated deep, and the art of the physician is in vain. They have not told me so, but they know it, and so do I. I shall not live many days. But before I leave this world I would see my wife——"

"Catharine."

"Yes. You will write to her for me. You will say to her I am lying at the point of death. I would suggest that you do not inform her of your presence. If she knows your handwriting, have the letter copied. I think I may linger until she arrives, if she journeys with despatch. Think you she will come to attend me during my last moments—me, who have done her such great wrong?"

"Oh, she will come, I am sure," said Charles.

"I will write to her at once. Not that I believe your forebodings are about to prove true with regard to your death; but because it is right that she should be with you during your illness."

From the day on which Charles wrote to Catharine, Mr. Harwood gradually became worse, until all hope of his recovery was at an end. Each day his anxiety to see his absent wife increased; but as day after day passed, and he saw himself sinking rapidly into the grave, he almost despaired of beholding her face again.

One morning, Mr. Harwood awoke from a sound sleep, and felt almost entirely free from pain. He knew that a change had taken place in his system, and something whispered that it was a fatal change.

"Has she not arrived yet?" he asked of Charles, who was by his side.

"Not yet," was the reply.

"Alas!" sighed Mr. Harwood, "if she come not soon it will be too late."

"She might have arrived by to-day."

At that moment the servant came to announce that a gentleman and lady, just arrived, wished to see Mr. Harwood.

"It is she!" exclaimed the dying man.

"Show them up," said Charles.

The young man stepped into an adjoining apartment, which he had occupied since he became Harwood's companion, and waited for the interview to take place.

Catharine and her father entered the room where Mr. Harwood lay.

The young wife approached his bedside, and, bending over him, whispered his name and took his hand.

"You have come at last," murmured the sick man. "I feel that an hour later would have been too late! My dear wife, I felt that I could not die without seeing you once more. I wanted to be assured that you forgave me all—all, you understand—before I died."

"I do—I do forgive you," sobbed Catharine.

"All?"

"All!"

"Oh, you are an angel!" murmured the dying man. "I have wronged you, dear Catharine, and you forgive me as *human* beings seldom forgive. May heaven pardon my crimes as freely!"

"Oh! heaven will, I am sure!"

"And I wanted to say to you," pursued Mr. Harwood, "that I account you blameless toward me; that you have acted as every pure, noble, generous woman would have acted; and to say to you, that I would be remembered as an erring and repentant brother."

Catharine made no reply, but pressed her husband's hand and bathed it with her tears.

"In my will," continued Mr. Harwood, "I have bequeathed to you all my property. I trust that it will do something toward making you happy, as it may assist you in gratifying your benevolent disposition. Another thing I would say. I would have you remember one of my friends—one whom I esteem the more highly, because I did him evil instead of good, and had no claim upon even his humanity. I was his enemy;

but when he learned that I was wounded, he came to me, administered to my wants, and became a friend indeed. He has been with me ever since—a devoted, disinterested companion. You will not forget him?"

"Oh, no!" replied Catharine—"no! What is his name?"

"A name familiar to you——"

"To me?"

"Yes. And you know him well, although you know not what a noble soul he possesses. It is Charles Wiley!"

"Charles Wiley!" echoed Catharine. "Impossible!"

"It is true," said Harwood. "He is here. He has been by my side day and night since I have lain upon this bed. Catharine, he is worthy of your love! Now I have said all I have desired to say to you, and since you forgive me I can die in peace!"

Mr. Harwood seemed to have summoned all his strength, and exhausted it in making this final effort. Catharine held his hand, and still bent over him, watching the changes of his pallid features. The father was on the opposite side of the bed, and a physician and clergyman were there. Thus attended, Mr. Harwood seemed to sink into a weary slumber, and without a struggle breathed his last.

At that moment Charles Wiley entered the room, and pressed the hand of the weeping wife over the dead body of her husband!

It is needless to prolong our narrative. After the funeral of Mr. Harwood, his widow, accompanied by her father, returned to the east, having bid an affectionate adieu to Charles Wiley, who pursued his travels toward the north.

Charles and Catharine had a long conversation in private before they parted. What that conversation was we will not attempt to say; but we may add that a year from that time, when Catharine had put off her mourning apparel, Charles returned to her, proposed, and was accepted.

In the midst of all their trials they had never ceased to love each other; yet with more than ordinary virtue, they had never allowed their love to overcome their sense of duty. And now when the ordeal was passed, and their sorrows were at an end, they became wiser, better, happier than before.

THE HOME OF ARMIDA.

An ancient terrace, and a land-locked bay,
Slumb'ring beneath the quiet, Summer blue;
High hills that meeting almost close the way,
With gaps of sky and ocean opening through.

Old, hoary trees that never stir a leaf,
But to the silence listen all the day:—
Such is the home where dwells, hiding her grief,
The enchantress fair from Tancred torn away.

C. A.

A VISIT TO AMELIA OPIE.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

It was my agreeable fortune, not long since, to pass a few hours in the company of a woman whose name was for years familiar to all readers in this country as well as in England—Amelia Opie—author of several novels, and particularly of a variety of shorter stories, all remarkable for sprightliness, for point, and for high moral purpose. Mrs. Opie may now be considered almost as belonging to a past age; but her keen, observant eye, her ready perception, happy turn of expression, and warm interest in the affairs and people of to-day, forbid our ranking her among things that were. She adds another proof to the truth long ago acknowledged, that mental activity and effort preserve, instead of wearing out the natural energies of body and mind. No woman of eighty who has spent her days in the inanities of fashionable life ever enjoyed such an old age as that of Mrs. Opie; no eye which has grown stony over the card-table shows such life and spirit at fourscore. A necessity for friendship, and the pleasures of social intercourse, have induced her to maintain her interest in the world around her; to make good in her circle the cruel gaps left by time and change; to seek in the affection of the young the warmth and life that maturer years are apt to lack. Her age is kindly without signs of frost. Her countenance beams with benevolent interest in those about her. Her speech is quick and lively, and she attracts young people by an unaffected sympathy. Her society is sought in the best company in London, which is the best in the world. She enjoys what Sir Walter Scott reckoned the most precious advantage of success in literature—the introduction it secures to whatever of eminence and excellence is to be found anywhere.

This is in Mrs. Opie's case the just reward of an unquestionable devotion to the cause of human improvement. Before Amelia Opie had probably formed any very definite idea on the subject—for her first novels, *The Mother and Daughter* and *The Father and Daughter* were written, as we understand, in early youth—there seems to have been an instinct for good in her mind. With no obtruded moral, her tales carried with them the highest and most effective teaching. Perhaps no story ever spoke more powerfully to the minds of romantic young people than *Adeline Mowbray*; or, *The Mother and Daughter*; and though this

novel, which charmed our mothers and grandmothers, might appear a little old-fashioned in style at the present day of lightning and steam literature, we will venture to place it, in point of real interest—interest founded upon what is universal in human nature—for before most of those which now shoot up so alarmingly week by week, throwing a momentary radiance around, or making life look ghastly in the light of their unnatural blue fire. Mrs. Opie's tales differed from most of the novels of her day in being the result of observation sharpened by a strong and keen moral sense. They were not made to sell, but to be read, and that with advantage. We will engage that she never even thought of the taste of the age; what would be popular; what school she belonged to; or what class of readers would be taken with her stories. She wrote from within, and with a general and a sincere purpose, and she has her reward.

Mrs. Opie's shorter stories are still more interesting and attractive than her novels, because the interest is more condensed, and the points of the narrative more rapidly evolved. They exhibit an equal knowledge of the springs of action, and an improved acquaintance with society. They embrace a great variety of themes, and treat all with vivacity and cleverness. If not profound, Mrs. Opie is always sensible. When sentimental she is not flat; in moralizing seldom prosy. She makes her characters tell their story, and obtrudes the author very little upon the reader. Her men and women are alive, and act for themselves, not puppets whose strings we are all the time catching glimpses of. She has the art of exciting our sympathies, making our eyes overflow with pity or joy, without leaving us with a feeling of restraint afterward. This is high praise, when we examine it; for who has not felt angry both with himself and the writer of the story which surprised him into emotion? The secret seems to be in the use of materials. There is a cheap way of making any reader's heart ache, by dwelling upon a suffering or dying scene for instance; recounting all the particulars, in such a way as to bring to memory every scene of distress we have ever witnessed; and all this with the express and sole purpose of making us cry! This is an insult and an injury, and we resent it as such. But it is a quite different matter when

in the course of a story artistically wrought up to a crisis, it becomes necessary for the grand result that the reader's heart should be touched, in order that he may sympathize with virtuous joy, look upon the wretched consequences of vice with an approving pity, or draw from the pictured conduct of another, lessons for his own life, made more impressive by the irrepressible gush of feeling. This requires power and skill, and our hearts pardon the pain for which we see a reason. The tears we shed over Mrs. Opie's stories are not purposeless.

But of all the instructive hints Mrs. Opie ever gave, those on the subject of lying have been most useful, perhaps because they were most needed. She attacked this universal vice with a boldness which caused a most conscious flutter among careless talkers. To call it a universal vice may at first blush seem harsh and unjustifiable; but when we fairly think how difficult a matter it is to speak the truth about common things in common talk, the strength of the expression may perhaps be pardoned. Truth, like other precious things, asks care and sacrifice, and these are not always present with us in the excitement of conversation. If a severer test were applied to our daily words, it might be discovered, to our horror, that we scarcely ever repeat a thing twice without altering it; that we carelessly depart from strict truth in describing a common occurrence; that we can hardly tell anything that concerns a person whom we dislike without warping it; that when we would gloss over our own conduct or that of one whom we love, we can hardly help lying outright. To Mrs. Opie belongs the great credit of having first called the thing by its right name. While the matter was minced, we could all find shelter somewhere, for fine words often veil us to ourselves; but when that keen observer not only ventured to talk about lying to "ears polite," but showed what lying was and what was lying, there was hardly anybody that did not blush and own up. Not content with racy and pointed disquisitions upon the different phases of this almost inevitable vice, she embodied it in young ladies and gentlemen, and old ones too; made

them bring themselves out; laid bare their motives, raked up and brought to light all the devices of the craft; showed its sure-following humiliation; and while she made the reader rejoice at the due punishment of lying, brought up before him all his own sins of the same sort, conscience all the while accusing or excusing, and bearing testimony to the power and truth of the writer.

This was a great triumph—a something to be proud of for life. The whole reading world came voluntarily to the confessional, and by acclamation accepted the mortifying imputations of Mrs. Opie. Nobody said these delineations are absurd—unnatural; nobody dared to say so. The most rigid owned their truth with the most thoughtless. The fastidious who quarrelled with the plain words used, asked only that the phraseology might be softened; they never denied the facts. They felt that under the shelter of certain deceptive emphases they were as guilty as their neighbors, though their delicacy asked to be told of it gently. Sturdy, straight-forward moralists hailed a new ally, and those who had in their haste said that all novels were lies, now made an exception in favor of those written as illustrations of lying. It was really amusing to witness how everybody caught at a lesson which might naturally be expected to prove very unpalatable. The world did itself credit.

Mrs. Opie has been looked up to as a benefactor ever since. I really wondered, as I observed her quiet, modest demeanor, whether she carried about with her a consciousness of the sensation she had produced—the good she had done. We are sometimes great without knowing it, and truly this seems to be the case with Amelia Opie; for less assumption or arrogance was never seen in a successful author. The placid countenance suits well, in spite of its vivacious and quick-moving eyes, with the plain Quaker cap, the gown of drab satin, and the snow-white silken shawl. It must be confessed that the only hint of Quakerism lay in these soft colors; the fabrics might, for richness, have belonged to the Duchess of Sutherland. But who is consistent?

ON A LADY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY H. J. VERNON.

In the merry olden time,
Ladies thought it not a crime,
If perchance some gallant knight
Found them at their 'broidery light;
Working in the vaulted hall,
Maidens sitting within call.

Now distaff and spinning-wheel
Both are voted ungentle;
Ladies scarce will condescend
O'er the tambour-frame to bend.
At the rate the girls improve,
Soon they'll be too wise to love.

JULIA WARREN.

A SEQUEL TO PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

He was a man of simple heart,
Patient and meek, the Christian part,
Came to his soul as came the air
That heaved his bosom; hope, despair,
Were chastened by a holy faith!—
Meek in his life he feared not death.

PERHAPS in the whole world there is not a building in which all the horror, the wild poetry, of sin and grief is so forcibly written out in black shadows and hard stone as in the city prison of New York. A stranger passing that massive pile would unconsciously feel saddened, though entirely ignorant of its painful uses, for the very atmosphere fills him with a vague sensation of alarm. The Egyptian architecture so heavy and imposing—the thick walls which no sunshine can penetrate, and against which cries of anguish might, unheard, exhaust themselves forever—the ponderous columns lost in a perspective of black shadows in the front entrance—the lines of granite sweeping toward Broadway, and interlocking with the black prison that rises up, like a solid wall, gloomy, windowless, and penetrated only with loop-holes, like a fort which has nothing but misery to protect—all this fills the heart with gloom. The moment you come in sight of the building your breath draws heavily; the atmosphere seems humid with tears, oppressive with sighs, a storm of human suffering appears gathering around. The air seems eddying with curses which have exhausted their sound against those walls, you feel as if sin, shame and grief were palpable spirits walking behind and around you, and all this is the more terrible because the waves of life gather close up to the prison, swelling against its walls on every side. It sits like a monster crouching in the very heart of a great city—the veins and arteries of social evil weave and coil close around it, like serpents born in the same foul atmosphere with itself. The prison, lower than the graded walks, nestled in a dried up swamp that has exchanged the miasma of decayed nature for the miasma of human guilt; the neighborhood close at hand sunk, like this building, deep in the grade of human existence: is there on earth another spot so eloquent of suffering, so populous with sin?

“The Tombs,” this name was given to the prison years ago, when its foundations were first sunk in the swampy moisture of the soil—where you could see the vast structure sinking, day by day, into its murky foundations, and enveloped in clouds of palpable miasma. There the poor wretches huddled within its walls, died like herds of poisoned cattle; pine coffins were constantly passing in and out of those ponderous doors. Pauper death-carts might be seen every day lumbering up Centre street, on their road to Potters' Field. The man, innocent or guilty, who entered those walls breathed his death warrant as he passed in. This only continued for a season, it was not long before the tramp of human feet, and the weight of that ponderous mass of stone crushed the poisonous moisture from the earth, but the name which death had left still remained—a name deeply and solemnly significant of the place to all who deem moral evil and moral death as mournful as the physical suffering which had baptized it.

The main building, which fronts on Centre street, opens to a dusky and pillared vestibule, which leads to various offices and rooms occupied by the courts and officials connected with the prison. At the right, as you enter, is the police court, a spacious apartment, with deep casements, a raised platform or dias, railed in from the people, upon which the magistrates sit; a desk or two, and beyond, several smaller rooms used for private examination when they are deemed necessary.

In one of these rooms, the smallest and most remote, sat a mournful group, early one morning, before the magistrates had taken their seats upon the bench. One was an old man, thin, haggard and care-worn, but with a placid and even exalted cast of countenance, such as a stricken man wears when he has learned “to suffer and be strong.” He sat near a round table covered with worn baize, upon which one elbow rested rather heavily, for he had tasted little food for several days; and the languor of habitual privation, joined to strong nervous re-action after a scene of horror, impressed his person even more than his face. That, as I have said, was pale and worn, but tranquil and

composed to a degree that startled those who looked upon him, for the old man was waiting there to be examined on a charge of murder, and men shuddered when they saw the calmness upon his features. It seemed to them nothing but hardened indifference, the composure of guilt that had ceased to feel its own enormity.

Close by this man sat two females, an old woman and a girl, but not weeping, they had no tears left, but they sat with heavy, mournful eyes gazing upon the floor. Marks of terrible suffering were visible in their faces, and in the dull, hopeless apathy of their motionless silence. Now and then a low sigh rose and died upon the pale lips of the girl, but it was faint as that which exhales from a flower which has been trodden to death, and the poor girl was only conscious that the pain at her heart was a little sharper than instant that it had been.

The woman, pale, still and grief-stricken in every feature and limb, did not even sigh. It seemed as if the breath must have frozen upon her cold lips, she seemed so utterly chilled, body and soul.

An officer of the police stood just within the room, not one of those burly, white coated characters we find always in English novels, but a tall, slender and gentlemanly person, who regarded the group it had been his duty to arrest with a grave and compassionate glance. True, he searched the old man's face with that glance with which those who have studied the human lineaments strive to read the secrets of a soul in their expression—but there was nothing rude either in his look or in his manner.

After awhile the officer remembered that his prisoners had not tasted food since the day previous, and, with a pang of self-reproach, he addressed them,

"You are worn out for want of food: I should have thought of this!" he said, approaching the table; "I will order some coffee."

The old man raised his head, and turned his grateful eyes upon the officer.

"Yes," he said, with a gentle smile, "they are hungry: a little coffee will do them good."

The young female looked up and softly moved her head; but the other continued motionless, she had heard nothing.

The officer whispered to a person outside the door, and then began to pace up and down the room like a sentinel, but treading very lightly, as if subdued by the silent grief over which he kept guard.

Directly the coffee was brought in, with bread and fragments of cold meat.

"Come, now," said the officer, cheerfully—"take something to give you strength. The

examination may be a long one, and I have seen powerful men sink under a first examination—take something to keep you up, or you will get nervous, and admit more than a wise man should."

"Yes," said the old man, meekly, "you are right, they will want strength—so shall I." He took one of the tin-cups which had been brought half full of coffee, and reached it toward the woman.

"Wife!" he said, bending toward her.

The poor woman started, and looked at him through her wild, heavy eyes.

"What do you wish, Wilcox? What is it you want of me?"

"You observe she is almost beside herself," said the old man, addressing the officer, and now his face grew troubled—"what can I do?"

"Oh! these things are very common. She must be roused!" answered the man, kindly.

"Speak to her again."

The old man stooped over his wife, and laid his hand gently upon hers. She did not move. He grasped her thin fingers, and tears stood in his eyes, still she did not move. He stood a moment gazing in her face, the tears running down his cheeks. He hesitated, looked at the officer half timidly, and bending down kissed the old woman on the forehead.

That kiss broke up the ice in her heart. She stood up and began to weep.

"You spoke to me, Wilcox—what was it you wanted? I am better now—indeed quite well. What is it you wanted me to do?"

"He only wishes you to eat and drink something," said the officer, deeply moved.

"Eat and drink—have we got anything to eat and drink? That is always his way when we are short, urging us and hungry himself."

"But there is enough for all," said the old man. "See, I too will eat, and Julia!"

"Why, if there is enough we will all eat, why not," said the poor woman, with a dim smile.

She took the coffee, tasted it, and looked around the room with vague curiosity.

"What is all this?—where are we now, Wilcox?" she said, in a low, frightened voice.

The old man kept his eyes bent to hers, they were full of trouble, and this stimulated her to question him again.

"Where are we? I remember walking, wading, it seemed to me, neck deep, through a crowd, trying to keep up with you. Some one said they were taking us to prison; that I had done nothing, and they would not keep me. That you and Julia would stay, but I must go into the street, because a wife could not bear witness against her husband, but a grandchild could. Have I been crazy, or walking in my sleep?"

"No, my wife, you are only worn out, frightened; drink some more of the coffee, by and bye all will be clear to you."

The old woman obeyed him, and drank eagerly from the cup in her hand. Then she looked on her husband, on Julia, and the officer, as if striving to make out why they were all together in that strange place. All at once she set down the cup and drew a heavy breath.

"I remember," she said, mournfully—"I remember now that tall, dead man, with his open eyes and white clenched teeth; I know who he was—I knew it at first."

The officer drew a step nearer and listened, the spirit of his vocation was strong within him. There might be important evidence in her words, and for a moment the humane man was lost in the acute officer. The prisoner remarked this movement, and looked on the man with an expression of mild rebuke.

"Would you take advantage of her unsettled state, or of the words it might wring from me?" he said.

"No," answered the officer, stepping back, abashed. "No, I would not do anything of the kind, at least deliberately."

But this remonstrance had aroused distrust in the old woman, she drew close to her husband, and whispered to him—

"I cannot quite make it out, Wilcox. The people—the crowd said over and over again that they were taking us to prison. This is no prison! carpets on the floor, chairs, window blinds, all so pretty and snug, with us eating and drinking together. This is no prison, Wilcox, we have not had so nice a home these ten years."

"This is only a room in the prison, not the one they will give me by and bye!" answered the old man, with a faint smile, "that will be smaller yet."

"You say *me*!" said the wife, holding tight to the hand that clasped hers. "Why do you not say that the room—let it be what it will—is large enough for us both, husband? I say, you did not mean that it will not hold your wife too."

The old man turned away from those earnest eyes, he could not bear the look of mingled terror and entreaty that filled them.

"Remember, Wilcox, we have not spent one night apart in thirty years!"

"I know it," answered the old man, with quivering lips.

"And now you will let me stay with you?"

"Ask him," said the old man, turning his face away—"ask him!"

She let go her hold of the prisoner's hand with great reluctance, and went up to the officer.

"You heard what he said, you must know

what I want. We have lived together a great many years, more than your whole life. We have had trouble—great trouble, but always together. Tell me—can we stay together yet?"

"I do not know," said the man, deeply moved. "Your husband is charged with a crime that requires strict prison rules."

"I know, he is charged with murder! but you see how innocent he is," answered the wife, and all the holy faith, the pure, beautiful love born in her youth and strengthened in her age, kindled over those wrinkled features—"you see how innocent he is!"

The man checked a slight wave of the head, for he could not appear to doubt that old man's innocence, strong as the evidence was against him.

"You will not send me away!" said the old woman, still regarding him with great anxiety.

"I have no power—it is not for me to decide—such things have been done. In minor offences, I have known wives to remain in prison, but never in capital cases that I remember."

"But some one has the power. It is only for a little while—it cannot be for more than a week or two that they will keep him, you know."

"It may be—from my heart I hope so—but I can answer for nothing, I have no power."

"Who has power?—what can we do?"

It was the young girl who spoke now. The entreaties of her grandmother—the tremulous voice of her grandsire, at length aroused her feelings from the icy stillness that had crept over them. The mist cleared away from her eyes, and though heavy with sleeplessness and grief, they began to kindle with aroused animation.

"No one at present, my poor girl—nothing can be done till after the examination."

Julia had drawn close to her grandmother, and grasped a wave of her faded dress with one hand. The officer could not turn his eyes from her face, so sad, so mournfully beautiful. He was about to utter some vague words of comfort, but while they were on his lips a door from the police-court opened, and a man looked through, saying in a careless, off-hand manner, "bring the old man in."

The court-room was crowded, with witnesses ready to be examined, lawyers, eager for employment, and others actuated by curiosity alone, all crowded and jostled together outside the bar. As the prisoner entered, the throng grew denser, pouring in through the open door, and spreading out into the vestibule to the granite pillars, all pressing forward with strained eyes to obtain a view of one feeble old man.

They made a line for him to pass, crushing against each other with their heads bent back,

and staring in the old man's face as if he had been some wild animal, till his thin hand clutched the bar. There he stood meek as a child, with all those bright, staring eyes bent upon him. A faint crimson flush broke through the wrinkles on his forehead; and his hand stirred upon the railing with a slight shiver, otherwise his gentle composure was unbroken.

The crowd closed up as he passed, but the two females clinging together, breathless and wild with fear, lest they should be separated from him, pressed close upon his steps, forcing their way impetuously one moment, and looking helplessly around the next. Still resolutely following the prisoner, they won some little space at each step, not once losing sight of his grey head as it moved through the sea of faces, all turned, as they thought, menacingly upon him. At length they stood close behind the old man, and, unseen by the crowd, clung to his garments with their thin, pale hands.

The judge bent forward in his leathern easy-chair, and looked in the prisoner's face, not harshly, not even with sternness. Had a lighter offence been charged upon the old man, his face might have borne either of these expressions, but the very magnitude of the charge under investigation gave dignity to the judge, and true dignity is always gentle.

He stooped forward, therefore, not smiling, but kindly in look and voice, informed the prisoner of his rights, and cautioned him not to criminate himself ignorantly in any answer he might make to interrogations from the court.

The old man raised his eyes, thanked the judge in a low voice, and waited.

"Your name."

"I am known in the city as James Warren, but it is not my real name."

"What is the real name then?"

"I will not answer."

The old man spoke mildly, but with great firmness. The judge bent his head. A dozen pens could be heard at the reporters' desk taking down the answer. A hush was on the crowd, every man leaned forward, breathless and listening. Those even in the vestibule kept still while the old man's reply ran among them in whispers.

"Did you know the man who was found dead in your house on the nineteenth of this month?"

"Yes, I knew the man well!"

"Where and when had you met before?"

"I will not answer!"

"Did you see him on the evening of the eighteenth?"

"No!"

"Did evil feeling exist between you?"

The old man turned a shade paler, and his hand shook upon the railing, he hesitated as if

at a loss for words which might convey an exact answer.

"I cannot say what his feelings were—but of my own I can speak, having asked this same question to my soul many times. Edward Leicester had wronged me and mine—but I forgave the wrong, I had no evil feeling against him."

"Was there not high words and angry defiance between you that morning?"

"He was angry, I was not; agitated, alarmed I was, but not angry."

"Were you alone with him?"

"Yes!"

"How long?"

"Perhaps ten minutes!"

"Once more," said the judge—"once more let me remind you that in another court these answers may be used to your prejudice. Now take time, you have no counsel, so take time for reflection before you reply. What business had Edward Leicester with you?—what was the subject of conversation between you?"

The old man bent his forehead to the railing, and thus stood motionless without answering. His own honest sense told him that every question that he refused to answer gave rise to doubt, and kindled some new prejudice against him. His obvious course was silence, or a frank statement of the truth. He raised his head, and addressed the judge gently as he might have consulted with a friend.

"If I have a right to refuse answers to a portion of what you ask me, may I not, by the same right, remain entirely silent?"

"There is no law which forces you to answer where a reply will prejudice your cause."

"Will anything I can say help my cause?"

"No!"

"Then I will be silent."

The judge felt this to be a wise conclusion, and a faint gleam of satisfaction came to his lips. The meek dignity of that old man, the beautiful pale face now and then peering out from behind his poverty-stricken garments—the feeble old woman crowding close to his side, all had aroused his sympathy. It was impossible to look on that group and believe any one of those feeble creatures guilty of the blood that had reddened their poverty-stricken hearth, and yet the evidence against that placid old man had been fearfully strong before the coroner's inquest.

Some commotion arose in the crowd after this. Men began to whisper opinions to each other—now and then a rude joke or laugh rose from the vestibule. People began to circulate in and out at the various doors, and during all this several witnesses were examined. These persons had seen a gentleman, well, nay, elegantly dressed, enter the miserable basement occupied by the

prisoner and his family, very early on the morning of the nineteenth. One, a person who lived in the front basement, testified to high words, and a sound as if some one had stamped several times on the floor. Then he heard quick footsteps along the entry; saw the stranger an instant in the front area, and then heard him go back again. This excited considerable curiosity in the witness, who opened the door of his own room and looked out. He caught a glimpse of the stranger going, quickly, through the next door, and saw two females. The old woman and girl now standing behind the prisoner were crouching in the back end of the entry, apparently much frightened, for both were pale: and the old woman wrung her hands while the girl wept bitterly. A little after, perhaps two minutes, this man heard a sound from the next room, as if of some heavy body falling, this was followed by a hush that made him shiver from head to foot. He went out and saw the two females clinging together, and creeping pale and terror-stricken up to the door, which the old woman tried to open, but could not, her hands shook so violently. The witness himself turned the latch and looked in, leaning over the females, who, uttering a low cry, stood motionless, blocking up the entrance. He saw a man, the stranger, lying upon the floor, stretched back in the agony of a fierce death pang; his teeth were clenched; his eyes wide open; the chin protruded upward; and both hands were groping and clutching at the bare floor. While the witness looked on, the limbs, half gathered up and strained against the floor, gave way, and settled down like ridges of withered grass. The room was badly lighted, but it seemed to the witness that there was some faint motion, after this a shudder, or it might be a fold of the dead man's clothes settling around him, but except this all signs of life went out from the body.

Then the witness had time to see the other objects in the room. The first thing that his eyes fell upon was the face of old Mr. Warren, the palest, the most deathly face he ever saw on a living man; he was stooping over the corpse, grasping what seemed a handful of snow, stained through and through with blood which he pressed down upon the dead man's side.

The witness grew wild with the terror of this scene. He pushed the two females forward and went in. The prisoner looked up, still pressing his hand upon the dead man; his lips moved, and he tried to speak, but could not. On stooping down, the witness saw that the stained mass clenched in the old man's fingers was one side of a white satin vest, clutched up with masses of fine linen, which the dead man had worn. He also saw a knife lying upon the floor wet to the

haft. After a minute or so, the prisoner spoke, apparently feeling the body grow stiff under his hand; he turned his head with a piteous look, and whispered—"what can we do?"

The witness stated that his answer was "nothing—the man is dead!"

Then the old man got up, and went to a bed huddled on the floor in one corner of the room, where his wife and granddaughter had dropped, when the witness pushed them with unconscious violence from the threshold. He said something in a low voice to the woman, and she answered—

"Oh, Wilcox, tell me that you did not do it!"

The prisoner looked at her—at first he seemed amazed as if some horrid thought had just struck him, then he looked grieved, wounded to the heart. The expression that came upon his face was enough to make one cry, but his voice, when he spoke, was even worse than the look: it seemed choked up with tears, that he could not shed.

"My wife:" he said nothing more, but that was enough to make the old woman cover her face with both hands and sob like a child. Julia, his grandchild, who had been sitting white and still as death till then, lifted her eyes to the old man's face, and you could see them deepen with sorrowful astonishment, as if she too had been suddenly wounded. The look of horror died on her features, leaving them full of pitying tenderness. She arose with the look of an angel, and clasping her hands over the old man's arm, as he stood gazing mournfully upon his wife, pressed her pale, beautiful head against his side.

"Grandfather, she did not think it. It was the terror that spoke, not her, not my grandmother!" The old man would have laid his hand upon her head, but it was crimson and wet. He saw this, and dropped it again.

The dim light, the pale faces, the man stark and dead upon the floor, made the scene too painful even for a strong man. The witness went out, and aroused the neighborhood. He did not go back: more courageous men would have shrunk from the scene as he did.

I have given this man's evidence, not in his own words. He was a German, and spoke rude English; but the scene, he described, was only the more graphic for that. It impressed the judges and the crowd; it gratified that intense love of the horrible that is becoming a passion in the masses, and yet softened it with touches of rude pathos, that also gratified the populace. Here and there you saw a wet eye in the crowd. Men who were strangers to each other exchanged whispered wishes that the prisoner might be found innocent. The old woman and her granddaughter became objects of unceasing curiosity. Men pressed forward to get a sight at them. The reporters paused to study their features,

and to take an inventory of their poverty-stricken garments.

Other witnesses were called, all testifying to like facts, all serving to fasten the appearances of guilt more closely upon that fallen old man. When all had been examined but the granddaughter, the excitement became intense; the crowd pressed closer to the bar; those in the vestibule rushed in, filling every corner of the room. The poor girl moved when her name was pronounced, and with difficulty mounted the step which lifted her white face to a level with the judge. The little hands grasped the railing till every drop of blood was driven from the strained fingers; but for this, she must have fallen to the earth, for there was no strength in her limbs, no strength at her heart, save that which one fixed solemn thought gave. There was something deeper than the pallor of fear in those beautiful features—something more sublime than sorrow in the deep violet eyes which she lifted to the magistrate. He saw her lips move, and bent forward to catch the sound of words that she seemed to be uttering,—

"I cannot answer any questions—don't ask me, sir, don't!" He caught these words. He saw the look of meek courage that spoke even more forcibly than the tremulous lips. No one saw the look, or heard the voice, but himself, not even the prisoner; for age had somewhat dulled his ear. The face, the look, the gentle bearing of this poor girl, filled the judge with compassion. It is a horrible thing for any law to force evidence from one loving heart that may cast another into the grave. The magistrate had never felt the cruelty so much before. The questions that he should have propounded sunk back upon his heart. It seemed like torturing a lamb with all the flock looking on. Still, the magistrates of our courts learn hard lessons even of juvenile depravity: not to be suspicious would, in them, be a living miracle. This girl might be prompted by advice, and thus artfully acting as the tool of some lawyer. You would not look in her eyes and believe it, but soft eyes sometimes hood over falsehood that would make you tremble. No one is better aware of this than the acute magistrate, still there is something in pure simplicity that convinces the heart long before the judgment has power to act.

"Who told you not to answer my questions?" he said, in a low voice.

"No one!"

"Then why refuse?"

"Because my grandfather never killed the man, but what I should say might make it seem as if he did."

"But do you know that is contempt of court, a punishable offence?"

"I did not know it!"

"That I have power to make you answer?"

A faint beautiful smile flitted across that pure face. You might fancy a youthful martyr smiling thus when threatened with death by fire. It disturbed in no degree the humility of her demeanor, but that one gleam of the strength within her satisfied the magistrate.

Not even the reporters had been able to catch a word of the conversation. His dignity was in no way committed. He resolved to waive the cruel power, which would have wrung accusation from that helpless creature unnecessarily; for the evidence that had gone before was quite sufficient to justify a commitment.

"We shall not require the evidence of this young girl," he said, addressing a fellow-magistrate, who had been writing quietly during the proceedings.

"No," answered the magistrate, without checking his pen or raising his head, "what is the use? The story of that German was enough. I should have committed him after that. The poor girl is frightened to death. Let her go!"

"But in the other court, there she will be wanted!"

"True, she must be kept safe. Anybody forthcoming with the bonds?"

"I fear not. It seems hard to keep the poor thing in prison!"

"Like caging a blackbird!" answered the man, racing over the paper with his gold-mounted pen. "Hard, but necessary: bad laws must be kept the same as good ones, my dear fellow! Disgrace to civilization and all that, but the majesty of the law must be maintained, even though it does shut up nice little girls with the offscouring of the earth."

"It goes against my heart!" answered the sitting magistrate with a sigh. "It seems like casting a new fallen wreath before a herd of wild animals. I never hated to sign my name so much!"

"Must be done though. You have stretched a point to save her. Just now, the reporters were eyeing you. Another step of leniency and down comes the press!"

"I shall act rightly, according to my own judgment, notwithstanding the press."

"A beautiful sentiment, only don't let those chaps hear it. Would not appreciate the thing at all!"

The sitting magistrate spoke the truth. Never in his life had he signed papers of commitment so reluctantly; but they were made out at length, and handed to the officer. The old man was conducted from the bar one way, and a strange officer took Julia by the hand forcing her through the crowd in another direction. At first, she

supposed that they were going with her grandfather. When they were separated in the crowd, she began to struggle; a faint wail broke from her lips, and the officer was compelled to cast his arm around her waist, thus half carrying her through the crowd.

The woman had followed her husband and grandchild mechanically, but when they were separated, the cry that broke from Julia's lips made her turn and rush back: the crowd closed in around her: she cast one wild look after the prisoner, another toward the spot whence the

wail came. They both were lost through a door in the dark vistas of the prison. She saw a white arm flung wildly up as if beckoning her, and rushed forward, blindly struggling against the crowd. In the press of the people, she was hurried forth into the vestibule, and there leaning, in dreary helplessness, against one of the massy stone pillars, she stood looking vaguely around for her husband and child. It was a heart-rending sight, but every day those ponderous walls witness scenes equally mournful.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STANZAS.

BY MRS. D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

It was a dream—a transient dream,
Gone in one little hour:
And yet so real did it seem—
So soothing was its power,
That now, when night's deep shade hath fled,
And busy feet are near,
I heed them not, but bow my head,
And list its tones to hear.

And was it all a dream? we stood
Close by the little stream
That wanders through the shady wood;
Upon its breast a beam
Of silver sunlight danced along,
And flowers were nodding there;
Bright flowerets listening to its song,
So beautiful and fair!

We stood there, side by side, my love,
The soft breeze sighed around;
And from their shady nests above
The birds sent out a sound

Of thrilling music; and the sky
Ne'er wore a deeper blue;
And opening buds bent heavily
Beneath the pearly dew.

Oh! it was sweet that vision fair—
The soft winds from thy brow
Lifted the curls of auburn hair—
I see them waving now
Above those deep and holy eyes,
Those eyes so "darkly blue,"
That ever, amid smiles or sighs,
Beamed lovingly and true.

A few brief words I heard thee speak,
As bending o'er my head
Thy warm breath trembled on my cheek,
Like balmy fragrance shed;
They told of love—unchanging love,
Of watchful, guardian care—
Of a bright, blissful realm above,
And of thy rapture there.

THE REQUEST.

BY CLARA MORETON.

Oh! bury me not when the fitful rain
Is trembling in misty gloom;
You would shudder to think of her you left
In the damp and silent tomb!

Each cold, hard drop that the casement struck
Would fill your fond heart with dread—
With thoughts of the form so cherished and loved,
Alone in her marble bed!

Ah! bury me not when the gusty rain
Is falling so thick and fast—
When dampness is blown from trappings of death
In the breath of every blast.

For dark is the day when the rain-drops beat
On the wet hearse standing by,
To bear from your sight the one you have loved,
While the wind wails mournfully.

Then bury me not when the dreary rain
Is gloomily pouring down—
When the black clouds above are looming up
With their dark and mocking frown;

But wait 'till the sun sets his bow in the sky,
And gilds the droppings of rain;
Then wrap me gently in funeral pall,
And lay me to sleep again.

THE GIPSEY GIRL.

A STORY OF EDWARD THE FOURTH.

BY SYBIL HASTINGS.

Up the polished stairs and along the lofty hall of Moorland, laden with flowers, bounded a light and graceful figure. Pausing at the oaken door of a turreted chamber, Leonora Estrange tapped lightly, listening with bent head while she knocked. But moment after moment went by, and still the silence within remained unbroken. At last, opening the door, Leonora went in.

The room was filled with a faint golden light, as the sunbeams stole through the voluminous folds of the draping curtains. With one glance at the couch, around which the crimson hangings were still fluttering with the motion of the opening door, she advanced to a small table, upon which stood an empty vase. Filling this from a crystal goblet, and seating herself, she began slowly to arrange her fragrant burthen.

Nearly an hour passed ere she had completed her fragrant task: then, as she brushed the last drooping leaf from before her, she arose, and crossing to the couch gathered back the silken curtains, and laid her hand gently upon the brow of the youthful sleeper, saying, in a low, sweet voice,

"Sleeping yet, dear lady, and the morning sun full an hour old?"

"Ah, Leonora! dear Leonora, is it you?" murmured the half awakened girl. "I must have indeed been weary to have slept thus." And rising, she threw a muslin mantle around her, and sank languidly into a cushioned chair. Here she bent over the beautiful blossoms with a whisper of delight as she parted their glossy leaves, and drew forth a wild rose tremulous with dew, and pressed it to her lips.

Suddenly the hand that was busy amid her golden curls trembled violently, and Leonora bent low to hide the varying color of her cheek, and the wild flashing of her eyes. The Lady Clare saw not the passionate flush that flitted across the beautiful face of her companion, for the light had passed when she looked up.

Half an hour afterward, there arose the soft notes of a bugle, followed by a stir within the paved court beneath the high window. Soon the quick clatter of a horse's hoof was heard. A faint color came to the delicate cheek of the Lady Clare, and a warm smile to her lip as she fastened the last fold of her riding-habit. She

received her cap and plume from the hand of Leonora, but the feather was vibrating as if a sudden gust of wind had swept through the open window; and yet there was not air enough astir to have lifted a leaf. As the Lady Clare touched the hand of Leonora, it was icy cold. A shade of uneasiness came over her placid features as she said, kindly,

"You are not well, dearest Leonora."

But the girl shook her head with a faint smile, and she turned away. The next moment the curtain was gathered back with a quick, eager motion, and Leonora, half enveloped within its folds, stood gazing down upon the group below. But not upon the proud steed, the beautiful little poney, nor the gaily dressed grooms did she look. Her eyes were fixed upon the tall and graceful figure of a cavalier of some two and twenty summers, who wore, with an air of indescribable grace, his simple riding-dress of Lincoln green. He stood leaning carelessly against the wall which surrounded the ancient dwelling, half castle, half hall. The sable plumes of his hat, drooping low over over his brow, concealed the upper portion of his face, leaving but the Grecian nose, and the chiseled lip, shaded by the dark chesnut moustache, exposed. Once or twice he struck his spurred boot upon the stones beneath, with a vehemence that brought the drooping forms of the indolent grooms quickly erect, and occasionally he pressed his hand upon his brow, as if some dark and troubled thoughts were crossing his reveries. Suddenly there was a stir, and the poney raised its head. At this Lord Francis Clairmont looked quickly up, for such was the name of the cavalier, and beheld the Lady Clare, who came forth leaning upon the arm of her only surviving parent, the old Earl of Moorland.

A pleasant smile parted the lips of the lovely girl, a bright color came to her cheek, as taking her hand the young lord bent low, saluting her with the graceful yet high-flown compliments of the day. The hand of Leonora was clenched as in sudden pain, while the dark eyes filled with a flashing light as she beheld the graceful form of Lord Clairmont bend to the child-like being before him. The next moment, and Clairmont, having lifted the Lady Clare to the saddle, sprang

into his own, while the whole party rode slowly forth.

Scarcely, however, had they cleared the little bridge which separated the castle from the open country, when Lord Clairmont drew in his rein, and with a brief excuse, wheeled his horse to return. Riding quickly as he re-crossed the bridge, he raised his eyes and beheld the white cheek and flashing glance of Leonora Estrange. Then a soft, winning smile flitted across his countenance; and the cold cheek grew warm, the eye lost its wild light, as she met the glance of those eyes, so large, so dark, yet so laughing in their beauty. For a moment they rested upon her; then there was a quick wave of his hand, as it raised his hat, falling impressively upon his heart. When he again rode forth with a light and easy seat, Leonora, though she watched him until lost in the distance, grieved no more; but an expression of radiant happiness dwelt on her face.

It was the evening of the same day, when Leonora might have been seen standing erect on a steep hill, with her eager gaze bent upon the muffled figure that came hurriedly up the steep hill toward her. The wild breeze of a coming tempest swept through the dim forest, which lay like the background of some fine painting behind her. Far away in the distance, rose the grey turrets of Moorland. She had stolen out heedless of the lowering clouds, to meet the betrothed of Lady Clare, the young Lord Francis of Clairmont.

Soon he gained her side, and turning one arm around her waist, he drew her yet deeper within the shade of the tall trees, murmuring,

"My own Leonora, have you come out this wild, dark night to meet me?"

He spoke in a voice of such fervent love and happiness, that the glowing cheek of the girl took a yet deeper hue. More than one hour passed, and still the young nobleman held the beautiful girl to his side, whispering vows of passionate eloquence and unchanging love, both he and she forgetful of the dark clouds flying wildly athwart the blue sky, and the low mutterings of the distant thunder. Suddenly there was a flash of lightning, followed by a crash, as if the heavens were rent in twain. It startled the young girl from her dream of happiness; it hushed the warm words upon the lover's lips. Clairmont said hastily,

"Leonora, my beloved, let us hasten away ere the storm breaks. I will go with you to the castle gates: none will recognize me in the increasing darkness. Come, dearest, lean upon me. Surely you will not fear, when Francis is with you. Would to God," he continued, "I might protect thee from the storms of life, as I may from the winds of heaven!"

"First, listen to me, ere I go hence, Francis,"

said his companion. "Before Leonora Estrange again leaves you, she must know if, evermore, like a guilty thing, she is to steal forth from yonder proud castle, treacherously to meet the affianced of her gentle and generous benefactress. Oh! Francis," she added passionately, "if you knew how bitter it is to look upon what she deems her privileged love for you; to see her gaze and smile upon you as if the right alone to her belonged; to hear her, day by day, speak of you to me as her future husband; and press the very flowers which thou hast given to me to her lips, murmuring fond and loving words, while I the while must stand coldly by."

"And does she indeed think of me thus?" he replied, half aloud. "She is very lovely."

The hand that rested within his own was quickly withdrawn; and ere the full consciousness of his error came over him, his companion was speaking with an air and voice of more than queenly hauteur.

"My lord, the Lady Clare's thoughts are doubtlessly often occupied with her betrothed: he will do well to think of her beauty and gentleness, forgetting," she added, bitterly, "her humble companion. It is not too late, my lord, to retrieve your error."

For a moment he stood gazing upon her with astonishment, as she stood before him, her chieled features glowing with excitement, her graceful head erect. Then there mingled with his expression of admiration a touching sadness.

"Leonora, Leonora," he said, in a low, mournful voice. The next moment she was weeping upon his bosom, murmuring,

"Forgive me, Francis. It is but my love for you that makes me so wild and wayward."

He spoke not, but drew her arm gently within his own, hurrying her down the steep hill. Darker grew the night, and with the fall of the fast descending rain, he whispered,

"Are you not weary, Leonora?"

The bright face was raised to his, as the sweet voice answered,

"Was I not cradled within the forest? What fears the gipsy girl, when the loved one is beside her?" Perhaps it was well that the darkness hid the shadow that crossed the young lord's brow, as she spoke; but it passed away; and they hastened on.

"She shall be my own acknowledged wife, my fearless Leonora," murmured Clairmont, as he parted with her; for he felt that he had now a treasure, priceless indeed. But as he spoke, he forgot the Lady Clare. Yet, at that moment, within her silent chamber, the heiress of Moorland was bedewing the fading flowers before her, with tears of love and joy, guarding them as tokens of his affection.

Softly through hall and cottage, amid joy and sorrow, sighed the low musical voice of summer. Ruffling the blue waters of the Thames as it glided on amid the city bustle; with a soft and gentle sigh it lifted the drooping curtains of a silent chamber, and murmured within the dying ear of the good old earl, nature's last farewell.

"Francis," he said, faintly, "put back the curtains: I would again look out upon the blue sky; the loveliness of nature ere I go hence." The son obeying his bidding, again knelt beside him, pressing his lips to the cold hand clasping his own. Again the old man's lips parted, and he murmured—

"Lady Clare!"

From within the shadow of the curtains, which were gathered and twisted around the richly carved posts, stepped forth, with pallid cheeks and tearful eyes, the young lady of Moorland. A change had come over her since we saw her last. Her young lip had lost its sunny smile, and the blue eye its brightness. Sorrow and suffering had come to her, the favored child of prosperity. The mourning robes, clinging to the fragile form, spoke of death, and told that her idolising father had joined her other lost parent.

"Lady Clare," he said, taking her hand within his own, and Francis of Clairmont turned away his head from that beseeching glance, "I cannot leave you alone in this cold world. Before I go hence, let me bless you as my child! I would leave you to one who will love you even better than myself. Will you not grant me this boon?" and he laid her hand within his son's. The Lady Clare looked timidly up, but the face of her betrothed was turned aside; and she beheld not the struggle, but too vividly portrayed in the blanched cheek and quivering lip.

Still, though the gentle pressure of her hand was unreturned, the Lady Clare dreamed not that aught but the mourner's sorrow was hushing the voice that should have been whispering its love. The dying earl took this silence for consent, and seemed happy. The priest who had waited in the ante-chamber was summoned, and the happy rite was performed. Clairmont was taken by surprise. Powerless to speak, he listened to the holy words which bound him evermore to her kneeling by his side. All seemed to him a dream; but when all was over, there arose before him the beautiful face of Leonora Estrange.

The old man's hand was now laid upon the bowed head of the young wife, and in this last effort the spirit passed away. He would have turned away with a world of wretchedness in his glance, but his new bride laid her head upon his bosom, whispering fondly—

"I will comfort thee, Francis."

He buried his face in his hands, the gentle,

loving words cut him to his heart; yet he could not forget that he loved the poor gipsy girl better than the heiress; and he felt for the moment as if the latter had entrapped him into a union. But even then, by the corpse of his father, and in the first moments of his married life, he could not restrain himself. He shook off, half angrily, the grasp of his bride, as she essayed gently to remove his hands from his face.

"Leave me—I would be alone," he said.

The Lady Clare knew not the terrible secret of his love for another, but, with a woman's keen instinct, she felt that his affections were not hers. No grief could have rendered him else so cold, so haughty, so angry in these first moments of wedded life. She turned sadly away, and left the chamber, hot, scalding tears chasing each other down her cheeks.

"Oh! Father above," she cried, "teach me to win his love. Anything—anything will I suffer, if his heart may only be mine at last."

While Lord Clairmont paces his apartment, now wrung with agony to find himself the husband of one he loves not, and now melting in grief as he thinks of the loss of his beloved parent—and while his bride prays alone in her solitary chamber, let us seek Leonora Estrange.

She had heard of the death of the earl and of the marriage of the Lady Clare; but she seemed to remember only the last.

"Perfidious lover," she cried, with white cheeks and clenched hands, "and is it thus you have betrayed me. You told me you loved not the Lady Clare: that you would beseech your father to release you from your engagement to her: that you would wed me. False, false, false, than hell itself," she exclaimed, bitterly.

She rose and began to pace the floor. Her hair, loosed from its band, fell in raven masses wildly over her shoulders, and her dark cheek glowed, like fire, with passion.

"But I will have my revenge," she said, "I know where to strike; and I will wait for my chance. Oh! Francis, Lord Clairmont," she exclaimed, with a mocking laugh, "you have not written to the house of Lancaster for nothing. I will intercept one of your letters. I will carry it to the king; and the monarch, incensed at your conduct, will send you from your bride for life. Ha! ha! will I not have revenge?"

Alone, half reclining upon a cushioned couch, with his graceful form enveloped in a robe of crimson, lined and edged with costly furs, with an air of ennui and weariness, lay England's king, the handsome and voluptuous Edward the Fourth. Scarce a token was discernible of the warrior king, in the languid form, the sunny brow, and small, voluptuous mouth, as he lay with drooping eyelids, dreaming, not of past victories,

or stirring triumphs, but of the many bright beauties that graced his brilliant court.

Presently his reveries were broken by the entrance of a favorite attendant. Edward looked dreamily up, as the page spoke.

"A lady craves audience, my liege," he said, "and will not be denied admittance."

"Is she old, or still in youth, Francois?"

"I should say far advanced, sire, were it not for a white hand that gleamed out for a moment's space, as she drew her mantel about her, when my Lord Hastings, and Woodville came near."

"Then, in heaven's name, admit her without delay. We have not looked upon a new face this many a day." And, in a moment the stranger entered.

"Throw back that envious hood," said Edward, as she stood close veiled before him, "we would fain look upon the brow of our fair petitioner. Fair indeed," he whispered, admiringly, as suiting the action to his words, he withdrew the hood from the somewhat frightened girl, disclosing the beautiful face of Leonora Estrange. She paused a moment, and then threw herself at his feet. Her cheek was of a marble hue as she extended a letter to him.

Edward took it carefully, but as his glance rested upon it, he bent forward with a kindling eye and frowning brow. Once or twice he read, and re-read; then looking gravely down upon the fair girl, he said, somewhat sternly—

"And how, pretty one, came you by this?"

"Lord Francis Clairmont," she said, "bade me destroy it, but knowing it to be of somewhat treasonable import, I have brought it to you, my liege, for safe-keeping."

"And what may my Lord of Clairmont be to you, that he should deposit letters of such high value in your care?"

"Nothing, sire," answered Leonora, while the warm blood mantled her cheek and brow.

"Come," he said, smilingly, "I can read the riddle: he loves thy fair face, and then, thou lovest thy sovereign better."

"There is no love between us: once it were otherwise; but now the heart which he has betrayed, knows no softer unction than revenge. Yes," she added, in a deep, low voice, "Leonora Estrange lives but for revenge. The deed is done. With your leave, sire, I will withdraw."

"Nay, stay," said the monarch, laying his hand lightly upon her arm to detain her, "sit thee here, poor child, by my side, and we will see if we cannot comfort thee," he whispered, as he drew her to his side. "God of heaven, he must be a craven," cited the monarch, "that could be false to those bright eyes! And now, pretty trembler, say, shall not Edward comfort the poor heart that throbs so wildly? By this

token, he swears fidelity evermore to these lovely lips." He would have pressed his own to those of the pale girl, but like lightning she sprang up, and stood with head erect, flashing eye, and crimsoned cheeks.

"Stand back, my liege," she said, "the monarch of proud England forgets himself strangely, when he leaves it for one like me to re-call him thus. I came not here to complain of Lord Francis of Clairmont, or to seek the love of England's king; but to accomplish my destiny. My liege, fare-thee-well," and she turned to withdraw.

The monarch stood wrapt in mute admiration of the bold girl as she spoke; but when she turned, he sprang forward, crying—

"By my halidom, this proud spirit suits thee well. Bold, forsooth must be the one that dares trifle with thy woman's heart. But do you know, girl," he said, as his eye again fell upon the paper within his hand, and he folded it, placing it within his bosom; "do you know that you have doomed your recreant lover to a traitor's death?"

Leonora sprang forward, and laid her small white hand upon the king's arm, while her red lips grew pallid and quivered with agony as she cried—

"To death! oh, sire, you do but jest with poor Leonora? Say it not again: re-call the words you but now have spoken."

Edward looked long and fixedly upon the agonized brow, upturned to his, upon which remorse had already stamped its iron signet. He laid his jeweled hand upon the pale brow, and bending low, whispered—

"And if to thy prayer, I spare the life of Francis of Clairmont, will Edward win the love of Leonora?"

But no blush now mantled the young cheek; the life blood was pressing heavily upon the heart; for the truth had struck her for the first time, that it was not alone to imprisonment, but to death; and by her hand, that Clairmont was betrayed. Hence the monarch's words awoke scarce a thought within that throbbing heart. Raising the long lashes, her glance fell coldly upon Edward's as she answered—

"The love, the fidelity of the subject, I will bestow, and if my sovereign be but just to himself and others, that will be enough. I have nothing else, my lord, to give."

"Then, by heaven, Clairmont dies ere another week has passed," answered the king.

Leonora drew herself up.

"And I tell you, false king, false alike to honor and justice, that he shall not die."

And again with flashing eye and dauntless mein, she confronted England's king; then suddenly turned from the apartment.

The word was spoken. The final sentence had

gone forth. Doomed to an ignominious death, on the breaking of another dawn, the young Lord of Clairmont sat in his dungeon. His head was bowed upon his folded arms; his cheek was pale with the spirit's strife; and his dark eye had lost its wonted fire. The light of his soul had gone out when he learned that he was betrayed, and by the hand of Leonora.

Long he remained buried in deep and painful thought, until a low, half-stifled sob fell upon his ear. Uncovering his face, he looked tenderly down, where by his side the Lady Clare had sat, with her head resting upon his knee. Sadly and caressingly he laid his hand amid those golden curls, clustering around the pale brow; and bending down fondly, kissed the tear-laden eyes. As he did so, he murmured—

"Thou alone, of all the world, art true."

Amid her tears she looked up, as these words, like blessed music, fell upon her ear.

He had scarcely spoken, when the door was gently opened, and a muffled figure stood silently gazing upon the scene. Directly she advanced with faltering steps, and spoke in trembling accents. The color came flushing to the cheek of Francis of Clairmont.

"My lord," she said, as she threw back her mantel: and both Francis and his wife started as their glances fell upon that beautiful face, now so wan and faded. "My lord, Leonora has come to save the life which she has periled. Will you not trust me?" she asked, in a voice of touching sadness, as she knelt before him.

Francis of Clairmont looked sadly down upon her for a moment without a word: then he spoke,

"Have you come here, Leonora," he said, "to mock the doomed man with idle hopes and soft words? You who have betrayed me to death. Yet I thank thee, Leonora, for the boon of thy presence. I would return the wrong thou hast done, by mercy. Francis of Clairmont loved thee."

Here a low cry broke from the young wife, but he laid his hand upon her head, as he continued,

"I loved thee until thou didst betray me to infamy and death; then the wrong soul in its agony turned to a softer, a truer heart."

A shudder ran through the slight figure before him, and Leonora spoke in a voice of sharp agony, that fell painfully upon the listener's ear, "Not a truer, not a fonder heart," she said.

"Francis, the poor gipsy girl would have sacrificed all but honor to have saved thy life. Behold here she still will save you. Take this cloak and hood," casting them from her, as she spoke, "wrap them around thee, and pass out. None will heed thee. At the foot of the stairs a boat waits thee, and with it, those who will bear thee away in safety. And then, lady," she said, approaching the Lady Clare. "Let me look upon

the face, which smiled upon my lone youth; and pray for pardon for all the wrong I have done thee." She spoke hurriedly. Clairmont moved not. She took her mantel, and threw it around the young lord; but a sharp thrill ran through her whole frame, as she touched the hand that so often had fondly clasped her own.

When the young nobleman felt the burning touch of those slight fingers, he raised himself, saying—

"And can you think, Leonora, that I will leave you to the revenge of a baffled king?"

"Edward will not harm me," answered Leonora, "a night's imprisonment will be all; and it matters little now," she murmured to herself, "whether the roof of palace or prison cover this blighted head."

Clairmont still hesitated, but she took his hand and joined it to that of the Lady Clare, saying,

"She is good and true: be thou so to her. Go—before it is too late."

The next moment she was alone.

When the echo of Clairmont's step had died away, she threw herself upon the couch, and drew the covering around her so that if the guard looked in, he might still fancy Clairmont slept. The caution proved not in vain; for in a little while, the door opened, and a man's head intruded. But in the dim light, the guard beheld that motionless form. Murmuring to himself, "he sleeps soundly his last sleep on earth," he went on his round.

Who shall tell the bitter and sad thoughts that swept across the soul of Leonora Estrange, through the hours of that long, dark night? They were too deep for endurance at last; for when the first grey light of early morning filled the room, and the guards entered to convey the young Lord of Clairmont to the block, they found only the corpse of a young girl lying quietly upon his pallet. Even the rough and hardened soldiers turned awe-stricken from the sweet pale face before them. Many eyes looked upon that lifeless form that day, and at last the tidings reached the monarch's ear. With a presentiment of the truth, he entered the room, and bent above the dead. For many moments he stood motionless: then a tear was seen to gather within his eye, and fall silently amid the dark braids of the corpse, beautiful even in death.

"For her sake, I pardon my Lord Francis of Clairmont," at last, said the king. "Let her have Christian burial; and let masses be said for her soul."

Taught by the bitter lessons of youth, Lord Clairmont was ever after true to his sweet wife. But both he and the heiress of Moorland often conversed sadly of Leonora Estrange, the poor GIPSEY GIRL.

EDITORS' TABLE.

CHIT-CHAT WITH READERS.

SEQUEL TO PALACES AND PRISONS.—Though the story of "Julia Warren" will be complete in itself, yet it may be worth while here to recapitulate the chief incidents of "Palaces and Prisons," to which it is a sequel. Mr. Wilcox, then, or Mr. Warren as he now calls himself—the prisoner whose commital for murder is narrated in the present number—was once a rich farmer in Maine, with an only daughter, Adeline, of great beauty and accomplishments. This daughter, marrying a man named Leicester, a gay spendthrift from New York, moves to that city. Subsequently deserted by her husband, she sails for Europe as governess in the family of a nobleman returning to England, leaving her child to the care of its grandparents. Years after, on the decease of the nobleman and his only daughter, Adeline inherits his large estates by will. Returning to the United States, she seeks first her old home in Maine, but finds her parents have disappeared, nor can she discover any clue to them, or to her child; for, in fact, long before, the old man has come to New York with his wife and grandchild, and there fallen into extreme poverty.

Meantime, Adeline, still loving her husband, seeks him out; but he rejects her, believing her poor. Too proud to bring him back by acknowledging her wealth, she conceals her passion and disappears from his search. Leicester now projects a marriage with a young heiress, with whom he proposes to sail for Europe; but, to raise funds to carry out the plot, is forced to forge a check. His instrument is a young man, named Robert Otis, whom he fancies his ignorant tool; but Otis has been warned of Leicester's real character by an old friend of Adeline, and faithful servant, his own uncle. Proofs of Leicester's guilt are collected in the hands of this man, who reveals them to Adeline, in time to prevent the marriage of the heiress. Adeline summons her husband to her presence, tells him of his criminality, acquaints him with her fortune, and then scornfully dismisses him, while police-officers, as pre-arranged, wait without to follow him home and there arrest him.

Leicester, aware, too late, of the net in which he is involved, makes a desperate effort to extricate himself. He has accidentally met little Julia Warren, whom he recognizes as his own child, and, believing that if he can secure her person, he can make terms with her mother, he seeks out the miserable tenement where Julia and her grandparents live. He enters, and is recognized, by both the old man and his wife. The latter, with her grandchild, is asked to leave the room, while Leicester confers with the former: and the request is granted. Leicester first strives to coax, then to terrify the old man into surrendering Julia, but failing in this, and knowing that arrest, exposure, and the Penitentiary are now before him, he seizes

a case-knife, and stabs himself to the heart. The neighbors rush in at the uproar, and, finding Mr. Wilcox alone with the corpse, arrest him for murder. The story closes with the grief of Adeline over the dead body of her husband, and her still greater grief for the loss of her child, for, as yet, she knows nothing of little Julia's existence.

As Adeline Leicester was the heroine of "Palaces and Prisons," so Julia, her daughter, will be the heroine of this. Each story is distinct; yet one properly a sequel to the other.

FLOWER GARDEN FOR MARCH.—In regulating the amount of heat, light, moisture, &c., attention must be paid to the peculiar conditions of the plant at certain periods of its growth. Thus, slips and transplants, while they are freely provided with heat and moisture, should not be too much exposed to light and sunshine. The evaporation which takes place from the leaves must not exceed the moisture which the root is capable of absorbing from the soil; if it does so, the plant will speedily languish and die.

After transplanting, never give the plants water oftener than once, which should be immediately after the operation of planting is performed. The summer months are very unfavorable to transplanting, and should, therefore, be avoided if possible. From October to April, all shrubs, &c., may be lifted with safety. November is preferable for lifting large plants, as those planted about that time always send out young roots during winter; frequently by February, from one to three inches long.

It will be necessary to keep young transplants and slips partially in the shade, until they are thoroughly rooted, and begin to send forth leaf-buds, which are sure symptoms of their new vitality. Particular attention should also be paid to the manner of watering our domestic favorites. Though plants may occasionally be showered with the watering-pot, in general the best mode is to give them their supply by the flats and under-soil, and to take care that this be as regular and gradual as possible. Drenching them to-day, and forgetting them for the remainder of the week, is decidedly hurtful; and watering the surface has a cooling effect upon the soil, at the same time that it is objectionable on the score of cleanliness. The great desideratum in the atmosphere of domestic apartments is moisture; and this can be partially supplied by placing shallow tin flats on the flower-stand, from which the water can evaporate among the leaves and branches of the plants. In transferring plants which have become too large for their original pots, it is generally necessary to remove part of the old matted root, to open it up, as it were, so that it may speedily obtain nutriment from the new supply of soil. Nothing can be more stupid than to transfer a ball of fibres and exhausted soil to a new

pot, under the idea of not injuring the root. The absorbent portions of the fibres are their tips or spongioles; and if these cannot be kept entire, a new and vigorous growth of them will be much sooner sent forth from a pruned root than from one clogged with old soil and decayed fibres. In filling pots with soil, care should be taken not to press it too firmly, but merely to give it sufficient consolidation to retain moisture and steady the plant. It is also of the utmost importance, especially in large uprights, to place a layer of broken earthenware or sifted gravel next the bottom, with some turf or moss above, to facilitate drainage, or, as old gardeners express it, "to keep the soil sweet."

Another direction to be borne in mind is, never transfer a plant from one situation to another of a widely different character without some previous preparation. Vegetables no doubt possess wonderful powers of accommodation, but there is a limit to this principle; and a plant nursed and reared in the hot-house will no more endure the exposure of an open pot, than the animals of India could live and propagate in Iceland. Thus many of our rarest exotics are permanently injured by sudden removal from the stove to the open stand, or from the open air and conservatory to the drawing-room. Plants intended for transferences of this kind should either be taken at the period of their repose, or immediately before their breaking out into blossom, if their flowers be the object in view. For example, is it wished to bring some showy orchidaceous plant from the stove to the drawing-room, it ought to be kept as dry as its actual wants will permit, some time previous to its flowering, and to be removed to its destination as soon as the first flowers make their appearance. On the other hand, it should not be returned to its original destination till the flowers have withered, and even then not till the soil has become pretty dry.

All that is necessary for successful in-door culture, is attention to the general directions previously given. If plants have sufficient air, light, warmth and moisture, and be potted in proper soil, nothing else is needed, save a little care in keeping them clean, occasionally stirring the upper portion of the soil, turning them regularly to the light, lopping off old wood, pruning unseemly shoots, and removing decayed leaves. It may sometimes happen, notwithstanding all ordinary care, that a few, such as the pelargoniums, may be infested with small green insects, or may otherwise take disease and languish. The former are generally destroyed by a sprinkling of powdered lime, the fumes of tobacco or sulphur, or even, where the nature of the plant will admit, by a thorough drenching with pure water. Disease is almost always the result of inattention, of too much or too little water, of confined pots, or of forcing into unnatural growth, and can only be remedied by recurring to proper treatment; such as removal into larger pots, a supply of new soil, cutting asunder and re-planting matted roots, or by giving small doses of active manures, as nitrate of soda, ammoniacal water, liquid guano, and the like. When slugs or other vermin infest the soil in which plants

are grown, the above manures will in general kill them; if not, a drenching with lime-water—allowing it to pass off through the holes in the bottom of the pot or box—is sure to prove effectual, the same time that it is likely to add to the vigor of the plants.

In order to produce double flowers, you must give them a due supply of moisture, but rather less than the plant most delights in; a superabundant supply of decomposing, organic matter to its roots, and an exposure to the greatest possible degree of sunlight.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey. Edited by his Son. New York: Harper & Brothers.—As a prose writer, at least, Southey stands among the leading authors of England, and either as a prose writer or a poet he will be among the most lamented. We doubt very much if this correspondence, sanctioned and put forth by his son, will not prove very widely popular. There is in the opening number the commencement of an autobiography running from Southey's infancy up to his entrance into Westminster, this is vivid, natural, pleasant, we only regret that there was no continuation in after years; but his letters do not fall short of the biography in interest, and the whole cannot fail to be popular in this country as it has been in England.

History of Spanish Literature. By George Ticknor. In three vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The high reputation won by Mr. Ticknor by the first volume of this most valuable work, is one which any author might covet. The book, now that is complete, will place him on a level with Prescott, Irving, and other authors who have given honor to our literature by their industry and genius. Every true American will appreciate the importance of a work like this, and the dignity that it confers on American literature. It is useless to add that the publishers send forth the book in perfect style, for when do they ever fail in this?

Essay on Christian Baptism. By Baptist W. Noel, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Among the valuable religious books that now and then appear from the Harpers' press, this will be highly valued, not only by those who agree in opinion with the author, but by persons who, having no time for investigation, require Scripture knowledge condensed and digested for them. Those even who may not believe with Mr. Noel, will find much to profit by in his book, for it has been the result of earnest thought and hard research.

Constance Lyndsey. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This novel came, like Sir Edward Graham, late in the month, and we have only obtained time to gather a thought here and there, testing the quality and depth. It opens well. There seems to be fine touches of character, and a great deal of deep passion delineated in its pages. It is impossible, after reading a single page, to mistake it as tame or common-place: indeed we seldom find the Harpers' publishing a book that is not well worth reading.

The Peer's Daughter. By Lady Bulwer. New York: Stringer & Townsend.—Though we acknowledge a prejudice against this lady, there is no denying that her books are full of interest; she has splendid taste in matters of dress, furniture and art: dashes off a scene with great spirit, indulges in a little sarcasm now and then which most people like, and which in this case seems quite natural to the author. The Peer's Daughter is decidedly the best book she has written, and will doubtless prove the most popular.

Sir Edward Graham. By Catharine Sinclair. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have not read the whole of this book, though sorely tempted to keep on, in spite of other duties, for we found every page so vivid, so fresh, so full of genius, that it was a very serious sacrifice to break off. If the plot is half as good as the style, or at all equal to the life that sparkles in every scene, the whole work must be superb.

Representative Men. By R. W. Emerson. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—This will prove the most popular theory of Mr. Emerson's published writings. It is a series of sketches of distinguished men, in all ages; Plato, Shakspeare, Napoleon, Swedenborg, &c., and is full of profound thought. In the estimate of Emerson's genius the English were unquestionably right.

Flemish Tales. Translated by Frederick Conscience, and edited by Miss Lynch. New York: Edward Dunigan.—Here is a delightful gift-book, beautifully done up in crimson and gold, crowded with illustrations, and printed on the thickest and most snowy paper. It contains several tales, every one a gem. All this we should have said earlier, but the book came too late for a notice before the holidays.

Christmas Shadows. New York: Stringer & Townsend.—One of the prettiest books for young or old people, published this year, is the Christmas Shadows. The story is touching and beautiful, the illustrations equal to the story, and the whole style elegant as a gift-book can possibly be made.

Dark Scenes in History. By G. P. R. James. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A neat duodecimo volume this, full of the most touching and vivid scenes in history, written in James' best style, and quite as interesting as fiction can be rendered.

Shakspeare Illustrated. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—We acknowledge the receipt of Nos. 8 and 9 of this superb work.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. 1.—A DRESS OF VIOLET COLORED STRIPED SILK—skirt plain. An apron of the same material, finished with a bias ruffle. Corsage plain, and low in the neck—sleeves plain, opening on the back of the arm below the elbow, showing white cambric under-sleeves. A cape of fine worked muslin, with a collar surmounted by a pink neck-tie. Head-dress of violet colored velvet, arranged in ringlets, as described a few months since.

FIG. 2.—A LITTLE BOY'S DRESS OF PINK MÉRINO, a coat of white cashmere, embroidered in scallops, with a small cape on the back, but which extends no further front than the front of the sleeves. A hat of white beaver, with a long curling ostrich feather. Pantelettes are quite short. Gaiters of white zephyr.

FIG. 3.—A WALKING-DRESS OF GREEN SILK, trimmed with revers rows of black velvet, put on in scallops. A cloak of dark brown cloth, made in the sacque fashion, trimmed with four rows of braid a shade darker than the cloth. It is lined throughout with pink silk of a dark hue, quilted. Bonnet of pink velvet, trimmed with bands of the same, interlaced on the left side. A muff of ermine.

EVENING DRESSES.—For full evening-dress a great variety of rich materials are employed; and thick brocaded silks and satins are ornamented with trimmings of the richest and most *recherche* description. These trimmings consist of embroidery in silk, of ornaments of velvet, or gold and silver braid *applique*, or even of pearls. A dress was lately completed in Paris of the richest description. It was of plain light blue satin of the richest texture. The skirt was trimmed with five narrow flounces of blonde, figured with silver, and each flounce was surmounted by a wreath formed of pearl beads of various sizes.

The sleeves of evening and ball-dresses are usually ornamented in a style corresponding with that of the trimming on the skirt, which trimming frequently consists of frills and bouillonnees. The open demi-long sleeves are ornamented at the ends with frills and full trimmings.

FLOWERS and lace continue to be favorite trimmings for ball-dresses. Flower trimmings are not necessarily confined to dresses of light and transparent texture: they are quite as frequently employed for ornamenting dresses of silk or satin. We may mention the revival of an old and elegant fashion, viz: that of black lace dresses worn over slips of colored silk or satin.

Some of the finer dress materials which have just been received are very beautiful. The *de lains* are nearly all of white grounds, with small palm-leaves and other figures of the richest colors. The India silks generally come with very small plaids. Collars will be worn larger than heretofore. The prevailing color for gloves will be corn color, or straw.

HEAD DRESSES.—The ringlets worn at each side of the head, in the manner shown in our illustration, are exceedingly becoming and simple, and they have the advantage of being alike suitable to evening *neglige* or to a more full style of dress, according to the material of which they may be composed. If preferred the material can be made into bows instead of ringlets, which can be attached to an elastic steel spring, which passes across the upper part of the head. This spring may be closely covered with black velvet so as to be almost invisible; or it may have a broader covering formed of folds, either of velvet or ribbon, thus giving to the coiffure the appearance of a demi-cap. For mourning, these bows may be composed either wholly of black velvet, of black velvet intermingled with black lace.



THE ERRAND BOY.

Engraved by Cushman, expressly for the Lady's National Magazine.









FASHIONS FOR APRIL.



ANTICIPATION.



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1850.

No. 4.

WHITE LIES.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

AFTER all that Mrs. Opie has said, and all that has been said since, approbatory and confirmatory, the subject of truth-telling in common conversation remains a fruitful theme. Indeed, so difficult a one is it to treat satisfactorily, that we may almost ask Pilate's question, "what is truth?" What is truth of description, for instance. Suppose an exciting, brilliant show to have been witnessed by two persons of opposite temperaments, each of whom, on his return, attempts to give a true idea of it to those who could have not seen it. The plain matter-of-fact speaker might make an enumeration of circumstances, dull and uninteresting as an auctioneer's inventory, which would fall without an echo on the unawakened ears of his auditory; while his more poetic brother shall, by a few rapid and characteristic strokes, call up the whole scene, impart a vivid idea of the soul of it, and leave his hearers much better informed of it than the other, even though with regard to minor particulars, his dull companion should feel entitled to interrupt him every moment with corrections, which, though undeniable in point of fact, should be wholly useless for the main purpose—the communication of a true idea of the thing both had seen. Here a nice question of truth would arise. A question which would admit of honest answers in direct opposition to each other. One would consider the matter-of-fact man the only truth-teller, while another would decide for him who succeeded in giving the truest picture.

We see then that practical truth must necessarily depend somewhat upon temperament—the temperament both of hearer and speaker. Conscience must decide for both, and a harsh construction would be unjustifiable. The matter-of-fact man has no more right to call the poetical, but life-like, description a lie, than the poet has to condemn, as untrue, the common-place of his soberer friend. Truth may be equally the aim

of both—equally safe with either. The plain talker may be more particularly and constantly on his guard than the other; his mind may be a more minute mind; he may be gifted with a natural power for details; but the man of genius need not be suspected of a less devoted regard for truth. He has only a different mode of approaching her. He sees her as a whole, and not in parts; he is her worshipper, but not her slave. He forgets the hue of her garment in gazing on her radiant face. But it will never do to grow poetical about it, so we pass to another thought.

It is extremely difficult for the best of us to tell the truth about ourselves. Perhaps no autobiography—whether called "Confessions," "A True Story," or "Recollections"—ever gave the same idea of the man as he himself owned within his secret soul. If we do not wilfully falsify, we depart from Truth, by keeping back a part. We may confess great faults, but we are apt to hide disgraceful ones; for there is a wide distinction between the law of morals and the world's application of it to human action. Even in talking ourselves over to a friend—a great and lawful pleasure in some cases, and leading to improvement if both are faithful—we can hardly escape the temptation to show him the most creditable side of our thoughts, though we may bring up for examination much that needs amendment. So great is the danger here, that it would almost seem to amount to a prohibition of talking of self at all; but this would nullify close and faithful friendship, which requires free outpouring on every subject that interests each, so that it cannot be a just conclusion. In this case, as in every case where truth is in question, we must be strictly on our guard, taking care not to promise more than we are able to perform.

There is a vast deal of untruth in the world, which passes very creditably—the exaggeration which we use when we would persuade, warn,

reprove, or impress. The very same person who will take up a random speaker with a surly sneer, will, perhaps, plume himself upon the effect produced upon an audience by his own highly poetical statements on some topic in morals or religion, though he would be far from avowing the belief that the end sanctifies the means. When we warn the young, or reprove children, we are all apt to stretch our commission a little, using expressions far too strong for the occasion, and venturing an unjust stroke for effect, rather than not make the requisite impression. This is unavoidable, for it is a poetic impulse; but it should be closely watched and jealously restrained. There is said to be no truth without poetry, but it is also true that there is no poetry without truth.

It is a curious circumstance connected with the acknowledged difficulty of telling the truth, and the universality of missing it sometimes, that the world's judgment upon certain departures from it should be so bitterly severe. One would suppose that conscious weakness should make us lenient toward each other. But it is not so; and the contempt lavished upon particular instances is no doubt sometimes the cause of deeper evil. If it were not so shameful to confess that we had been betrayed into falsehood, the temptation to cover up one lie by another would surely be much lessened. This remark, though generally applicable, may be remembered with especial advantage in the management of children. When we reflect how easily they may be surprised or frightened into falsehood, we should begin by treating such aberrations with much tenderness, and thus encourage immediate acknowledgment—the surest first step to amendment. And the same leniency exercised toward servants, and over all whom we have influence, might, without in the least detracting from the reverence for truth, lead on feeble virtue to habitual regard for it. We must guard against making it a bugbear, but be sure meanwhile, to show that we look upon it ourselves as the reflex of God himself.

All that we have been talking of is unintentional lying—the lie of weakness, or carelessness, or over-seal, or timidity, or vanity. The deliberate, the cruel, the malicious, the defrauding, the slanderous lie, must be left to the solemn denunciations of the pulpit; the unlimited scorn and hatred of mankind. Mild medicines and soothing treatment are not for virulent diseases: these must be dealt with by cautery and the knife.

We have been inquiring a little into the best means of promoting a habit of truthfulness in common talk, and fancy we have found it in a more candid and liberal construction of what is said under certain circumstances, and a gentler and more conscientious mode of dealing with

those who from temperament or otherwise may not have exactly our notion of what is true, though they may possess an equally exalted appreciation in their own way. We would plead that poetic truth is truth, even more surely, sometimes, than literal truth; and that while we tolerate it, and indeed cannot do without it in many, and even in the highest things, we should not claim to draw the line just where we choose, excluding those who belong to the temple quite as honestly as ourselves, though they may perhaps enter by another door. The course of truth has been injured by surly, self-constituted defenders of it. One who sets out to give a striking, faithful picture of what he has seen, will not be induced to love truth the better if he considers her personified in some captious, slow-minded hearer, who lies in wait to convict him of some trifling inaccuracy where he did not pretend to accuracy. We respect the man who would not for the world err in the minutest circumstance of his recital, but we need respect him no less who, while giving a faithful picture in broad, artistic strokes, should be unable to finish it in detail and err if he attempted it. To conclude him, on this account, less devoted to truth than the other, would be the highest injustice. He may only be able to take a nobler view of it.

But all this should be thoroughly understood. He who cannot give details should not pretend to give them. He should warn his hearers of the kind of memory which enables him to depict scenes in vivid colors, but without circumstantial correctness. If he has to give a recital of facts, he must give it with a proviso, that in minor points he may be incorrect. He should show his allegiance to truth by a confession that it is difficult for him to adhere to it with literal fidelity when his imagination is excited. Care like this, prompted by a sacred reverence for the great good, will keep him safe from all but captious, or stupid, or insincere cavils, and these are only provoking and pitiable, perhaps injurious for a time, but easily lived down. A hearty and intelligent and religious love of truth will make itself evident in time, though mousing owls should have tried their powers upon our talk, and chuckled maliciously over seeming discrepancies.

Mrs. Opie dealt largely with those soul-snarers, the lies of society, and her writings had an evident effect in this quarter, where they were so much needed. She held up to plain sight, and shamed so many refugees of this kind, and her pictures were so universally attractive, that it required wonderful boldness ever again to attempt similar deceptions. From that day to this, there have been fewer net-at-homes, and fewer loud and hollow professions of regard, and greater candor in avowing unpalatable truths in social

matters. Much yet remains to be done. We want a new Amelia Opie, since the old one has earned repose, to help us to a more sincere tone in our intercourse with even our friends. When shall we dare to avow our real preference of one place or person over another, in particular cases, without giving offense? Will the time ever come when we may say to those we love things which now rise spontaneous to our lips, but which we suppress through selfish prudence, forgetting that the suppression of truth is often a most injurious kind of falsehood? When shall we begin to let our manner to different people be, in some degree, the exponent of our feelings toward them? Time would fail if half the particulars were enumerated in which a new and higher-toned Amelia Opie would be a public benefactor. We learned the old lesson with avidity: we are ready to review that, and take another, further in ad-

vance. The appearance of the new teacher would be the crowning pleasure and honor of the good old lady's days. She might say or think with honest pride, "it was I who first touched with Ithuriel spear the callous heart of society! These who sow new seed were first gleaners after me! A double issue is vouchsafed to my beginnings. I may indeed depart in peace."

It is hardly necessary to dilate upon the interest with which one looks upon a woman like Mrs. Opie. It was as if our mothers spoke to us again from the past, calling up the sweet lessons of early youth. To converse with her was a privilege indeed—one to be specially remembered among the many that reward the wanderer who crosses the ocean to gaze upon the treasures of that rich old world of which she is one of the precious ornaments.

THE ANCIENT MIRROR.

BY ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

LOVELY as a dream of light,
In her robes of snowy white,
Stood the bride with cheeks so pale,
With her pure and saint-like face.
Zephyr-like her bridal veil
Kissed a form replete with grace.
And the ancient mirror there
Ne'er reflected aught so fair,
While her bridesmaids, merrily
With their song and laughter free,
Flushed with youth's delicious glow,
Flitted, flitted to and fro.

To his ancient home with pride
Had the lover brought his bride,
And the antique mirror hung
On the carved and oaken wall,
Looking on the fair and young,
Marking smiles like sunshine fall;
Then anon an infant's face
Beautified that ancient place.
Blithe young forms came sporting there,
Children's voices filled the air,
Children in the hearth-fire's glow,
Flitting, flitting to and fro.

But then came a sadder time,
Darkening Love's delicious prime.
For the bride, the mother, lay
Robed in spotless white once more,
Cold and silent as the clay,
Life and Love's bright visions set,
And the mirror looked upon

Blighted beauty, pale and wan,
Looked upon a funeral gloom
Settling o'er the darkened room;
While the mourners, clad in woe,
Flitted, flitted to and fro.

Years sped slowly on, at last
One by one the household passed—
Passed from out the homestead door,
Some to slumber in the grave,
All returning never more,
Some to roam o'er land and wave.
Saw the mirror as it hung,
Faces now no longer young
Scanned it solemnly to say,
"Fare ye well, for many a day,
Friends of old, will ye too go?"
As they flitted to and fro.

Now the old house stands alone,
Smiles and song and beauty flown,
But the mirror which had shared
All the homesteads days of glee,
'Mid the relics Time has spared,
Lingered yet their fate to see,
And reflecting through the gloom,
But the insects filmy loom
Or perchance some vagrant form,
Seeking shelter from the storm,
Or the ivy sadly swayed
By the wind, or light and shade,
Past the ruined casement low,
Flitting, flitting to and fro.

WOODLAWN; OR, THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MEDAL.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," &C.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."—CAMPBELL.

"WHAT are you thinking of so intently, Annie?" asked Kate Leslie of her cousin. "You have not spoken for the last half hour."

Annie roused herself with a smile and answered, "only of last night's opera, Kate—nothing very important."

"Well—and what of the opera?" pursued Kate. "Come, I should like to hear a genuine, unsophisticated opinion of our most fashionable amusement."

"I was thinking less, I believe," returned Annie, smiling, "of the opera itself, Kate, than of the audience."

"And of the audience," persisted Kate.

"Well, Kate, if you will have it, I was only thinking how happy and gay they all looked. What a different world it was from any that I had ever been in before; and what a difference of fate there was between myself and those elegant looking girls who sat opposite to us."

"Ah, the Hautons. They are fortunes' favorites indeed! They have everything—wealth, family, fashion—and elegant, high-bred-looking things they are too. They called yesterday morning, and left a card for you; but Mrs. Hauton told mamma last night that they were moving out to Woodlawn, and hoped we would return the visit there. I should like it of all things, for the place is magnificent, and I am told they entertain elegantly. We have always visited in the city, but have never been invited out of town before: and now I suppose as soon as they are settled, Mrs. Hauton will name a day for our coming. Fanny Elliot spent a week there last summer, and she said it was a continued round of breakfast, dinner and evening parties all the time. Beside invited guests, they have always preparations made for unexpected company. The table is laid every day, as for a dinner-party, with silver, and they have, I don't know how many men servants—horses too in any number, and a billiard-table and library, and green-house, and everything you can think of in the handsomest style."

"And an opera box in town," said Annie, with something that approached a sigh.

"Oh! yes, an opera box, and everything else. They live in town in winter, and their parties are

always the most elegant of the season. The girls dress exquisitely too—they import most of their things—in short, I don't know any one I'd rather be than one of those Hautons."

Annie, who lived in the quiet little village of C—, of which her father was the principal lawyer, and who could just manage to maintain his family in a plain, comfortable, but rather homespun way, was rather dazzled with this picture of the Hautons, and her heart quite died within her at the idea of spending a week in the house of such grand people. She looked upon Kate's fearlessness upon the subject with some surprise—but then Kate was used to such stylish people! How should she, a little village girl, appear among these grandees? And then her dress—that first thought always among women—she almost hoped Mrs. Hauton would forget to follow up her invitation. A few days after, however, Kate entered the room, saying with much animation—

"Here's a note from Mrs. Hauton, Annie, as I expected, asking us to spend a few days at Woodlawn. Mamma desired me to show it to you before I answered it—so what do you say?"

"Just what you do of course," replied Annie. "They are almost strangers to me, you know, so you must decide for us both. I am ready to accept or refuse, which ever you like. I don't care about going—"

"Oh, my dear," interrupted Kate, quickly. "I would not have you refuse on any account. I am particularly glad for your sake, that the invitation should have come now, while you are with us. Indeed, Annie, I consider you quite 'in luck,' so you must not dream of refusing."

"How long are we to stay?" inquired Annie.

"We are invited from Monday to Wednesday, in English style," replied Kate, "which I like. Of all things I hate that indefinite period of 'as long as you find it agreeable,' when half your time is spent in trying to find out how long you are expected to remain, and your hostess is equally occupied in endeavoring to ascertain when you mean to go."

Annie's eyes dilated with surprise at this definition of hospitality, which sounded to her fresh

country ears and primitive notions as something remarkable: but concluding that her cousin was in jest, she laughed as she asked—

"Is it usual to fix a time for your friends' departure as well as for their coming, Kate?"

"No," answered Kate. "I wish it were. It would not be such a formidable matter to ask them if it was."

"Are you in earnest?" asked Annie, looking up in surprise.

"To be sure I am," replied Kate. "You don't know what a bore it is to have a place near the city, Annie, and to have people coming forever, without an idea when they are going."

"Then why do you ask them at all, if you don't want them?" inquired Annie.

"Oh, because you *must*," replied Kate. "Some expect it—to others you owe civilities—and its all well enough if the time of their going was only fixed. Two or three days for people you don't care for, and who don't care for you, is long enough."

"Plenty, I should say," answered Annie, emphatically. "And I should not think, Kate, there was any danger of guests under such circumstances remaining longer."

"Much you know of it my dear," said Kate, in a droll tone of despair. "The less you care for them, and the greater the bores, the longer they stay. But papa and mamma have such old-fashioned notions of hospitality, that they will not adopt this style of naming the days of the invitation. The Hautons understand the matter better."

"I wish," said Kate, the next day, as she was packing up, "I had a pretty little cap for breakfast."

"Why, where is that little beauty you made yourself?" inquired Annie.

"Oh, Annie," said Kate, half laughing, and half sighing, "home-made millinery won't do for Woodlawn. I suppose you'll ride out in your grey dress," she continued, as she opened her wardrobe to take down some of her own and her cousin's dresses.

Now as this grey was one of Annie's two best dresses, and which she was accustomed to think quite elegant, she hesitated and said—

"My grey for breakfast?"

"Yes, it will do very well," continued Kate, supposing her hesitation proceeded from diffidence as to its being too plain. "The simpler a morning dress the better, and grey is always a good *unnoticeable* color."

Annie almost gasped, "if she was to begin with her foulard for breakfast, what should she do for dinner?" but Kate proceeded with—

"Take the sleeves out of your book muslin, and that will do for dinner—you are always safe

in white—and I suppose they'll supply us with camellias from the green-house for our heads."

"Book muslins, short sleeves and camellias for dinner." Annie's heart beat high between expectation and fear. She wished the visit was over, and yet would not have given it up for the world.

Monday morning arrived, and an hour's ride brought them to Woodlawn. As they drove up through a broad avenue of elms, and stopped before a large, handsome stone house, which commanded a beautiful lawn, Annie felt that the place quite excelled her expectations.

Mrs. Hauton received them with great politeness, made a slight apology for her "lazy girls," who were not yet down, and showed them into the breakfast-room before the young ladies made their appearance.

They came gliding in presently, however, looking very elegant and high-bred, with the prettiest little thread lace caps on the back of their small heads, and the finest of white lawn negliges, their whole toilet exquisitely fine, simple and *recherche*, so that poor Annie felt at once the value and consolation of the expression "*unnoticeable*," which Kate had applied (only to her astonishment at the time) to her grey foulard.

The Miss Hautons did not seem to feel called upon to apologize for their not being ready to receive their guests, but only remarked languidly, "that they must have found it very warm," and asked, "at what time they left the city," and were quite shocked too at the early hour they mentioned, and thought "it must be very disagreeable," and Annie was inclined to think from their manner that they would not have risen so early to come and see them.

The conversation became general—if that can be called conversation which consisted of some remarks upon the long continued drought from Mrs. Hauton, with rejoinders on the heat and dust of the city from Mrs. Leslie. Mr. Leslie inquired of Mr. Hauton something about the state of the crops, and Mr. Hauton asked a question or two about the new railroad. The young ladies kept up a little scattering small talk, consisting chiefly of questions as to who had left town yet, and who remained in the city, and when the Leslies were going, &c., all of which Annie would have thought very dull, if she had not been too much oppressed by the novelty and elegance of everything around her to dare to think at all.

After breakfast a walk was proposed through the garden, and Mrs. Leslie and Mrs. Hauton walking on before, the young ladies followed. Mrs. Hauton commenced a long story about her head gardener, who had behaved so ungratefully in leaving her for a place where he could get

higher wages, when she had dismissed the man she had before to take him, because he was willing to come for less, and after remaining a year with her, he had now left for the very wages she had given her first man. But she wound up her story in a tone of great complaint with, "they are all so mercenary."

Annie could not help thinking that if a woman of Mrs. Hanton's fortune thought so much of the additional wages, that it was not surprising that the gardener would not value them less, nor see the great call upon his gratitude for having been engaged at less than his worth. From this grievance, however, Mrs. Hanton proceeded to tell Mrs. Leslie of the number of men they kept at work on the place, and of how much she gave them a day, and at what a cost they kept up the green-house, which after all was of no use to them as they spent the winters in the city, "and the girls had more bouquets sent them than they wanted." Then followed complaints of the property, which were equally pathetic, and all very pompous and prosy, if it did not border on vulgar, which Annie strongly suspected it did. Annie was in admiration of her aunt's good breeding, which supplied her with patience and attention, and suitable rejoinders to all Mrs. Hanton's boastful twaddle, until she even began to doubt whether she could be as tired as she supposed at first she must be, she kept up the conversation with so little appearance of effort.

She did not listen to half of it herself, but whenever she did, she always found it was some long story about the dairy woman who would do what she should not, or pompous details of the price of the luxuries by which they were surrounded.

Meantime the Miss Hautons kept up a languid complaint of the heat, and asked Kate if she did not find it "horrid;" and when Annie stopped to look at some rare flowers and asked their name, replied, "they did not know, the gardener could tell her," and seemed rather annoyed at Annie's standing in the sun to look at them, and wondered at her curiosity about anything so uninteresting. Annie was something of a botanist, and would gladly have lingered over other plants that were new to her, for the garden was under the highest cultivation, but she saw that it was an interruption to the rest of the party, and they sauntered on. She could not help, however, pausing again with an exclamation of delight before a moss-rose tree in full bearing, when Miss Hanton said sarcastically—

"You are quite an enthusiast in flowers, Miss Cameron."

"I am fond of them," replied Annie, blushing slightly. "Are not you?"

"No," answered the young lady, carelessly,

"I don't care for them at all. I like them well enough in winter—a bouquet finishes one's dress—but I don't see the use of them at all in summer."

"Oh! I hate them," rejoined her sister, almost pettishly. "They are such a plague. People who come out are always wanting some, and then the gardener is to be sent for, and he always grumbles at cutting them, and half the time he has not cord to tie them up, and papa sends me to the house for some—if I had a place I would not have a flower on it. But mamma will have them."

"Why certainly, my dear," said Mrs. Hanton, whose ear caught this last remark, "what should I pay Ralston such wages to do nothing? He gets his money easy enough now—and if he had not the green-house to take care of it would really be too bad."

They now came within sight of the river, to which the lawn sloped, and Annie proposed that they should walk down to the beach; but the young ladies assured her both in a breath, at once, "that she would find it very disagreeable," and asking "if they were not tired," turned their footsteps toward the house.

They returned to the drawing-room to get through the morning as they could. After a little dawdling conversation, Miss Hanton took down her embroidery-frame, and began to sort worsteds, while Miss Fanny produced a purse and gold beads, of which she offered to show Kate the stitch. Kate congratulated herself in her heart that she had had foresight enough to arm herself with needles and silk, and so felt equal to meeting the emergencies of the morning; but poor Annie could only offer to assist Miss Hanton with her worsteds, by way of occupying herself.

Fortunately for Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. Hanton's stream of talk was unceasing. She told innumerable stories of the impositions that were practised upon them; was indignant at the prices that were asked them, and yet more indignant when their fortune did not command them the deference she seemed to think her due.

In short, she was purse proud and mean, and moreover prosy, and poor Annie thought she would die if she had to listen to her half an hour longer. It seemed to her the longest morning she had ever passed, and when the servants came in with luncheon, she awoke as from a nightmare.

Gathering round the table, everybody ate, not from appetite, but ennui, while Mrs. Hanton continued her unwearying talk, which now turned on her hot-house and the price of her forced fruits.

Another weary hour passed in the drawing-room in the same way, when Annie, happening to be near a table on which lay some books, took up a new review, in which she soon dipped with

delight. After reading a few pages she was obliged to cut the leaves, she being evidently the first person who had looked into it, when she heard Miss Hanton in the same sneering tone in which she had pronounced her an enthusiast in flowers, ask "if Miss Cameron was literary?" and Annie, coloring, dropped the book, and returned to her wearisome place on the sofa.

Kate found to her delight that company was expected to dinner, and when the dressing-bell rang, the girls returned to their rooms almost in a state of exhaustion.

"Kate," exclaimed Annie, "I am almost dead. I don't know what has tired me so, but I declare I feel as if I had been in an exhausted receiver."

Kate laughed. "You should have brought some fancy work, Annie. If you had only been counting stitches as I have been, you don't know what a support it would have been under Mrs. Hanton's talk. However take courage. The Langtons, and Constants, and Merediths are coming to dinner. Here let me put this wreath of honeysuckle in your hair. There, that will do, but you must not look so tired," she continued, laughing, "or I am afraid you'll make no conquests, and Constant and Meredith are coming with their sisters."

After half an hour's free and unrestrained chat, and refreshed with the consciousness of a pretty, becoming toilette, Annie accompanied her aunt and cousin again to the drawing-room, invigorated for a new attempt upon society.

The new comers had arrived—a stylish-looking set. The girls were in full dress, and the young men so whiskered and moustached, that Annie was surprised to hear them speak English. They were received with great animation by the Hantons, who seemed to belong to that class of young ladies, who never thoroughly wake up but at the approach of a gentleman.

The young men glanced slightly at Annie, and Mr. Meredith even gave her a second look. He thought her decidedly pretty, and a "new face," which was something; but after a remark or two, finding she "knew nobody," and did not belong to his clique, the trouble of finding topics of mutual interest seemed greater than he thought her worth, so he returned to Miss Hanton, and Annie found herself dropped from a conversation that consisted entirely of personal gossip.

"So the wedding has come off at last?" said Susan Hanton to Mr. Constant. "I hope the Gores will be quiet now. Were you there? How did Mr. Arnold look?"

"Resigned," replied the young man, slightly shrugging his shoulders. Susan laughed at what Annie could not very well perceive, while Miss Hanton continued—

"And the bride? How did she look?"

"As brides always do—charming of course," he replied, carelessly. "You ladies, with your veils and flowers, may set nature herself at defiance, and dare her to recognize you such as she made you."

"If Fanny Gore looked charming," said Ellen Hanton, sarcastically, "I think it might have puzzled more than dame nature to recognize her. I doubt whether Arnold would have known her under such a new aspect."

"I think he may have credit at least for differing from others on that point," said Kate. "Cupid is blind, you know."

"Cupid may be, but Arnold is not," replied the young lady, in the same careless, sneering tone.

"It's a shameful take in."

"A take in," repeated Kate, with surprise.

"Yes, certainly," replied Miss Hanton. "He did not want to marry her."

"Then, why did he?" asked Kate. "He was surely a free agent."

"No, he was *not*," replied Miss Hanton. "The Gores *would* have him. They followed him up, and never let him alone till they got him."

"Do you believe," said Kate, with some spirit, "that any man is to be made to marry against his will? There's no force can do it."

"But the force of flattery," said young Meredith. "A very powerful agent, Miss Leslie."

"Then," said Kate, laughing, "every match is a 'take in,' on that ground. Is not every bride flattered into a beauty, till she feels as if she had entered a new sphere? Do you suppose anybody ever yet fell in love with the truth?"

"No, indeed," replied Mr. Meredith. "Truth's kept where she should be—at the bottom of a well.' A most ill-bred personage, not fit for 'good society,' certainly."

Then the conversation branched off to other matches, and to Annie's surprise, she heard these high-bred, delicate looking girls talk of their friends making "dead sets," and "catches," and of young men who were "taken in," in a style that, to her ears was quite new, and as she thought decidedly (there's no use mincing terms) vulgar.

Kate, to turn the subject, asked Mr. Constant, if he had been to the opera the night before.

"I looked in," he replied. "Vita was screaming away."

"Is not she horrid?" exclaimed Miss Hanton.

"The opera's a bore," remarked her sister.

"Casta's a horror, and Vita detestable. I'm sick of the whole *troupe*."

"I thought you were fond of the opera," said Kate. "You are always there."

"Yes, we had a sofa for the season, and one

must go somewhere. But I was tired to death of it before it was half over. Here, Mr. Meredith, hold this silk for me," she continued, calling to the young gentleman who was looking out of the window, meditating the possibility of making his escape to the refreshment of a cigar.

"That's right; make him useful, Miss Hanton," said Mr. Constant, as the reluctant Meredith declared himself most happy and honored in being so employed, while he anathematized her in his heart as "a fool and a bore," and setting his back teeth, with difficulty suppressed a yawn, which, however, was evident in spite of his efforts to stifle it. Miss Hanton's animation, however, was more than a match for his indifference. He was not to be let off. Young ladies (and high-bred ones too) will sometimes pin young gentlemen, whether or no. It is bad policy; for Annie heard him afterward, as he escaped to the piazza with his friend and a cigar in his mouth, say,

"What bores these girls are, with their confounded worsted and nonsense."

The evening passed pretty much in the same way. Much gossip and some very bad music; for Miss Hanton sang, and, like most amateurs, would undertake more than she could execute. Annie thought of that "screamer Vita, and the horrid Casta," and wondered what ears that were so delicate and so alive to the smallest fault in others, should have so little perception of their own sins of commission.

"Oh!" said Kate, as they returned at night, "did not Susan Hanton's '*Casta Diva*' set your teeth on edge? Such an absurdity for a girl like her to attempt what few professional persons even can sing. You look tired to death, Annie! No wonder; for between you and I, these Hautons are very common girls. Strange that I have known them for years, and yet never knew them before. Dress and distance makes such a difference!"

"They seem to have so little enjoyment in anything," remarked Annie. "Everything in their phraseology is 'a horror' or a 'bore.' Now, to us in the country, everything is a pleasure. I

suppose it is because we have so little," she continued, smiling, "that we must make the most of it."

"Well," said Kate, doubtfully, as if the idea was quite new to her and very bold, "is not that better than to be weary with too much?"

"And yet you would laugh at one of our little meetings," replied Annie, "where we talk of books, sing ballads, and dance after the piano."

"That is primitive to be sure," said Kate, with something of contempt in her heart at such gothic amusements.

"It's pleasant at any rate," thought poor Annie, as she laid her head on her pillow and remembered with infinite satisfaction that she had only one day more to stay among these very fine, very common people.

"And is it possible," she thought, "that I could be such a fool as to envy them, because they looked gay and graceful across the opera house! And half of the rest are doubtless no better! Oh, for one spirited, pleasant talk with Allan Fitzhugh!" And then her mind travelled off to home and a certain young lawyer, and she fell asleep dreaming she was in C——, and once again a *belle*, (as one always is in one's dreams) and woke to another dull day of neglect and common-places, to return home more disenchanted of the gay world and its glitter; mere thoroughly contented than ever she would have been with her own intelligent and animated home, had she not passed three days at Woodlawn amid the dullness of wealth that is unembellished by true refinement or brightened by one ray of genuine wit.

But it was all right. To Annie had been given that which she most prized—to the Hautons, all that they were capable of enjoying.

Would either party have changed? No. The pity, the contempt was mutual, and the satisfaction on both sides as complete as ever falls to the lot of mortals; for Annie had seen the other side of the medal, and the Hautons did not know that there was another side to be seen.

THE KEEPSAKE.

SHE look'd upon the ring and sighed,
For 'twas the gift of one,
On whom her early love was placed,
And who was all her own.
This ring he gave her, ere he went
To distant lands away,
And now, alas! his lov'd form sleeps
Within the silent clay.

And o'er his gift she weepeth now;
Her tears are falling fast,
As with a sad and heavy heart
She dwelleth on the past.
But, she doth hope to meet him yet,
In yonder spheres above,
Where endless praise and endless bliss
Will consecrate their love.

J.

THE VALLEY FARM; OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ORPHAN.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131.

My suspicions that Carrington had been trifling with me, received additional confirmation when weeks passed without his again making his appearance.

I knew that the period for his return to the city had long departed, and I saw, in this neglect, a proof of his unworthiness.

But, nevertheless, I could not, at all times, be satisfied that he had deceived me. I asked myself if I had not attached more meaning to his conduct than he had expected, or desired? And then I reflected that he had never spoken of love.

Yet, notwithstanding these reasonings, I felt that he had sought my affections, and afterward rejected them without cause. Yes! without cause; for I vainly searched my memory to find some excuse for his conduct. Had we not parted kindly after our little misunderstanding? Surely he could not have mistook my last look.

My pride revolted at being deserted. With youth, beauty, accomplishments, and flatterers said talents, I had yet been left without apology. If I had sought the too common revenge of my sex under similar circumstances, I should have given my hand to some one of my remaining suitors, but I could not thus violate the holiness of the matrimonial tie. I might be unhappy, but I would not, by an unworthy union, make myself more miserable still.

I do not know that all my readers can understand this feeling. I have conversed with many, even of my own sex, who could not.

One day, my uncle came in late to dinner, with every mark of excitement. "I have just heard a speech," he said, by way of apology, "that made me forget the time: it was delivered by that Carrington, who used to visit here so much; why the deuce, Mary, don't he come now: too much occupied with business, hey?—or have you offended him? However, that's nothing to the point. It was a great murder case, in which, against the opinion of the entire bar, he has succeeded in proving the prisoner innocent, and has got an acquittal."

How my heart throbbed at these words! And yet I felt angry at myself, the next instant, for my momentary exultation in Carrington's success.

"I never heard such a speech," continued my uncle. "Tears were in every eye. Even the judge was affected. That youngster will be in Congress some of these days."

We sat down to dinner. My uncle's mind was still on Carrington. After having discussed his soup awhile, he looked up and said,

"What is the reason, Mary, that Carrington never comes here now? Do you know? It never struck me much before, but now that I think of it, his absence seems strange. He used to be here two or three times a week."

I colored and was embarrassed. My aunt said drily, "perhaps, Mary has refused him."

"No," I replied, and there I stopped: I could say no more.

"Then, what, in heaven's name, was it?" cried my uncle, dropping his bread, his spoon almost following.

"Oh! brother, how can you use such expressions?" cried my aunt. "And a man of your age too?"

Pshaw! None of your nonsense, Sarah," he said, pettishly, "or I'll treat you to half a dozen good, round seamen's oaths. No: I won't either: that would be ungentlemanly. But now, niece, do you know why Carrington don't visit here?"

"No, my dear uncle," I replied, for I had regained composure. "He left me, as I thought, in the most kindly manner last summer, and I have never seen him since."

"Odd, very odd," said my uncle, returning to his soup. "It's almost as strange as Thornton's abrupt departure. By the bye, he was only to stay three months, and he has been gone six: and the yellow fever, too, playing the deuce in New Orleans. Don't you know anything about Thornton's queer behavior either, Mary?"

He fixed his keen, gray eye suddenly upon me: and I blushed guiltily.

"Perhaps Mary refused him," said my aunt, giving me a searching look.

This time my uncle's spoon followed the bread. He sat back in his chair, his hands fallen down by his side, and ejaculated,

"I hope not. For heaven's sake, Mary, what did you mean? But no, it cannot be; I have always found you a dutiful child; and you are to marry Thornton of course, you know."

I looked down, trembling violently, and believe I gave a frightened "yes," in reply. I did not know, at the time, what I said. I saw that, when the truth came to be known, there would be a terrible scene. My uncle, kind and gentle as he was generally, brooked no opposition when his heart was set on an object: and believed, moreover, that it made little difference to a woman whether she married for love or not.

"Well, well, don't be so flustered, niece! Your aunt is always guessing wrongly. Let us eat our dinners in peace: and, after that, wheel out the chess-board, for I expect an old friend."

The winter came, and proved unusually gay. The opera, after a long series of years, was again thrown open, and everybody pretending to taste or *ton* flocked to it. I went frequently, sometimes attended by my uncle, sometimes by one of my acquaintances. My uncle invariably fell asleep during the acts, and only woke up at the ballet. My aunt shook her head at the opera and ball-room, but my regularity at church partially atoned, in her eye, for what she called my dissipation.

Soon after the new year had set in, what was my surprise to see Thornton enter the house, at dinner-time, one day, with my uncle!

What could have brought him, I said? Was he cured of his attachment to me? His embarrassed manner and deprecating look assured me that this was not so; and I puzzled myself during the whole meal to account for his return.

I was not long in doubt. My aunt and I left the gentlemen over their wine and retired to the parlor. Very shortly she rose and went out of the room. I felt no suspicion, however, of her intentions, until the door opened and Thornton entered. Then the truth flashed upon me. She had penetrated the purpose of our visitor, and intentionally left me alone.

Thornton at once took his seat by my side. He flushed, then grew pale, and fidgeted continually. I made a common-place remark; but he answered only by a monosyllable. His mind was evidently pre-occupied. At last, he said nervously—

"I am come to trouble you, Miss Lennox, on a subject which I had thought never to mention again: and, as a preliminary, I must entreat your forgiveness for recurring to it."

I bowed. He proceeded.

"I heard in New Orleans that Mr. Carrington

visited you no longer: in a word, that you had refused him."

"Mr. Thornton," said I, interrupting him, "before you go further—indeed, to spare you the trouble of going further—let me assure you, that you have been misinformed. I have *not* refused Mr. Carrington."

"And does he then still visit you?" he said, his countenance falling.

"No," I replied. "On that point, you have been rightly informed."

"And may I inquire, then?" he began respectfully.

I drew myself haughtily up. My eyes, I am sure, flashed.

"Pardon me," he said. "I know it was an unwarrantable impertinence. And yet," he cried, rising suddenly, and putting his hand to his brow, "it is useless for me to disguise the truth from myself—you love Carrington—I feel that you do—he is the real bar to my happiness."

I rose too, and moved to the door. He saw my object, and seized me by the arm, though his manner otherwise was respectful, even supplicatory.

"Forgive me," he cried, "for what I have said. Indeed, I am almost beside myself. But I have tried: oh! how I have tried, Miss Lennox, to conquer this passion for you, but I cannot—I cannot," he added, despairingly; and relinquishing my arm, he let his hands drop beside him, and stood in an attitude of mournful dejection. I pitied him from my heart. I could, indeed, feel for him even more acutely than at our last interview. But what could I say? I was silent.

"Oh! Miss Lennox," he said, closing his hands, "you do not know what I have suffered—what I suffer even now! I have hurried here from the other end of the Union, full of hope; for I thought that, if you love no one else, you might marry me. I would have you even if you hated me—indeed I would. But now to see this cruel end to all my bright dreams," and he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed aloud.

There was a weakness in this man that made me despise, while I pitied, him. Did I not love, and as hopelessly? Yet, like the Spartan boy, I determined that my secret should devour my heart, before I would betray it. I turned involuntarily from him.

"Is there no hope?" said Thornton, catching my hand. "Will not years of waiting—a servitude as long as Jacob's—any species of probation whatever win you?"

"Not centuries," I answered, almost sternly, thinking of the difference between the manliness of Carrington and the pitiful weakness of my present suitor. Then I added more kindly, "between you and I, Mr. Thornton, there lies, in

sympathies, in feelings, in the whole character, a vast and impassable gulf."

"But they say," he pleaded, "that where there is the greatest difference in these respects there is the best chance for happiness."

I shook my head.

"That is not my way of thinking," I said. "It only answers where the wife is the slave or puppet of the husband. I could never be either. Indeed, Mr. Thornton," said I, smiling, and giving him my hand, to make amends for my late harshness, "if we were to marry, I am sure I should be so self-willed that you would hate me before the honeymoon was over. And now let this subject be forever dropped. I do not think I shall marry—certainly I shall not for years."

He pleaded much longer; but this is enough. At last he retired, utterly heart-broken, he said; and indeed he looked so.

I did not shed tears this time, but I sat on the sofa, with my face buried in my hands, full of melancholy thoughts. Why should I thus, I asked myself, be the cause of such pain to others? I had been sometimes accused of coquetry. Was my grief at having inspired this unfortunate passion—was my own unrequited, but, as I thought, unsuspected love, the punishment for such trifling?

I was still plunged in this reverie, and oh! how unhappy, when the door opened and my aunt entered the room. I looked up at her step. Her face wore a peculiar expression that startled me: it was that of intense, but half suppressed rage. She walked to the window, affected to arrange the blinds, sat down, got up, and finally approached me threateningly. I half rose in surprise.

"Oh! sit still, sit still," she cried. "I am not going to strike you. You are too old to be whipped, I suppose, though you deserve it soundly; but I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself, you forward creature. Did you learn such unmaidenly behavior from me? You needn't stare. You know well enough what I mean—refusing a man you gave every sort of encouragement to for years, because you hope to get another, who, on account of your forwardness, has ceased visiting the house!"

At this insult, I became dizzy with indignation and shame. How had my aunt learned my secrets? Had she been listening to my refusal of Thornton? Did she overhear the parting words of my last interview with Carrington? But the outrage she had done my modesty soon overcame every other consideration, and the fire of an honest indignation mantled high on my cheek.

"How dare you?" I began, drawing myself up. "How dare you utter such untruths?"

"What! You have not refused Thornton, then?" interrupting me.

She said this with a sneer, which too plainly implied that she knew better.

"You have been listening," I said, contemptuously. "Honorable conduct!"

I was stung to madness by her insinuation, or I never would have thus spoken.

She became apparently beside herself with passion.

"I tell you what, Miss Mary," she said, her face perfectly livid, and she advanced close to me, and shook her finger fiercely in my face, "if you were my child I would turn you out of doors this minute, you ungrateful jade! Have I not fed and clothed you from a baby; yet this is the language you use toward me. Vanity, pride, insolence, ingratitude, brazen coquetry, shameless immodesty, every wicked thing that an unregenerate heart can breed, runs riot in you. I wash my hands of you. Go your way." And she turned her back on me, walking toward the door.

I half repented of what I had said. But her injustice—her mean espionage recurred to my memory and prevented my making any apology.

When she reached the door, she appeared to change her mind, for she retraced her steps and again addressed me.

"I forgive you," she began, with an air of superiority which irritated me more than her anger, "for all your unprovoked insolence to me. But have you no feeling, Mary Lennox, for your kind, good, old uncle? He has set his wishes upon this match."

I own that, at these words, my heart smote me. If my aunt had not been present, I should have burst into tears. But I bit my lip to conceal my feelings, and was silent.

She was exasperated that I made no reply, and again lost her temper.

"What are you? What have you?" she said, still tauntingly, "that you should be so nice about your lovers? Every stitch you wear, every morsel you eat, you owe to your uncle; and yet, on the very first occasion that offers to please him, you obstinately outrage his wishes. He shall know all to-day. It seems you have refused Thornton once before, and that you add deception to ingratitude."

I scorned to correct her, by explaining that I had acted as Thornton requested; but I resolved she should not accuse me to my uncle.

"You need not trouble yourself," I said, coldly and haughtily. "I shall acquaint my uncle myself with Mr. Thornton's proposal."

She grew paler than ever with rage, more at my tone than at my words, I suppose.

"And will you tell him too," she said, sneeringly, "that you are in love with Carrington—that your unmaidenly pursuit of him drove him away?"

"This to me, and for the second time," I said, white with emotion. "You know it is false. How dare you insult a woman, like yourself?"

My eyes flashed fire: I felt my form dilate. She drew back as from a fury.

"Mary Lennox," she said, at last, lifting up her hands before her, "that awful temper, which you had from a child, will prove your eternal ruin! You will think of this behavior on your dying bed. I see you are resolved on your own destruction, and I discharge my conscience of all care over you. Go, seek your lover. Go, be his wife, or what you will."

Breathless with passion at this new insult, I would have spoken, but she continued violently, as she retreated backward to the door, "if your uncle is of my mind, you leave this house to-night, unless you choose to obey."

The door closed after her. Overcome by the scene, I burst into tears, and sank on the sofa. Suddenly, I started up, crying, "I will leave the house to-night, unless she retracts her words. I will go to my uncle. She shall not prejudice him against me. He shall know the truth."

My hand was reaching forth toward the lock, when, recollecting my uncle's wishes with respect to Thornton, and remembering also his stubborn inflexibility, I paused. Something whispered me that the approaching interview was to be a great crisis in my life; and I already foreboded a fatal result. My knees sank under me, and trembling in every limb, I leaned against the wall for support. What if I should lose the friendship of my uncle? What if I should be thrust from the house?

For an instant, I turned faint from the spectacle. "Remain," whispered the tempter, "remain and marry Thornton, for Carrington can never be yours."

But another voice seemed to whisper, "rather submit to anything than consent to a marriage which would be in violation of the law of God, and would render your whole life a mistake." And this voice appeared to come in the remembered tones of my dying mother. It softened me at once.

I lifted my eyes above, and they were now streaming with tears.

"Oh! my mother," I cried, "watch thy erring child! May I do nothing in pride; but may my way be made clear!"

Suddenly strength came to my limbs, and comparative repose to my mind. The storm of passion had passed away. I felt sustained by an unseen hand. With somewhat of serenity, I sought the smoking-room, where I knew I should find my uncle at this hour.

My aunt, true to her threat, had already preceded me. She had found time too, short as had

been the interval, to inform my uncle of Thornton's rejection. She was still talking violently when I entered, and my uncle was listening with a stern countenance; but at sight of me she ceased.

My uncle turned toward me, sorrow and anger written on his brow.

"Mary," he said, "what is this I hear? Have you really refused Thornton?"

The tone in which he spoke showed that his anger was fast surpassing his grief.

"I have, my dear uncle," I said, sitting down by him, and laying my hand on his knee, "and I am sure, when you have heard my reasons, you will not censure me."

He had frowned at first, and attempted to withdraw from me, but I clung to him, and he relinquished the effort.

My aunt curled her thin lip, as she watched me; but she said nothing, quietly proceeding with her knitting, which usually employed her at this hour.

"I cannot marry Thornton," I said, speaking calmly, but with a beating heart, "because I do not love him; and marriage, without love, would make me miserable."

"The devil —"

"Nay, uncle," I said, "listen. I am, I trust, not foolish in believing that marriage is a tie that nothing but death can break—that it is to endure amid sorrow as well as joy, in age as well as youth, in privation, in sickness, when one has lost every personal charm as well as when one is in the flush of beauty. It has trials, and severe ones; cares, many and exacting. It makes us either better or worse, and so affects our eternal destiny. It is a condition where, unless mutual affection smoothes the path, a thousand events, and of almost daily occurrence, will prove a stumbling block to husband, or wife, or both. Even toward relatives, affection is required to overlook faults that otherwise would irritate us: then how necessary is love to influence us in the closer relation of matrimony. While I esteem Thornton, I do not love him. There are points in his character, which you may think immaterial, that would fret and annoy me constantly as his wife. If I was to marry him, I am sure I could not be happy, and I fear I should make him miserable also."

I had endeavored to speak as if I had no personal interest in the subject. My uncle was obviously staggered. He had not expected an appeal to his reason, but a petition for clemency. He looked at my aunt in surprise and perplexity.

She came to his rescue, by saying drily,

"I had not time to tell you, brother, that the true reason why Mary has refused Thornton, is because she has fallen in love with that man Carrington."

When she had spoken these words, she stooped over her work, methodically resumed counting stitches, and went on knitting.

My uncle started half up, threw my hand from him, and fixing his gaze upon me, sternly regarded me. He seemed to find in my looks a confirmation of the charge.

"What," he said, at last, "marry a beggar! Reject a man of Thornton's unexceptionable character and large fortune, for—for a paltry adventurer——"

"I am not going to marry Carrington," I cried, seizing my uncle's arm, and interrupting him, "indeed, indeed, I am not. I will swear solemnly not to do it without your consent, uncle; only don't ask me to marry a man whom I do not love."

"Then you love Carrington!"

"I did not say so," I replied. "He has never spoken to me of love—we have not met for months—I never expect to see him again."

My uncle scrutinised me with a perplexed, and angry brow. My aunt once more ceased the play of her knitting-kneedles to interpose a word.

"How can you say that, Mary Lennox?—and you ready to throw yourself into his arms? The best thing I know of Carrington," and she took up another stitch, "is that your forward conduct disgusted him, and caused him to cease visiting at this house. But you still cherish the hope, as you know, of getting him, infatuated girl that you are! Do you think, brother, it is possible, for one entirely dependant like her, to refuse a wealthy and irreproachable alliance, unless she had wilfully set her heart on somebody else?"

Oh! what hate I felt toward this woman, as she sat there, composed and rigid, hardening my uncle's heart against me.

"Do not believe her, uncle," I cried, in agony; for I saw that, as she spoke, his frown darkened.

"Mary Lennox!" shrieked my aunt, dropping her knitting, and lifting up both hands.

"Niece!" said my uncle, putting me sternly from him.

I saw I was condemned, and that my aunt was believed. I became pale as a corpse. Yet I resolved to make another effort to justify myself.

"Dear uncle," I said, clasping my hands, "have you ever found me in a falsehood?"

"This is unbearable," cried my aunt, rising as if to go.

"Sit still, Sarah," ejaculated my uncle, and turning to me, he added sternly, "and you, Mary, cease these reflections on your aunt."

The blood went back to my heart. I felt that my doom was sealed. An impassable gulf seemed suddenly to yawn between me and that uncle hitherto so loved. My suffering childhood came up to my memory. I felt alone again in the

world. I prayed inwardly for strength to carry me through the interview.

My uncle continued to regard me; at last he said,

"I do not know you, to-night, Mary. I have hitherto found you affectionate, respectful, and, I believed, grateful. I have heard of your self-will and temper as a child, but I began to think that you had outgrown these evil passions. I now discover my mistake——"

I made a movement as if to speak; but he waived me to be silent, and continued,

"Though I introduced Thornton here, intending him to be your husband, and though you have not been kept ignorant of this wish of mine, yet I have never urged you to marry him, but have left things to take their course. I wished you to have time. I knew him to be superior to most young men, to belong to an old family, and to have a large fortune. I was aware that such a combination of advantages could never be presented in any other suitor; and I felt that you yourself would see this, and, like a girl of sense, as I believed you to be, would accept Thornton in the end. I am shocked to find my error. Your aunt tells me that you refused him last spring, and that you have now repeated it."

He stopped, as if he expected me to speak.

"Though Thornton is all you say," I stammered, "he lacks character; and, therefore, I cannot love him."

"Is the girl crazy, or novel-struck?" said my uncle, turning to my aunt impatiently.

"She is in love with Carrington," replied my aunt, with a shrug of the shoulders.

I would have given worlds to have been able to deny this: but the impossibility of doing it—for I would not utter a falsehood even to save my pride—embarrassed me.

"Once for all," said my uncle, returning to me, "I will have no nonsense. You are no longer a child, Mary, but a woman: and I expect, and demand from you the reasonableness of an adult. I have taken you as my own child, and intend still to be a father to you; but in return I look for the duty and confidence of a daughter. If you were literally, as you are by adoption, my child, I should command you to marry Thornton. I do now command you to marry him. If you refuse, I shall consider every thing at an end between us: I shall look on you as having returned ingratitude for kindness; I shall consider you also, what I never yet have done, a fool. From what you said about matrimony when you first came in, I perceive you have imbibed some fantastical notions on the subject, which must have originated in reading novels and poetry. Now I will have no such stuff in any one about me. The principal thing

in marriage is good temper and money; without that there is care and quarrelling enough, I have no doubt; but with an amiable and wealthy husband like Thornton there is no danger of more than the ordinary troubles of life, and these no sort of a marriage can avert."

He paused again, but I had nothing to say. However my aunt remarked as she unrolled her yarn.

"In the married as in the single state, there are difficulties, as you well say, brother; but any person, who is guided by a proper sense of duty, will never complain. Duty should teach Mary, too, to marry Thornton. It is the great sin of the day for children to set up their own wills against the commands of their superiors."

My uncle continued. He really loved me, and in his way wished to please me: he thought to do it by reasoning with me.

"I'm afraid from what your aunt says, Mary, as well as from your own confession, that you have allowed yourself to become slightly interested in Carrington. He is, I own, a young man of talent; but he is poor, very poor; and it will be years before he can support a wife. He certainly does not love you, or he would still be visiting here; for a penniless lawyer, believe me, never gives up the acquaintance of a reputed heiress, if he has the least liking for her, and thinks she will smile on him. But suppose he did still visit here, that he loved you, in a word that you were married. How would you live? As I tell you, he is poor. Do you know what poverty is? I can inform you, for I was once poor myself. It is to be slighted by those inferior to you in everything but wealth; to be daily compelled to deny yourself comforts that you need; and to be harassed continually with the fear of illness without means to remunerate a physician, or with the dread of absolute starvation for want of employment. Suppose yourself married to a poor lawyer like Carrington, with your habits of luxury, and yet compelled to live on an income less, perhaps, than that of a day-laborer. What could you do? Could you consent to inhabit a single room, up some dirty court, and be your own drudge? You would have children; could you carry a fretful, perhaps sick infant in your arms, while you prepared your husband's meal, or swept the apartment? All this the day-laborer's wife does; she *has* to do it; but neither your physical strength, nor your tastes could ever make you contented with such a lot. Before you had endured this life for a month, you would hate the husband who had inveigled you into it: before you had suffered thus for a year, you would curse the hour that you first saw him, if not the one that beheld your birth. Nay! more: is it pardonable, is it not a crime, to bring innocent beings, under such

circumstances, into the world, to inherit the sickly constitutions and low social state which such imprudent marriages entail on offspring? For, thus harassed, your husband would never rise in a profession, that now-a-days demands, not only intellect, and long study, but a man's undivided energies to ensure advancement. Ten to one but the ardent lover would sink into the neglectful husband, and seeking relief in stimulants for his cares, would die a drunkard, like hundreds have under similar circumstances."

He stopped. My tears were falling fast. The picture he drew, had never presented itself to me. Abject poverty, in connexion with Carrington; would have terrified me, but more for him than for myself. Privations I would have been willing to undergo, for affection would have sweetened them, and in the self-denial they would have demanded, my character, I felt, would have improved. But absolute beggary—from *that* I shrank!

Moreover the argument of my uncle re-assured me that Carrington did not love me; for, as my uncle said, "why, if he did love, should he cease visiting me?"

And yet I could see no reason, since I could never marry Carrington, why I should marry Thornton. Matrimony without love, disguised as it might be, seemed to me only a kind of legal prostitution. I replied to my uncle in as forcible a manner as I could, and concluded by saying,

"With such ideas of the solemnity of the marriage relation, I cannot, *cannot*, uncle, unite myself to Thornton. What you say of Carrington is unnecessary; for he does not love me; and we shall, I trust, never meet again. But if I ever did love a man, and circumstances prevented my marrying him, I would, until he proved unworthy, remain faithful to him; for I would rather be single all my life, I would rather work day and night, even starve itself, than unite myself to another merely for a livelihood. Such a fate would be worse than death."

I covered my face with my hands, shuddering at the picture my imagination had conjured up.

My stubborn persistence in refusing Thornton had, by this time, angered my uncle beyond control, the more because he had fancied, from my tears, that his representations had persuaded me; and the disappointment tended to increase his irritation.

He had walked angrily about while I spoke, occasionally stopping to frown at me; then biting his lip, he would continue his movement. He now came close up to me. It was the first and last time I ever saw him lose entire control over himself.

"I believe, by God, that you are mad—mad enough for a lunatic asylum," he cried. "Silence!" he added, in a voice of thunder, as I would have

spoken. "You are a fool at any rate. You have, however, made your choice; and, from this hour, I disown you. In trusting to your gratitude and affection I have made a pretty dupe of myself. I will not send you out into the world to starve; but as you are no longer my heiress, you must content yourself with a different mode of life hereafter; as for your remaining in my house, that is impossible. I will give you three hundred dollars a year until you marry; and my advice is that you go back to the Valley Farm, or," and here again he lost command of himself, "to the devil, I don't care which."

He turned to leave the room; but I seized his coat. He wheeled sharply around. For a minute I could not speak: my mouth seemed dried up, as if by lightning; but, at last, just as he was forcibly removing my hands from his garment, I said huskily,

"I do not want your money—I can do without it—you have broken my heart—oh! God forgive us all, uncle——"

"And you would have broken mine," he answered, with an oath, "if it had not been tougher than a puling school-girl's."

He said this in a tone, half bitter, half sneering; wrrenched my hands from his coat; flung me away; and was gone, the moment after.

My aunt, during the latter part of this interview, sat methodically knitting, so that I had forgotten her presence entirely. She now reminded me of it by looking up and speaking.

"And what do you expect to do now, Miss?" she said. "Find out Carrington—tell him you were turned out of doors for his sake—get him to marry you—and come back here, a few years hence, with a house full of children for us to support?"

There was a taunting, insolent air in her tone, that made me turn upon her like a hunted tigress. Moved by my uncle's evident suffering, I had just been on the point of bursting into tears; but now I would have died rather than have exhibited the least trace of regret.

I drew my tall figure up haughtily. My eyes flashed. My voice fairly hissed, as I said, dwelling on each word,

"Never! I will die—inch by inch—with starvation—but never accept a crust of bread from you, even if offered."

My aunt quailed before that terrible exhibition of passion, or of outraged dignity, whatever it may be called.

Her knitting fell from her hands into her lap, and she gazed at me like one thunderstruck. She was white as a grave-cloth.

I kept my eye on her for more than a minute, feeling to the full its magnetic power over her: then, with a contemptuous curl of the lip, I turned

my back on her and walked steadily to the door.

But when once in my own room, where no mortal eye could look on me, then my tears flowed uncontrollably! Those who have always had a home however humble, know nothing of the anguish which attends the orphan, who feels herself alike homeless and friendless. When I thought of what I would have to endure in the struggle for a livelihood, I wished myself at rest in the grave.

I had often recurred, with a shudder, to the days of misery I had spent at the old Valley Farm; but now, in the prospect of my present lot, I almost longed to bring my childhood back again. I had then been so young as to be comparatively insensible to much of the hardness of my fate; but now I was at that age when poverty and friendlessness fall with most crushing weight upon those of my sex. From being a reputed heiress, the centre of admirers, and the favorite of my uncle, I had become, in a single hour, a homeless outcast. No more for me were the delights of society, or the refinements and ease which wealth afford! I would have to labor for a livelihood—how I knew not as yet.

For I indulged no hope of my uncle relenting. Nor could I bring myself to accept his assistance. I said to myself, perhaps with too much pride, that I could not live on his bounty while he thought me ungrateful.

Oh! how I wished, then, that my father had been able to have left me some pittance, no matter how slight, to save me from poverty in a strait like this.

There are thousands of my sex in this wide country, to say nothing of other lands, whom the want of an income, however little, compels to hateful marriages, or, what is worse, to the loss of that honesty and independence of soul which is a crown of glory to woman as well as man. So long as we are at the mercy of others for the means of living, so long are too many of us the slaves of those others. I never, to this day, hear the too common remark, "she married him for a home, you know," without my heart bleeding for the sister thus sacrificed, for the destiny thus marred, for the soul thus lost perhaps forever.

What wild emotions rushed through my brain on that night! What dreams of the old churchyard where my mother lay, and what longings to be at rest on her bosom as when a babe! Gradually, from the wild chaos of sensation, my heart turned to her dear memory. All through life the recollection of her had been a balm to my soul in its hours of trouble; and I was wont to fancy that her spirit hovered around me. I clasped my hands now and cried tearfully.

"Mother, dear mother, look upon thy orphan

child. In my agony I turn to thee. If indeed thou dost watch over me, guide me now in this time of deep distress. And oh! thou Almighty Parent," I ejaculated, fervently, feeling all at once that aid would come from on high, "thou who hast promised to be the friend of the fatherless, assist me to do what is right, and uphold me, in the sinking waters, with thy potent arm."

I felt wonderfully refreshed after this petition. My tears ceased to flow. My path seemed to open before me.

Yes! I found consolation. It appeared to my, perhaps over-excited mind, that my mother's spirit, commissioned from heaven, whispered peace to my soul.

I began to plan what I should do. I knew that thousands of my sex, as feeble and as delicately nurtured as myself, were earning their livelihood all over this broad land. Many of these had fewer accomplishments than myself. Many had to support, in addition to themselves, bed-ridden parents, lame little brothers, or insane sisters—I had heard of such self-sacrificing beings often. Some, reared in a luxury that rivalled that of princes, had been plunged by their father's bankruptcy, into abject beggary, and were now earning a scanty livelihood by working sixteen hours daily with the needle.

And should I shrink from my destiny? Where was the heroism that I had always extolled as noblest of all things in man or woman? Now was the time to prove whether I had any of this heroism. Heaven, for its own wise purposes, had called on me to cease idling away my time in luxurious repose, and had commanded me to step down into the dusty highway of life. Should I falter? God forbid!

I remembered that I had, in the neighboring city of —, an old friend, one of my own sex, the sole child of a widowed mother. Both parent and daughter were poor, and the latter supported herself and mother by dress-making. I had become acquainted with Ellen Pope, when I first went to my uncle's, from her having come to the house to make my dresses; her sweetness, patience and industry had recommended her to me subsequently not less than her skill; and I had continued to employ her until, about a year before, when she had removed to —. To her I resolved to go. My pride—weak creatures are we even when actuated by the best motives—forbade my remaining where I would be known: I chose to grapple with the grim unknown of poverty among strangers, and in a strange place.

Yet not entirely among strangers; for I felt that in Ellen and her mother I should find friends; and that they would give me advice as to what was best to do.

To determine was to act. The early line for

— left at daybreak. At that hour none of our family were up, and I could leave the house unobserved, for I wished to conceal whither I went.

I packed up a little necessary apparel, and that of the plainest; counted out my pocket money, which I calculated would pay my fare, and support me for a month; and then sat down and wrote a letter to my uncle. I told him, in few words, how I regretted that his wishes and my sense of duty conflicted; but, since there was this collision, I could not, I said, accept his bounty. I would go out and struggle with the world for myself. If I had done wrong in refusing him obedience, God would yet, I trusted, show me my error: but meantime I had nothing to ask, except that he would sometimes think of his sister's orphan child. I stopped here and folded up the letter. Suddenly I recollected that my uncle might take my words for an appeal to his mercy: so I unclosed the epistle, and added a postscript to the effect that it would be useless to seek my retreat.

Then I lay down to sleep. But slumber fled from my pillow. About four o'clock, on a cold wintry morning, I arose, lit my candle and dressed. Just as the clock struck five, I took my little bundle, stole down stairs softly, slipped the letter under the door of my uncle's chamber, and quietly made my exit from the house. I had just half an hour to spare.

It was a blustering morning. Wild, damp-looking clouds were flying close over the chimney tops, while squalls of snow occasionally whitened the pavements. After walking a square, I saw a solitary cab slowly facing the tempest. I called it, stepped in, and was soon at the depot.

The cars had scarcely started, when the snow began to fall fast. The road, before we had gone many miles, was almost blocked up. The huge engine labored heavily, and frequently was brought to a stand. On such occasions it became necessary to go back a space, in order to obtain an impetus to force the train through the snow-drifts.

Meantime the cars were intensely cold; for I write of a period before stoves were introduced into them. Nor did we get anything to eat all day. I was half frozen, hungry, and nearly broken down in spirits, when, at nightfall, we reached —, several hours after we should have arrived there.

Fortunately I had Ellen's address, having occasionally corresponded with her. I procured a carriage, for which I paid three fares, but I could not stand bargaining in the cold with the insolent driver, who laughed at my helplessness while he cheated me, and proceeded at once to the abode of the Popes.

We drove through a great thoroughfare, brilliant with lights and shops. Continually gay sleighs covered with buffalo-ropes, and ringing with bells, darted by us, drawn by blood-horses. A week before I had been driven, in exactly such an equipage, by a young millionaire of my uncle's acquaintance. But now I was jolted, a penniless outcast, in a faded, decayed old carriage, over the streets of a strange town, in which I had but a single friend. Tears filled my eyes, notwithstanding every effort to check them.

Directly we turned into a broad, handsome street, lined on either side with stately dwellings. Curtains of lace or damask hung at the windows, through which flashed the warm red fire-light: and occasionally the sound of happy laughter penetrated the storm from within those mansions. All this made me feel inexpressibly desolate.

We drove on. Gradually the houses become less elegant; grocery-stores appeared at the corners; long rows of illy-built tenements, obviously constructed to rent, next came in sight; and then old frame-buildings, with tumble-down stables here and there, and open lots yawning between, followed, betokening an approach to the poorer quarters of the city. The lights grew dimmer as we approached. The snow, no longer swept from the side-walks, lay trodden dirtily into a narrow foot-path. Gin-shops grew frequent. And, now and then, miserable beings, wrapped in ragged cloaks, went by with old, battered baskets, in which were half consumed cinders that had been gathered from the refuse ashes left on the sidewalks by the carmen.

My heart felt sick as I saw all this. The reality of poverty far surpassed my worst expectations.

At last, turning down a narrow street, the carriage drew up before a two story brick-house, the lower portion of which was occupied by a petty grocery-store. The windows up stairs were dark and comfortless.

"This cannot be the place," I said, shrinking back in terror, as the driver opened the door.

"This is the number, Miss, where you told me to go," replied the man, holding the door open so that the snow whirled into my face; and he continued insolently, "if it is not the place, I must have two dollars more for carrying you to the right one: we always charge a new fare every time we stop."

"Go and inquire if Mrs. Pope, and her daughter live anywhere about here," I said, sternly, and with the resolution of despair.

He went into the grocery-store, and coming back, in a minute, said that Mrs. Pope lived up stairs. Two or three men followed him to the door of the shop, and a half-grown, dirty servant

girl, holding in her hand some bacon between two bits of brown paper, came to the carriage-steps and stared curiously up into my face.

Directly Mrs. Pope made her appearance, pushing her way through the shop. The instant I recognised her, I sprang out, meeting her at the door. When the light flashed on my face, and she saw who her visitor was, she started back, and cried, holding up both her hands.

"Miss Lennox!"

She was too amazed to say more.

I seized her arm. "Take me to your room," I said, with much agitation, shrinking from the coarse men about me, "where is Ellen? For heaven's sake, hurry."

"Here's your bundle, Miss," said the driver, throwing it after me, "we don't steal people's clothes, if we do charge pretty well on a night like this." And he chuckled insolently.

I grasped Mrs. Pope for support, and followed her nearly fainting, through the shop, and up a narrow stairs, to a low, small back room, where Ellen, frightened, met us at the door. I fell into her arms insensible.

When I was restored to consciousness, which the kind assiduities of my friends soon effected, I found both Ellen and her mother bending over me, curiosity and astonishment struggling in their faces with sympathy.

I soon told my tale, at least as much of it as I could, in honor to others. My acquaintance with Carrington, however, I concealed, as also the name of Thornton.

"How cruel!" said Ellen's mother, all her womanly sympathies aroused anew in my favor, "because you would not marry a man you did not love, you have been disinherited."

But suddenly she stopped. The hard experiences of the world, gathered during a poverty of sixty years, came up to her recollection, her face grew sad and thoughtful, and she added, though hesitatingly, "but, my dear child, do you know what you have undertaken?"

"I am a woman," I replied, "and can work, like thousands less happily situated. I can teach music, or be a dress-maker, and, if these fail, take in plain sewing."

Ellen, who had been sitting on the edge of the bed where I lay, for they had carried me into the sleeping apartment, pressed my hands at these words, while tears gathered into her eyes.

Her mother, still thoughtful, shook her head doubtfully.

"Ah! Miss Lennox," she said, "you don't know what you have undertaken. You are delicate, proud, unaccustomed to labor, every thing is against you. I am old, and know the world, and, therefore, speak frankly—I fear, my dear, you have done wrong."

"Oh, mother!" cried Ellen.

I rose up, for her words made me strong.

"I have not done wrong, Mrs. Pope," I replied, "and no stranger shall ever find me a burden. It is true, I might have accepted my uncle's pension, and so lived without labor; but I would have degraded myself in my own eyes. I *can* support myself, and I *will*: I know I have energies——"

"Oh! yes, you have," interrupted Ellen, again pressing my hand, "for most women, in your situation, would have weakly accepted your uncle's offer. I honor you for refusing it; and so does mother too; she only fears your bodily strength may prove unequal to the heroic resolution of your soul."

"That is indeed all I meant," interposed Mrs. Pope, seeing I was about to speak. "I did not think to hurt you, by what I said. You are welcome, a thousand times, here. I only foresaw the bodily suffering before you, the mortification to your pride, the loneliness of one without family, and the hundred other miseries of your new condition. Oh! Miss Mary, you don't know what it is to be poor. And yet you were right, I know, in refusing to marry the rich gentleman."

I continued.

"I have done my duty, and, in justice to my own convictions, I could not do less. If my life is to be a hard one; if my frail body gives way; if the worst miseries of poverty and sickness overtake me—let them come!"

Both Ellen and her mother were now weeping, the latter aloud.

I was transported with enthusiasm as I spoke. All that I had ever read of suffering martyrs came to me in that moment, and I was prepared for death itself.

"You are nervous, overwrought, you want sleep and rest," said Ellen, soothingly. "Dear Miss Lennox, undress now, and go to bed."

"And I will bring you some tea and toast, and anything else you would like. I dare say you have eaten nothing to-day," said her mother.

It was true, I had not: I had been in too excited a state.

I was lying in bed, talking to Ellen more composedly, she holding my hand and lovingly pressing it, when her mother returned with some tea and toast, and a bit of broiled chicken, a rare luxury, I did not doubt, with them.

"There, eat, my dear young lady," she said, in a tone to make amends for her former apparent cruelty, "you will hereafter be one of us; we will love you and cherish you; and, before long, that is when you get able, we will find plenty for you to do."

What a look of gratitude Ellen gave her mother for these words!

The tears came into my eyes, as I took the tea-cup from Mrs. Pope, while Ellen began to cut off small mouthfuls of the fowl for me.

"Eat, and don't talk," said Mrs. Pope, kindly, but authoritatively. "You are too excited already. When you have eaten all this," she added, smilingly, "all, and not a bit less, we shall leave you alone, so that you may sleep: and, to-morrow, you are not to rise until I call you."

It was nearly noon, the next day, when I awoke. Physical and mental fatigue had rendered my sleep as profound almost as death. But I arose refreshed. The incidents of the last day, too, appeared to me like those of a dream.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARY ANNA.

BY MISS A. ALLIN.

A WEARY while thou'st been away,
A weary, weary while!
I miss the music of thy voice,
And the sunshine of thy smile!
Only in dreams thou com'st to me—
In dreams I hear thee speak!
I feel the kindling of thy glance,
And thy lip upon my cheek!

Spring, with its flower-enameling,
Hath painted bush and tree!
And the hum-bee hangs to the flowerets' cell,
And the birds sing glad and free.

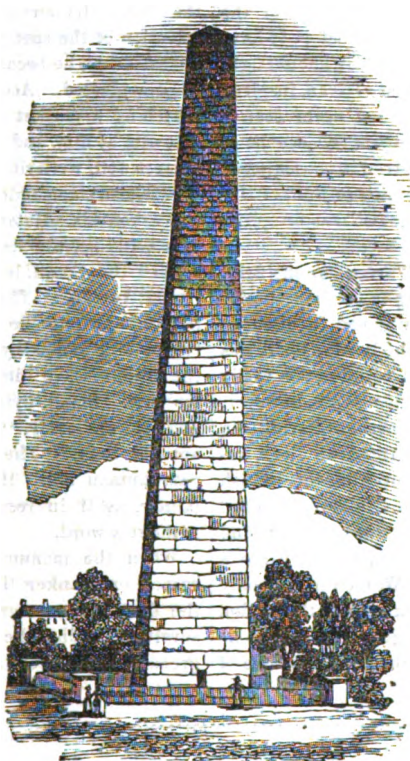
But though Spring may smile, with its leaves and
flowers,
And the gay birds blithely sing;
The Autumn that reigns in our hearts, Mary,
Can know no second Spring.

For our hearts are sear as the sad must be,
And our eyes are dim with tears,
For we've lost the darling of our band—
The love-light of our years!
The good are ever the first to die,
Like angels around our hearth
Their spirits grow ripe for the bliss of Heaven,
And are soonest lost to earth!

PILGRIMAGES TO AMERICAN SHRINES.

NO. III.—BUNKER HILL.

BY JAMES H. DANA.



ALMOST the first object that meets the eye of the voyager, as he approaches Boston from the sea, is the tall, needle-shaped monument on Bunker Hill. Bunker Hill, a name at which every American heart thrills! Bunker Hill, while liberty endures, it will be the Mecca of freedom! Bunker Hill, till time itself shall be no more, how will the words be hallowed!

The battle of Bunker Hill opened a new era in the history of mankind. Before that period, it had never been believed that a few undisciplined peasantry could resist successfully regular soldiers. But when less than two thousand hardy farmers, armed only with their household muskets, held at bay, for hours, more than twice their own number of disciplined troops, and finally retreated, not from being overpowered, but in consequence of their ammunition giving out, all Europe stood amazed. Astonishment took the place of contempt. The people, so long despised,

rose to be a power in the state; and liberty, here and abroad, became the guiding spirit of mankind.

From the battle of Bunker Hill may be dated all the progress in political freedom which the world has since beheld. By that glorious struggle our own liberties were already half achieved. In imitation of America France rose in 1789. Every insurrection of the many against the few, which has since occurred, both in South America and in Europe, may be traced directly, or indirectly to that battle. We, who believe in the continual improvement of humanity, cannot but regard the battle of Bunker Hill as one of those mighty incidents, which stand, like beacons, scattered along the shores of time, pointing out great landmarks in history. It was, in a word, the beginning of a new era; the era of human liberty and republicanism.

The merit of being the hero of Bunker Hill may be equally divided between Warren and

Putnam. The latter unquestionably brought on the battle, and against the remonstrances of the former: but Warren, when the fight was once decided upon, cast aside every personal feeling, participated in the day, and fell gloriously at the close. His untimely death, for he perished at the early age of thirty-four, has consecrated him, in popular estimation, as the hero of the battle. His presence and influence, without doubt, contributed much to the stubborn resistance of the colonists. That one, known never before to have handled a gun except for amusement, should fight with the courage of the bravest veteran, inspired hundreds, who, like himself, had never seen a shot fired in anger. To Putnam on account of his old reputation, and to Warren in consequence of his desperate heroism, the men of Bunker Hill confessedly looked up, as to the two master-spirits of the combat.

The first appearance of Warren, on the field, was highly dramatic. Owing to the impetuosity of his character his friends joined to dissuade him from participating in the battle; for it was known that his loss, if he fell, could not be easily supplied. Just before the action began, however, a solitary horseman dashing across Charlestown Neck, made his way to the American lines, regardless of the storm of shot from the British shipping which swept his path. As he approached the works, Putnam sprang forward to meet him, proud of such heroism, yet regretting to see a precious life thus exposed. Warren paused only to greet the veteran, to ask where the action would be hottest: and then galloped on. As he reached the redoubt, which formed the centre of

the works, long and loud huzzas welcomed his well-known form. Refusing to assume the command, which his rank of Major General entitled him to, he asked for a musket, and placed himself, as a volunteer, in the lines.

Throughout the entire battle his voice and example encouraged all within sight or hearing. When the retreat was ordered he lingered behind, determined to be one of the last to abandon the field. His heroic behavior had attracted the attention of the enemy, and now that he was left almost alone, he became a mark too conspicuous to be neglected. Accordingly an English officer, snatching a musket from a soldier, took deliberate aim at him, and shot him through the head. Warren fell, weltering in blood. General Howe, the English commander-in-chief, saw the incident, and asked his adjutant who that elegant young man could be, who had just fallen. "Good God," replied Col. Small, looking that way, "it is my friend Warren." The virtues of that name were not unknown to the British leader, and full of regret and sympathy, he cried, "run, keep off the troops—save him, if possible." But it was too late. Small, flying to the spot, knelt down, and said anxiously, "my dear friend, I hope you are not hurt." The dying hero, however, was past human aid. He looked up, and smiling faintly, as if in recognition, breathed his last without a word.

When the monument which patriotism has reared on Bunker Hill shall have crumbled to the dust, the memory of that scene will still survive, keeping the name of Warren forever green in the hearts of his countrymen.

THE TWO WISHES.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

A WORLD to roam through when each hope has come,
With drooping wing back to the o'erladen heart,
When like the dove, life's bright thoughts find no home
Except that Ark from which they took their start.
When homeward one by one each dream has fled
That cast its fragrance on life's morning air,
When from love's flowers the odor all is shed,
A world to roam through is the wanderer's prayer.

A world to roam through, we may bind the brow
With rosy chaplets from the mount of fame;
May drink of pleasure's chalice in its glow,
Or list while beauty breathes our cherished name.
All are but dreams from which the soul must wake,
Like the lone exile from his trance of home,
And find all visions save the heart will break,
A world to roam through when the tempests come.

A home with thee, oh! how the heart will bound
To meet that fountain in the desert wild,
And lingering 'mid the freshness it has found
Forget each altar where it was beguiled;
Around that spot glad memory throws her spell,
Glad in the roseate hues of woman's truth,
And rears a shrine where Love and Hope may dwell,
A home with thee as in my dreamy youth.

A home with thee, where'er my barque may bear
Me onward in its swift and bird-like flight,
To tearless climes where nature smiles more fair,
And woman's eyes are like the starry night;
Still, must the empire of my heart be thine,
The throne—the scepter—thine has been the past,
With all its dreams so daring and divine:
A home with thee to rest my head at last.

JULIA WARREN.

A SEQUEL TO PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 152.

CHAPTER II.

It is strange—nay, it is horrible—that so much of barbarism still lingers in the laws and customs of a free land. Without crime or offence of any kind, a person may be taken, here in the city of New York, and confined for months among the most hideous malefactors; their self-respect broken down; their associations brutalized, and all this, that the law may be fulfilled. What must that law be which requires oppression, that it may render justice? In New York, the poor witness—a man who has the misfortune to know anything of a crime before the courts, is himself exactly in the place of a criminal. Like the malefactor, he must give bonds for his prompt appearance on the day of trial, or lacking the influence to obtain these, must himself share the prison of the very felon his evidence will condemn. Strangers thus—sea-faring men, and persons destitute of friends—are often imprisoned for months among the very dregs of humanity: innocent, and yet suffering the severest penalties of guilt. This injustice, so glaring that a savage would blush to acknowledge it, exists almost unnoticed in a city overrun with benevolent societies, crowded with churches, and inundated with sympathies for the wronged of every nation or city on earth but our own. If ostentatious charity would, for a time, give way to simple justice, New York, like all the American cities, we know of, would obtain for itself more respect abroad and more real prosperity at home.

It was under this law, that Julia Warren, a young creature, just bursting into the first bloom of girlhood, pure, sensitive and guileless as humanity can be, was dragged like a thief into the city prison. She had known the deepest degradation of poverty, and that is always so closely crowded against crime in cities, that it seems almost impossible to keep the dew upon an innocent nature. But Julia had been guarded in her poverty by principle so firm, by love so holy, that neither the close neighborhood of sin nor the gripe of absolute want had power to stain the sweet bloom of a nature that seemed to fling off

evil impressions as the swan casts off waterdrops from its snowy bosom, though its whole form is bathed in them.

This young creature, in all her gentle innocence, without crime, without even the suspicion of a fault, was now the inmate of a prison, the associate of felons, hand in hand with guilt of a kind and degree that had never entered even her imagination.

At first, when the officer separated the poor girl from her grandparents, she struggled wildly, shrieked for help, and at last fell to imploring the man with eyes so wild, and eloquence so startling, that he paused in one of the dark corridors leading from the court, and strove to soothe her, supposing that she was terrified by the gloom of the place.

"No, no!" she answered. "It is not that! I did not see that it was dark. I did not look at anything. My grandfather—poor grandma. Let me go with them. I'm not afraid. I don't care for being in prison, only let me stay where they are!"

"Your grandmother is not here!"

"Not here, not here!" answered the poor creature, wildly and aghast. "Then what has become of her? Let me go—let me go, I say. She will die!"

Julia unlocked the hands that she had clasped, flung back the hair from her face, and fled down the corridor so swiftly that the keeper, taken by surprise, was left far behind: an officer, coming in from the court, seized her by the arm as she was passing him.

"Not so fast, canary bird: not quite so fast. It takes swifter wings than yours to get out of this cage."

Julia looked at the man breathless with affright.

"What do you hold me for? Why can't I go?" she gasped forth.

"Because you are a prisoner, little one!"

"But I have done nothing!"

"Nobody ever does anything that comes here," said this man, with a contemptuous smile. "Never was so many innocent people crowded together."

As he spoke, the man tightened his hold on her arm, and moved forward, forcing her along with him.

The poor creature winced under the pain of his grasp.

"You hurt my arm," she said, in a low voice.

"Do I?" replied the man, affected by the despondency of her tone. "I did not mean to do that; but it would be difficult to touch a little, delicate thing like you without leaving a mark. Come, don't cry. I did not hurt you on purpose."

"I know it. It is not that," answered the child, lifting her eyes, from which the big tears were dropping like rain.

"Well, well, go quietly to the woman's department. They will not keep you long unless you have been stealing, or some thing of that sort!"

"Stealing," faltered the girl, "stealing!" The color flashed into her pale, wet cheeks, a faint, scornful smile quivered over her lips.

The officer, from whom she had fled, now came up. "Come," he said, with a shade of importance. "I cannot be kept waiting in this way."

"I am ready!" answered the poor girl, in a voice of utter despondency, while her head dropped upon her bosom. "If I am a prisoner, take me away. But what—what have I done?"

"Never mind; settle that with the court. I am in a hurry, so come along!"

Julia neither expostulated nor attempted to resist.

She gave her hand to the officer, who led her quickly forward. They threaded the dim vault-like passage, and paused before a grated door, through which the trembling girl could see dark squalid figures moving about in the dusky twilight that filled the prison. Two or three faces, haggard and fiend-like, were pressed up against the bars—one was that of a negro woman, scarred with many a street brawl, whose inflamed eyes glared wickedly upon the innocent creature, whom the laws had sent to be her companion.

"Get back—back, with you!" commanded the officer, dashing his keys against the grating. "Your hideous faces frighten the poor thing!"

The faces flitted away, grinning defiance and sending back a burst of hoarse laughter, that made Julia shiver from head to foot. She drew close to the man, clinging to his garments, while he turned the heavy lock and thrust the door half open. The dim vista of a hall, with cells yawning on one side, and filled with gloomy light, through which wild, impish figures wandered restlessly to and fro, or sat motionless against the walls, met Julia's gaze. She shrank back, and clinging desperately to her conductor.

"Oh, mercy, mercy! Not here—not here!" she cried, pallid and shivering.

The man raised her firmly in his arms, and

passing through the door, set her down. She heard the clank of keys; the shooting of a heavy bolt. She saw the shadow of this, her last friend, fall across the grating; and then, in dreary desolation, she sat down upon a wooden bench, and leaning her cold cheek against the wall, closed her eyes. The tears pressed through those long dark eyelashes, and rolled one by one in heavy drops over her face. The arms hung helplessly down: all the energies of her young life seemed utterly prostrated.

The hall was full of women of all ages, and bearing every stamp that vice or sorrow impresses on the countenance. Some, old and hardened in evil, stood aloof looking upon the heart-stricken girl with their stony, pitiless eyes; others, younger, more reckless and fierce in their sympathies, gathered around in a crowd, commenting upon her grief, some mockingly, others with a touch of feeling. Black and white, all huddled around the bench she occupied, pouring their hot breath out, till she sickened and grew faint, as if the boughs of a Upas tree were drooping over her.

"She's sick—she's fainting away!" cried one of the women. "Bring some water!"

"No," cried another. "If we had a drop of brandy now. But water, bah!"

"It's the horrors—see how she trembles," exclaimed a third, with a chuckle and a toss of the head.

"No such thing. She's too young—too handsome!"

"Oh, get away! Don't I know the symptoms," interrupted the first speaker, with a coarse laugh. "Ain't I young—ain't I handsome: who says no to that? And yet haven't you heard me yell—haven't you heard me rave with the horrors?"

"That was because the doctor prescribes brandy," interposed a sly-looking mulatto woman, folding her arms and turning her head saucily on one side. "When that medicine comes, you are still enough."

This retort was followed by a general laugh, in which the object joined, till the tears rolled down her cheeks.

In the midst of this coarse glee, Julia had fallen, like a withered flower, upon the bench. That moment, the huge negress that had so terrified the poor creature at the grating, plunged out from a cell in the upper end of the hall, and came toward the group with a tin cup full of water in her hand. Had a friend come forth on an errand of mercy, it would not have seemed more out of place than that hideous creature under the influence of a kind impulse. She came down the hall as rapidly as her naked feet, hampered by an old pair of slip-shod shoes, could move. The dress hung in rents and fes-

toons of dirty and faded calico around her gaunt limbs, trailing the stone floor on one side and lifted high above her clumsy ankles on the other. The women scattered as she approached, giving her a full view of the fainting girl.

"So you've done it among you: smothered her. How dare you? Didn't you see that I took a fancy to her, before she came in. Let her alone. I want a pet, and she's mine."

"Yours. Why it was your face that frightened her to death. There hasn't been a bit of color in her lips since she saw you," answered the woman that had so eagerly recommended brandy, and who kept her place in spite of the formidable negress. "Here, give me the water and get out of my sight."

The negress pushed this woman roughly aside, and kneeling down by the senseless girl, bathed her forehead with the water. Julia did not stir: her face continued deathly white, a faint violet tinge lay upon her lips and around her eyes; her little hands fell down to the stone floor; her feet dropped heavily from the bench. This position, more than the still face even, was fearfully like death.

"Call a keeper," cried half a dozen voices. "She is scared to death!"

"The doctor!" urged as many more voices. "It will take a doctor to bring her out of that fit!"

"We won't have a doctor," exclaimed the old negress, stoutly. "He'd call it tremors, and give her brandy or laudanum. I tell you, she isn't one of that sort! Don't believe a drop of the ardent ever touched her lips!"

Again a coarse laugh broke up from among the prisoners.

The negress dashed a handful of water across the poor face over which that laughter floated like the orgies of fiends around the death couch. She rose to one knee, and turned her fierce eyes upon the scoffers.

I have never stained a page in my life with profane language, even when describing a profane person—never have placed the name of God irreverently into the lips of an ideal character: sooner would I feel an oath burning upon my own soul, than register one where it might familiarize itself to a thousand souls, surprised into its use by their confidence in the author. Even here, where profanity is the common language of the place, I will risk a feebler description in my own language rather than for one instant break through the rule of a life; yet the language which I could not force this pen to write, the coarse creatures, most of them, brutalized by vice to a degree that I shrink from describing, were the influences, into which a young guileless creature was plunged by the laws of an enlightened

people. When she opened her eyes, that scarred, black face, less repulsive from a touch of kindly feeling, but hideous still, was the first object that greeted them.

The woman, as I have said, had risen to one knee. The holy name of God trembled on her coarse lips, prefacing the torrent of abusive expostulation that broke from them in the rudest and most repulsive language.

"You needn't laugh. Don't I know better—fifty times better than any of you? Haven't I been here, this is the fifteenth time? Don't I go to my country-seat on Blackwell's Island every summer of my life? How many times have you been there, the best of you, I should like to ask? Twice three times. Boh! what should you know of life. Stand out of the way. She's beginning to sob. You shan't stifle her again, I promise you. It was the water did it. Which of you could be got out of a fit with water—tell me that? Here—just come one of you and feel her breath, while the tears are in it—sweet as a rose, moist as dew. I tell you, she never tasted anything stronger than bread and milk in her life!"

The woman clenched this truth with an imprecation on herself, which made the young girl start up and look wildly around, as if she believed herself encompassed by a band of demons.

"What is the matter? Are you afraid?" said the white prisoner, that had formerly spoken, bending over her.

"Get out of the way," said the negress, with another oath. "It's my pet, I tell you."

The terrible creature, whose very kindness was brutal, reached forth her arm and attempted to draw Julia to her side, but the poor girl recoiled, shuddering from the touch, and fell upon her knees, covering her ears with both hands."

"Are you afraid of me? Is that it?" shouted the negress, almost touching the strained fingers with her mouth.

"Yes, yes!" broke from her tremulous lips, and Julia kept her eyes upon the woman in a wild stare. "I am afraid."

"This is gratitude," said the woman, fiercely. "I brought her to, and she looks at me as if I were a mad-dog."

Julia cowered under the fiery glance with which these words were accompanied. This but exasperated her hideous friend, and with an angry grip of the teeth, she seized one little hand, forcing it away from the ear, that was on the instant filled with a fresh torrent of curses.

"Oh, don't! Pray, pray. It is dreadful to swear so!"

"Swear! Why, I didn't swear—not a word of it. Have been talking milk and water all the time just for your sake. Leave it to all these ladies, if I haven't!" said the woman, evidently

impressed with the truth of her assertion, and appealing, with an air of simple confidence, to her fellow-prisoners, for profanity had become with her a fixed habit, and she was really unconscious of it.

A laugh of derision answered this singular appeal, and a dozen voices gave mocking assurance that there had been a mistake about the matter, saying,

"Oh! no, old Mag never swore in her life."

Tortured by the wild tumult, and driven to the very confines of insanity, Julia could scarcely forbear screaming for help. She started up, avoiding the negress with a desperate spring sideways, and staggered toward the grated door. It seemed to her impossible to draw a deep breath, in the midst of those wretched beings!

"Mamma, mamma!" said a soft, sweet voice, from one of the cells, and as Julia turned her face, she saw through the narrow iron door-way the head of a child, bending eagerly forward and radiant with joyous surprise.

Julia paused, held forth both her trembling hands, and entered the cell, smiling through her tears as if an angel had called.

The child arose from the floor, for it had been upon its hands and knees, and put back its golden hair, that broke into waves and curls in spite of neglect. With two soiled and dimpled hands, it gazed upon the intruder in speechless disappointment. Julia saw this, and her heart sank again.

"It was not me, you wanted," she said, laying her hand tremblingly on the child's shoulder. "You are sorry that I came?"

"Yes," answered the child, and her soft, brown eyes filled with tears. "I thought it was mamma. It was dark, and I could not see, but it seemed as if you were mamma."

Julia stooped down and kissed the child. In that dim light, it was difficult to say which of those beautiful faces seemed the most angelic.

"But I love you. I am glad to see you," she said, in a voice that made the little boy smile through his tears. He fixed his eyes upon her in a long, earnest gaze, and then nestling close to her side, murmured, "and I love you!"

There was a narrow bed in the cell, and Julia sat down upon it, lifting the child to her knee. In return, she felt a little arm steal around her neck and a warm cheek laid against her own. The innocent nature of the child blended with that of the maiden, as blossoms in a strange atmosphere may be supposed to lean toward each other.

"Do they shut up children in this wicked place? How came you here, darling?"

"I don't know!" answered the child, shaking its beautiful head.

"But did you come alone?"

"Oh, no! *She* came with me."

"Who—your mamma?" questioned Julia, so deeply interested in the child, that for the moment her own grief was forgotten.

"No, not her. They call her my mamma, but she isn't. Come here, softly, and I will let you see."

He drew Julia to the entrance, and pointed with his finger toward a female, who sat cowering by a stove a little distance up the passage. There was something so picturesque in the bold, Roman outlines of this woman's face that it riveted Julia's attention. The large head, covered with masses of dull, black hair, gathered up in a loose coil behind, and falling down the cheeks in disheveled waves; the nose, rising in a haughty and not ungraceful curve; the massive forehead and heavy chin, with a large mouth coral red and full of sensual expression. All this gave to that head, bending downward with its side-face toward the light, the interest and effect of some old picture, which, without real beauty, haunts the memory like an unforgotten sin.

This woman had evidently received some injury on the forehead, for a scarlet silk handkerchief was knotted across it, the ends mingling behind with the neglected braids of her hair, which, but for it, must have fallen in coils over her neck and shoulders.

Her dress, of soft, blue barage, had once been elegant, if not rich, but in that place, faded and soiled, with the flounces half torn away and the rents gathered rudely up with pins that she had found upon the stone floor of her prison, it had a look of peculiar desolation, every fold bespoke that flash poverty which profligacy makes hideous.

A book with yellow covers, soiled and torn, lay open upon this woman's lap, and with her large, full arms loosely folded on her bosom, she bent over it with a look of gloating interest, that betrayed all the intensity of her evil nature. You could see her black eyes kindle beneath their inky lashes, as she impatiently dashed over a leaf, or was molested in any way by the noise around. You could not look upon this woman for an instant without feeling the influence which a strong character, even in repose, fixes upon the mind. Powerful intellect and strong passions—the one utterly untrained, the other curbless and fierce—broke through every curve of her sensual person, and every line of her face.

As Julia stood in the cell-door, with one arm around the child, this woman chanced to look up, and caught those beautiful eyes fixed so steadily upon her. She returned the glance with a hard, impudent stare, which filled the young creature with alarm, while it served to fascinate her gaze.

The woman seemed enraged that her glance had not made the stranger cower at once. Crushing her book in one hand, she arose and came forward, sweeping her way through the prisoners with that sort of undulating swagger into which vice changes what was originally grace. She came up to Julia, with an oath upon her lips, demanding why she had been staring at her so?

Julia did not answer, but shrank close to the child, who cringed against her, evidently terrified by the menacing attitude and fierce looks that his temerity had provoked.

"Come here, you little wretch," exclaimed the termagant, securing him by the arm and jerking him fiercely through the cell-door. "How dare you speak to any body here without leave? Come along, or I'll break every bone in your body."

With a swing of the arm, that sent the child whirling forward in fierce leaps, she landed him at her old seat, and sitting down, crowded the beautiful creature between her and the hot stove, setting one foot, twisting through a white slipper of torn and dirty satin, heavily in his lap to hold him quiet, while she went on with her French novel.

The poor little fellow bent his head, dropped his pretty hands on the floor, each side of him, and sat motionless and meek, like some heavenly cherub crushed beneath the foot of a demon. Once he struggled a little, and made an effort to creep back, for the heat pouring from the huge mass of iron which stood close before him had become insupportable.

The woman, without lifting her eyes from the book, put her hand down upon his shoulder with a fierce imprecation, and ordered him to be quiet. The poor infant dared not move again, though his face, his neck, and his little arms became scarlet with the heat, and perspiration stood upon his forehead like rain, saturating his golden hair, and even his garments. He lifted his soft eyes, full of terror and of entreaty, to the hard face above him, but it was gloating over one of those foul passages with which Eugene Sue has cursed the world, and the innocent creature shrank from the expression more than he had cowered from the heat. Tears now crowded into his eyes, and he turned them, with a look of helpless misery, upon the young girl who stood regarding him with looks of unutterable pity. Julia Warren could not withstand this look. She was no longer timid: the prison was forgotten now: her very soul went forth in compassion for the one being more helpless than herself, whom she might have the power to protect. She went softly up to the woman and touched her upon the arm; compassion gave the young creature that exquisite tact which makes generous impulses so beautiful.

"Please, madam, let the child stay with me a little longer, I will keep him very quiet while you read!"

The meek demeanor, the soft, sweet tone in which this was uttered, fell upon the sense like a handful of freshly gathered violets. The woman had loved pure things once, and this voice started her heart as if a gush of perfumed air had swept through it. She looked up suddenly, and fixing her large, bold eyes upon the girl, seemed wondering alike at her loveliness and courage in thus addressing her.

Julia endured the gaze with gentle forbearance, but she could not keep her eyes from wandering toward the child, who, seizing her dress with one hand, was shrouding his face in the folds.

"How came you here?" demanded the woman, rudely.

"I don't know," was the meek answer.

"Don't know, bah! What have you done?"

"Nothing!"

"Nothing!" repeated the woman, with a sickening sneer; "so you're not a chicken after all—know the ropes, ha! nothing! I never give that answer—despise it—always have the courage to own what I have the courage to act; its original, I like it. Take my advice, girl, own the truth and shame the—the old gentleman. He's an excellent friend of mine, no doubt, but I love to put the old fellow out of countenance with the truth now and then. The rest of them never do it—not one of them ever committed a crime in their lives—unfortunate, nothing more."

"Will you let me take up the child?" said Julia, with a pleading smile; "see, the heat is killing him!"

The woman glanced down at the little creature, half moved her foot, and then pressed it down again, but drew back a little dragging the child with her, but she resisted the effort which Julia made to release him.

"Not now, the child's mine; I'll make him as wicked as I like myself, but he shan't run wild among the prisoners!"

"Are you really his mother?" said Julia.

"Yes, I am really his mother!" was the mocking reply; "what have you against it?"

"Nothing, nothing, only I should think you would be afraid to have him here!"

"And your mother, she isn't afraid to have you here, I suppose."

"I have no mother!" said Julia, in a tone of sadness, that made itself felt even upon the bad nature of her listener.

"No mother, well don't mourn for that," said the woman, with a touch of passionate feeling.

"Thank God for it, if you believe in a God, she won't follow you here with her white, miserable face: she won't starve to keep you from sin—or

die—die by inches, I tell you, because all is of no use. You won't see her crowded into a pine coffin, and tumbled into Potters' Field, and feel—feel in the very core of your heart that you have sent her there. Thank God—thank God, I say, miserable girl, that you have no mother!"

The woman had risen as she spoke, her imposing features, her whole form quivering with passion. Tears crowded into her lurid eyes, giving them fire, depth and expression. She ceased speaking, fell upon her seat again, and, covering her face with the soiled novel, sobbed aloud.

The child, released from the bondage of her foot, stood up trembling beneath the storm of her words, but when she fell down and began to weep, his lips grew tremulous; his little chest began to heave, and climbing up the stool upon which his mother crouched, he leaned over and kissed her temple.

This angel kiss fell upon her forehead like a drop of dew; she dashed the novel from her face and flung her arm over the child.

"Look," she cried, with a fierce sob, turning her dusky and tear-stained face upon the young girl. "He has got a mother, look on her, and then dare to mourn because you have none!"

"But I have a grandfather and grandmother that loves me as if I were there own child," said Julia, deeply moved by the fierce anguish thus revealed to her.

"And where are they?"

"My grandfather is here!"

"Here! how came it about? What is he charged with?"

Julia's lips grew pale as the word "murder!" fell from them. Even the woman seemed appalled by the mention of a crime so much more serious than she had expected.

"But you, they do not charge you with murder also?" she questioned, in a subdued voice.

"No!" said Julia, innocently. "They charge me with being a witness!"

Once more a torrent of fiery imprecations burst from the lips of that miserable woman—imprecations against a law hideous almost as her own sins. Julia recoiled aghast beneath this profane violence. The child dropped down from the stool and crept to her side, weeping violently. The woman saw this, and checked herself.

"Then you have really done nothing?"

Julia shook her head and smiled sadly.

"A beautiful country—beautiful laws, that send an innocent child to take lessons in life here and from women like us. Oh! my dear, it's a great pity you haven't been in the Penitentiary half a dozen times, lots of benevolent people would be ready to reform you at any expense then."

Julia smiled, dimly, she did not quite understand what the woman was saying.

"It makes my heart burn to see you here," continued the woman, vehemently, "it's a sin, a wicked shame, but I'll take care of you. There's some good left in me yet; just get acquainted with that little wretch and no one else; stay in your cell, the keeper won't let them crowd in upon you; the matron will be here by and bye. She'll be a mother to you, she's a Christian, a thorough, cheerful, hard-working Christian. I believe in these things, though I would not own it to every one; kind because she can't help it, without going against her own nature. I like that woman, there isn't a creature here wicked enough not to like her."

"When shall I see her?" questioned Julia, brightening beneath this first gleam of hope.

"To-morrow morning! perhaps before—I don't know exactly. But come go into my cell—they haven't given you one yet, I suppose—the whole gang of them are coming this way again."

Julia looked up and saw a crowd of women coming up from the grated door, where they had been drawn by some noise in the outer passage. Terrified by the dread of meeting that horrible old negress again, she grasped the little hand that still held to her garments, and absolutely fled after the woman who had entered the cell where she had first seen the child.

The prisoners were amused by her evident terror, and gathered around the entrance, but as Julia sat down upon the bed, pale and panting with affright, her self-constituted guardian started forward and dashed the iron door in their faces, with a clang that sounded from one hollow corridor to another like the sudden crash of a bell.

"There," she said, with a smile that for a moment swept away the fierce expression from her face, "I'd like to see one of them bold enough to come within arm's-length of that. My home's my castle, if it is in a prison; I've been here often enough to know my rights. If the laws won't keep you out of that gang, I will!"

It was wonderful the influence that gentle girl had won over the depraved being who protected her thus. After she entered the cell no rude or profane word passed the woman's lips. She seemed to have shut out half that was wicked in her own nature when she dashed the iron door against her fellow prisoners. Her large black eyes brightened with a sort of rude pleasure as she saw her child creep into Julia's lap, and lay his head on her bosom.

"How naturally you take to one another," she said, letting down the black masses of her hair, and beginning to disentangle the braids with her fingers, as if the pure eyes of her guest had reproached their unsteady state. "When I was a

little girl we had plenty of wild roses in a swamp near the house. It is strange I have not thought of them in ten years, but when I saw you and the child sitting there together, it seems as if I could reach out my hands and fill them."

Julia did not answer, her eyes were bent on the child who had ceased to cry, and lay quietly in her arms—so quietly that she could detect a drowsy mist stealing over his eyes. The woman went on, threading out her long hair in silence. After awhile Julia, who had been watching the soft, brown eyes of the child as the white lids dropped over them gradually like the closing petals of a flower, looked up with a smile, so pure, so bright, that the woman unconsciously smiled also.

"He is sound asleep," said the young girl, putting back the moist curls from his forehead. "See what a smile, I have been watching it deepen on his face since his eyes began to close."

The woman put back her hair with both hands, and turned her eyes with a sort of stern mournfulness upon the sleeping boy.

"He never goes to sleep on my bosom like that," she said, at last, with a bitter smile, and more bitter tone. "How could he? my heart beats sometimes loud enough to scare myself; I wonder if wild flowers really do blossom over Mount Etna, if they do, why should not my own child rest over my own heart?"

"My grandfather has told me that flowers do grow around volcanoes," said Julia, with a soft smile, "but it is because the fire never reaches them; if scorched once they would perish!"

"And my heart scorches everything near it. Is that what you mean?" said the woman, with

a degree of mildness that was peculiarly impressive in a voice usually so stern and loud.

"When you were angry to-day he trembled, when you wept he kissed you," answered the gentle girl, looking mildly into the dark face of her companion, whose fierce nature yielded both respect and attention to the moral courage that spoke from those young lips.

"Well, what if I do frighten him? we love that best which we fear most. It is human nature, at any rate it was my nature, and should be my child's," said the woman, striving to cast off the influence of which she was becoming ashamed.

"And did you ever fear any one?"

"Did I ever *love* any one?" was the answer, given in a voice so deep, so earnest, that it seemed to ring up from the very bottom of a heart where it had been buried for years.

"I hope so, I trust so—do you not love your child?"

The woman dashed back the entire weight of her hair with an impetuous sweep of one hand: then, with the whole Roman contour of her face exposed, she turned a keen look upon the young face lifted so innocently to hers. Long and searching was that look. The shadows of terrible thoughts swept over that face. Some words, it might be of passion, it might be of prayer—for bitterness, grief and repentance, all were blended in that look—trembled unuttered on her lips. Then she suddenly flung up her arms and falling across the bed, cried out in bitter anguish—"oh, my God!—my God! can I never again be like her?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE POETS OF AMERICA.

BY RICHARD COE, JR.

The Poets of America—

A noble band are they!
Where'er their trumpet-tones are heard,
Oppression melts away.
They seize upon Niagara,
And play upon its roar;
"Till its reverberation sounds
On every despot's shore!

The Poets of America—

Be liberty their theme,
"Till our proud mountain Eagle falls,
And shrieks his last death-scream!
Until he writhes in agony
Upon the clammy sod,
Be every freeman's voice upraised,
For liberty and God!

The Poets of America—

Long may their harps resound:
"Till echo shall repeat the strain
To earth's remotest bound.
"Till tyrants, from their bloody thrones
And palaces be hurled,
And naught but freedom-shouts be heard,
Throughout the ransomed world!

The Poets of America—

A glorious band are they!
For while they stir us up to light,
They teach us how to pray.
They tell us to rely on Him
Who ruleth sea and sod,
For blessings on our native land:—
"Freedom to worship God!"

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY MRS. S. S. NICHOLSON.

IN the garret of a lonely house, in the suburbs of one of our western cities, lay a poor woman in the agonies of death. Beside her bed, on either side, knelt her two weeping children. During a brief interval of ease, the mother feebly breathed their names, and instantly they bent over her to catch her dying words. "Anna, my daughter, a few short moments more and your young brother will have no earthly friend but you. Will you, my dear, be to him a faithful sister?" The sweet girl's eyes filled, and her frame trembled, while the painful words were pronounced, but with a fortitude uncommon in one of her years, she forced back the tears, and hiding her emotion by pressing her lips to the beloved parent's cheek, murmured—"I will."

"And you, Willy," she continued, laying her hand upon the head of the boy whose face was buried in her bosom, "will you try to be a good boy and mind your sister? She is but little more than three years older than yourself, but she has learned much in the school of adversity, and I know, my boy, she will be a safe guide for you, as far as her knowledge goes; and when that fails, she has a Father in heaven, whom she acknowledges, and to whom she can always go when in doubt. Will you promise to do as she wishes?"

Willy raised his face, streaming with tears, one moment; tried in vain to speak, bowed his head in token of assent, and then gave way afresh to his grief. Oh! how the heart of that mother yearned over her boy, and, for a moment, she wished she might be spared to struggle for him a few more years. But the hope of the Christian was strong within her, and putting her arm affectionately around his neck, while the other hand clasped that of her agitated daughter, she calmly said, "weep not, dear children; the Lord will raise you up friends. He is the father of the fatherless; trust in Him. Though this dispensation is grievous for the time, yet remember, whom He loveth He chasteneth. Always keep in mind that His eye is upon you, and that if you try to do right, He will aid you. Your father, while alive, shielded you from every grief, but the Lord had need of him; yet his example is left you. Be honest and virtuous as he was, and you cannot fail to be happy hereafter. He who 'doeth all things well' is about to afflict you again—but be faithful and believing, and all

things will work together for your good." Exhausted, she paused, and a strange expression passed over her countenance; her breath grew short. Stretching out her arms, she cried, "death is at the door! dear ones, my sight is dim—let me embrace you—God bless and keep —" The arms fell lifeless from about them, the words died upon her lips, and the spirit, tried in the furnace of affliction, was in the presence of its God.

It is the evening after the funeral: the moon shines brightly into that desolate chamber, revealing a holy and beautiful scene, that of a sister's love. Anna Somers sits near the window. The head of the poor stricken boy rests in her lap, and a smile of joy illumines her countenance when smoothing back the hair from his brow, she finds that sleep has stolen upon his weary eyelids. Carefully she raises his slender frame in her arms and lays him upon his bed, then seating herself beside him, she seems lost for many moments in deep thought. "Yes," she at length exclaims, aloud, "I must begin to-morrow! I will go out and try to get work, for poor Willy must remain at school. Dear boy," she cried, pressing her lips upon his now placid brow, "he must never suffer."

A wearisome day it was to poor Anna, while she walked from square to square, stopping ever and anon at some noble-looking mansion, seeking employment. Some received her kindly, and not only patronized her themselves, but promised to interest their friends in her behalf; while others (shame on such inhuman hearts) wounded her sensitive nature by the coldness of their bearing, and even by attempts to beat down her price a few shillings, alledging that so young a girl could not possibly earn as much as a woman. But among all, Anna contrived to find the means of subsistence for many months. At the end of that time, however, she found her constitution so much impaired that it would be necessary to pursue a more active life; yet she dreaded to separate from her brother. But finally it was decided that she should seek employment as housemaid, while Willy was to give up his school, and try to get in as errand boy for some thriving establishment. They would thus both earn enough to procure clothing, and each would be provided with a home.

Let us look in again upon our young friend Anna. She has now been about six weeks in her

new home, and surely by this time knows how she likes it. Her work is finished for the day, and she is seated in her own little room, away up in the fourth story, scribbling a few lines in her diary. By the way, what a treasure such an article is to the lonely and desolate! Reader, are you one who has no friend to whom you can pour out your soul, no human being who can appreciate and sympathize with you? Try for yourself; keep a diary of all your thoughts and feelings. You will find it a source of solid comfort. But let us take a peep as she writes.

"To-day I am very tired; how weak and faint I feel! And yet very little has been accomplished; I know I could have done all easily if I had been allowed to regulate my work, or even if there had been order in its arrangement, but where there are so many to command, what can a poor girl do! There certainly is great want of system in this family, for I am never allowed to finish one thing before I am called off to a second, and then blamed because I did not do the first in time. For instance, this morning, the old lady told me to put the bread in pans quickly, as it was almost running over. I hastened to prepare the dishes, and had just got my hands nice and clean, when one of the daughters desired me to run down cellar for some wood for her; I pointed to the bread, but she said I would soon be back. Hardly had I returned to the kitchen when another requested me to run across the street and get her a skein of silk. This done, I was about to commence, when another called, 'Anna! Anna!' and away I was sent to the third story after a book. At last I began to wash my hands a second time, when the old lady entered and exclaimed at my idleness. The bread had run over on to the floor, so I had to listen to a tirade against hired girls, and the waste they made. I undertook to tell her I had been sent of errands, but she gave me to understand that she did not like servants to answer. They mean to be kind, but they are all destitute of order, and think a girl never can be tired. Ah, me! I must seek another place. I love little children; I wonder how I should do for a child's nurse? I will advertise."

And she did advertise; and very soon was answered by a request to call at No. 4 Elm street, at three o'clock on Wednesday. Having obtained leave of absence for an hour, she went with a beating heart to see the mistress of the house designated. Her hand trembled as she rang the bell, but she felt quite re-assured when a neatly dressed maid-servant opened the door, and after answering her inquiry as to whether Mrs. West lived there, asked "if she was the nurse girl?" There was a kind look about her that made her feel at ease. She followed her into a sitting-room, where everything was arranged in such

tasteful simplicity, that she knew at once it was with one of refined manners she would have to deal. Nor was she surprised when a gentle looking lady entered with a babe in her arms, and asked her in a sweet voice, "if she was the girl who advertised?"

"You look hardly strong enough to handle such a boy as this," she said, as she placed on her lap a plump, black eyed little fellow of eight months old. "Let me see if you can lift him easily."

He was a sweet little fellow, and Anna first gave him a hug and a kiss, and then playfully tossed him up a few times; but it made her arms ache, so she placed him on her knee, saying, "she was not used to holding children, but she thought she should soon get accustomed to it." After a few questions relative to her health, and present situation, it was agreed that she should commence her duties the next week.

Weeks passed, months rolled away, and Anna's step grew lighter, and her face looked joyous, for peace was in her heart. Her mistress was so thoughtful in everything, and often would not let her carry the babe half as much as she wished, but told her to amuse him on the floor, alledging it was better for his health, but Anna knew that it was frequently done out of consideration for her. Then, too, she would often bring her work and sit in the nursery for a few hours, talking with her of her mother and brother, and showing her how to alter some of Mr. West's cast-off garments for Willy. Oh, how Anna loved her! Willy was now learning a trade with an honest carpenter, who, though very strict during work hours, was a well meaning man, and she knew he was in good hands. Every Sunday afternoon he spent with her, and many were the happy hours she and he passed with the pet Charley.

At length the warm summer months began to come on, and Mrs. West prepared to visit her mother, who lived a few miles in the country; Anna of course accompanied her, and now commenced her Elysian days. Charley was old enough to run about, so she used to wander away into the woods with him, and hours would pass like minutes while they sought the wild flowers, chased the butterflies, or seated on a log in some shady nook, the one told over, while the other listened to, the little infant stories, so captivating in childish days. Often the little one fell asleep, for the sweet tones of his nurse's voice were like soft music to his baby ear. Then Anna would gently lift him in her arms and bear him to the house.

Three years passed away, and Charley no longer needed any other nurse than his mother; and now Anna's heart often ached at the thought of leaving this dear home and her young charge.

She had been so very happy there, that she dreaded to go out again among strangers to look for a new place; yet she comforted herself with the reflection that her mistress had promised to assist her in selecting another home, and she knew she would not turn her off till a suitable protection had been found. Still sometimes sad forebodings would come over her, and she would seek her little chamber and pour out her soul to the Friend who seeth in secret, and to whose watchful care she attributed all the good that had fallen to her lot. Sometimes a flood of tears would come, but they served as a relief. Oh! what a comfort there is in a good, hearty cry sometimes! It was after one of these sudden gusts that her mistress entered her room.

"Why, Anna, I have sought you everywhere; not crying, I hope—naughty child! come, cheer up, I think I have good news for you. A few days since, I wrote to a friend about you, and here is her answer: hear what she says. 'I have known Anna so long that I needed not your praises to feel her virtues; she is just such an one as we need. For several years, you know, my husband's eyesight has unfitted him for reading by candle-light, and I have heretofore been eyes for him, but, of late, I too have been obliged to give it up: our evenings, therefore, are very dull. Now Anna, with her soft voice and quiet ways, will just suit us. We want her as a kind of overseer, to look after our girl in the kitchen, and keep things in order; in fact to be to us as a daughter. If she will come on such terms, say we shall be glad to see her, and will send for herself and baggage as soon as she likes.' And now," continued Mrs. West, "can you guess who these nice old people are?"

"Yes, indeed! your parents. Am I not right?"

"You are. Will you go?"

"Oh, yes, madam, for it will be almost like being with you. Every summer, I suppose, I shall see you and Charley there?"

"Yes, every summer you may look for us. You will perhaps be lonesome without Willy, but you must run round and persuade Mr. Morton to let him spend his Sundays out there. You will not have very hard work, I imagine, for the old gentleman always looks smiling when he sees you, and his wife said to me, the other day, 'that you were one of the dearest and most loveable girls she ever saw.' Perhaps some one else in the family thinks so too! There! don't blush so; Robert Morton is a very fine young man, and if he has not asked you yet, no doubt will. But I won't tease you, but leave you to get ready while I write to ma. When shall I say you will come?"

"On the third day from this, for I want to spend one more Sabbath with Willy."

The day of departure came, the good-byes were

spoken, Charley had his last half dozen kisses—and Anna was gone. Weeks and months fled by in the new country home, and she became as a dear child to Mr. and Mrs. Warren. Willy walked out every Sabbath afternoon, and Robert's chaise was always seen at the door, ready to convey him back to town. One day Anna told her brother she had a secret for his ear.

"You know," she said, "Mr. Warren is quite a phrenologist? Well, soon after I came here, he said to me, 'my good girl you would make a fine musician; I see it in your head. Would you like to learn?' I told him I had always desired it, but thought it out of my power, and above my station. 'Pahaw,' he cried, 'your station! Don't I call you my daughter now? There's that fine piano shut from one year's end to another, except when daughter West comes, and there is plenty of music. I can teach you about the notes, time, &c., so you must begin to-morrow. My old lady and I often pine to hear some of the old-fashioned songs.' And I did begin, Willy, and am quite a good player now. He has also taught me drawing, for you know he is a man of splendid education. He instructs me in other things when I have leisure, for he says I must be a teacher when they are gone. Had our dear father lived we too would have been differently situated! But now I am satisfied that the way is opened for me. You too, brother, ought to improve every moment."

"Oh! I do. Robert teaches me in the evening, and he says, 'I learn very fast;' you know he is a great student. He often takes me to lectures too."

"Well, Willy, don't tell any one at Mr. Morton's that I have learned music and drawing, for they might think me getting proud, and I would not lose the good opinion of the old people."

"And Robert?"

"Oh! Robert's nothing to me—but be sure not to tell him."

Things went on in the old way, with very little variation, till at last one Sunday had nearly passed away, and Willy had not made his accustomed visit. Anna felt very uneasy; she feared sickness had prevented him: it was, therefore, with a thankful heart she at length espied Robert fastening his horse to the gate-post. Running quickly out, she eagerly asked for her brother.

"Oh, Willy is well enough," I replied, "but I told him it was too dusty for him to come out this afternoon, and he thought it not worth while to ride out with me for so short a time. Are not these good reasons?" Anna looked hurt and disappointed. "Please get your bonnet, Miss Anna, and take a little walk to pay me for coming so far, and I'll tell you a better and truer one."

She had become so used to his joking way that she immediately complied, telling him, however,

that he merited a scolding instead of a reward. As they walked along, she thought Robert very quiet and serious, and feared he had not told the truth about her brother, but in the midst of her sad thoughts he suddenly caught her hand and said earnestly—

"You must have seen, dear girl, that I loved you, and I have believed that I was not disagreeable to you. Was I mistaken? Or will you not forgive my heedless way of opening the subject? Tell me, Anna, will you take me, thoughtless as I am?"

But Anna could not speak; her eyes were cast down, and it seemed to her that leaden weights were on them, so impossible was it to move. Robert felt that she did not draw away from him, so he took courage.

"You do not answer, am I to understand that I am offensive to you?" No answer came, but he thought she leaned a little toward him. "Anna, if you love me, place your hand in mine." Instantly the little palm was pressed to his. "And you will be my wife!" he cried, as he drew her to his side.

"Yes," came quickly and firmly from her lips, for she felt calmer now, and in a moment Robert, in ecstasy, was snatching kiss after kiss till she struggled to be free, telling him she believed he was beside himself.

"And you will forgive me for not bringing Willy to share our *tête-à-tête*?"

She only smiled very sweetly, as she placed her arm in his, saying, "let him come soon."

Robert was full of business: he had been for some time building a new house, and his companions had often asked him slyly, "if it was to rent?" Now, he frankly told them it was to be his own home, and all guessed very easily who was to be its mistress. Anna too found plenty to do in her spare moments, but she forgot her fatigue when evening came, and she could sit down beside Robert talking of the future. One evening, while thus engaged, she suddenly said,

"Anna you lack only two things; if you under-

stood music and painting, I should call you perfect."

"Why, Robert, I suppose you would think it foolish in me to wish to learn."

"No, indeed, they are accomplishments that always render home attractive, and when women do not neglect the more useful branches to obtain them, are invaluable. But never mind, I am resolved you shall have teachers when we are married, for I do long to hear you warbling some sweet tunes I know."

"Just let me seat myself at that piano," exclaimed Anna, "and let you see how I would look at such work. Here is a song called 'Bonnie Doon,' imagine you hear me sing it." And suddenly skimming through the prelude, she broke out in such sweetly pathetic tones, that her lover, astonished and enraptured, stood as if spell-bound. But when she had ceased, he caught her in his arms, telling her "he felt sure he was the happiest man living." But Anna slipped away and running from the room, quickly returned with a port-folio, saying, as she placed it on his knee, "I may show them now, since I no longer fear to offend you. Look at them; they are all mine." And opening it, he found it filled with spirited drawings, some copies from well selected scenery, and others sketches from nature. "Now, sir," she said, laughing merrily, "I suppose I am perfect?"

"Oh!" cried Robert, "you cannot tell how much you have added to my cup of joy! You are a worker of miracles; who would have thought you could be so secret! Yes, in my eyes, you are indeed a perfect woman."

The Warrens, though they regretted parting with their adopted daughter, could not help rejoicing that her virtues had gained her a husband in a young man so prosperous in this world, and of such unblemished character. Their farm and dairy supplied the larder, and their good wishes made the hearts of the young people glow with deep affection in return. The wedding took place at Mr. Warren's, Mr. Morton's and Mr. West's families being present.

HOPE IN GOD.

Why flow these hot and bitter tears
In torrents from mine eyes?
And why permit foreboding fears
Convulse my heart with sighs?

Why, oh, my soul, should discontent
Disturb thy wonted calm?
Say, is for all this drear ferment
In Gilead no balm?

I hope in God! and sorrows will
Flee from my troubled breast,

And vile temptations will be still:
My heart will be at rest.

I hope in God! the storm unkind
Which filled my soul with care,
Will pass away, and leave my mind
As calm as noon-day air.

Oh, priceless hope! what pleasures sweet
Thy whispers will produce!
And oh! with how much joy replete!
With comforts, how profuse! M. J. R.

THE MUSIC TEACHER

BY FRANK MERVALE.

At twenty-one, after having graduated at Yale College, and been admitted to the bar, I found myself very comfortably established in a small, but handsome suite of rooms in one of our leading Southern cities. I soon began to feel quite at home among the warm-hearted Carolinians, and became well known as a lawyer and a private individual.

I observed that about nine o'clock, every morning, a young lady passed my office. She was sometimes attended by a young man, whose face was stamped with the unmistakable sign of consumption. She was, as I supposed, his wife: he generally held her arm, or relieved her of a roll of music, that she always carried. She was not at all striking, but, on examination, proved extremely pretty—very lovely—of that style usually denominated blonde. For more than a year, she passed regularly. Once I was standing at my door, when a whiff of air blowing away her music, she stooped to pick it up, but I saved her the trouble, and was rewarded by a sweet smile. After this, whenever I was in view as she passed, she bowed. At last her walks ceased for a week, and I saw nothing of her till one morning, as I was anxiously watching for her, she again appeared. Her cheek was paler, her step slower than usual, and she was dressed in deep mourning. I never saw the young man accompany her again.

How many stories I invented for her history. First, she was a girl going to school, and her companion an admirer—what school-girl had ever so serene a brow? Next, a young widow—but why did she so regularly pass as if to some employment? Then, a *modiste*—no! what dress-maker was ever so refined, and how account for her roll of music, and her former attendant? No! I only perplexed and provoked myself by endeavoring to ascertain who and what she was. An unexpected incident disclosed all this to me. One morning, about a year after her assuming black, she was passing along rather faster than usual, and tripping over a stone, fell to the ground with a scream of pain. I rushed out, raised her and asked what I could do for her.

"I fear my foot is sprained," she replied, gently. "And as you are so kind, as to ask me, I will be much obliged if you will call a chaise."

"Certainly, madam," I replied. "In the meantime, pray come into my office."

As she was unable to walk, I lifted her in, and

laid her on a sofa as gently as possible, but she could not repress a movement of pain.

"Pray, remain here," said I. "I will summon my housekeeper, and call a carriage."

When the surgeon arrived, he pronounced the ankle not to be sprained, but broken. She sighed, and said, "I am sorry for that, as it will prevent my teaching for some time. Is the chaise at the door?"

She could not rise without assistance, and was evidently in great pain. The surgeon and I accompanied her to her boarding-house, and I was made glad to have an invitation to call the next day. I did call, and repeated my visits, again and again. When more familiarly acquainted, I learned from her own lips her history.

Alice Hastings, even when I first knew her, was but twenty, yet she had been married nearly three years. Her father, a rich merchant, had suddenly failed, and she had been compelled to seek her livelihood as she best might—her parent having died of a broken heart soon after his failure. She had finally married a poor author, to whom she had been very much attached. She helped him to support themselves by teaching music, and that was what carried her past my office so regularly. Her husband, naturally delicate, was continually writing, and it was with difficulty she could prevail upon him to quit his pen at midnight. Her first and only child died, and her husband, by overtasking his strength, became a victim to consumption. His book was at last finished. She said that she knew that it was imperfect, but that there was so much beauty and originality in the plot, so much delicacy and vivacity in the style, that its defects were more than compensated by its beauties. He sent it to the publishers; after a week of painful suspense, it was returned, accompanied by a note, pointing out its worst defects, and entirely passing over the merits.

When he had finished this cruel letter, he fell with a deep groan to the ground, the dark blood flowing from his parted lips. He had broken a blood vessel. In a few hours, he was no more.

"As you know, Mr. Mervale," she said, when she had concluded her story, "I continued giving music lessons, till this accident put it out of my power."

After some time, the fair patient began to recover, and at the end of six weeks the splints

were removed from the delicate foot. Alice was now able to walk. She expressed a desire to resume her lessons at once. I felt that the moment had come.

"I cannot see any necessity for this," I said, "and it grieves me to think that you are thus resolved to toil for your daily bread."

"But I have no other resource—I act from imperative duty," she replied, slightly blushing.

"But will you trust this to me, and allow me to make an arrangement more satisfactory to myself at least?"

She turned away her face, which was suffused with blushes. I gained courage.

"I think I can. May I try?" I continued.

"Yes," she resumed, hiding her face.

I caught her hand and proceeded.

"You give me full permission?"

"I do," still faintly speaking.

"And you will not retract?"

"No—never."

All was over—I caught her in my arms and kissed her more than once, assuring her that I knew of but one way, and that was by accepting me in marriage.

In a few months we were united.

EULALIE.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

Her rich cascade of hair,
Around her swan-like throat,
Down on her bosom bare,
In wavy gold doth float.
Her lily-lidded eyes,
Burning in their own light,
Seem melted from the skies,
They are so Heavenly bright.
Her hands are rosy-white,
Like lilies in the sun;
Her countenance makes bright
All that she smiles upon.
Her words are soft as dew
Dropt on some flower at even,
As if, (though known to few,)
She spoke the tongue of Heaven.
As when the Summer South
A rose-bud doth dispart,
The lips of her sweet mouth
Seem opened by her heart.
As perfume from the rose,
Just opening, from her tongue
The soul of fragrance flows
Out of her heart in song.
Her breath is like the sweet
Perfume of flowers at even,
When all the rarest meet,
And every one is Heaven.
As joyful hearts of birds
High overflow in song,
Her innocent heart in words
Flows golden from her tongue.
All things to her seem pure,
Because her heart is so;
Ah! how can she endure
The real truth to know?
Sweeter than harp or lute
Is her sweet song to me;
Softer than Dorian flute
Her Lydian melody.

As Paeans of wild bliss
The birds pour forth in Spring,
So, Heaven the Thesis is
Of all that she doth sing.
Ah! how my soul doth love
To hear her sing at even—
Singing, on earth, above
Sweet Israfel in Heaven.
Mild as some breeze at noon—
Soft as the pale cold light
Rained from the full-orbed moon
Upon the down of night.
For when her song doth move
Her trembling lips apart,
The joys of Heaven above
Seem poured into my heart.
Sweet as the fragrance smells
Of lily-bills at even,
Is that sweet song which tells,
On earth, the joys of Heaven.
Sweeter than voice of swan
Upon some Summer sea,
Piling to Heaven, at dawn,
His clarion melody.
For when she sings at night,
The stars appear to me
To burn more Heavenly bright
In her sweet symphony.
Soft words from off the eaves
Of her sweet lips now fall,
Like dew drops from the leaves
Of roses—rhythmical.
For as the rose-lipped shell
The riches of the sea;
So does her song now tell
Her heart's deep love for me.
Star of my life's dark night!
Thou wert to me first given—
Bright vespers of delight!
To lead my soul to Heaven.

EDITORS' TABLE.

CHIT-CHAT WITH READERS.

HARMONY OF DRESS AND COMPLEXION.—Want of taste is more frequently exhibited, perhaps, in the selection of colors inappropriate for the complexion, than in any other thing in female dress: we have thought, therefore, that a series of articles, on the *harmony of dress and complexion*, might be interesting and useful to the fairer portion of our readers. We shall begin the series with this number, and continue the articles, from month to month, until the subject is exhausted.

The complexion is the standard of comparison, which should never be lost sight of in the choice of dress colors; for, although the dress may be beautiful in the extreme, yet, if it do not harmonize with the complexion, it may fairly be considered as badly chosen: the dress may be changed at will, the complexion cannot.

In choosing the color of a dress, reference should be made to the tone of the complexion; but, having chosen the color, every addition should harmonize with it, so as to produce a *general* tone; for the surface in a dress is so great that it would be impossible to alter its "key" or tone by the addition of small pieces of opposite colors; for instance, if the general effect of a dress be blue, neither red, yellow, nor orange, in purity, would be admissible; but if puce, lavender, or lilac, then a pale red or orange will harmonize, but not yellow. This will be made more evident in treating of the colors themselves and their harmonies.

Before entering upon the harmony which should exist between the colors composing the various kinds of complexion and those which exist in the dress, and which, if rightly chosen, enhance the peculiar beauty of that complexion, whether pale, florid, brunette, or swarthy—in all of which varieties of complexion beauties exist peculiar to them, but which require very different modes of treatment to become effective—it will be proper to give a slight description of the colors themselves, and the amount of each to be found in the variations of complexion noticed above; and it will then be more readily understood what class of colors may with safety be placed in opposition to them.

There are in reality but three colors, all others being formed by combining them, or two of them, in various ways: the three pure colors are called "primary colors," and are yellow, red, and blue; those formed by combining any two of these are called "secondary colors," and are also three, namely, orange, purple, and green, and are thus produced:—

Yellow and red make orange.

Red and blue make purple.

Blue and yellow make green.

The "tertiary colors" are also three, and are formed from the secondary, thus:—

Orange and purple make russet.

Purple and green make olive.

Green and orange make citron.

The fourth series are combinations of these, and produce browns, greys, drabs, marones, &c., in endless variety.

Each "primitive color" has its own peculiar value, or power, as follows:—

Yellow, equal to three;

Red, equal to five;

Blue, equal to eight;

that is to say, three parts of yellow in combination with eight of blue will make a green which will partake equally of the nature of its components; five parts of red, with eight of blue, will produce a purple of similar qualities, and so on, into whatever combinations they may enter.

Each color has its own "antagonistic," or contrasting color, that is to say, a combination of two of the primitives will form the contrasting color to the remaining primitives. Purple is the contrasting color to yellow, green to red, and orange to blue; these contrasting or "antagonistic" colors, if placed side by side, mutually *brighten* each other, as do also the primitive colors themselves; but each primitive has its "harmonizing" colors, the presence of which serve to *sweeten* or *blend* them; they are those which contain a moiety of the color with which they are to harmonize; thus, green will harmonise with purple, because both green and purple contain blue—the one in combination with yellow, the other with red—for example, a dress of purple stripe with a yellow stripe would be grey and inharmonious; but a purple ground with a green stripe would be soft, and in accordance with harmony.

White is the combination of all colors—black, the absence of all. This may, at first thought, appear strange, as it is well known that a *mixture* of the three primitives produces a *black*; but it is nevertheless true that absence of all color is produced by the mixture of all, for one neutralises the other, and the result is black or grey, according to the complete or incomplete mixture of the colors; and thus it is that black and white are by far more in general use than all colors. This is explained by the fact that the harmony of color, not being generally understood, it is considered preferable to do nothing rather than commit an error. White is the simultaneous reflection of all colors, but not their admixture; it is the representative of light, as black is of darkness; and is therefore cheerful and enlivening to the eye. Next to white, in point of power, stands *yellow*. This approaches white more nearly than any other color. A blue or red may be so deep in tint as nearly to approach to blackness; but a yellow is always of a bright and light tint, hence its gaudiness if in large quantity and uncombined. Red stands next in point

of power, and takes a middle place between yellow and blue. It is the representative of warmth, and gives warmth to the other two primitives in proportion to the quantity of its admixture; thus yellow is warmed by it into orange, and blue into purple. Blue is the nearest approach to black of any of the colors; a blue may be so dark as hardly to be distinguished from black; it is the coldest color, and the least in power, eight parts of blue being equivalent to three of yellow or five of red.

THE ERRAND BOY.—This is from one of Sir David Wilkie's earlier pictures, and is an illustration of very superior merit. The lad is evidently one of those who, in Scotland, earn a livelihood by going, as a carrier, from village to village, executing messages, and bearing parcels. He is engaged in conversation with an old dame, at the door of her house, about some errand he either has executed, or is yet to perform: and, from his hand being in his pocket, he is probably making change. The expression of the different faces is unusually good for so small a mezzotint, a fact attributable to the skill of the engraver, Mr. Cushman, who is one of our very best artists.

UNDINE.—Who has not read the story of Undine? This fiction, one of the most charming creations of the German mind, is a tale of a beautiful water-nymph, who being loved by a knight, weds herself to him, and, by so doing, renounces her spiritual nature; but, afterward, the knight proving untrue, she abandons him, and returns again to her original element. It is impossible, however, in so brief an outline, to give any idea of the charm of the story: to appreciate this delightful fiction, it must be perused entire. And we envy those who have this pleasure yet in store.

ANTICIPATION.—This is one of the most spirited engravings we have had, for a long time. The anxiety of the dog, and the mischievous face of the boy are admirably depicted.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Dr. Chalmers. 3 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have received only the first volume of this most interesting memoir. It is composed of letters and extracts from the great and good man's journal, with biographical incidents by the editor, which in their arrangement go to make up a most interesting book. The nearest approach we can ever make to a biography is in the quiet thoughts and registered memories of the person whose life we desire to illustrate: no third person ever can give a true idea of a life or character of which he can only judge by acts, not by feelings and motives. There is something in this book that impresses you with a conviction of its entire truth, the simplicity of the confessions, the daily consciousness of faults that lay in trifles so small that his most intimate friend could not have detected them, bring

the reader closer than the nearest bosom friend to the man in whom he finds so much to love and admire, so little to condemn. As the record of a Christian life full of simple piety, and not devoid of those weaknesses and trials which awaken the most gentle sympathy, this is a most interesting volume. The life of one genuine Christian fails in its mission if it does not create many others.

Illuminated Waverly Novels. New York: Hewitt, Tilton & Co.—We have here a series of the Waverly novels, after a style of great magnificence. "Ivanhoe," and "The Bride of Lammermoor" have already appeared, and are meeting with the success so richly merited by an enterprise that must give pleasure to all lovers of pure literature. Ivanhoe is enriched with some ten or a dozen large and superior engravings, by Hewitt, all singularly well designed and executed. The whole series of this work will contain twenty-seven volumes, averaging two hundred and eighty pages, richly illustrated, for one dollar, in paper bindings, and one dollar and fifty cents for the library edition. Our good wishes and most hearty encomiums go with the enterprise. Where the writings of Walter Scott go first, those of the horrible French school will seldom follow.

Life of William the Conqueror. By Jacob Abbot. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—When simplicity of style springs from poverty of thought it certainly is no recommendation, but where, as in this case, the author prunes his language down as the gardener cuts shoots from a vine that the strength may flow into the fruit, it is an advantage. These little historical biographies, so exquisite in their mechanical beauty, so simple in style, so full of knowledge, are invaluable to those who desire an amount of compact information with little effort in obtaining it. Outwardly they are the prettiest set of books in our library, for they light up the graven bindings all around their neighborhood.

Elements of Natural Philosophy. By Alonzo Gray, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a most judiciously arranged text book for academies and colleges. The author is a professor of chemistry and natural philosophy in the Brooklyn Female Academy. The subject is illustrated by nearly four hundred wood-cuts, and the publishers have done their part well in supplying the finest material and best workmanship to make the volume complete.

Southey's Life and Correspondence. Part II. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This work is composed of letters, and is even more interesting than Southey's brief journal: through it one enters directly into the domestic life, the heart and mind of the poet. The whole biography promises to be full of interest, and is sent before the public as a work of great intrinsic value, which should be given to the public perfect in taste, material and mechanical beauty.

Shakespeare Illustrated. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—Nos. 10 and 11 of this cheap, yet elegant edition of Shakspeare have been received. No person of taste in literature should be without this publication.

Gibbon's Roman Empire. Vol. I. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—This is the first volume of an edition of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," issued in a style to match the Hume and Macaulay, published by the same house. Few booksellers in the United States issue standard works as cheap as Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature. 3 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We gave a notice of this work last month, but it is so worthy of favor that after perusing the third and last volume we must recommend it again: it is a most valuable addition to our national literature. The work is now complete in three beautiful volumes.

The Wilmingtons. By Mrs. Marsh. Harper & Brothers.—This novel, by the author of "Emilia Wyndham," "Two Old Men's Tales," "Angela," &c., is the best that has appeared this year; and we cordially commend it to the public.

The Debtor's Daughter. By T. S. Arthur. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The fictions of this author are always unexceptionable in their morality: and the present novel, in point of ability, is one of Mr. Arthur's best.

Hume's England. Vol. 6. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—This volume completes the Boston edition of Hume, and is enriched with a valuable appendix.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

It being as yet too early in the season for decided spring dresses to make their appearance, we have no patterns to offer our fair subscribers worthy of being engraved and colored as usual. We have, therefore, caused a ball and a dinner costume to be engraved on wood. In place of our usual steel fashion plate we give an extra line engraving.

FIG. I.—A BALL COSTUME.—Dress of pink tulle or crape, with two skirts, over a slip of pink satin. The under skirt is trimmed with four puffings, between each of which there is a narrow flounce of white tulle, edged with blonde. The upper skirt is finished by a broad hem, over which is placed a row of blonde lace, between four and five inches broad, and of a very rich pattern. This skirt is gathered up on one side, and the gathering is fastened by a tuft of white marabouts. The corsage has a *piece de poitrine* in front of the bosom, composed of a succession of small puffings, with intervening rows of narrow blonde set on in fulness. The berthe consists of two rows of blonde lace, the same as that which edges the upper skirt. These rows of blonde are attached to a foundation of tulle. The shape is round at the back, in the usual form of a berthe, and the rows of blonde are narrowed to a point and brought down to the front of the waist. The sleeves are covered with intervening rows of narrow blonde. Head-dress, the front hair arranged in full bandeaux, and the back hair plaited. Two very long and full marabout feathers, one on each side, are fixed quite at the back part of the head. A stone acher brooch of amethysts and pearls. Demi-long white kid gloves, and gold bracelets on the arms. White satin slippers.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A DINNER PARTY OR THE

OPERA.—Robe of sky blue damask satin, the skirt open at each side, and the openings filled up with plain white satin, covered with large puffings of tulle. The corsage low and quite plain. Berthe composed of tulle puffings, and short sleeves trimmed with the same. Pardessus of crimson velvet, lined with white quilted satin, and trimmed with ermine. The cap is composed of rows of blonde lace, and has long flowing lappets of blonde. At each side of the cap are bouquets of heartsease. A bouquet of the same flowers in front of the corsage. Demi-long white kid gloves, and a large Watteau fan.

GENERAL REMARKS.—No material change has yet taken place in the mode of making dresses. The infant waist, seems to be in favor, made high in the neck, with a yoke. India and French foulard silks will be very popular for spring and summer wear. Some of the patterns are exquisitely beautiful, but very delicate plaids and stripes are the most common. The India foulards are generally of one plain color, or of two very delicate ones shading into each other.

The designs on the new French brocaded silks are so skillfully executed that they appear as though embroidered by the hand, instead of being produced by the machinery of the loom. The most fashionable patterns are rich and bold designs, consisting generally of bouquets of flowers. Some white silks are covered with bouquets, varying in regular succession; for example, one may be of camelias, one of roses, with others of carnations and fuchsias. We have lately seen some beautiful silks imported from Paris. One, having a blue ground, was scattered with bouquets of dahlias in almost every tint. Bows, wove in silver, seemed to tie the stalks of each bouquet together. Another of these silks had a pink ground, with bouquets of convolvulus, honeysuckle, and foliage. Dresses composed of these rich materials require little or no trimming. The corsages are most frequently made plain, but worn with berthes and pagoda sleeves of lace. Those silks which have silver worked in the pattern—as, for example, that above described—may have the berthe of *dentelle d'argent*. The few Barages, Tissues, Albertines, Organdies, and lawns which have yet been opened, are of very small figures.

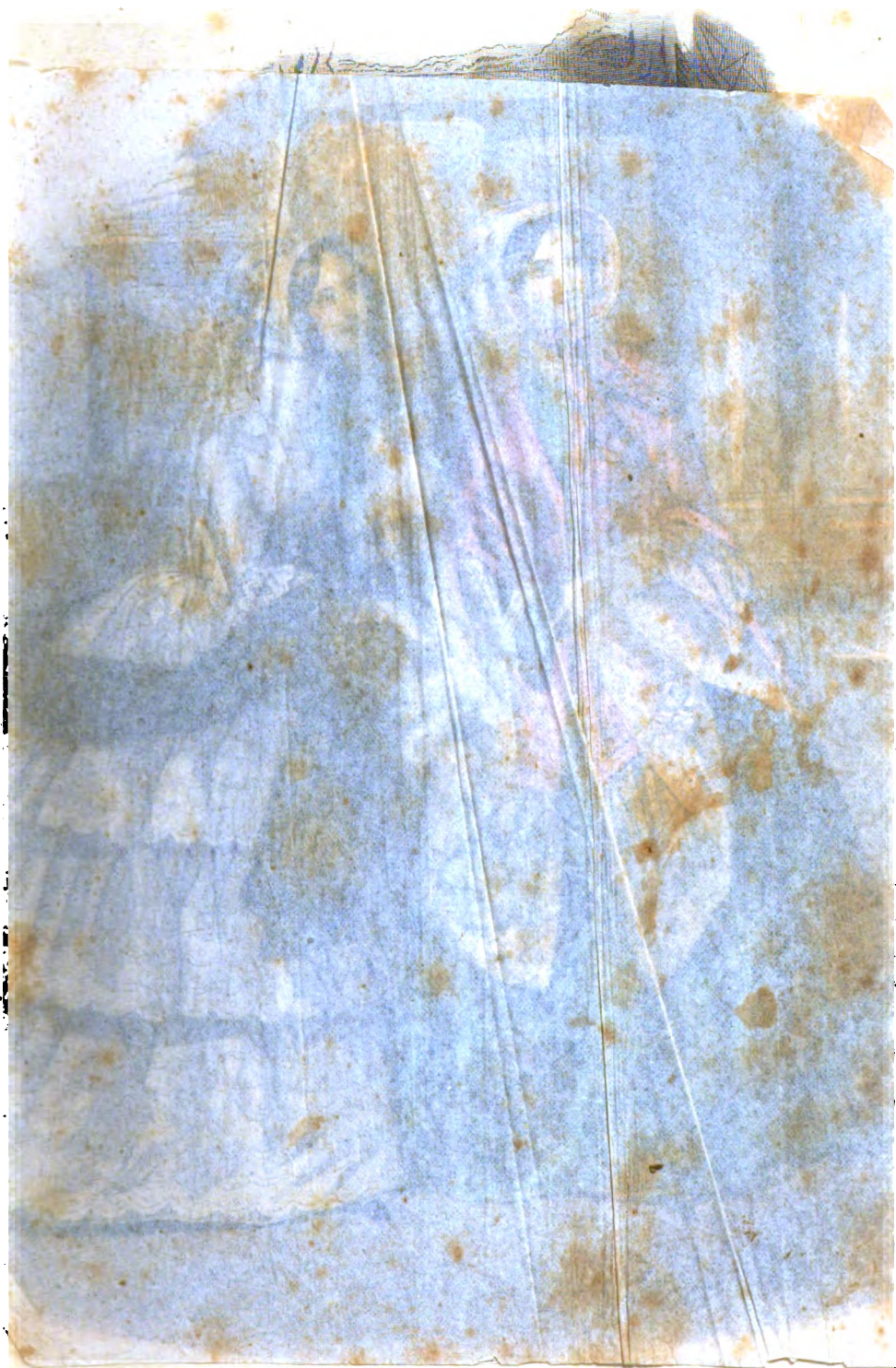
Bonnets are much longer at the ears, but still retain the round shape of the winter. Collars are to be larger than heretofore. Pocket-handkerchiefs are no longer trimmed with lace, but are ornamented with a profusion of embroidery.

The new berthe, composed of rows of lace or blonde, descending to the front of the waist in a point, is exceedingly fashionable. Besides being less formal in appearance than the old style, the new form of berthe has the advantage of admitting the trimming of the corsage to be varied. The space in front of the corsage, between the sides of the berthe, may be ornamented with bouillonnees, with rows of lace quillings of blonde, or blonde intermingled with ribbon. In very full dress, the centre of the corsage may be ornamented with a stomacher of precious stones. The fashion of wearing the bouquet on one side, instead of in the centre, is well adapted to this style of corsage.

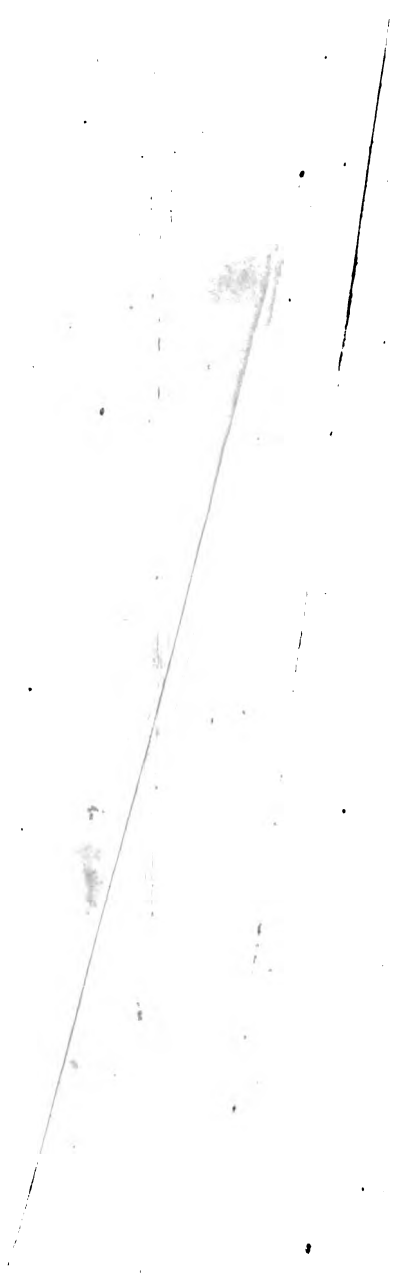


CHILDREN BATHING.

Illustration by J. M. W. Turner, 1809. Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the National Gallery, London.



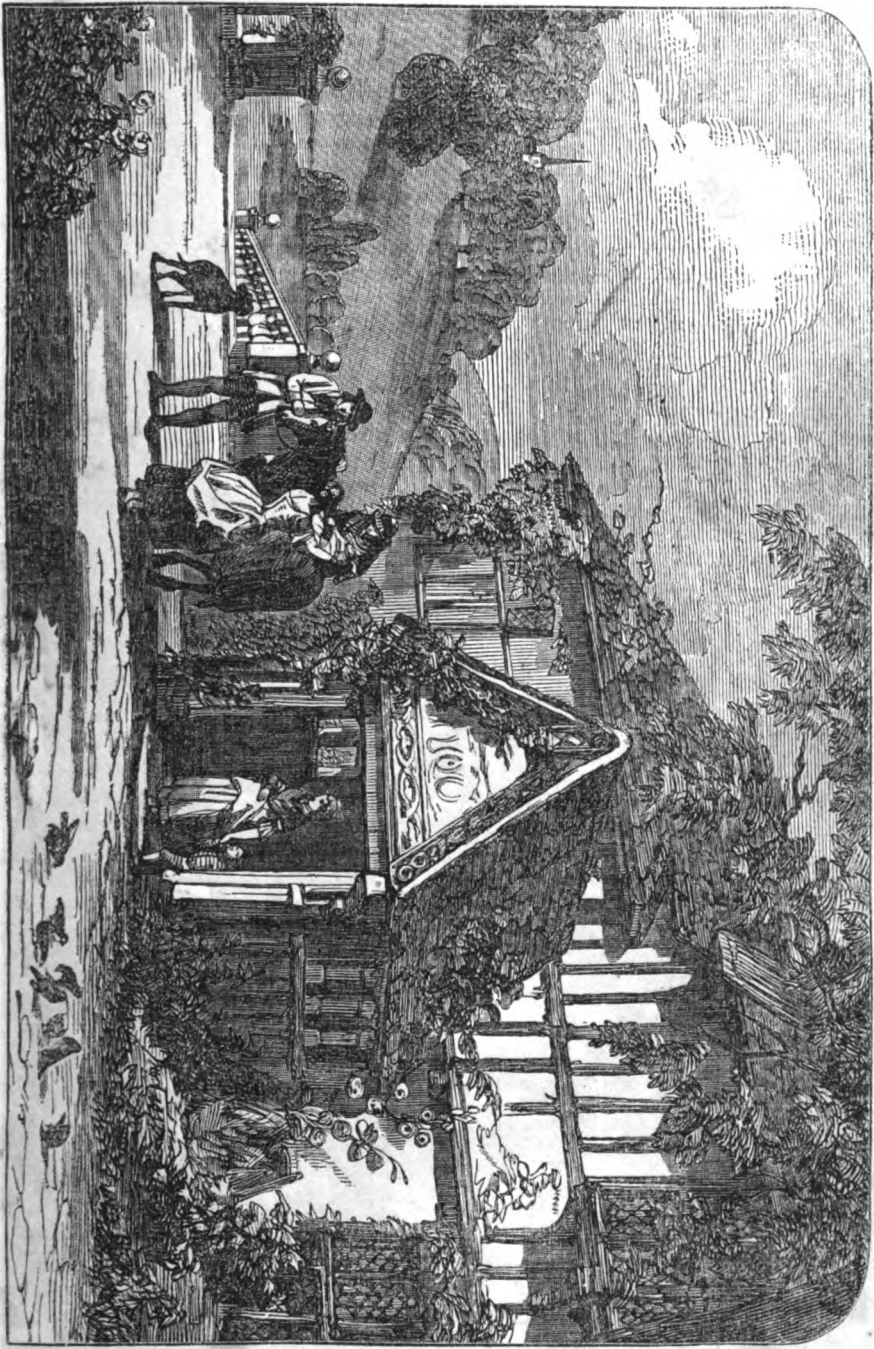
THE MANUSCRIPT LIBRARY



Digitized by Google



LES MODES PARISIENNES.



A MAY MORNING.



BLIND PIPER AND DAUGHTER.



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1850.

No. 5.

CHILDREN BATHING.

A STORY OF CLEAR BROOK.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

"FANNY, Fanny—where *can* Fanny be, mother?" I heard this as I sat in the window seat, with a volume of Miss Edgeworth's *Rosamond* in my hand. I knew my Cousin Lizzie had searched the whole house over for me, and though it was selfish, I could not bear to break the spell in which I was wrapt, by speaking. I must have been sitting many hours in that shady nook, for I had finished the history of the "Purple Jar"—and with the book closed upon my hand I had dreamed a long, delicious, waking dream, full of fairy visions, and vague, uncertain longings that for the first time found entrance to my heart.

The white muslin curtains swayed slowly above my head—the elm trees before the window rustled in the same low wind. There was a scent of new mown hay upon the air—and the low ripple of a brook stole in with its lulling music. And I who so loved green foliage, and bright blue skies—who had cherished so carefully the clover-tufts, and the yellow dandelions, that sprang in the little stony covert of my city home—no wonder that my heart was filled with a strange delight, surrounded as I was by all things beautiful!

It was my first long visit to the country, strange as it may seem, for my mother was a delicate invalid, who rarely left her room, and she was never happy if her only child was not near her. This summer my father had noticed how lustreless my eyes had grown, that my cheeks were pale, and my slight form began to stoop. So he interceded for me, and the invitation of Aunt Ellen was accepted. I had come to pass the July and August holidays at Clear Brook. I can even now re-call the wild excitement, which increased with every mile of that journey! how I leaned out of the carriage windows, to breathe the fragrant

air, and watched for the mile-stones with childish eagerness.

But I must not dwell on these things, for the tears come to my eyes as I write—to think how all those simple pleasures have palled—and that the fresh, free heart of a child can never beat in my heart again.

"Fanny—Cousin Fanny!"

"Yes, Louise," I answered, at length, slowly coming from my hiding-place, and giving one last longing look upon the beautiful scene.

"Oh, you provoking girl," said my pretty dimpled cousin, who, though younger than myself, had an arch sprightliness that made her a favorite with every one. "I'm all out of breath with calling you, and after all you were going to sleep right here in the library, over a book. How I hate books—don't I, mother?"

"You do not need to ask the question," answered Aunt Ellen, smiling. "I hope Fanny's example will make you a little more studious, and in the meantime you must give her some of that bright color; and the love of play which you can easily spare."

"Ah, don't scold! there's a dear, dear mother."

How that one smile revealed the devotion of parent and child!—and then Louise began telling me her many plans for the afternoon's amusement. "Jane Morris was coming over to play with us, and we were going down to the brook. Mother said we could bathe, or wade at any rate, if we would be careful, and go only at the foot of the hill where it was shallow."

"Wouldn't you like to wade, Fanny?"

"Oh, of all things." I was sure that wading was a pleasure that would enhance all those I had enjoyed for the past week.

So Jane Morris, a shy, yet good-natured little girl, came, and when we had become a little acquainted, by talking about the new set of china cups and saucers which I had brought Louise, and in which tea was to be served on our return—we strolled down the lane, with our sun-bonnets in our hands, and were soon on our way to the brook I had heard singing, in my dream.

I had my first experience in climbing fences that afternoon, as the huge rent in my pretty muslin dress attested. And then we came to the Great Meadow, as one field on my uncle's farm was called. The grass had not been cut, though it was ready for the mower's scythe. I had one dread with all my love for the country, I do not know how it was acquired. Perhaps from some frightful tale, I had heard, or from a dream, for I could remember one in which I had seemed to be looking at beautiful garlands of flowers which festooned a room, when they changed to trailing serpents that came writhing toward me with their forked tongues, and fiery eyes. As I made the first step into the tall grass that same fear came over me, and when I felt it rustling up to my waist I whispered to Louise, though there was no one to hear my cowardice—

"Are you sure there are no *snakes*?" How merrily she laughed as she repeated my question to Jane, and though both assured me to the contrary, I could feel, at every step, the glide of some hidden enemy, nor did I draw a full breath until we stood at the top of the hill.

Clear Brook was a small stream, or "creek," as it is called in New York, that grew wider and deeper after it passed my uncle's grounds, until in the village, a few miles below, it swept into the broad mill-pond, and dashed in a sheet of foam over the high dam. Here it was so shallow that the children were frequently allowed to bathe in it, and indeed it was their greatest source of amusement in the summer afternoons.

The girls had selected a most romantic turn in the little stream, where the water flowed over a gravelly bed, in soft, shiny ripples, and the ferns and sedges clustered upon its borders, while higher up the yellow lily laid its broad leaves upon the gentle undulations of the tide. There was a broad, flat stone, just the thing for a dressing-table—and the bank sloped gradually from it to the mimic beach. The shrill call of the cat-bird, and the tinkle of far-off sheep-bells were the only sounds that came to this quiet spot—and when I had peered behind every bush and moss-covered log, I was satisfied that there were no intruders to disturb our sport.

I had been very brave up to the time of crossing the meadow, and thought how much I should enjoy my bath. But now my nervous timidity

had returned, and I felt more alarmed than I cared to acknowledge, when Louise said—

"You're oldest, Fanny, so you must go in first."

I thought it would never do to let girls younger than myself see my fear, so I began without a word to prepare for my new experiment. Yet my hands trembled so that I drew all the strings into knots, and Louise was ready after all before I was. Jane was to keep guard for us, and take her turn when I was through.

So imagine me standing there with one naked foot poising over the clear stream, watching the bubbles as they broke and floated off, or the flies that skimmed about the surface. I saw a minnow dart at one of them, and I was sure the poor little fish was waiting to bite my foot. I began to think about leeches, I had heard they sometimes fastened upon people, and it was impossible to remove them. Yet I, a city girl, nearly nine years old, could not bring myself to confess my fear.

"Why don't you go in?" cried Louise, sitting there so contentedly, clasping her round dimpled arms, and looking on with so much mischief in her eyes.

"Oh—yes—certainly—I'm going," and I actually did dip one foot into the water. It was much colder than I expected, and I involuntary gasped, and shivered from head to foot.

"Oh, you won't mind it's being cold when you're once in," said Jane.

"I believe your afraid," added Louise. The last decided me, I summoned all resolution, and almost holding my breath set one foot upon the sharp gravelly bed, and the cold stream came lapping about my ankle. One instant more—but as the splash disturbed the placid water, I saw a long, strange ripple break the surface. A slimy water-snake with its brilliant stripes shot from beneath a stone. I felt the slimy creature trail across my foot—and with a scream of terror fainted. I remember that strange sounds rang in my ears, and a numb, palsied sensation crept over my limbs, as I fell forward into the cool water.

It was dripping from my hair, and I was trembling with cold, though the air was so warm, when consciousness returned. It is a wonder that my cousin and her friend had strength, or presence of mind enough to draw me to the bank. But they were good, brave little girls, who did not cry until they heard me speak again, though they sobbed then as if their hearts were breaking. I had never fainted before, and for a little time could not remember what had happened. But when recollection came, that same sickening sensation returned—and it was with difficulty that I could rise from the bed of grass and ferns on which they had laid me.

There was no doll feast, with cups and saucers that night, for I was put in bed the instant we reached home, and laid there for many days, before I could again dream in my favorite nook with the fresh wind sighing about me. But my dear, unselfish little cousin forgot her play and her mischief, to sit beside me in the dark room, and tell me fairy tales, of which she had a won-

drous store, and sing plaintive ballads in her sweet, childish voice. But the fever left me better than I had been for many years; and the village doctor, a kind, old-fashioned man, used to tell me that my bath in Clear Brook had been a fortunate thing after all, for I would never be the nervous, delicate child I had been before.

TO MARY.

BY P. A. JORDAN.

My soul is with thee, now, Mary! tho' many years have fled,
And all the flowers that deck'd our hearts lie mouldering with the dead;
Tho' scenes that charmed us ever then have long since passed away,
Yet e'en amid all changing things this heart's the same to-day.

I never can forget thee! does the mother cease to bless
The little prattler by her side, that nestled on her breast,
When brighter smiles were round her path, and joy upon her brow?
Does that tender mother love it less, that all are faded now?

Do the flowers forget the Summer airs, tho' Autumn winds are here,
Scattering their pure leaves o'er the earth, around her early bier?
Nay:—they but sleep the Winter through, and early wake to bring
Their beauteous smiles and dewy breaths, to bless the opening Spring.

Oh, Mary, of the quiet soul, the clear and lustrous eye,
Whose drooping lids all tenderly upon their clear depths lie;
Thy presence, like the angel forms that guard the Christian here,
Is ever lingering by my side, this loneliness to cheer.

I could but wish that thou would'st stay, and bless this heart of mine:
I loved to linger always in thy presence so divine;
My swelling heart would not consent that thou should'st pass away,
E'en tho' to go was bliss to thee, ay! one eternal day.
When the early flowers unfold their leaves, and scent each passing gale,
I wander by your angel-side adown the silent vale;
Or when the Summer winds blow fair across the velvet lea,

Beneath the cooling shade my soul is happy, love, with thee.

And Autumn! season of the soul! the poet's time of heart,
Old Autumn, though its gusty swells bid all the birds depart,
And chill the sparkling tears that lie within the rose's breast,
Yet how we loved its cooling winds, its dreamy sadness best.

Its quiet sadness fills the soul, and turns the mind within,
To muse upon life's golden hours, the joys that once have been—
The rosy hours when sunbeams lay across our youthful way,
And all was bright and golden in that sweet but passing day.

"I cannot make thee dead," Mary! my heart would aye rebel:
For still upon my listening ear thy hallowed hymnings swell.
I know that thou hast left me! I feel that thou art gone;
But midnight shadows die away before the coming morn.

Oh! I will weep no more, Mary! all tears I'll brush away;
And in the calmness of my soul thy Heavenly presence lay;
For tho' the flower has faded, its fragrance lingers still,
And memories that make glad the while, my yearning bosom fill.

Unfading joys are ever thine—illusive sweets are ours—
The ray of sunshine earthly dim, o'er Autumn's fading bowers!—
Oh! angel-form, be with us still—our wandering footsteps guide—
'Till earth shall fade, and we are safe, anear thy loving side.

THE NOTE OF INTRODUCTION.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

"Did I ever tell you about a letter of introduction I had when I first came to Boston?" asked a friend of mine the other day.

"I think not," I replied.

"Well, then, I will," said he, taking his cigar between his fingers, and throwing himself back in his chair with a smile of quiet humor. "I know you write fictitious stories sometimes, which ain't half so good as some I could tell you that are true. To begin, my adventure with a letter of introduction may serve as the foundation of something as good as you have written."

"Very well," said I. "Go on."

"You know Fred H——?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly well."

"That fellow was the only man I knew in Boston, when I first came here," pursued my friend. "In fact, I was a perfect stranger, and was not acquainted with a single lady in the city. You will readily imagine that, loving ladies as I do, I was the most miserable wretch alive without them. I mentioned the circumstance to Fred, and he very kindly offered to introduce me to some of his female acquaintances. One evening he came to me, and said—

"'Charley, I've promised a lady up at the South End to visit her to-night, and to take you along; but things have happened so that I can't go myself, and I hate to have her disappointed. Suppose you call on her without me? I'll give you a note of introduction.'

"'What sort of a lady is she?' I asked.

"'A widow lady ——'

"'Ah! very good! How old?'

"'Somewhere between forty and fifty.'

"'Hem! Fred, I guess you'd better go yourself—I'm not particular.'

"'But she's got a daughter,' said Fred—'just sixteen, and amazingly pretty.'

"'Has she though?' I cried. 'Why didn't you tell me that before? Give me a note, and I'll call on the widow at once.'

"Fred hastily wrote a billet of introduction, and put it into my hands, telling me I would meet with a warm reception, he being on the most intimate terms with the lady and her daughter, who were very lively and sociable.

"'How shall I get there?' I asked.

"'Jump into an omnibus,' he replied, 'and tell the driver you want him to take you to Pleasant street, and you'll be there in short notice.'

"I followed Fred's directions, getting into the first omnibus I saw; and was soon rattling along the street. I thought it was a long ride, but I enjoyed it, notwithstanding my impatience to see Mrs. Wood and her bewitching daughter. I wedged myself into one corner of the omnibus, and closing my eyes, began to indulge in a pleasant reverie concerning the fair being I was about to visit.

"I was aroused by the voice of the driver, who put his face down to the pigeon-hole, and sung out—'Pleasant street!'

"I looked at my note of introduction, and being at a loss to make out the number of Mrs. Wood's residence, thought it might be of service to ask the driver if he knew where she lived. I was happy to learn that he could set me down immediately at her door.

"I rang, and an elderly lady appeared.

"'Is Mrs. Wood in?' I asked, touching my hat politely.

"'That is my name,' said she.

"Bowing again, I presented Fred's letter; upon which she invited me to walk in.

"'Mr. B——,' said she, after glancing at the note, 'I am happy to make your acquaintance. Be so good as take the easy chair.'

"At that moment there entered an old maid, (I can tell old maids at first sight) who looked at me as if I was a savage or a wild animal. I didn't like her appearance from the moment her simpering, quizzing countenance showed itself at the door. You can imagine then how completely I was *used up*, when the widow said to me—

"'Mr. B——, permit me to make you acquainted with my daughter.'

"I was shocked, vexed, confused: shocked at finding the sweet maiden of sixteen summers I had imagined, to be an old maid of thirty! vexed at the hoax of which I deemed myself the victim, and confused from a complication of embarrassing thoughts. I don't think I ever bowed or nodded to Miss Wood until I had looked at her and her mother, alternately, half a dozen times.

"'Your daughter——' I stammered, at length—'hem! Miss Wood, I am pleased to make your acquaintance! Hem!—I believe, Mrs. Wood, you have another daughter ——'

"'You are mistaken then,' replied the old lady, 'I have two sons, but this is my only daughter.'

"I bit my lips with vexation, and felt fully

competent, just at that moment, to devour Fred bodily. However, I thought I might as well be reconciled to the thing, and get out of the scrape as quickly as possible, as to think only of avenging myself on him.

"Having recovered my presence of mind, I began to make myself quite familiar with Miss Wood, and to crack some harmless jokes, when I was interrupted by her mother, who had been occupied for some time in reading and re-reading Fred's letter.

" 'There must be some mistake here,' she said. 'I don't know Mr. H——.'

" 'You don't know Fred H——!' I exclaimed. 'Why, he told me he was intimately acquainted with you and your amiable daughter!'

" 'I never heard of him—and I'm sure I never saw him,' persisted the widow. 'When I first glanced at the note, I thought it was from a friend of mine, but now I see my mistake. I take this as a gross insult, sir!'

" 'What, ma'am?' I asked.

" 'What!' she repeated, indignantly. 'You know, sir, that this is a vile imposition! Read that note if you haven't.'

"I snatched the letter from her hands, and glanced over it hurriedly. It was written in Fred's flippant, witty style, and it contained many allusions to certain jokes he pretended to have cracked with Mrs. Wood. The note was well enough, provided it had been addressed to a familiar acquaintance, but to a stranger, as Mrs. Wood declared herself to be, I owned it was extremely insolent. However, I could scarcely believe but that the widow knew Fred, being

unwilling to think he would play off such a trick on me intentionally.

" 'I can't suppose there is any mistake,' said I—'you must know H——. You see, the note is directed to you, in Pleasant street. This is Pleasant street, ain't it?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'And your name is Wood?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'And this is Boston?'

" 'Boston! no!' she exclaimed. 'This is Cambridge.'

" 'No!'

" 'Yes it is!'

" 'But ain't there a Pleasant street in Boston?'

" 'Certainly.'

"I laughed outright.

" 'This explains it,' said I. 'Not being acquainted in the city, I took the wrong omnibus, and was brought here through my ignorance! I beg your pardon for the intrusion; and as that note don't belong to you, I'll take it, if you please!'

"You may imagine that I was not long in taking leave of my chance acquaintances, and in getting back to Boston. I soon succeeded in finding the real Mrs. Wood, and had a hearty laugh at the adventure with her and her lovely daughter.

"That's all," said B——, in conclusion. "You have the incident just as it took place, and if you can't make something of it in your line, I pity you. But my cigar is out. Have the goodness to pass me the matches!"

TO A RIVER.

BY HORACE E. DURANT.

Flow on, thou ceaseless River!

'Till thou art lost in ocean's murmuring deep;
Thus on onward still, 'till time shall end forever—
Thy winding journey keep.

From far thy waters flowing
Have gladdened many a weary laborer;
And oft has joy'd, thy distant streamlets growing,
The thirsty traveller.

Fond scenes of childhood's dreaming,
In glances still are mingling here with thee!
When like thy bosom in the morn's light beaming,
Life was from sorrow free.

But days of youth have perished!
And I here by thy side in silence roam;

Lov'd ones have passed away, one fondly cherished!
As vanishes thy foam.

Fair River in thy wending,
How like thou art to passing man below!
He to an ocean vast his way is tending,
There also dost thou go.

The gloom is closing,
And thou hast passed away beyond my view;
Yet far away, in distance dim reposing,
Thou to thy course art true.

And thus should life be ever;
Though ruffled sometimes from its still repose,
Yet should it flow as truly on forever
Until its peaceful close.

THE VALLEY FARM; OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ORPHAN.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 178.

I PASS over nearly a week, during which I became habituated, in a measure, to my new home.

It was agreed that Ellen should inquire among her patrons if a music teacher was wanted, my proficiency on the piano being sufficient, I thought, to warrant my taking a few pupils. Meantime, I produced my purse, and insisted on paying for my board. This arranged, I assumed a new name; for I wished to conceal every trace by which I could be recognized.

Yet there was much in this mode of life that was distasteful to me. I had been long accustomed to more delicate food, and now that my health was indifferent, I often turned with loathing from the plain dishes to which Ellen and her mother were forced usually to restrict themselves. But a cup of tea and toast could generally be had, and these formed my meals for much of the time.

There were other things that annoyed and even irritated me, by offending my morbidly refined tastes: small things, like the service of the table, and other petty inconveniences. Perhaps, if I had been in health, I would have disregarded these things. But my nervous system was completely disorganized, and those who have suffered in a similar way know that, at such times, the slightest vexations overcome us.

Everything indeed was neat, though plain. But the constant, watchful economy I saw, and which I should have called meanness a month before, annoyed me, even though I knew its justice. For instance, the stove was never allowed to consume more than a certain quantity of coal daily, and in consequence there were often hours when the room was really cold. Being in ill health, I felt this more than did Mrs. Pope, for Ellen was generally absent all day.

The second Sunday after my arrival, I accompanied Ellen, for the first time, to church.

We went alone, Mrs. Pope remaining at home, on account of feeling unwell. The day was bitterly cold, and I noticed that Ellen had no cloak, but only a shawl, such indeed as would have

answered in October, but entirely too thin for this, one of the coldest days of mid-winter. I soon saw that she was suffering from the cold: her lips grew blue, her teeth chattered, and she shivered continually.

"How imprudent," I said, "and with your cough, to come out in that slight shawl."

I spoke somewhat severely, for my temper was now easily ruffled, as I have said.

She turned her mild, blue eyes on me, and answered, "it is the thickest shawl I have, and my cloak is worn out. I intended, last winter, to buy me a new cloak for this season, and so, when spring came, cut up my old one; but mother has been sick so much that to pay the doctor's bill took all my money, and so I have had to go without a cloak. And this shawl is not so very cold, after all."

She smiled faintly as she spoke, drawing the shawl closer around her, but, in spite of her words and the accompanying gesture, her teeth chattered.

How my heart smote me! Here I had been, day after day, secretly indulging my pettishness at annoyances which existed only in imagination, while this more delicate and suffering girl had been making, without a murmur, serious sacrifices, and such even as compromised her health. I felt the tears gush into my eyes, but, before I could answer, we were at the church door.

I had not asked Ellen to what denomination she belonged, but I knew the instant we entered. The open benches; the two sexes separated by the aisles; the plain furniture of the pulpit; and the number of working-men, arrayed in holiday suits, informed me at once. I whispered to Ellen: "You never told me you were a Methodist."

"Nor am I entirely," she replied. "I was brought up in another sect; but I come here because the seats are free; and that, you know, is something to one who is poor. But hush!—the minister."

I looked up. There, mounting the pulpit stairs, was the burly form of the Rev. Mr. N——, the preacher at the camp-meeting.

More than eighteen months had passed since I had seen the speaker, but he had scarcely changed at all in appearance. The same massive brow, the same penetrating eye, the same crisp, iron-grey looks were there: and when he began to speak, there too were the same rich, magnetic tones of voice!

Every word of his sermon is distinct in my memory; for it dwelt on the nobleness of suffering for the truth's sake, and was full of exhortation to persevere. Had it been intended for me personally it could not have been more appropriate. The text was from the fourth chapter of Corinthians, the sixteenth and seventeenth verses: *"For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward is renewed day by day: for our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."*

Having read this text in his impressive manner, the preacher proceeded to speak of the trials of those who suffered for the truth; and here my heart went with him in every word he uttered! But he soon stripped off the self-sufficiency with which I began to listen to him.

"All this, my brethern," he exclaimed, "is noble and commendable, when the strife is for the right, and God is on our side. But what shall we say of those who scorning the aid of the Almighty, think to conquer in their own puny strength? Who set themselves up to do battle, in the mere pride of intellect, against the trials of this world? Alas! too soon they find that the heroism with which they set out has deserted them; their high spirit becomes broken by misfortune; and they perish, at last, in the unequal conflict. Like Peter, they faint and sink, and unless they call on God for aid, the deep waters go over them! To the Christian, earthly sorrows are indeed light afflictions, and work out, at last, a far more exceeding weight of glory. But to the others, who rely on their own strength, the sorrows of this world become, sooner or later, more than can be borne. As well, my brethern, might a man rush on the thick bosses of the Almighty's buckler, as attempt, single-handed, unless God was on his side, to buffet the trials of life."

In hearing these words, I felt the true source of my weakness. I had depended too much on myself, too little on the Creator: and hence my repinings. I saw into my own heart, and was abashed before my Maker.

"And who is this Almighty Being, on whom you are asked to rely?" continued the speaker. "Is he some angry Jupiter, or vacillating Mars, divinities of ancient Greece? Is he some brutal god, a Dagon of the Philistines? Is he some drunken warrior, the woden of the Scandinavians?

Is he some ordinary man, a great reformer it is true, yet only an ordinary man, as certain, in our day, in their pride of intellect, declare? What," and here, pausing, his lightning eye a-blaze, he exclaimed, "what, Jesus of Nazareth an ordinary man? An ordinary man this, when an angel announced his conception, and myriads of heavenly messengers heralded his birth. An ordinary man! At Cana of Galilee the subject elements acknowledged him supreme, and the water at his bidding crimsoned into wine. An ordinary man! Beside the open grave he stood, and crying, 'Lazarus, come forth,' immediately putrefaction trembled into life. An ordinary man! When nailed upon the cross, the heavens hid themselves from the sacreligious sight; the dead burst their cerements in horror; the dumb veil of the temple rent itself into twain; and at the cry of 'Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani,' earth shuddered to her furthest extremities, and distant continents exclaimed, 'surely a God is dying.' An ordinary man this!"

The orator pausing, again glanced around the assembly, and a deep respiration rose from the congregation. Every hearer had been bound, as in a spell, by the eloquence of the speaker.

Ah! I saw now that it required more than pride, more than a consciousness of right, to fight the battle of life—it required true religion.

I was still overpowered by this sermon, when, in leaving the church, a deep voice addressed Ellen, who was at my side. I turned and beheld the preacher.

"How is that cough?" he said, kindly. "You must take care of it, my daughter, or it will prove a sore trial to your mother."

Ellen answered and introduced me. Something in my manner, which was oppressed and pre-occupied, appeared to strike him: he conversed with us for several moments with interest, and then saying that he would visit us during the week, took his departure. All this time, a carriage, owned by one of the rich members of his congregation, had been waiting for him, perhaps to carry him to dinner.

"It is always so with him," said Ellen, as we moved away. "He makes the rich wait rather than the poor: in his own words, his first care is for the desolated and oppressed. Oh! he is so good."

"And so eloquent," I answered. "Have you known him long?"

"He has been settled here since last conference."

"He seems to take an interest in you."

"And in you too, I think: I know you will love him."

On Tuesday evening he came, evidently choosing this hour because he knew Ellen was engaged

during the day. I found him as affable in private as he was eloquent in the pulpit. Yet he never forgot his vocation; and though genial, and sometimes even playful as a child, he had always before him "the mark of his high calling." He was indeed truly a Christian minister.

Under his teachings, I soon became happy in my new vocation; for he taught me to lean on that Supreme Being in whom only is happiness. He knew I belonged to another sect than his own; but he had that wide and expansive charity which sees in the various denominations of Christians only so many roads to the same heaven. "One man marches under one banner, another under a different, but all," he said, "are travelling the same road. Sect is of little moment if the heart is right. I trust in God I shall reach Paradise at last, and there, I am sure, I shall meet, not only Enoch and other saints from before the flood, but Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob; ay! and, from later times, Luther and Latimer, Bunyan, and Xavier, Baxter and St. Augustine, Jeremy Taylor, Whitfield, Wesley, and the whole glorious company of the redeemed."

A month had now elapsed, and my purse began to run low, yet all Ellen's efforts, as well as my own, to procure pupils for me had failed. Even advertising had proved unsuccessful. The established teachers of music monopolized the field, leaving no avenue open for one friendless and untried like myself.

I did not, however, waste my time in idleness. I had always had taste in dress, and now, whenever Ellen remained at home, I took lessons from her in her art, for since I could not procure a situation as music-teacher, I resolved to earn my livelihood at dress-making.

My first experience of this new vocation was disheartening enough. Like Ellen, I was to go to the houses of my employers, and not work at home; and my introductory visit was to an elegant mansion in —, where they were two fashionable daughters and their mother, patrons I was particularly desirous to conciliate, on account of their influence.

I had a long and dreary walk from my lodgings to this house, on a cold, wet morning in March, and having understood I was to breakfast in — place, had taken nothing before leaving home except a biscuit and some water. On my arrival, I was ushered into a small back chamber, upstairs, in which a fire so scanty had been lighted, that the dampness bedewed the bare walls. Here I sat alone at my work for hours, only visited occasionally by the lady of the house, and then in order that I might fit the dress which I was making. In vain I expected a summons to breakfast. I heard the bell for that meal ring, about two hours after my arrival, but no

invitation was sent to me. I paled with anger, for I was new to my situation, and forgot the vast difference between the heiress and the poor dress-maker. I looked for a cup of coffee and a plate to be sent up to me; but even this was neglected; and so the hours went by until noon.

Once the two tall and really elegant daughters of Mrs. Warren came into the room, evidently to scrutinize the new dress-maker. They did not address me, however, but only nodded condescendingly, and went on with their fashionable gossip, until the eldest, with a yawn, declared that the ball the night before had completely fatigued her, that the room was very chilly, and that she believed she would get a novel and lie down. The other echoed the assertion, that the room was cold, shrugging a pair of pretty, but immodestly bare shoulders; and so she too went out. Nobody came, however, to make up the fire; and there were no coals for me to do it.

About an hour after noon, the bell rang for luncheon, and I was honored with the sight of the two gay daughters again, as they accompanied their mother down to the table. I was now really weak from hunger, and when I found my visitors about to depart, without inviting me to follow them, I ventured to ask for something to eat, stating that I had missed my breakfast.

The whole three stared at me for an instant, and then the mother, saying she would send me a plate of meat, bowed superciliously, and followed by the daughters, sailed out of the room. My cheeks were crimsoned with indignation. I knew myself to be the equals of these people in all respects, and their superior in many: a few months before I had even lived in as great luxury as themselves; yet now I was treated with hauteur, almost with contempt.

In a few minutes a servant came up, not with the promised plate, but to say that the dinner was ready to-day sooner than usual, and that I should please to walk down. Accordingly, I left my work and followed my guide. But, instead of turning into the dining-room, we kept on to the kitchen, when a table was set out for the servants, all but the cook, who being a colored woman, ate alone.

I drew back for an instant. My heart was in my throat, and the tears gushed to my eyes. "This degradation," I said to myself, "is deeper than I thought possible." But I reflected immediately that I must, sooner or later, accustom myself to my lot; that I was but a servant after all; and that it became not me, who felt angered at the superciliousness of the ladies of the family, to be myself contemptuous toward others. A month earlier, I should, however, have felt the insult too keenly for reflection; but now religion came to my aid; and I sat down, forcing back

the tears by a strong mental effort, and reminding my proud heart that those beside me were fellow creatures like myself, and on their way to the same eternal home. "In the eye of God we are all alike," I murmured.

The servants, with instinctive delicacy, saw and commiserated my situation. They recognized one more refined than themselves, and paid me a silent, deferential attention, in strong contrast to the cold hauteur I had witnessed above stairs. The choicest bits on the table were selected and laid in my plate; my wishes were anticipated; and the usual gossip of a servants' table was exchanged for a courteous silence. Such considerate attentions brought the tears almost into my eyes. "Ah! the poor know how to appreciate the poor," I said.

How I got through that day I hardly can tell. I sewed on, all through the afternoon, my tears falling faster than the rain outside. Mortification and shame were combatting in my heart with considerations of prudence and the consolations of religion. Now my pride rebelled, and I rose to leave the house. Now I reflected that these daily slights were a part of the cares I had, like all my race, to bear. A painful, public death I could have endured, but this silent, unseen suffering was what appalled me. Ah! man may boast of his firmness on the rack, his heroism in the flames; but there are hundreds of my sex, at this hour, going through a more terrible martyrdom, with none to applaud, none even to witness their agony.

Toward evening I grew more composed. With the morning came refreshed spirits and a determination to persevere. I went back to — Place, and worked there a week. Seven days they were of intense suffering, of almost hourly conflicts with myself; but at their close I felt like one who has been sorely tempted, yet has triumphed gloriously.

My vocation was not, however, always a bitter one. In many families I was recognized as an equal, and in some I found sincere friends. My musical accomplishments gradually became known, and I was offered a few pupils, but as the number was not sufficient to support me, I resolved, for a time at least, to adhere to my present mode of life.

In all this interval I heard nothing of my family. I had, by my flight to a strange city, and by my change of name, effectually concealed myself from search, if any had been undertaken. Yet I longed often to learn whether my uncle was well or ill. Of him especially I frequently thought. I loved him still, notwithstanding his injustice; and sometimes I even asked myself if I had done entirely right by him. "Were I now to return, and bear more with his infirmities," I

said, "might I not be restored to his heart?" There was no weakness in this, no change in my fixed purpose never to marry for lucre, but only the promptings of a softened, and, I hoped, a better heart.

Nor had I heard of Carrington. I often, however, thought of him, or rather of the ideal which he had filled, up to the moment of his wanton desertion. Sometimes relenting toward him, I reflected that it might have been timidity on his part, rather than fickleness, which had led him to abandon me. "Perhaps he thought me too proud," I would say, "or he might have feared the heiress would despise his suit; or foreseeing the opposition of my family, he may have withdrawn to save me from a conflict between duty and love." At such seasons, my heart would flutter wildly; a delicious languor steal over all my nerves; and I would begin to dream vain and impossible dreams, until Ellen's voice, or the sight of my work in my lap, would re-call me to the stern realities of life.

I was, one day, reminded of Carrington, however, in a way that shook my nerves for a fortnight.

It was a day in autumn, for I had now been nearly a year with Ellen, when hurrying home, toward dusk, I saw two gentlemen approaching me. One I recognized as my friend, the Rev. Mr. N——. The other—could it be?—yes! it was Carrington. At once I felt my knees totter, but rallying my strength I boldly advanced, wondering what strange chance had brought my old lover and Mr. N—— together. As I drew near, I saw they were in earnest conversation, and the latter did not recognize me. Carrington seemed at first, however, to know me; for he started and half raised his hat; but after a perplexed look withdrew his hand from his head, and passed without recognition. But when I looked back, after I had gone a few steps, I saw both he and Mr. N—— gazing after me, and the latter, seeing I noticed him, bowed. They then walked on.

I reached home in a flutter of spirits indescribable. I must have walked very fast, for I was completely overcome. Ellen and her mother both noticed my flushed cheeks and agitated manner, but they could get nothing out of me in spite of their inquiries; the truth was my acquaintance with Carrington was a sacred secret, and I had, therefore, nothing to tell.

I felt a presentiment that Mr. N—— would come to see me, for his manner of bowing assured me that Carrington had directed his attention to me. A few evenings after he made his appearance. Fortunately for his purpose, both Ellen and her mother were out: a fact, I believe, he knew before, as they had gone to attend a church society, of which they were members.

After some general conversation my visitor approached the subject which was on his mind.

"You met me the other night," he said, "when I was with a young friend, who almost insisted that he knew you, or rather had known you, under another name. Have you ever lived in —?"

He said this abruptly, and with his eyes fixed on me. I was embarrassed. I could not tell any of the truth, without telling all, and I was, therefore, silent.

"Well," he said, "I will not press the question, for I see you do not wish to answer. But Mr. Carrington was positive that there could not be two faces like yours in the world."

How my heart leaped! What could such language mean but that he often thought of me? I still remained silent, and my visitor continued, as if half soliloquizing,

"A remarkable young man is this friend of mine, brimful of talent, and with a heart, I believe, in the right place. Though scarcely beyond the requisite age, he has just been chosen to Congress, from one of the districts of —, having carried the election, as an independent candidate, against two rivals backed by all the force of the old parties. He made my acquaintance in the most singular manner."

I looked up, full of curiosity, my eye meeting the speaker's for the first time since his abrupt question. He went on.

"It was many years ago, at a camp-meeting in the mountains—near the B— Springs—you have heard of them, I suppose. He had listened to a sermon which made him, he said, desirous to know me. This led to a conversation in which I found my acquaintance a man of singular ability, with a heart and head finely balanced, and immense stores of information for one comparatively so young. After this I lost sight of him for years. Then I met him again, the most rising young man in —."

I still listened, and now with breathless interest.

"We saw each other after this, always when I went to —, or he came here; and I found reason, at every interview, to increase my already high estimate of his powers. I do not wonder he was elected to Congress so young, and against such competition, for his eloquence is magical, and his patriotism exalted. In some respects he is remarkable. He has been here, to attend a great trial, and, after the court had closed, the day you met us, came, by accident, into the church, where an anniversary was being held. I happened to see him, for I sat on the stage. One of our speakers had disappointed us, but, knowing that Carrington favored the great cause in which we were engaged, I went down and solicited him to speak. He was unwilling at first,

for he is modest, but when I placed the request before him as a question of duty, he consented. In five minutes the orator, then on the floor, sat down; and with only that short interval in which to prepare, Carrington arose. For half an hour he electrified the house by his eloquence. All present declared they had never listened to such an address. The venerable Dr. D—, who was to follow him, and who had carefully prepared an elaborate speech, totally changed his ground, alleging afterward jocularly that Carrington had stolen his thunder."

Soon after my visitor rose to go. As he extended his hand, he said kindly,

"My daughter, I know nothing of the secrets of your past life, nor is it right that I should seek to inquire into them; but man that is born of woman has many trials; and those that you have had will be lighter, let me assure you, if carried to the footstool of the Creator. God bless you!"

I afterward secretly obtained a copy of the paper, in which Carrington's speech had been reported, and read through the address with swimming eyes and a palpitating heart. "Can he, who utters sentiments like these," I said, "be the trifler I have believed?"

I went to sleep that night, and dreamed of being re-united to Carrington, with all his neglect and desertion explained. Happy, happy hours! I awoke, on a cold, dull November morning; walked two miles before breakfast; and sat in a close, ugly room all day, making a dress for a pettish school-girl. By nightfall I was ready to laugh at the absurdity of my visions of romance.

And now I come to a period of months, during which there was no variation in my life. I was almost constantly employed: and, with economy, earned sufficient for my support, though that sufficiency was less than what I had once been accustomed to expend as pocket-money. Of real, grinding poverty, therefore, I experienced little; but I saw Ellen continually submitting to the severest privations; for she had two persons to support instead of one, nor would she allow me to assist her. But I was frequently called to endure personal mortifications, which, to a sensitive organization, are less endurable than privation itself.

The second summer of my residence with Ellen was now drawing on. Employment, at this season of the year, was scarce, most families being out of town. Ellen and her mother had received an invitation from a cousin, who lived on a farm, to spend a few weeks with him, and had accepted. I longed to follow them, but had no place whither to go. I was fagged out with sewing, late and early, in the different families of my patrons, in order to prepare them for their summer excursions;

and I thought if I could once more breathe the fresh country air, I should be supremely happy.

The old Valley Farm recurred to my memory frequently now. A thousand times I re-called the pleasant meadows around it; the willows drooping over the brook; the dewy landscape in sight, on summer mornings, from my old nook; the martins skimming to and fro, or the pigeons cooing on the eaves; and a hundred other rural sights and sounds, with which the old place was full. In spite of the sufferings of my childhood, I still loved the antique building, with its high gables, and precipitous stoop. It had been the home of my fathers for many generations; it was there I myself was born; and but for a hard law, which drew an invidious distinction between the sexes, it would have been mine now. But what, before all things else, endeared it to me was that there my mother had died; there I had, in the deep sorrows of my childhood, invoked her aid from heaven; and there, on many a blessed night, I had seen her in my dreams bending smilingly from Paradise, and bidding me be of good cheer, for that the darkness should not always encompass me.

And once I had given full faith to these promises. During the happy years I had spent at my uncle's I had recognized their truth; but alas! since then the gloom had settled around my path as thickly as ever; and, with maturer wisdom, I saw that these sweet prophecies had been only dreams after all. And yet how happy life is made by such dreams!

But I wander from my narrative. Let it suffice to say that my desire to be again in the country induced me, early in June, to accept an invitation from Mrs. Warren to accompany her to her husband's country-seat, in the mixed capacity of dress-maker for her elder, and musical teacher to her younger daughters.

"Julia and Isabel," she said, "will require to have their dresses occasionally altered, besides new ones made up, for we shall have a good deal of company; Arethusa and Josephine will be benefitted by keeping up their practice, and, though you have not the touch of Berelli, you will answer for the summer."

I have not yet described Mrs. Warren. She had been a belle when younger, and still retained traces of her beauty, though now she was grown so thin that all the once rounded outlines of her person and countenance were gone. But she still possessed a mass of dark, silky hair, which was always dressed plainly; and large, black eyes that would have been perfectly beautiful, but for a cat-like gleam they occasionally exhibited. Mrs. Warren was generally attired in black silk, as becoming a matron with two grown up daughters. Her voice, like her eyes, was

suggestive of treachery; for though modulated with great art, it scarcely ever rose above a whisper; in a word it wanted sincerity. And indeed the manner in which I frequently heard her speak to her daughters, of her best friends, proved that, under her mask of politeness, she was envious, gossiping, deceitful and malicious.

To accept this somewhat anomalous situation, under such a woman, was running a great risk, but I was virtually compelled to it, for I had no other offer, and leave town I must. The wages I was promised, too, were extremely paltry; for Mrs. Warren was one of those fashionable ladies who make up for extravagances on themselves, by cutting down the remuneration of those they employ. But I determined, notwithstanding all, to go.

Warrene Hall was a noble old place. It had been in the family for three generations, and possessed what can be found attached to but few country-seats in America, large and extensive grounds, sufficient indeed to have been called a park even in England. The house was built of dressed stone, and was nearly a century old, but having been almost Palladian in its character at the original erection, it was still large enough; and, with a few improvements in-doors, answered its purpose better than any modern structure, however imposing, would have done; for the stuccoed walls and pillared front of the latter would have been sadly out of keeping with the magnificent old trees scattered in clumps about the lawn, and with the venerable woods that screened the dwelling, in a semi-circular sweep, on the north, the north-east, and the north-west. The grey walls; the heavily framed windows; the balustrade around the roof; the quaintly carved balcony over the great hall-door; and the alternate blocks of dressed and rough stone, at the corners of the house, rising one above another to the roof, gave Warrene Hall a certain air of imposing antiquity. From the first day I arrived at the old place, I loved it; and, from that moment, ceased regretting I had accompanied the Warrenes.

The house soon filled up with company, old and young, but principally the latter. I noticed, however, that there were but few ladies, except married ones, but quite a number of gay young bachelors. Most of the latter were men of fortune, and generally also of fashion; but not one of them had any true manliness; they could have been distinguished anywhere for what they were, empty fops, with whom travelling passed for experience of the world, and money stood in place of talent. I suspected immediately that they had been invited to Warrene Hall in order to fall in love with Julia or Isabel.

Of this gay company, however, I saw but little.

Now and then I would meet some of the fine ladies on the stairs, or receive a stare from one of the gentlemen as we passed in the grounds, but I neither dined with the family, nor was asked into the drawing-room in the evening. My mornings were generally occupied with my two pupils, while most of my afternoons were spent in altering dresses for their elder sisters. But occasionally I had hours of leisure, and during these I wandered about the park, sometimes with a book in my hand, and sometimes without one, now stopping to rest under some spreading tree, now walking slowly down some leafy aisle, and now watching, from a high bluff overlooking the expansive river, the sun setting golden in the west. The white sails glittering as they passed, the horn of the boatmen on the canal, and the fresh evening air dallying with my cheek, made these sunset moments inexpressibly sweet. After such walks I would return to the house refreshed in spirits, forgetting the mortifications which were my lot, and, after a frugal cup of tea in the upper servants' room, would take my candle, retire to my distant chamber, and there, out of hearing of the gay company below, read until it was time to retire.

Weeks passed in this way, until, early in July, I heard one of the young ladies say, as she came into the school-room, one morning.

"I wonder, Bell, if Carrington will come, to-morrow, after all."

I was placing a piece of music on the piano, but, at these words, the sheet of paper fell from my hands. Carrington acquainted with the Warrens! Carrington coming here!

The elder young ladies did not notice my agitation, but one of my pupils did, for she cried, "la! how awkward you are," and, snatching the music from me, after I had picked it up, placed it herself on the piano.

"I don't know indeed, Jule," said Isabel, yawning, "I'm sure, for your sake, I hope he will. Though I couldn't fancy such a prig, even if he is a great man."

Isabel was as near a fool as a woman can be, and, therefore, I did not wonder at this opinion, though my cheek tingled nevertheless. Julia, however, was a dashing girl, with a good deal of intellect, perverted as it was; and I understood at once why she loved Carrington, if indeed she did; and alas! the words of her sister implied this.

I turned faint at the bare idea. Shall I be frank? I had lately been persuading myself that some inexplicable cause had led to Carrington's desertion of me, and that, though fortune had placed our ever meeting beyond the possibility of happening, he still loved me, or at least had loved me. But now all this delicious flattery,

with which I had soothed my pride, was blown to the winds. He loved Julia. He loved her so openly that her own sister spoke of it. Nor could I be surprised at this love; for was not Julia rich, beautiful, and brilliant?

And yet I could not understand how my Carrington could love Julia. He must have greatly changed.

"You are a little fool," said Julia, addressing her sister. "But Carrington is a fine fellow, and worth a dozen of the whiskered beaux down stairs. Have you read the great speech he has just been making at the political meeting in our city? Oh! I forgot—you never read such things. But pa says it was magnificent, and pa heard it: Carrington, he declares, will yet be a Senator: only think of that, a Senator's wife——"

I was looking at the speaker, my whole soul intent on her words, and utterly unconscious of my pupil, when, at this instant, the child pulled me by the skirt, and in a low, chiding tone asked me why I did not go on with the lesson.

Julia started at the interruption, and crimsoning to the forehead, stopped abruptly. Her dark eyes flashed angrily on me, for she knew I had overheard her, and though really enraged at her own imprudence, she chose to pretend it was at my listening: she muttered something, with a curl of the lip, about eaves-droppers, and then, pettishly jerking Isabel by the arm, left the room.

I went through with my task, I know not how. My thoughts were on this strange intelligence, rather than on the music; and I was glad when the lessons were over, and I could escape into the park, where I could rally my thoughts.

Carrington acquainted with the Warrens! Carrington coming here! Carrington probably engaged to Julia! These words rang through my mind continually. I could not think coherently. I scarcely knew what it all portended. Only I felt inconceivably miserable, and finally after walking so rapidly that I was out of breath, I sat down on a rustic bench, in a lonely part of the grounds, and burst into tears.

After a fit of weeping had relieved me, I began to consider the subject more calmly. I gave up Carrington at once: he could never be mine: I was insane, I said, ever to have thought otherwise. Then, by a natural revulsion, instead of regarding him in the lenient light I had lately, I recalled the old bitterness of feeling toward him, which had followed his desertion of me. "His conduct allowed of no explanation," I cried, "he intended to trifle with me all the time; and his willingness to marry such a devotee of fashion as Julia Warrenne proves his baseness."

I spoke aloud and angrily, so loud that I feared some one had heard me. I looked anxiously around. But no one was in sight.

Many hours I passed in that spot, torn continually by conflicting emotions. Now the shame of meeting Carrington again, I as a menial, he as a petted visitor, stung my proud nature to the quick: now I was a victim to the agony of seeing his attentions to another; now I reflected, my reason assuming the sway, that he would probably not see me, nor I him, our stations in the household being so different.

It was evening when I reached the house, and I stole at once to my room. Here I washed the traces of tears from my eyes, lit my candle, and sat down to read.

But I was not destined to spend the evening in the place I desired. I had been reading about an hour, when a servant knocked at my door with a message from Mrs. Warrene. "Would Miss come down to the drawing-room: she was wanted there."

What could be the matter? During six weeks I had not been invited into the drawing-room once. I arose somewhat flurried, and then thought me to call back the servant and ask if she knew for what I was wanted. I felt relieved to hear that it was only to play cotillions, as a dance had been projected.

I accordingly brushed my hair anew, re-arranged my simple dress, and proceeded down stairs. Yet, as I went, I had time to reflect that it was still an odd summons, for the company had frequently danced before, on which occasion Julia had always played for them.

Carrington's arrival, I knew, could have nothing to do with it; for he was not expected until the next day: and his coming even then was doubtful, it appeared.

I entered the drawing-room unobserved, for the door was wide open; and I thus had a moment to scrutinize the company before I was myself seen. I almost thought myself, for that instant, in a new world. So long a period had elapsed since I had been in such an assembly, that its air of exquisite refinement and grace fascinated me indescribably. The light gauze tissues of the ladies gave the wearers, as they moved to and fro, the air of ethereal beings. Innumerable flowers, many of them rare exotics, filled the apartment with fragrance. A clouded light fell from the superb chandelier, throwing a dreamy haze over the room, and softening the variegated colors in the apartment, into a harmonious whole. Then the rich carpet; the damask seats; the rose-wood furniture; the pictures; the statuettes; and the hundred articles of *virtu* scattered about, what a look of elegance they gave to the whole scene! For a second I felt like one on whom an Eden had suddenly burst in all its fragrance and beauty.

At last Mrs. Warrene perceiving me, said in her soft, cold voice,

"Ah! you are there, are you? I did not see you enter. I sent for you to play cotillions; will you oblige us by doing it?"

The imperious air, veiled under a thin show of courtesy, with which these words were spoken, called the blood to my cheek; and I advanced quickly to the piano, in order to conceal my flushed countenance.

There had been quite a buzz of conversation when I entered, but now this ceased, and every eye was turned on me. One or two of the gentlemen raised their eye-glasses, and continued to survey me, but the ladies, after a supercilious glance, resumed their gossip.

"I wonder where Julia is," said Mrs. Warrene, looking around, "I have not seen her since dinner."

The necessity for any one to answer was obviated by the appearance of Julia herself, who, at this moment, entered the door from the hall, charmingly dressed, and looking superbly beautiful. She was accompanied by a gentleman, whose arm she did not relinquish until quite in the room. A smile of triumph was on her lips, as she gazed up into his face. I followed the glance of her eye with a sinking heart; for that manly figure seemed strangely familiar to me: nor was I misled in my supposition; I beheld Carrington before me.

Instantly all the blood in my system seemed pouring back upon my heart, and then ebbing away as rapidly: a dizziness came over me; and I would have fallen, had I not caught at the piano for support.

Fortunately every eye was occupied with Julia and her handsome companion, so that my agitation passed unobserved.

I did not entirely lose my consciousness. I heard a murmur of voices, questions asked and answered, compliments exchanged, and a banter of wits between Carrington and somebody; but I recollected nothing distinctly, except that Julia told her mother that she had been showing the park to her companion, and that Carrington replied with I knew not what, some verbal galantry, I believe.

Then followed the arrangements for a dance: the pushing back of the chairs and *tete-a-tetes* from the middle of the room, the selection of partners, and the laughing struggle between certain of the ladies for a lead. During this polite hubbub my senses recovered themselves.

I was indeed ashamed of my agitation, and inexpressibly grateful that it had passed unobserved. What! let Carrington see that he had power over me? Never!

And, perhaps, if I maintained a perfect composure, and that silent distance which my position in the family rendered easy, he might never

recognize me. I resolved, accordingly, to control myself, and to keep as much as possible out of the way.

These reflections passed through my mind, and these resolutions were formed while the dancers were taking their places. A call was now made for music. I glanced over my shoulder, and seeing that Carrington was in a quadrille at the most distant part of the room, turned to my task with relief.

I was beginning to be excited; and played, I suppose, with unusual spirit. I could hear the dancers complimenting me to each other; and once I overheard one of the gentlemen praising my figure: he did this, I am sure, on purpose that it should reach my ears; but I felt insulted and did not look around to see who he was.

The dance was over. I heard the rustling of a light dress, and Julia was beside me. She had forgotten her morning's anger, and was now all affability. "You did that charmingly," she said. "But now play a waltz, please!"

She was in the highest spirits, her eyes sparkling, a magnificent color on her cheeks.

A cold shiver ran over me. I did not dare to turn around, lest I should see Carrington leading her to the floor. I struck up a brilliant waltz, in a fit of desperation: I can call my feelings nothing else.

Neither the Polka, nor Redowa, was then in vogue: what is now called the plain waltz—the most graceful of all—was the only one danced. I heard the soft rustling of garments as the waltzers whirled behind me, and I thought I recognized Julia's light foot-fall. I played faster and more spiritedly.

At last I ventured to glance over my shoulder. Two or three couples first met my eye, and then came Julia and Isabel gliding around almost noiselessly, like two fair spirits. My eye sought Carrington. He had drawn nearer, and stood, with folded arms, his looks following every movement of Julia. And truly she was a beautiful sight. Both she and her sister were finished waltzers, but Julia especially. On this occasion, she was dressed in a thin rose-colored tissue, made in voluminous folds, that, as she whirled silently by, fell like a fleecy cloud about her. Accustomed to waltzing constantly together, the two girls moved as if one, circling softly around and around, like beautiful birds wheeling in the sky. Long after all others had ceased, the sisters waltzed on, and finally stopped, panting, almost at the side of Carrington.

I saw him smilingly bend and offer his arm to Julia. I saw her look of gratified pleasure. Then they walked slowly away, she breathlessly fanning herself, and he stooping to whisper to her. As I beheld all this I felt a sharp pain in

my heart, as if a knife had been run through it.

He had not even noticed me, for he must have seen me, and seeing, must have recognized me. This thought, galling as it was, came opportunely; it braced my spirit up, and enabled me to proceed with my task.

If I had required any further proof of the relations between Julia and Carrington, it was soon given; for, after a slight interval, Julia re-appeared, returning from the conservatory whither she and Carrington had bent their steps; and suddenly leaving his arm, she ran prettily up to me, and asked me to play a waltz again. "Let it be your liveliest, my dear," she said.

Her extreme amiability to me, whom she generally treated almost with scorn, showed her overflowing happiness. I comprehended all, at once. She was to waltz with Carrington.

And this told more to me than a thousand words. I had often heard Carrington say that he admired the waltz, but thought it ought to be confined to husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, or other near or dear connexions: and I had never known him to deviate in practice from this opinion. During all our acquaintance he had never ventured to ask me to be his partner. His waltzing with Julia was, therefore, a proof to me of their engagement.

Imagine a criminal on the rack, who, by some devilish mechanism, is himself made the instrument of his own torture: imagine this, and you have some idea of my situation! I played on, scarcely aware what I did. At first I tried not to look, but a spell was on me, and as the musical rustle of Julia's dress approached, and I heard her soft panting as she floated by in Carrington's arms, I could not control myself, but followed the movements of the waltzers, as if some magnetic power emanating from their persons, attracted me invincibly.

By a sort of tacit consent no other couple was on the floor; and every eye, therefore, was on Julia and Carrington. If she was the perfection of grace in woman, he was her equal in it as a man; their motion, as they glided around the room, was music personified; it seemed some fair vision of enchantment, vivified by the spirit of love. All control over myself gradually passed from me. I played faster and faster. The waltzers whirled now where they had glided. Julia's eyes drooped to the floor, or were only raised in stealthy glances to Carrington's face: her brow as well as cheek, was covered with a brilliant crimson; she looked as if to have died in those arms would have been bliss. I grew dizzy again, but, with a strong effort, rallied myself, and found I was playing slower and slower; while the waltzers circling more and

more languidly around, at last almost imperceptibly ceased. Julia, as if exhausted, sank back into the corner of a sofa, and Carrington, bending over her, fanned her softly.

I could endure no more. I had concealed my weakness so far, but I knew not how soon I should betray myself. Mrs. Warrene was standing by the door leading into the hall, and I rose and walked hurriedly toward her.

"My head is aching terribly," I said, speaking very fast—and in truth my poor brain felt as if it would split—"do excuse me for the rest of the evening, Mrs. Warrene."

She looked at me in astonishment: my eagerness, as well as my presumption amazed her: she was about to speak, perhaps to order me back to the piano, for her brow clouded; but I did not wait for an answer: the whole world could not have forced me to return into that hateful parlor: I brushed by her; and, flying up stairs, ran like a deer to my own room, where I looked and double-locked the door.

I threw myself on the bed, in an agony of emotions. Shame, anger, and jealousy, by turns, raged in my heart. All that I had suffered in my desolate and persecuted childhood was nothing to this blow.

I now knew myself for the first time. I had believed, all along, that I had ceased to love Carrington. But it was not so. My passion had been rebuked and reasoned down, but its germ had never been entirely eradicated. Now, however, the axe had been laid to the root of the tree, and, lest that should not be sufficient, fire had seared what the steel had left.

"For what was I born?" I said, in agony, "suffering and disappointment have been my lot all my days. There is no happiness for me on earth. Would I were dead!"

Does this seem extravagant? There may be many, even of my own sex, who will think so; but there are others, who, having wrestled like myself alone with the enemy, will respect my weakness; and to these I commit my justification.

Where a woman loves, and with a love worthy of her, it is like plucking out her heart to blight that love. Pride may teach her concealment; but she suffers none the less. Time may soothe her pangs in part; but, at the first, she does not care to live. A strong nature will rise superior to its desolating fate, as the oak recovers after the tempest has passed; but still the ravages of the storm will leave their traces.

I am not speaking of the passing fancy of a mere girl, or of the romantic ravings of a silly mind; but of the deeper emotion of womanhood, where the object of hope is woven, as it were, into heart and intellect, so that the wrenching of it away, affects both forever.

As earth has no other blow as terrible for woman, so earth affords no consolation. For hours I writhed in agony, in that solitary room, stifling my groans with the bed-clothes; for my will, though it could not entirely prevent, was still strong enough to check these weak manifestations of my sufferings.

Prisoners on the wheel, it is said, become dulled finally to the torture; and at last I grew callous too.

Then conscience awoke, and remorse. "Where," I cried, "had been my trust in heaven during all these hours? Had I forgotten God? Had I overlooked the sufferings of one greater than I, and who, in agonies more terrible, had shamed my weakness? 'He was led like a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before his shearers was dumb, so he opened not his mouth.'"

I sank, awed and abashed, to my knees.

Yet I could not pray. In vain I sought words: it seemed as if I dared not entreat heaven; for I had weakly wished for death, forgetting that it is easier to die than to suffer. At last the solemn language of the Litany, which I had listened to a thousand times in the services of my church, came up to my recollection. I cried,

"By thine agony and bloody sweat; by thy cross and passion; by thy precious death and burial; by thy glorious resurrection and ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost—"

Never burst response from more fervent lips than now from mine; and with the supplication comfort came down on my soul, like a flood of heavenly light. Wild, yet sweet tears, gushed from me.

Toward morning I fell asleep, exhausted. The breakfast gong aroused me. I rose. The birds were singing under my window, and the trees were brilliant with rain-drops; for there had been a thunder storm in the night, and before I slept, but, in my agony, I had not heard it. Everything was fresh and happy; and, for a moment, I felt cheerful too. But suddenly I saw two figures walking on the avenue: they were those of Julia and Carrington; and immediately it seemed as if darkness shut in the heavens from pole to pole.

It needed all the consolation I could derive from on high, to make that day supportable to me; and, even with all, I felt jaded physically, mentally like one in some feverish dream.

During the morning Mrs. Warrene came into the school-room.

"Is your head-ache better?" she said, with cold severity. "Your extraordinary departure, last evening, created some remark, a thing I should not like to happen again."

Did Carrington notice it, was my immediate reflection? Could he have entirely overlooked

me? Occupied with these thoughts, I was silent and made no reply. This taciturnity appeared to irritate Mrs. Warren, for she resumed, with some asperity.

"When I send for you again, Miss, I shall

expect you to remain until the dancing is over—Julia, poor girl, had to take your place—I will have no airs in my household." Thus speaking, she sailed from the room.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

How oft does memory re-call
A form we may no longer see;
A gentle girl, with lustrous eyes
Glistening like morning dew
The silken lashes through,
And lips, that breathed in softest sighs
Her beings harmony.

Like some fair fountain nymph, whose form,
Half shadowed by the misty spray,
Gleams but at times upon the sight,
Her spirit pure, and delicate,
For cold or common gaze unfit—
Proved timidly its inner light,
Then tearful shrank away.

A creature, that we may compare
To all that emblems modesty,
When fair and gracefully refined;
An early rose-bud, pure and pale,
The tender lily of the vale,
Convey an image of her mind,
Its saint-like chastity.

And on her silent, lonely grave
No gay or flaunting flowerets bloom,
The scented blossoms of the Spring,
Whose frail existence prove

Our ever watchful love;
So oft those fragile buds we bring
That perish on her tomb.

Their little span of life imparts
A history of our sister fair,
Who tasted of hopes morning hours,
But found, alas! too soon
The golden light of morn,
Brought with its richer flowers
Pale Autumn's chilling care.

Unfinished was her life's young dream,
A story to the world unknown,
The beauty of each generous thought
Must still remain untold,
For now her heart is cold,
No earthly treasures here she sought,
But lived and died alone.

Alone—tho' fond hearts strove to bind
Her soul to theirs with mortal ties,
And thus enchain her upward flight,
Yet tho' her soul so well could be
Attuned to gentlest sympathy,
For earth she seemed too spiritually bright,
And sought the radiant skies.

SPIRIT VOICES.

BY EDWARD WILLARD.

Orr, when night's mantle shrouds the days fair asure,
And glowing tints adown the dim West fade;
When sitting, dusky visions court eve's favor,
And gloomy tints the struggling sunbeams shade;
And when the pale, calm, glorious queen of night,
Majestic sails through the etherial sky;
While the sweet nightingale wings in her flight,
Warbling her love lay to the moon on high:—
Then, on man's weary, wildered soul come stealing,
Deep, soothing breathings to the troubled heart;
Life's better phase, earth's purer joys revealing,
Breaking, like sunlight, o'er the worlds cold art.

Not in the day, when sway us wild emotions,
And thronging cares engross our every thought;
When Mammon claims man's erring, blind devotion,
And holier, blessed instincts sets at nought;
They come, when busy day its strife is hushing,
And fancy's revels people nature's face;
Are they the cadence of Thy waters, gushing
From the pure fount of universal grace?
Oh! they are answers to our prayers sweet incense,
The blessed tokens of contrition heard;
Heaven's holiest dews, the monitors of conscience,
The earnest teachings of the unseen world!

SILENT LOVE.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

"WHAT a beautiful creature!" exclaimed Horace Hanwood, as a very lovely woman entered the assembly room. She leaned on the arm of a stately old gentleman, evidently her father, the turbaned mamma being on the other side.

"Beautiful indeed!" echoed his cousin, the handsome and fashionable Wesley Staunton, and the eyes of both the young men followed the graceful movements of the fair one as she passed onward.

The party were strangers, unknown to any of the managers who received the company, but the searching glances thrown around her by the younger lady, showed that she expected to meet at least one familiar face among the crowd. At length a beaming smile proved she had not been disappointed, and a lady highly distinguished in the world of fashion came forward to greet the strangers, and to introduce them to her party.

"Who can they be? Southerners evidently, and rich ones too, or I am much mistaken," pursued Mr. Staunton.

"For shame, Wesley," replied his cousin, "how can you think or talk of money when gazing on such loveliness? Heavens!—what a smile!"

"Ah, Monsieur le Philosophe! don't you see I am paying a great compliment to the lady's loveliness. I would hardly venture to become acquainted with a penniless lass, with that face and figure, for I should certainly fall in love with her, and then where would I be? Here, Philip," he added, seizing the arm of a manager who was hurrying by, "tell me the name of that beautiful stranger—the lady, I mean, talking to Mrs. Wilton?"

"That is Miss Clifton, from Louisiana—handsome, ain't she? Shall I introduce you?"

"Why, perhaps—tell me something about her first."

"She is, they say, a delightful person—an only daughter—the father as rich as Croesus, just come here to live."

"We must know them of course: come, Horace," and the cousins were, a moment afterward, presented in due form to the lady.

Never in his life had Horace so envied the easy assurance of Wesley's manners as at this moment. Although several other persons surrounded Miss Clifton, all desirous of gaining her attention, Mr. Staunton at once appropriated it entirely, and when the dance was called led her off to another

part of the room, leaving Horace, who was as shy and reserved as his cousin was self-confident, with the agreeable sensation of having been particularly awkward and foolish at the moment when of all others in his life he had been the most anxious to please.

"Block-head that I am!" he murmured, as he slowly followed the handsome couple, and placed himself where he could watch their movements. "What must she think of me?—to stand staring like a lowditch school-boy, while Wesley's ready tongue and nimble wit carries all before him! How handsome the fellow looks too—he is doing his best to fascinate—pity he has neither head nor heart!"

Ah, poor Horace! in this world of shams, heads and hearts like thine are sometimes sadly in our way in graver places than a ball-room.

But Horace was at this moment a little unjust toward Wesley, who had sense enough to appreciate his cousin's great superiority, and heart enough to be as fond of him as a perfectly selfish person can be of any one. Wesley's father, a wealthy merchant, had adopted his orphan nephew when a child, had educated him with his youngest son, given him a profession, that of medicine, and sent him abroad, where he had devoted himself to study, and assiduously walked the hospitals, while Wesley had worse than wasted the time the other improved. Mr. Staunton's death re-called the young men home, when Wesley found himself master of about thirty thousand dollars, and Horace of a small patrimony just sufficient to maintain him during that disheartening period when the youth of a physician is a barrier to success, which even genius seldom removes. But what genius cannot do is often accomplished by a time-serving spirit, and this had been denied to Horace. He despised the paltry tricks, and shams, and quackeries by which he saw his inferiors passing him on the road to prosperity, and with his eye steadily fixed on fame's proud eminence, determined he would gain it nobly, or nobly would remain obscure. Thus at six and twenty, though he had gained a name among men of science, Horace was just able to get along comfortably as a single man, and did not dare to hope for the realization of sundry day dreams of ideal bliss, in which few who saw his calm, prosaic exterior suspected him of indulging.

For we must acknowledge that with all his science and all his sense, our Horace had long cherished in secret some very unscientific fantasies. Then all those hidden depths of sentiment and imagination that his daily course of duty kept in such strict subjection, were suffered to flow forth, and bear him on their bosom into some realm of faery, amid beings of a higher, purer race, and scenes of happiness denied him here. And as Horace stood, solitary and abstracted in the midst of the brilliant crowd, his eye fixed on that speaking face now smiling so sweetly on Wesley, he felt as if she had been with him a denizen of that spirit land, now revealing herself to his earthly gaze to mock him with hopes that were forever unattainable.

He was roused from his reverie by Wesley grasping his arm. "What are you dreaming about, man?" he said—"come and secure Miss Clifton for a dance before she is engaged the whole evening—she has done for me completely, and I want your opinion of her. But you can't fail to think her a delicious creature; and the old man, they say, is worth half a million."

"A delicious creature! half a million!" thought Horace, as he was pulled from his empyrean heights into this mundane mire. He felt so indignant that he did not answer his cousin save by a look of contempt, which the other was too pre-occupied to see.

During his dance with Miss Clifton, poor Horace's ill fortune still pursued him. He was embarrassed, awkward, and scarcely had the use of his faculties; just too as he was beginning to recover them under the influence of the lady's irresistibly winning manners, Wesley joined them, and the expression of relief with which she turned to him from her embarrassed partner, completed his discomfiture. Still enough had passed between them to convince him that her mind was of a high order.

Indeed it is seldom that both nature and fortune combine to shower upon one individual the rare gifts they had bestowed upon Ella Clifton. Beautiful, high-born, full of talent which had been sedulously cultivated, you had but to look into the clear depths of her spiritual eyes, and to watch the movement of her perfectly formed mouth, to see that a soul of no common order dwelt in a shrine so worthy of it. Indeed it seemed as though the soul had fashioned for itself the outward temple, for her peculiar charm, that which separated her so entirely from the other beauties that surrounded her, faultless perhaps as she in form, and feature, and complexion, was something that seemed to emanate from within, impalpable, indescribable—but irresistible in its power over one capable of appreciating its mysterious loveliness.

But of all this Wesley Staunton saw nothing. To him she was beautiful, high-bred, wealthy, and as such a prize worth struggling after, but in this peculiar charm was the secret of the influence so suddenly exercised over the hitherto calm and unsusceptible Dr. Hanwood—an influence so powerful that it almost terrified him. He could not understand it. He who had always thought himself a prudent, sensible man—who had gazed unmoved upon a thousand lovely faces—who, though he admired beauty, had always deemed it a secondary thing to mind, and character, and conduct—who had determined when the right time came to select and examine, and study well the fair one to whom he resigned his heart before he gave it over to her keeping. He, to find himself so suddenly ensnared!

"It is folly, nonsense, delusion," he said, as he threw his cloak about him, and pulled his hat over his eyes on quitting the ball. "A good walk in the cold will drive it out of me—I scarcely have spoken to this girl—she is nothing to me—and yet I feel as if I had known her always, and that she must henceforth influence my destiny forever. Great powers—what madness!—and Wesley, too, so taken with her! and yet he can stay and drink, and carouse with all those men after basking in her smiles—for she did smile on him more kindly than the rest, and seemed to admire him and enjoy his nonsense. And what chance have I, poor, and ugly, and awkward as I am, beside an Apollo, an Antinous such as he?" And notwithstanding he walked out to Schuylkill on that bitter night, Horace found himself arguing this knotty question as he laid himself on his bed, and continuing it in dreams during his broken slumbers.

But no such feeling of self-mistrust crept through the excited brain of the handsome Wesley. He had left the ball late in the morning intoxicated with champagne, and with the beauty of Miss Clifton. A general favorite with women, their flatteries and his mirror, which he consulted more frequently than most of the other sex, had persuaded him that he was irresistible; and as he had determined to marry whenever he found any one handsome enough and rich enough to enable him to add to his selfish enjoyments instead of curtailing them, he was delighted to have met with a lady who so highly combined both these requisites. For Wesley Staunton disdained the idea of marrying for money alone. He could number on his fingers the unattractive heiresses who would gladly have accepted him, and with each of whom he had flirted long enough to make her miserable for a while, and to prove the truth of his assertions, while of undowered beauty he thought but to amuse the passing hour.

Though he hated study and labor of every kind,

he had picked up a good deal of desultory information, and was a very pleasant companion; and as he had never been so openly dissipated as to create scandal, he was liked even by those who possessed discrimination enough to lament his want of the higher attributes that give nobility and worth to character. He, therefore, considered his success with Miss Clifton as sure, provided her affections were free, and this from certain indications he soon discovered was the case.

The Cliftons already occupied an elegant mansion, which had been prepared for them previous to their arrival, where our cousins presented themselves on the day after the ball; and where Wesley Staunton soon managed to establish himself on a most intimate footing. The heiress was evidently pleased with her fascinating admirer; and poor Horace, after a few visits which fanned his already kindled flame into an absorbing passion, saw clearly that she preferred his cousin, and felt most painfully that his own unobtrusive, but sterling merit was completely obscured amid the brilliant, social talents of the circle that surrounded her. Still like the moth about the candle, he found it impossible to avoid her presence, and he was content to sit and gaze on Ella while her father would monopolize his conversation with politics, or business, or Mrs. Clifton edified him with the domestic experiences.

But for all this, tiresome as it was, Horace would feel himself amply repaid, when, as occasionally happened, Ella would turn to him as she gave utterance to some thought or feeling above the ordinary range of conversational mediocrity, or appealed to his authority or decision on any controverted point. And this proved food enough for the hopeless passion, which, after a few vain efforts, he ceased to struggle against. He knew that she could never be his, she would marry his cousin, who, under her lovely influence, would become a wiser, better man. He might then, perchance, watch over her happiness, his secret buried in the recesses of his own bosom, with a pure and protesting love worthy of an angel.

Such was the future marked out for himself by Horace, while his cousin was happily pursuing his suit. But to the surprise of everybody, a whole year ran its round, and no engagement was announced to the expecting world of fashion, who at last decided that the couple must be privately affianced, but that the lady did not choose it should be acknowledged, lest it should deprive her of the right to make future conquests.

"Are you engaged, Wesley?" asked Horace, one day, when his cousin had been lounging a good while about his office, and seemed to have something upon his mind that he wanted to communicate, but did not know exactly how to set about it.

"No," answered Wesley, sadly, "and if a report I have heard to-day should turn out true, every thing will have to be at an end between us."

"What do you mean?" said Horace, alarmed. "Is she engaged to any one else?"

"Oh, nothing of that kind of course. But Allan last night received a letter from New Orleans, announcing the failure of a house with which Mr. Clifton was formerly connected, and for which, it is said, he is a heavy endorser—if so, he is ruined."

"Great God! how terrible!"

"Still it may not be true, or the evil may be exaggerated, so of course everything will continue as usual until I can hear more. But I now congratulate myself that Ella's foolish whims have prevented matters from being further advanced than they are."

"Wesley," asked Horace, much agitated, "do you think she loves you?"

His cousin opened his handsome eyes in astonishment, and glancing at a mirror near him; replied, "of course I think so, and she is such a pretty creature, so full of talent, and all that kind of thing, that I can't help loving her too, so it will come devilish hard upon us both—but what can we do?"

"Do?—why marry to be sure—you have thirty thousand dollars."

"Thirty thousand devils!—why I can scarce get along by myself on the paltry sum!"

"Depend upon it Ella Clifton values affection more than wealth."

"She may, but I do not. I must have both to make me happy—don't look so disgusted, Horace, and spare me the long lecture I see rising on your tongue. I know very well all that you would say to me, but I am as I was made—so keep my counsel, and say nothing of what I have told you—it may after all be a false report."

But false or true the rumor gained ground. Mr. Clifton was summoned to the south "on business," and soon after his departure, Mrs. Clifton was taken very ill. Wesley Staunton, restless, unhappy, and tossed on a sea of conflicting doubts, scarcely knew how to shape his future course. As Mrs. Clifton's illness increased, Dr. Hanwood was called upon by the experienced physicians in attendance to assist in watching her, and who can tell his feelings when he found himself thus intimately associated with her he so hopelessly and so silently adored!

At first she hardly observed his presence, for her mother was suffering violently, and her own misery seemed scarcely less. But the judicious remedies so skilfully applied by the quiet, young physician, soon wrought a soothing influence, and Ella's look of heartfelt gratitude for his success, the pressure of the hand he so long had yearned

to clasp, her whispered thanks, so soft, so earnest, nearly overpowered him.

Mrs. Clifton's illness was a protracted one, and long before its termination her husband hastened back to her—a ruined man—his whole property being but little more than sufficient to meet his obligations. Wesley Staunton's course was, therefore, resolved upon. His inquiries after the invalid had been constant, but after one or two slight efforts he had made no further attempt to see her daughter, and at last he left town. A few weeks after, a letter to Horace announced he had sailed for Europe.

Horace saw Ella felt herself deserted, for she each day grew thinner, paler, and the shadow deepened in her dark spiritual eye. He saw too how manfully she struggled against her secret sorrow, how she would strive to cheer her saddened father, to raise the drooping spirit of her suffering mother, and he did his best to aid her in these efforts of affection. His presence was evidently a support, a comfort to her, and though Wesley's name was never mentioned by either, Horace knew that he was a link that united her to the lover she had lost.

It was evening, the invalid slept, and Ella was alone in an adjoining room when Horace entered to pay his usual visit. Never in her most brilliant days had he seen her so touchingly lovely as now, never had he found it so difficult to control his feelings, never did he curse more bitterly the poverty that chained him, hand and foot, and prevented his making a single effort to gain her love.

For the first time, Ella spoke to him of her father's fallen fortunes. "For myself," she said, "the loss of wealth is nothing. We have still enough for comfort, and heaven has kindly spared me all that gives to my life its real value."

"All, Miss Clifton," Horace could not help exclaiming.

She raised her beautiful eyes to his as if surprised, and answered, "yes, all—have I not still my parents, my friends—yourself?" she added, softly.

This was too much for Horace, he forgot poverty, pride, her love for Wesley, everything but his own absorbing passion, as he wildly exclaimed—

"Ella!—angel! so long, so hopelessly adored—can you have read my heart?"

Her lovely face was buried in her hands—next moment she clasped them together, and looking up said—

"God only knows how I have longed to do so—but you have kept it hidden from me, and I have suffered, Horace—ah, how keenly!"

But all suffering was forgotten in the joy that followed, when close to that noble heart, its inmost secrets were laid bare before her, and she in her turn confessed that though at first attracted by his cousin's brilliant exterior, she soon had recognized in himself a spirit kindred to her own.

"But Wesley told me you were cold," she said—"that you despised our foolish sex, and wrapt in your own high speculations laughed at love. He asked my hand, but was rejected, he persisted in his devotion, evidently thinking it impossible I was serious in my refusal. I saw that he cared little for me, that my fortune was his aim—but he brought you often with him to our house, and I thanked and blessed him for it. I sought society, for I found you there: every where the voice of flattery reached me, but I did not heed it, for yours was silent. Still I saw you, and was happy, I felt that you valued me for something the rest did not discern, and often, guarded as you were, a word or look escaped you that bade me hope I might yet be loved. For oh, Horace!" she added, "my earliest dreams had been of a love higher, nobler, purer, than any I had yet inspired, and something seemed to whisper to me that in your heart was its home!"

My romantic reader!—do you believe in the elective affinities?—for my hero did as devoutly as the immortal Goethe—and had he not good reason? With such love as this, poverty, pain, privation are willingly endured, and Horace now felt that he could defy them all. Destiny had, however, better things in store for him, for he had not been a month engaged before an old bachelor brother of Mr. Clifton's died, leaving to him and to his lovely daughter his immense wealth.

Nothing, therefore, prevented the speedy union of the lovers, and now that fortune smiles upon him, Dr. Hanwood is amazed to find how rapidly his practice is extending. His happiness increased his confidence in himself, but his money has gained him the confidence of the public which they would not accord to his merit.

Wesley Staunton was confounded when he heard of Ella's accession to fortune, for to this hour he believes she always intended to marry him. He is again fluttering round a handsome heiress, but she seems a little mistrustful of him. Still he is confident of success; and Ella can often scarcely forbear a smile when lounging at his ease in her handsome drawing-room, he confides to her his love, his hopes and plans.

"Wesley talks so much about his feelings," she said to her husband, after one of these *tête-à-têtes*, "that I never can believe them genuine. I would put more faith in a SILENT LOVE."

THE ORPHAN; OR, MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

BY LYDIA M. MAPLE.

"Well, dear grandmother," said Mary Sumner, "as you and I are to pass the evening together, all alone, will you not entertain me by telling the long promised story of your younger days?"

"Yes, my dear," replied the good old lady, "I will, with all my heart."

Mary took a stool, placed it by her grandmother, and sat down to listen.

"I was an only child," began the narrator, "my parents married young, and though industrious and economical, yet at my father's death we were left with but few of this world's goods. Little do I remember of my father, he having died when I was but four years old. My mother took in sewing, and with her efforts and the little we had left, we made out to live.

"It was just five years after my father died, when my mother was laid upon a sick bed, from which she never rose again. Her over exertions for our support, together with a hard and rigorous winter, had brought on consumption. Day by day did I watch over her, and administer to her wants as well as I could. She *knew*, she felt that she must die, and oh! the heavenly truth that fell from her lips, I shall never, as long as memory lasts, forget.

"It was a beautiful morning in spring, and as she lay in a quiet slumber, I went out and gathered some flowers, and placed them so that her eye would rest upon them when she awoke. She noticed them, and giving me one of her sweet smiles, she strove to comfort me, in view of her approaching dissolution. 'My love,' she said, 'remember there is one above who has promised to be the orphan's father; He will take care of you; in His promises I rest secure. Make Him your guide and counsellor, and He will be your protector and father. He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and will He not take care of my child? *He will*, I know He will! His promises are faithful and true.' She was so much exhausted she could proceed no further; she lay some time with her eyes closed, and her lips moving as if in prayer. She again opened them, and calling me nearer to her, she put one arm around me and gave me a kiss, and whispered, 'trust in the Lord. He will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' These were her last words.

She now sank into a quiet slumber, but alas! it proved to be the sleep of death.

"I gazed long and earnestly on her pale and lovely face, and thought that but a little while and I should see her no more. Then it was my grief broke forth: I kissed those lips which never before had refused my embraces. I called her name: no answer did I receive. That eye, which had always looked on me with affection, now was closed forever: that voice, which had always spoken words of kindness and comfort, was now hushed in death. I sobbed long and bitterly as the full meaning of the word *orphan* came upon me.

"Preparations for the funeral were completed, and I must take the last look of all that now remained of my mother. I had, in some measure, become calm, but when I looked upon her face, and thought it was the last time I ever should behold it, I could not restrain my emotions. 'Oh! my mother! my mother!' I cried, 'shall I never see thee again? Shall I never more hear thy voice, encouraging me on in the path of duty? Is it—is it possible that thou art dead? Oh! my mother! my mother, oh! that I could lie down by thy side!'

"The violence of my grief was such that the neighbors feared some fatal consequence might follow, and I was not permitted to attend her remains to their long, last resting-place. Oh! never shall I forget that night of bitter anguish, and the feeling of desolation which came over me. I cried for hours, and many times called upon her name. Toward morning I fell into a quiet slumber; I dreamed I saw her: she appeared hovering over me with wings like an angel; and whispered to me in her same sweet voice, 'my child, do not grieve for me, I am happy now; and though you will see me no more, yet I shall ever be near you. I am thy guardian angel now, I shall watch over you till the day when you are summoned to leave this earth; then will I bear you in my arms, and lay you at my Saviour's feet, where we shall be forever happy, and never more be separated.'

"Soon after, I awoke: I felt a calmness resting on my spirit, there was some comfort in that dream, the thought that she was watching over me gave courage to my heart, and strength to

my will to overcome my evil propensities, and live such a life as would secure to me a home in heaven with her.

"That day I visited her grave. I wept long and bitterly. I was unwilling to leave the place, it seemed like holy ground. I raised my eyes to heaven, and breathed a prayer that God would be my guide and father, and at last take me to dwell with Him.

"As I entered our now desolate home a lady met me, and kindly offered me a home until my plans were arranged in regard to the future. I staid with her a month, when I had the opportunity of entering a family in the capacity of a nursery girl. Three little children were under my care. I was to take the whole charge of them; learn them to read, attend them in their walks, and amuse them when at home.

"I had just begun to have a thirst for knowledge, and all my leisure moments were employed in adding to my stock already acquired. I had improved my time so well, that at the end of spring I left my situation of nursery girl for that of a teacher of a school.

"I had many severe trials here; some of my scholars were of a rebellious, refractory spirit, while others were examples worthy of imitation. Tired and vexed with the labors of the day, how refreshing and soothing to my heart to have had one friend to whom I could pour out my complaints! to have had the sympathy of my mother! Oh! yes, then it was I felt most keenly the loss. At such times I would remember the hymns she taught me: and sing till I felt relieved of my troubles. Then too my thoughts were raised above this earth, and I held sweet communion with my Father on high, from whom cometh all our joys, and who giveth us sorrows to wean our thoughts and affections from earth, and set them on heaven.

"One day I returned from my school more than usually sad, I felt cast down in spirit; I thought I had no friend in this wide world. I was disheartened. I sighed for the time to come when I should be freed from the troubles and sorrows of earth, and dwell in that land 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' I sang the beautiful words of Watts.

"When overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To Heaven I lift mine eyes."

"I ceased singing, and at my window sat enraptured in thought: I was awakened from my reverie by a gentle tap on my shoulder, and turning round beheld Anna, the daughter of the lady with whom I boarded. 'Come Maria,' she said, 'Aunt Clara is here visiting, and she wants you to sing to her, she thinks you have been

singing long enough to yourself, and now she wants you to gratify her.' I went down, but with the resolution of not singing. In a large arm-chair sat Aunt Clara; with a pleasant smile and an affectionate grasp of the hand she welcomed me. She requested me to sing. I declined. She gave me a mournful look, and said pleasantly, 'but you will not refuse me, for I am blind.' 'Oh, no,' I quickly answered, 'I did not know you were blind. I will do anything to please you.' I then sang the Orphan: and when I came to the lines,

'Thou father of the fatherless
Pity an orphan's woes;'

the tears came into her eyes, and she gave me a look full of sympathy. She inquired into my history, and I related it. 'And what do you intend to do after you have finished your school?' she said. I replied I wished to go to school as long as my means would last. 'There is a very good school in the place where I live,' she said, 'and I should be very happy to have you make my house your home, and attend school.' This unexpected kindness from a stranger completely overcame me: I burst into tears, and amidst sighs and sobs I expressed my thanks. My school was to close in three weeks. Miss Sinclair (for that was her name) staid till the close of my course, when we both started for my new-found home.

"Miss Sinclair was the daughter of a rich merchant. Her parents had been dead several years; she was now about sixty years old. When she was twenty years old she was taken sick with the typhus fever. The fever raged with great violence, and no hope of her recovery was entertained: in process of time the fever abated in some degree. Her eyes now began to be affected: day after day her fever gradually abated, but the inflammation in her eyes increased, till at last the sight was entirely destroyed.

"As there were but two children, and as the property was to be equally divided between them, she was consequently left very rich. Her brother, at her desire, gave her the beautiful country-seat as her portion. As she was blind, she did not wish to mingle much in society, and the retirement of this beautiful retreat was well adapted to her situation. And this lovely spot was now to be my home! A home which a stranger had offered to a friendless, homeless orphan!

"The hours not spent in study were devoted to her. I read to her, I walked out with her, in short, I did all in my power to divert her, and make her happy. I became her most confidential friend. One day in returning from our customary walk, a servant met us, holding in his hand a letter, exclaiming, 'from Europe! from Europe!' Aunt Clara desired me to read it to

her: it was from her nephew, who was travelling in Europe: and had now arrived in Italy; where he should remain some time, desiring her in the meantime to write to him. He was a young man of superior talents, and respected and beloved by all. He had graduated at one of the best colleges of the country, and won the highest honors. He had gone through the study of law, and was now travelling for the purpose of enlarging his knowledge of manhood, and the world. It necessarily devolved on me to answer his letters.

"The returning steamer from England brought us another letter from Edward Sinclair; again it was answered, and again another one was sent. A year had passed away since he had left his native land to sail for the old world, and now his return was daily looked for.

"One pleasant moonlight evening I was sitting at the piano playing some of Aunt Clara's favorite airs. I had just commenced 'The Welcome Home,' when Aunt Clara said she wished when Edward came home I should be playing that; it would seem as if we thought of him, and wished him back again.

"Suddenly a voice cried, 'do you indeed, my dear aunt?' It was the voice of Edward, who had been standing at the door, and had overheard our conversation! 'Your wish is fulfilled, for here I am. The steamer arrived this afternoon, and I made all possible haste to come and see you:' then turning round to me, he said, 'is this my fair correspondent, the one from whom I received so many interesting letters from home?' I bowed in assent, when Aunt Clara introduced me as her niece and his cousin. 'Well then, my new cousin,' he said, 'will you sing for me the Welcome Home?' I complied, and sang it through.

"He staid with us a month, and never did time

fly so rapidly; it seemed but a week. He then went to a neighboring city to practice his profession: but every Sabbath found him passing the day with us.

"A year glided pleasantly away. One bright moonlight evening, Edward asked me to take a walk with him, 'for,' said he, 'I may not see you again, for a long time, and I want something to think of when I am gone. I am going west for several months. Will you ever think of me during that time?' 'Oh, yes,' I quickly replied, 'I shall think of you very often, the hours which we have passed together have been too pleasant to fade very soon in the memory.'

"I will not relate to you, however, the whole conversation; but, to make a long story short, that evening witnessed our engagement, provided Aunt Clara would consent; and this consent I found a very easy thing to gain.

"A year from that evening we were united. I still continued to live with Aunt Clara, for she said I must not leave her, and she could not endure the thought of passing the remainder of her days amidst the din and noise of a bustling city.

"And now, Mary, the beautiful place you love so well to visit in the summer season, is the same where these happy events occurred."

"I shall now," said Mary, "take a double pleasure in rambling amongst the garden walks, for I shall think of what delightful times you and grandfather had together: but, dear grandmother, what became of Aunt Clara?"

"She lived three years after our marriage, when she was taken sick and died, bequeathing to us her whole property, except a few pensions to the domestics. Thus you see, my child, that God is truly the father of the fatherless."

THE LOVED OF OTHER YEARS.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

When Summer flowers are weaving
Their perfume wreaths in air,
And the zephyr's wings, receiving,
The love-gifts gently bear;
Then memory's spirit, stealing,
Lifts up the veil she wears,
In all their light, revealing
The loved of other years.

When Summer stars are shining,
In their deep blue midnight sky,
And their brilliant rays entwining,
Weave coronals on high;

When the fountain's waves are singing
In tones night only hears;
Then sweet thoughts waken, bringing
The loved of other years.

The flowers around are glowing,
The midnight stars pure gleams,
The fountains ceaseless flowing,
Re-call life's fondest dreams.
When all is bright in Heaven, &
And tranquil are the spheres,
To these, sweet thoughts are given,
The loved of other years.

JULIA WARREN.

A SEQUEL TO PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 187.

CHAPTER III.

"How do you do, madam? Anything in my way? Capital beets these—the most delicious spinach. Celary, bright and crisp enough to suit an alderman; sold five bunches for the supper-room at the City Hall, not half an hour since. Everything on the stand fresh as spring water, sweet as a rose. Two bunches of the celary, yes ma'am; anything else; not a small measure of the potatoes? Luscious things, always come out of the saucepan twisting their jackets; only one measure. Very well—thank you! Cranberries, certainly!"

Thus, cheerfully extolling her merchandise, busy as a bee, and radiant with good humor, stood a fine old huckster woman, by her vegetable stand in Fulton Market, on the morning after Julia Warren was cast into prison. No customer left her stand without adding something to the weight of his or her market-basket. There was something so hearty and cheerful in her appearance, that people paused, spite of themselves, to examine her nicely arranged merchandise; and though all the adjoining stalls were deserted, Mrs. Gray was sure to have her hands full every morning of the week.

On this particular day she had been busy as a mother bird, serving customers, making change, and arranging her stall, now and then pausing to bandy a good-humored jest with her neighbors, or toss a handful of vegetables into some beggar's basket. The words with which our chapter opens were addressed to a quiet old lady in deep mourning, who carried a small willow basket on her arm, and appeared to be selecting a few dainty trifles from various stalls as she passed along.

"Cranberries! Oh, yes, the finest you have seen this year, plump as June cherries; see, madam, judge for yourself."

The good woman took up a quantity of the berries as she spoke, and began pouring them from one plump hand to the other, smiling blandly now at the fruit man, now at her quiet customer.

"Yes, they are very fine," said the old lady; "do up a small measure neatly, they are for a sick person."

Mrs. Gray looked over her stand for some paper, but her supply was exhausted; nothing presented itself but the morning journal, with which she usually occupied any little time that might be hers between the coming and departure of her customers. This morning she had been too busy even for a glance at its columns; but as her neighbor seemed to be out of wrapping paper also, she took up the journal, and was about to tear off the advertising half, when something in its columns seemed to arrest her eye. She held the paper up and read eagerly. The rich color faded from her cheeks, and you might have detected a faint motion disturbing the repose of her double chin, a sure sign of unusual agitation in her.

"You have forgotten the cranberries!" said the customer, at length, looking with some surprise at the paper as it began to rustle violently in the huckster woman's hands. Mrs. Gray did not seem to hear, but read on with increased agitation. At length she sat down heavily upon her stool, her hands that still grasped the paper dropped into her lap, and she seemed completely bewildered.

"Are you ill?" inquired the old lady, moving softly around the stand. "Something in the paper must have distressed you."

"Yes," answered the huckster woman, taking up the paper, and pointing with her unsteady finger to the paragraph she had been reading, "I am heart sick; see, I know all these people; I loved some of them. It has taken away my breath. Do you believe that it is true?"

The lady reached forth her hand, and taking the paper, read the account of Leicester's murder and Mr. Warren's arrest, to the end. Mrs. Gray was looking anxiously in her face, and, though it was white and still as the coldest marble, it seemed to the good woman as if it contracted about the mouth, and a look of subdued pain deepened around the eyes.

"Do you believe it?" questioned Mrs. Gray, forgetting that the person she addressed was an entire stranger.

"Yes," answered the lady, speaking with apparent effort—"yes, he is dead!"

"What! murdered by that old man? I don't believe it. It's against nature!"

"He died a violent death," answered the lady, shrinking as if with pain.

"Then he killed himself," answered Mrs. Gray, recovering something of her natural energy, "it was like him."

"Oh! God forbid!"

The lady uttered these words in a low, gasping tone, as if Mrs. Gray's speech had confirmed some unspoken dread in her own heart. The noble old huckster woman saw that she was giving pain, and did not press the subject.

"Then some other person must be guilty, it was not old Mr. Warren; I haven't seen much of him, true enough, but he's a good man, my life on it! He's set at my table—a Thanksgiving dinner, marm! I remember the blessing he asked, so meek, so full of gratitude, with as fine a turkey as ever come from a barn-yard, tempting him to be short, and he with hunger stamped deep into every line of his face. I haven't heard such a blessing since I was a girl. This man charged with murder! I wouldn't believe it though every minister in New York swore against him."

The old lady opened her lips to speak again, but Mrs. Gray suddenly laid a hand upon her arm.

"Hush! you see that old woman coming up the market, it is his wife!—Mr. Warren's wife!—see how broken-heartedly she looks about from stall to stall; maybe it is this one she wants. Yes! how her poor eyes brighten."

"A friend in need is a friend indeed; she knows where to look, you see."

By this time the forlorn old woman, who came wandering like a ghost up the market, caught a glimpse of the portly figure and radiant countenance, that always made the huckster woman an object of attention. Her pale face did indeed brighten up, and she forced her way through the people, putting them aside with her hands in reckless haste.

Mrs. Gray left her customer by the stall, and went down the market in benevolent haste, the snowy strings of her cap floating out, and the broad expanse of her apron rippling with the rapidity of her steps. She met Mrs. Warren with a kindly, but subdued greeting, and, without releasing the thin hand she had grasped, led the heart-stricken woman up to her stall.

"There, now, sit down upon my stool," she said, giving another gentle shake of the withered hand before she relinquished it. "You are tired

and out of breath; there, there, keep quiet; cry away if you like, I'll stand before you!"

The good woman had seen tears gathering into the wild eyes of her visitor from the first—for if tears are locked in a grateful heart, kindness will bring them forth—and with that intuitive delicacy which made all her acts so genial, she left the poor creature to weep in peace, shielding her from notice by the breast-work of her own ample person.

"Oh, the cranberries! I have kept you waiting!" she said, to the customer who stood motionless by the stall, apparently unconscious of all that was passing, but keenly interested notwithstanding this seeming apathy.

The lady started at this address, and without answer watched Mrs. Gray as she twisted half of the torn newspaper over her hand, and afterward filled it with berries. She took the paper, mechanically laid down a piece of silver, and waited for the change. All this was done in a cold, strengthless way, like one who does every thing well from habit, and who omits no detail of a life that has lost all interest. She stood a moment after receiving the parcel, and then drawing close to Mrs. Gray, whispered—

"Ask her where she lives!"

Mrs. Gray looked around, and saw that the pale face was bent, and that tears were pouring down it like rain. She leaned forward and whispered—

"Do you live in the old place yet?"

"No," was the broken answer, "I could not stay there alone, if the rent were paid. As it is they would not let me, I suppose."

"Where is your home then? Where is your family?" said the lady, in her cold, gentle way.

"They are in prison; my home is the street!"

"But where do you sleep?"

"Nowhere, I have not wanted to sleep since they took him!" was the sad reply. "I walk up and down all night; it is a little chilly sometimes, but a great deal better than sitting alone to think."

"She will go home with me," said Mrs. Gray, addressing her customer, and drawing one hand across her eyes, for their soft brown was becoming misty. "Of course she will—I don't know you, marm, but somehow it seems as if you would like to help this poor, unfortunate woman. She needs friends, and has got one, at any rate, but the more the better!"

"If—if you could only persuade the judge to let me stay in prison with them," said Mrs. Warren, lifting her face to the lady with an air of pleading humility. "I don't want a better home than that."

"They! Was it not they you said?" questioned the huckster woman. "Who is in prison

besides Mr. Warren? Not Julia—not my little flower-angel—you do not mean that?"

"They let all go in but me!" answered Mrs. Warren, with a look of pitiful desolation.

"I never said it before!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray, untying her apron, rolling it up and twisting the strings around it with a degree of energy quite disproportioned to this simple operation—"I never said it before, but I'm ashamed of my country—it's a disgrace to humanity. I only wish Jacob knew it, that's all!"

"Hush!" said the lady, with her cold, low voice. "There is one stronger than the laws who permits these things for his own wise purposes."

Mrs. Warren looked up. A wan smile quivered over her face. "That is so like him—he said these very words."

"He is right! you must not feel so hopeless, or be altogether miserable, have faith! have charity!" added the gentle speaker, turning from the mournful eyes of Mrs. Warren, and addressing the huckster woman. "You cannot know how many other persons are suffering from this very cause. Let us all be patient—let us all trust in God." She glided away as she spoke, and was lost in the crowd, leaving behind the hushed passion of grief and a feeling of awe, for the calm dignity of her own sorrow subdued the resentment which Mrs. Gray had felt, like the rebuke of an angel.

"Did you know her?" she questioned, drawing a deep breath, as the black garments disappeared. "One would think she understood the whole case."

Mrs. Warren shook her head.

"I suppose she was right," continued the huckster woman—"I *know* she was right, but we can't always feel the faith she wants us to have; if we did there would be no sorrow. Who minds wading a river when certain just how deep the water is, and while banks covered with flowers lie in full sight on the other side. It is plunging into a dark stream, with clouds hiding the shore, and not a star asleep in the bottom, that tries the faith. But after all she speaks like one who knows what such things mean. So be comforted, my poor friend, the river is dark, the clouds are heavy, but somewhere we shall find a gleam of God's mercy folded up in the blackness. Isn't there a hymn—I think there is—that says, 'earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.'"

"Oh! if they would let me stay with him!" answered the poor old woman, with her wan smile, "I could have faith then, that is heaven to me!"

"You shall see him—you shall stay with him from morning till night if you would rather!

I'll go into court myself. I'll haunt the aldermen like an office-seeker, till some of them lets you in. I'll—yes, I'll go after Jacob, he can do anything; you never saw Jacob—my brother Jacob, he's a man to deal with these courts. Strong as a lion, honest as a house-dog—been half his life in foreign parts. Knows more in ten minutes than his sister does in a whole year, he'll set things to rights in no time. Your husband is innocent—innocent as I am—we must prove it, that's all!"

Mrs. Warren did not speak the thanks that beamed in every lineament of her face, but she took the hand which Mrs. Gray had laid upon hers, and pressing it softly between her thin palms, raised it to her lips.

"Poh—poh, they will see you! Cheer up now, and let us consider how to begin; if Jacob were only here now, or even my nephew, Robert Otis, he would be better than nobody!"

"Thank you, Aunt Gray—thank you a thousand times for this estimate of modest merit," said a voice at her elbow, whose cheerfulness was certainly somewhat assumed.

Mrs. Gray turned with a degree of eagerness that threatened to destroy the equilibrium of her stately person.

"Robert, Robert Otis," she cried, addressing the noble-looking youth, who stood with his hand extended ready for the warm greeting that was sure to be his. "I was just wishing for you, so was poor Mrs. Warren; you remember Mrs. Warren's niece, she is in trouble, great trouble!"

"Yes, I know," said young Otis, remarking the painful expression that came and went on that withered face, "I have been to the prison!"

"Did you see him? Did they let you in?" exclaimed Mrs. Warren, beginning to tremble. "Oh! tell me how he was; did he miss me very much? Was he anxious about his poor wife?"

"I was too early, they did not let me in!" replied the young man, bending a pair of fine eyes full of noble compassion on the old woman: "but I learned from one of the keepers that your husband was more composed than persons usually are the first night of confinement."

The old woman sunk back to her seat with an air of meek disappointment.

"And Julia, my grandchild—did you inquire about her?"

Robert's countenance changed, there was something unsteady in his voice as he replied, it seemed embarrassed with some tender recollection.

"I saw her!"

"You saw her!—how did she look?—what did she say?"

"I got admission to speak with the matron, a fine, motherly woman, you will be glad to know;

but it was early for visitors, and I only saw your granddaughter through the grating!"

"Was she ill?—was she crying? Did she look pale?"

"She looked pale, certainly, but calm and quiet as an angel in heaven."

"Oh! she is like an angel, that dear granddaughter!"

"She was leading a little child by the hand up and down the lower passage, a beautiful creature, who kept his quiet, soft eyes fixed on hers as we sometimes see a house-dog gaze on its owner. I had but one glimpse, and came away."

"Then she did not seem very unhappy?" questioned the old woman.

"I could not say that! Her eyes were heavy as if she had cried a good deal in the night, but she was calm when I saw her."

"Would they let me look at her as you did, if I promised not to speak a word?"

"There is no reason why you should not speak with her, and your husband too. If the keepers refuse, I will obtain an order from the sheriff!"

"Do you think so, really. Can I see them to-day?"

"Be at rest, you will see them within a few hours, no doubt," replied the young man. "But your granddaughter, at least, will, I trust, be at liberty. It was on this subject that I came to see you, aunt."

"And right glad I am you did come, nephew," replied the huckster woman, "I wanted to help the poor things somehow, but didn't know what on earth to begin with; I know just about as much of the law as a spring gosling, and no more. It costs heaps of money, that every one can tell you, but how it is to be spent, and what for, is the question I want answered."

"Well, aunt, the first step, I fancy, is to get the poor woman's grandchild out of that horrid place; I can tell you it made my blood run cold to see her among those women!"

"Yes—yes. But how is it to be done?"

"You must go up to court and give bonds for her appearance; that is, you agree to give five hundred dollars to the treasury if this young girl fails to appear when her grandfather is put on trial. If she appears, you are free from all obligation. If she fails, the money must be paid."

"Fails! I thought better of you, nephew, how can you mention the word; haven't I trusted her with fruit? Didn't I go security for half the flowers in Dunlap's green-house at one time within this very month? Robert, Robert, the world is spoiling you. How could you speak as if that girl—I love her as if she were my own niece, Robert—how could you speak as if she could fail, and her poor grandmother sitting by!"

Was it this energetic rebuke that brought the blood so richly into the young man's cheek, or was it the little word "niece" that fell so affectionately from the old huckster woman's lips? It could not be the former, for a bright smile kindled up the flush, and that a rebuke however kindly intended, was not likely to excite.

"You cannot feel more confidence in her than I do, dear Aunt Gray," he said; "but I thought it right to lay the responsibility clearly before you!"

"That was right—that was like a man of business. Never mind what I said, nephew," cried the noble woman, shaking the youth's hand till the motion flushed his face once more. "Aunt Gray always was an old fool, seeing faults where they never existed, and making herself ridiculous every way, but never mind her—she'll give bonds for the poor child, of course; but then the old gentleman, how much will the law ask for him?"

"I'm afraid it will be out of your power to free him, aunt!"

"What, they ask too much, ha? You think Aunt Gray must not run the risk. But she will though, I tell you that old man is honest, honest as steel. They might trust him with the prison doors open: he will do what is right without fear or favor. I'll give bonds for him up to the last shilling of my savings, if the court asks it. He's innocent as a creeping babe, and I, for one, will let the world, yes, the whole world, know that this is my opinion."

"You will not hear me, aunt. Aunt Gray, I did not advise you against giving bonds, far from it; but Mr. Warren is charged with a crime for which no bonds can be received."

"I did not know that," answered Mrs. Gray, sinking her voice, "still something can be done; see how earnestly she is looking at us! My heart aches for her, Robert."

"Heaven knows I pity her," said the young man, "for I tell you fairly, aunt, the evidence against her husband is terribly strong."

"But you, Robert—you cannot think him guilty?"

"No, aunt, I solemnly believe Mr. Leicester killed himself. But what is my belief without evidence?"

"Then you solemnly believe him innocent?"

"As I believe myself innocent, good aunt."

"I won't ask you to kiss me, Robert, because we are in the open market—but shake hands again. Next to faith in God, I love to see trust in human nature—faith in God's creatures—it's a beautiful thing!—the good naturally have confidence in the good. That old man is a Christian, treat him reverently in his prison, nephew, as you would have bowed before one of the apostles, his

blessing would do you good, though it came from the gallows."

"I believe all this, aunt; something of mystery there is about the man, but it would be impossible to think him guilty of murder! Still there must have been some connection between him and Mr. Leicester as yet unexplained."

"I know nothing of this—nothing but what the papers tell me; but one thing is certain, Robert, no one ever had anything to do with Mr. Leicester without suffering for it. He was kind to you once, but somehow it seemed to wear out your young life. The flesh wasted from your limbs; the red went out from your cheeks. It made me heart-sick to see the boy I loved to pet like a child, shooting up into a thoughtful man. I remember once, when Leicester boarded at our house, Robert, there was a cabbage-rose growing in one corner of the garden—I haven't much time for flowers, but still I could always find a minute every morning before coming to market for these rose-buds when the blossom season came. That summer the bush was heavy with leaves, still there was but a single bud, a noble one though; plump as a strawberry, and with as deep a red breaking through the green leaves. I loved to watch the bud swell day by day. Every morning I went out while the dew was heavy upon it, and saw the leaves part softly as if they were afraid of the sunshine. One morning, just as this bud was opening itself to the heart, I found Mr. Leicester bending over the bush, tearing open the poor rose with his fingers. His hands were bathed in the sweet breath that came pouring out all at once upon the air. The soft leaves curled around his fingers, trying to hide, it seemed to me, the havoc his hands had made. It was hard to condemn a man for tearing open a half-blown rose, nephew, but somehow this thing left a prejudice in my heart against Mr. Leicester. The flower did not live till another morning. I told him of this, and he laughed.

"Well, what then? I had all the fragrance at a breath," he said. 'Never let your roses distill their essence to the sun, drop by drop, Mrs. Gray, when you can tear open the hearts and drink their sweet lives in a moment.'

"I remember his answer, word for word, for it came fresh to my mind many times, when I saw you, my dear boy, pining away, as it were, under his kindness. It seemed to me as if he were softly parting the leaves of your young heart, and draining its life away!"

"And you really thought my fate like that of your rose, dear aunt?" The youth uttered these words with a pale cheek and downcast eyes. The good woman's words had impressed him strangely.

"It kept me awake many a long night, Robert."

"But you did not think that Uncle Jacob was

at hand? Had he been in your garden, Leicester would not have found an opportunity to kill your pet rose: he might have breathed upon it, nothing more."

The huckster woman looked earnestly into that noble young face; and Robert met her glance with a frank, but somewhat regretful smile.

"And Jacob, my brother, stood between you and this bad man," she said, at length, with a degree of emotion that made the folds of her double chin quiver.

"He made me wiser and better—he was my salvation, Aunt Gray."

"God bless my brother—God bless Jacob Strong!" cried the huckster woman, softly clasping her hands, while her eyes were flooded with tears—grateful tears, that hung upon them like dew in the husks of a ripe hazelnut.

"Amen!" said the young man, in a low voice. "Now, aunt, let us go to this poor woman: observe how earnestly she is watching us."

The aunt and nephew had stepped aside as their conversation became personal; and old Mrs. Warren had been eagerly regarding them all the time. They were the only friends she had on earth. To her broken spirit, they seemed to hold the power of life and death over the beings she loved so devotedly. Robert had promised that she should see her husband and her grandchild: the heart-stricken woman asked for nothing more. She never, for an instant, questioned his power, but sat with her eyes turned reverently upon his fine person and noble features, as if he had been an angel empowered to unlock the gates of heaven for her.

Robert and his aunt approached her as their conference ended, and the young man took out his watch.

"Is it time? Would they let me in now?" questioned the poor woman, half rising as she saw the movement.

"Are you strong enough?" he answered, observing that she trembled.

"Oh! yes, I am strong—very strong. Let us go!"

With her thin, eager hands she folded the shawl over her bosom and stood up, strong in her womanly affections, in her Christian humility, but oh! how weak every way else.

Mrs. Gray folded herself in an ample blanket shawl, and tying on her bonnet, led the way out of the market, forgetting, for the first time in her life, that her stall was unattended.

CHAPTER IV.

If there is any portion of the city prison more cheerful than another, it is the double line of cells looking upon Elm street; plenty of pure

light pours in through the glazed roof, filling the space open from pavement to roof with a pleasant atmosphere. The walls that form this spacious parade-ground are pierced with cells up to the very skylights. Each tier of cells is masked by a narrow iron gallery: and each gallery is bridged with that opposite, by a narrow causeway, upon which a keeper usually sits smoking his cigar, and idly reading some city journal. In the day time the prisoners, who inhabit these various cells, take exercise and air upon the galleries. Even those committed for the highest crimes, often enjoy this privilege, for the ponderous strength of the walls, and the vigilance of the authorities, render a degree of freedom safe here, which could not be dreamed of in less secure buildings.

I do not know that there is any rule requiring that persons charged with capital crime should be confined in the upper cells, but usually they are found somewhere in the third gallery, enjoying some degree of liberty till after sentence; but closed between that time and death, as it were, in a living tomb: thick walls encompass them on every side: doors of ponderous iron bolted to the stone, shut them in from the galleries. A slit in the walls, five or six feet deep, lets in all the breath and light of heaven which the wretched man must enjoy till he is violently plunged into a close cell, whence breath and light are forever excluded. A narrow bed, and perhaps a small, rude table, are all the furniture that can be crowded in with the prisoner. But books are seldom if ever denied him; and occasionally these little cells take a domestic look that renders them less prison-like, and less gloomy as the taste and habits of the inmates develop themselves.

Old Mr. Warren was placed in one of these cells the day of his examination. He followed the officers along those dizzy galleries, submitting to the curious gaze of his fellow prisoners with unshrinking humility, that won upon the kind feelings of his keepers. He entered the cell, looked calmly around, and then with a grateful and patient smile, thanked the officer for giving him a place so much better than he had expected.

The officer was touched by the grateful and meek air with which he spoke these simple thanks, and replied kindly, "that he was willing to render any comfort consistent with the prison rules." After this he looked around to see that everything was in order, and went out, closing the heavy door with a kind regard to the noise, and shooting the bolt as softly as so much iron could be moved.

And now the old man was alone: utterly alone, locked and bolted deep into that solitude which must be worse than death to a guilty soul. At

first his brain was dizzy, the tragic events that cast him into prison had transpired too rapidly for realization. They rose and eddied through his mind like the phantasmagoria of a dream. He could not think—he could not even pray.

He sat down on the bed, and bowing his forehead to his hands, made an effort to realize his exact situation. His eyes were bent on the floor; once or twice his lips moved with a faint tremor, for in all the confusion of his ideas he could recollect one thing vividly enough. His wife and grandchild—the two beings for whom he had toiled and suffered—they were torn from his side. His poor old wife—her cry, as she strove to follow him, still rang in his ear. She had not even the comforts of a prison. He looked around the cell—it was clean and dry—the walls snowy with whitewash—the stone flags swept scrupulously. In everything but size it was more comfortable than the basement from which the officers had taken them. True, it was but a hole dug into the ponderous walls of a prison, but if she had been there the poor old man would have been content—nay, grateful, for as yet he had found no strength to realize the terrible danger that hung over him.

Thus, hour after hour went by, and he sat motionless pondering over all the incidents of his examination like one in a dream. None of them seemed real—but the voice of his wife—the wild, white face of his grandchild as she was borne away through the crowd—these things were palpable enough. He tried to conjecture where his wife would go—what place of refuge she would find—not to their old home, the floor was still red with blood. She was a timid woman, dependant as a child; without his calm strength to sustain her, what could she do? Perish in the street, perhaps; lie down, softly, upon some door-stone and grieve herself to death.

There is nothing on earth more touchingly holy than the tenderness which an old man feels for his old wife; the most ardent love of youth is feeble compared to the solemn devotion into which time purifies passion. The mere habit of domestic intercourse is much, independent of those deeper and more subtle feelings which give us our first glimpses of Paradise through the joys of home affection. It was not the prison—it was not the charge of murder that held that old man spell-bound and motionless so long. His desolation was of the heart; his spirit fled out from those huge walls, and followed the lone woman who had been thrust rudely from his side for the first time in more than thirty years. It was not with this keen anguish that he thought of Julia, for in her character there was freshness, energy, something of moral strength beyond her years. She might suffer terribly, but some-

thing convinced the grandfather that the sublime purity of her nature would protect itself. She was not a feeble, broken spirited woman like his wife. Yet his heart yearned as he thought of this young creature so pure, so beautiful, so full of sensitive sympathies, among the inmates of that gloomy dwelling.

It was of these two beings the old man pondered, not of himself. After awhile keen anxiety goaded him into motion. He stood up and began to pace back and forth in his cell. A narrow strip of the floor lay between his bed and the wall, and along this a little footpath had been worn in the stone. Who had thus worn the prints of his solitary misery into the hard granite? What foot had trodden there the last hard step of destiny? This question drew the old man's attention for a moment from those he had lost. He became curious to know something of his predecessor—what was his crime? How did he look? Had he a wife and child to mourn? Did he leave the cell for liberty, other confinement, or death?

The word death brought a sense of his own condition for the first time before him. He became thoroughly conscious that a terrible charge had been made against him, and that appearances must sustain that charge. From that instant he stood still, with his eyes bent upon the floor, pondering the subject clearly in his mind. At length a faint smile parted his lips, and he began to pace the narrow cell again, but more calmly than before.

I will tell you why that old man smiled there, alone, in his prison cell, because it will convince you that guilt alone can make any one utterly wretched. He had thought over the whole matter—the charge of murder—the impossibility of disproving a single point of the evidence. Nothing could be more apparent than the danger in which he stood—nothing more certain than the penalty that would follow conviction. But it was this very truth that sent the smile to those aged lips. What was death to him but the threshold of heaven? Death, he had never prayed for it, for his Christianity was too holy and humble for selfish importunity, even though the thing asked for was death. He was not one to cast himself at the footstool of the Almighty, and point out to His all-seeing wisdom the merities that would please him best. No—no, the religion of that noble old man—for true religion is always noble—was of that humble, trusting nature that says, “nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.” He was only thinking when he smiled so gently, how much greater sorrow he had encountered than death could bring.

This gave him comfort when he thought of his wife also. She would go with him, he was certain of that as of anything in the future. He

remembered, with pleasure, that old people, long married and very much attached, were almost certain to die within a few weeks or months of each other. How many instances of this came within his own memory. It was a comforting theme, and he dwelt upon it with solemn satisfaction.

The keeper, when he came to bring the old man's dinner, gazed upon his benign and tranquil features with astonishment. Never in his life had he seen a prisoner so calm on the first day of confinement. It was impossible for philosophy or hardihood to assume an expression so painful, and yet so full of dignity.

“Tell me,” said the old man, as the keeper lingered near the door—“tell me who occupied this cell last. It is a strange thing, but with so much to distract my thoughts, a curiosity haunts me to know something of the man whose bed I have taken.”

The officer hesitated. It was an ominous question, and he shrank from a subject well calculated to depress a prisoner.

“I have made out a portion of the history,” said the prisoner; “enough to know that he was a sea-faring man, and had talent.”

“And how did you find this out?” inquired the officer.

“There, upon the wall, is a rough picture, but one can read a great deal in it!”

The old man pointed to the wall, where a few waving lines drawn with a pencil, gave a rude idea of waves in motion. In their midst was a ship with her masts down, plunging downward with her bows already engulfed in the water.

“Poor fellow, I thought it had been white-washed over!” said the officer. “He did that the very week before—before his execution.”

“Then he was executed?”

“Yes; nothing could have saved him.”

“Was he guilty then?”

“It was as clear a case of piracy as I ever saw tried; the man confessed his guilt.”

“Guilty! Death must be terrible in that case, very terrible!” said the old man, with a mournful wave of the head.

“He was a reckless fellow, full of wild glee to the last, but a coward, I do believe; I found his pillow wet almost every morning. The last month he kept a calendar of the days over his bed there, penciled on the wall. The first thing every morning he would strike out a day with his finger; but if any one seemed to pity him, he frequently broke into a volley of curses, or jeered at sympathy that he did not want.”

“Have you ever seen an innocent man executed?” said the prisoner, greatly disturbed by this account; “that is a man who met death calmly, neither as a stoic, a bravo, or a coward?”

"I have no doubt innocent men have been executed again and again all over the world; but I have never seen one die knowing him to be such."

The officer went out after this, leaving the old man alone once more. His face was sad now, and he watched the closing door wistfully.

"Why should I seek other examples?" he said, at length. "Was not *he* executed innocently? Is it not enough to know how my Lord and Saviour died?"

It was a singular thing, but from the first, old Mr. Warren never seemed to entertain a hope of escaping from the prison by any means but a violent death. It was to this that all his Christian energies were bent from the earliest hour of confinement.

The night came on, its approach perceptible only by the blackness that crept across the loop hole which served as a window. In the darkness that soon filled the cell the old man lay down in his clothes and tried to sleep. Now it was that his soul yearned toward the poor old wife who had been so long sheltered in his bosom; the fair granddaughter too, it seemed as if his heart would break as their condition rose before him in all its fearful desolation. Deep in the night he fell asleep, and then his brain was haunted with dreams, bright, heavenly dreams, such as irradiate the face of an infant when the mother believes it whispering with angels: but this sweet sleep was of brief duration. He awoke in the darkness, and, unconscious where he was, reached out his arm. It struck the cold, hard wall, and the vibration went through his heart like a knife. She was not by his side. Where, where was his poor wife? He asked this question aloud; his sobs filled the cell; the miserable pillow under his head soaked up the tears as they rained down his face. The fear of death could not have wrung drops from those aching eyes; but tears of affection reveal the strength of a good man. There are times when the proudest being on earth might be ashamed not to weep.

He did not close his eyes again that night, but wept himself calm with broken prayers. Low, humble entreaties for strength, for patience, and for charity, rose from his hard bed. Slowly the cell filled with light, and then he saw, for the first time, a book lying on a tiny shelf fastened beneath the window. He arose, eagerly, and took it down. A glow spread over his face. It was one of those cheap Bibles which the Tract Society scatter through our prisons. As he opened the humble book, a sunbeam shot through the loop hole, and broke in a shower of light over the page. Was it chance that sent the golden sunbeam? Was it chance that opened the book to one of the most hopeful and comforting passages of Scripture?

He took an old pair of silver spectacles from his pocket, and sat down to read. Hours wore away, and still he bent over those holy pages as if they had never met his eyes before. And so it really seemed, for we must suffer before all the strength and beauty of the book of books can penetrate the heart. A noise at the door made him look up. His breath came fast. It required something heavier than that iron door to lock out the sympathies of two hearts that had grown old in affection. His hands began to tremble: he took off the spectacles, and hastily put them between the pages of his Bible. It was of no use trying to read then.

The bolt was shot, the door swung open with a clang, and there stood a group of persons ready to enter.

"Husband! oh, husband!" said old Mrs. Warren, reaching both hands through the door as she stooped to come in.

The prisoner took her hands in his and kissed them ardently, as he had done years ago when those poor withered fingers were rosy with youth. The door closed softly then, for old Mrs. Gray was not one to force herself upon an interview so mournful and so sacred.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE'S VICTORY.

BY F. H. D'ESTIMAUVILLE, JR.

Love gaily to Ambition said,
"Give up thy hard won crowns to me;"
The potent conqueror smiled and said—
"My bride is Immortality."

The wily Cupid strung his bow,
And, laughing, fixed his keenest dart;

So straight the aim—so sure the blow—
It pierced the tyrant to the heart.

'Tis now Ambition's laurels die,
And banners in the dust are laid;
The trumpet spreads no terror nigh—
Love has Ambition captive made.

"SAYS SHE AND YOU KNOW."

BY T. S. ATLEE.

"Give us something spicy, with a moral to it."—MAJOR RED-PEPPER.

I LIKE your old-fashioned set-downs—a good, long sociable talk—when a friend has time to gossip leisurely and innocently, and enjoy a merry joke, without fear of impertinent interruption. My excellent neighbor, Sam Happyfellow, often "drops in," of a pleasant evening, to exchange kindly greetings, and discuss pipes and philosophy. Smile not, gentle reader, at the friendly conjunction between pipes and philosophy; for "there is more in it than is seed at first sight," as Billy Fizzle says.

If, after all, the best wisdom consists in a happy and contented mind here, and an earnest desire to be found meet for the life hereafter; let me assure you no man possessed it in a higher degree than Sam Happyfellow. Sam was a smoker—*ergo*, Sam was a Christian and philosopher! Much as I dislike digression, I must pause a moment, to give a hasty sketch of my excellent friend. He was a short, stout man, of benevolent and ruddy phiz, with a head, round, white, and polished as a fresh peeled onion—and about as much "*phrenological development*"—a ham!—how a learned quotation helps one out, sometimes!—most laughter-loving eyes, and mouth, and a magnificent nasal "*organ*"—that's the very word! His step varied with the mood he happened to be in—now quick, now slow, and his old ivory-headed cane always kept him company; rapping applause, like a cunning courtier, at every joke of its master. He had an odd habit, whenever he said anything particularly good, of tapping his pipe vigorously on the top of his cane—a practice that shattered about a dozen long-stems, at each sitting. But every man has a way of his own—to use a common phrase—and that was his; besides, he couldn't mend it; for as he very justly remarked, he was too old to learn better.

But to return. We were smoking very happily together, the other evening—a lovely evening, calm, mild, and moonlight—it was the third round; Sam had broken six pipes, and was in the midst of a triumphant chuckle at his own wit, the cane just ready to give an approving rap; when the shrill tones of *Miss Touchmenot* (aged thirty-two!) broke suddenly upon us.

"Now for a nice bit of scandal, in modern and approved style," observed Sam, "sprinkled with

lots of '*says she and you know!*'" I couldn't avoid laughing at my friend's "*aside*," for it took off the immaculate spinster to a charm. "On an even start, she can beat any ten men I ever saw—and then her clapper outdoes all others in town—the *big* church bell into the bargain!"

Ding-dong-ding—ding-dong; on she went, singing for marriages, tolling for deaths, until I really began to fear her tongue would fall out. Sam whispered there was no danger, as it was "*hung in the middle and loose at both ends!*"

Mem. Pipe the seventh shattered.

However, nothing could stop our village bell, (excuse a pun) now in full chime over the supposed delinquencies of a nameless fair one, the hem of whose garment *she* was not worthy to touch.

"Well, gentlemen, you may laugh as much as you please; but, you know, Mrs. Blank said, *says she*, Mrs. Tittletattle told Miss Tattle, that Mrs. Whatyoucallher told Miss Fudge—who told *her*, you know, who told *me*, you know—*says she*, Miss Touchmenot, *says she*, there's no doubt, *says she*, but that there story is true about that 'ere girl, *says she*. Due tell! *says I—yes, says she*. Well, Mrs. Happyfellow, *you know?*"

"No, I don't know anything at all about it," rejoined Sam—"don't want to—I smoke my pipe in peace, and mind my own business—*pity every body didn't do the same!*"

Rap went the cane, crack pipe No. 8—the fire flew—and as Miss Touchmenot had advanced her right foot considerably forward, to give more weight to her assertions—(she wore slippers and white cotton hose) the burning mass fell on her instep, parting in beautiful scintillations, and rolling down between slipper and stocking.

Such nimble motion on "the light fantastic toe" I never saw excelled. Celeste and Ellsler, in their best jumps and "Highland flings," could not begin. The way she *did* bound and flutter was beautiful!

Now Sam is a good-hearted fellow, and though a bachelor, a gallant man. So he ran to her aid; but, unfortunately, his zeal got the better of his judgment; for the suddenness with which he arrested the errant limb destroyed Miss Touchmenot's balance; and over they went, pell-mell;

Sam holding on, resolutely, to the burning stocking!

It was too much for Miss Fudge's nerves—she fainted; and ever after her abominable "*says she and you know*," stopped ringing, to the great relief of the villagers. She failed rapidly, however; and at the interesting age of thirty-two years, nine months and a day she died—for want of breath—never having entirely recovered the shock her maiden modesty received on the eventful night in question.

As Sam observed on returning from her grave, "*she was the best specimen of a genuine scandal*

monger and immaculate spinster the world ever saw."

We smoked long and devotedly to her memory, and engraved the following appropriate epitaph upon her tomb:—

Here lies Miss Tabby Touch-me-not,
Our village bell—
The clapper broke at last!
Her friends, before her death,
Had got a notion,
They'd found, without a doubt,
"Perpetual motion!"

But ere they swore a patent out, she died;
The speculation fail'd; she's here tongue-tied!

MAY.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

By the glad song of the bird,
By the zephyr gently stirred;
By the perfume breathing flower
That adorns the morning hour;
By the flashes of the stream,
Bright as is a maiden's dream
When young love is all the theme;
By the violet's opening blush,
By the evening's quiet hush,
When the stars, with vestal look,
Gaze upon the whispering brook
Timidly, as doth a maid,
Half desiring, half afraid,
Gaze into her lover's eyes,
Where love's strongest weapon lies;
By the brightest tints of day,
May is here, young, balmy May.

By the Ocean's mournful swell
That makes music in the shell;
When the gaudy day is dying,
And the shades of eve are lying,
With their dark and sombre wing
On the heart's imagining;
By the swallow's playful whirl,
Light as is the wind-toss'd curl
Of some bright-ey'd sportive girl;
By the leap of wave and water,
Dancing now as does the daughter
Of the sun 'neath Eastern clime,
To sweet music's gleesome chime;
By all fair things round our way,
May is here, young, balmy May.

By the forest's Spring-like dress,
By the dreams of loveliness,
That the waking heart may bless,

When beside the murmuring river
That is singing, singing ever,
With a voice so full of glee
That in fancy we can see,
With their harps of minstrelsy,
Troops of airy forms that hover
Round us, as around the lover
In the mazes of the night;
With wild feelings of delight
Comes the vision of a form,
With its kisses sweet and warm;
By the thousand wood-flowers blending
With the sunlight that is sending
Arrowy shafts of golden hue
Far across the Heavenly blue,
Flickering, dancing on its way,
Telling with its sunny ray
May is here, bright, glorious May.

By the ceaseless mazy hum
Of the childish throng that come
Out into the fragrant air,
With light hearts as free from care
As the winds that gambol there;
By the shout, and song, and laughter,
By sweet echo following after,
Lingering like some cherished tone
Heard in days that's past and gone;
By the steps so full of lightness,
By the eyes that beam with brightness
When the Spring-time it is singing,
And the flowerets are upspringing
In the meadow, on the mountain,
By the streamlet, near the fountain,
Singing with a voice as gay
As a lark at early day,
May is here, bright, lovely May.

EDITORS' TABLE.

CHIT-CHAT WITH READERS.

HARMONY OF DRESS AND COMPLEXION.—That the complexion should in general determine the tone of the dress, is shown in the choice of colors where fashion has no power to influence the mind; and it is questionable whether the untutored would not make choice of more appropriate colors for the decoration of the person than one under the full influence of fashion, but who does not possess sufficient knowledge or taste to modify such fashion to suit her own peculiar appearance. The wild Indian woman prefers a red or yellow "blanket" to a blue one, because these colors harmonize with her tawny complexion, and not because they are bright; for a sky blue would be infinitely brighter if placed by the side of such a complexion, but it would not be so harmonious, and, therefore, to her natural taste appears ugly. The people of eastern nations wear red and yellow in great abundance upon the same principle; the Chinese consider yellow the most elegant color for dress, so much so that its use is confined to people of the higher rank. The tone of the Chinese complexion is decidedly *sallow*, perhaps more so than that of any other people.

In every shade of complexion, even in the fairest, the chief colors are red and yellow; but in some red predominates, and in others yellow. In the ruddy face (where red predominates) the tone requires to be lowered by the contrast of some brighter color of the same tone. This explains (to some extent) the charm of the "scarlet coat;" for most military men are much exposed to changes of climate, &c. &c., and, therefore, have the tone of the complexion much increased in warm; but a scarlet coat not only prevents this appearing vulgar and burly, but, being harmony with the complexion, is an actual advantage. It might be argued, the same effect can be produced by adding blue to a pale face, and so raising this by such a contrast to the same tone that the bronzed face was lowered to by the scarlet; which, indeed, might be done, but the effect is inharmonious—the blue and yellow do not agree, the red and ruddy do. Portrait-painters are well aware of this, and obtain a more agreeable likeness by painting the complexion of a tone higher than natural, and reducing it to the proper shade by the additional of warm colors to the background, and other adjective parts of the picture.

The truly ruddy complexion should be harmonized chiefly with the warmer shades of red, orange, russet, &c., or even those colors which have a certain amount of blue in them, provided they also contain a considerable amount of red in their composition, as the redder kinds of purple, lavender, crimson, maroon, &c.; or with the yellow series—olive, citron, &c. Both red and yellow, in purity, may be admitted as an accompaniment to the general warm tone of

these colors; but pure blue is inadmissible, except, perhaps, in very small quantities; but there are few shades of complexion with which pure blue can be made thoroughly to harmonize. Where there is a great want of general color in the complexion, and the hair is deficient of richness, blue may be the general tone of the dress; but that which is to come in closer contact with the hair and face should be of the palest tint, and have some slight admixture of red, such as puce, lilac, French white, &c.; these will form an intermediate tone to graduate the wide extremes of the dress and complexion. Moreover, that kind of complexion in which the extremes of red and white are to be found will admit of the paler shades of the blue series of colors intermingled with pink, buff, or cream-color, but never pure yellow; on the contrary, the dark brunette and *sallow* complexion should never be contrasted with any of the cold colors of the blue series, and pure blue carefully avoided: such a complexion should be associated with the warmer tints of red or yellow, as some admixture of red and yellow, or even yellow and black, or orange with small portions of purple intermingled. The object to be sought in all these arrangements is to take away all injurious superfluity of color, of whatever kind this may be. In the *sallow* complexion the skin is *too dark* and *too yellow*; now, by placing lilac by the side of such a complexion, the yellow part of its composition is made to appear even more than it really is, by the contrast of its antagonistic color, (blue) whereas a yellow (or color containing much yellow) would make the yellow shade in the complexion appear less than it is; but in the thoroughly fair skin the red is deficient, and blue will make what little there is appear more conspicuous.

BLIND PIPER AND DAUGHTER.—This is an engraving of uncommon merit; and the scene represented is one to touch every sensitive heart. The Blind Piper, led by his daughter, is crossing a rustic bridge in a district of his native Highlands; while his dog, having run before, waits at the other end of the bridge.

A MAY MORNING.—This is a beautiful engraving. The scene is the front of an antique English house, with a party just returning home after a ride over the hills, on a bright, May morning. Pent up here, in the close, dull city, how we envy those who can enjoy the sweet, fresh air!

NETTING.—The request of our correspondent, in reference to Netting, shall be attended to next month.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—"Howard Stanhope," and several other stories are accepted for publication.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Angel World, and other Poems. By Philip James Bailey, author of "Festus." Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.—The subject of this poem is a series of imaginary incidents in the intercourse of angels. It is written in blank verse, in which no writer of the age equals the author of "Festus." The imagery is lofty and sublime; the tone religious; and the entire conception and execution worthy of the mind, of which Ebenezer Elliott remarked "there was stuff enough in it to set up fifty poets."

The following description of "a young and shining angel" is very beautiful.

In his air
Sat kingly sweetness, kind and calm command,
Yet with long suffering blended; for the soil
Of dust was on his garb and maddened sole:
Dust on the locks of fertile gold which flowed
From his fair forehead rippling round his neck;
Bedropt, defiled, with cold and care-like dew,
One hand a staff of virent emerald held
As 'twere a sapling of the tree of life,
And one smoothed in his breast a radiant dove
Fluttering its wings in lightnings thousand-hued,
The sole companion of his pilgrimage
Silent he stood and gazed.

Accompanying the principal poems, are several lesser ones, mostly of great merit.

The Scarlet Letter. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.—Of all Hawthorne's works this is decidedly the best. And yet is not so much a novel, as a psychological fiction: not so much a narrative of ordinary life, as a profound analysis of the two master-passions, Remorse and Revenge. The story is one of crime and sorrow, located in the early days of Massachusetts. Stern old Puritans, and meek, suffering women are the principal characters in the pages; and the tale is sombre to the last degree. Yet, in almost every line, the great genius of Hawthorne shines forth. An introductory chapter, written with much delicate humor, gives the author's experience as a Custom House Officer, and relieves the otherwise too profound melancholy of the book. We regard "The Scarlet Letter" as one of the most valuable contributions yet made to American literature.

Popular Library. New York: E. Dugan & Brothers.—The most perfect little thing ever devised for the happiness of children is this Popular Library, of which three numbers lie upon our table. The illustrations are exquisitely beautiful, every group is full of the poetic grace which Chapman's pencil lends to everything it touches. The stories are chaste and rich with angelic sentiment; the printing a tracery of jet upon leaves of snow. "The Best Inheritance," "The Carrier Pigeon," and "The Pretty Lamb," are the titles to these three stories. They are to be obtained for fifteen cents each: why one of Chapman's gems alone is worth that!

The Petrel. A Tale of the Sea. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The author of this fiction is said to be an admiral in the British navy, and the London journals speak of him, we perceive, as a worthy successor to Marryat. We promise ourselves, therefore, much gratification in the perusal of the book.

The Three Holy Magi; or, The Journey to Bethlehem. By the author of "The Blind Orphan Boy." 1 vol. Philada: Henry Perkins.—The story of the Blind Orphan Boy is one of rare beauty; and the present tale, by the same author, is scarcely less meritorious. The translator, C. E. Blumenthal, professor of Hebrew and Modern Languages in Dickinson College, has rendered the narrative into good, idiomatic English; while the publisher has issued it in a most elegant form, illustrating it with numerous tinted-engravings of great merit. The book is not only suitable for Sunday School children, but may be read with advantage by older persons.

Latter-Day Pamphlets. By Thomas Carlyle. Nos. 1 and 2.—A cotemporary has well remarked that Carlyle, if nothing more, is at least a magnificent grumbler. Of late he has been giving his opinions on political matters, philanthropic matters, and matters in general, in a free, but rather captious style, finding an infinity of fault, yet suggesting no remedy. These pamphlets have been re-issued in this country by Messrs. Phillips & Sampson, in the neat style which distinguishes all the books of that house. The subjects of the two published are "The Present Time," and "Model Prisons."

White Jacket. By Herman Melville. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Since the publication of "Typee," that most fascinating of books, we have had nothing from Mr. Melville at all approaching this in merit. The volume is a narrative of his experience on board a United States man-of-war, during a voyage from the Pacific homeward, around Cape Horn; and for animated pictures of sea-life we know not where to find its equal. It is published in very handsome style.

Narrative of the United States Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea. By W. F. Lynch, U. S. Navy. New and Condensed Edition. Philada: Lea & Blanchard.—We are gratified to find this interesting narrative published in a cheap form. Thousands who desired to possess the work were unable to do so, on account of the high price of the original edition; but such persons can now be accommodated.

Shakespeare Illustrated. Nos. 12 and 13. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—The twelfth number contains the play of "All's Well that Ends Well," and is ornamented with a portrait of Helena, the heroine. The thirteenth number contains "The Taming of the Shrew," and is illustrated with an engraving of "Katharine." This edition is, beyond all comparison, the most superb ever issued in the United States.

Hume's History of England. Vols. I, II, and III. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Here we have, in neat duodecimos, the three first volumes of a new edition of Hume. Though neatly printed and bound in cloth, each volume is but forty cents, which seems to us a miracle of cheapness.

Milman's Gibbon's Rome. Vol. II. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—It is inexplicable to us how so neat an edition of this great historical work can be afforded at sixty-two and a half cents per volume, the price for which it is sold by Messrs. P. & S.

Eva St. Clair, and other Tales. By G. P. R. James. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We are indebted to the enterprise of Mr. P. for this re-publication, from the London edition, of some of Mr. James' best stories, which otherwise probably would never have reached American readers. Mr. James' short tales are better, to our taste, than his novels. The present volume, therefore, has proved a rare treat to us, in the reading.

The Gossips of Rivertown, and other Tales. By Mrs. Joseph C. Neal. 2 vols. Philada: Hazard & Mitchell.—This is a collection of some of the best of Mrs. Neal's magazine stories, and *The Gossips of Rivertown* being the longest gives the name to the book. The sketches display close observation of the foibles of human nature. Several poems of high merit are found in the book.

Atheism among the People. By A. de Lamartine. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—This little book is a noble testimony in behalf of a Creator; a withering rebuke of the Atheism of France. Had Lamartine done nothing else to merit the applause of humanity, the publication of this eloquent tract would alone have entitled him to it. The pamphlet is very neatly printed.

American Authors. By M. Powell. New York: Stringer & Townsend.—This is a spirited work, daz- zlingly free in the expression of opinions, tolerably just, however, and altogether well worth reading. Books about authors and their works require great courage, and some strength of analysis, and these the author seems to possess.

David Copperfield. Nos. 11 and 12. New York: John Wiley.—The merit of this fiction increases, rather than diminishes. The scenes in which Sea- forth induces Emily to elope with him, and Mr. Peg- gotty sets off in pursuit, are worthy of the best days of Boz.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—A DRESS OF PINK TISSUE, the skirt of which is trimmed with three embroidered scalloped flounces. Corsage tight at the back and nearly high, but opening very low in front. An embroidered rever extends to the end of the corsage in front. Sleeves plain at the shoulders, and finished by a trimming similar to the flounces. Bonnet of French straw, trimmed with a wreath of ivy leaves. Black lace scarf.

FIG. II.—A DRESS OF GREEN SILK, skirt and cor- sage perfectly plain. A shawl mantilla of lilac silk, trimmed with wide, black lace. Bonnet of white silk.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The principal dress mate- rials for late spring and summer wear, will be Fou- lard and India silks, Grenadins, Tissues, Barage and Organdies. The latter are generally embroidered in small spots, whilst the former are covered with vines or wreaths of small figures, but of very rich and ele- gant colors.

Nearly all dresses are made high in the neck, and

many with tight backs. The infant waist, however, promises to be popular for summer wear, particularly for young ladies. The cadet body, which is opened three or four inches in front, but buttons up at the throat, is also much worn. Some are made high to the throat; others have the corsages partially open, so as to be worn with lace chemisettes. The front of the corsage may be ornamented with a double row of fancy buttons. Sleeves slit at the ends are those most generally adopted for high dresses, of whatever material they may be composed. The Mazurka sleeve is the newest. It is put in plain at the shoulder, and gradually widens till it reaches just below the elbow. It is very much like the Pagoda sleeve, except that it is not shorter on the inside of the arm than on the outside. Fancy but- tons will be much used for trimming this season.

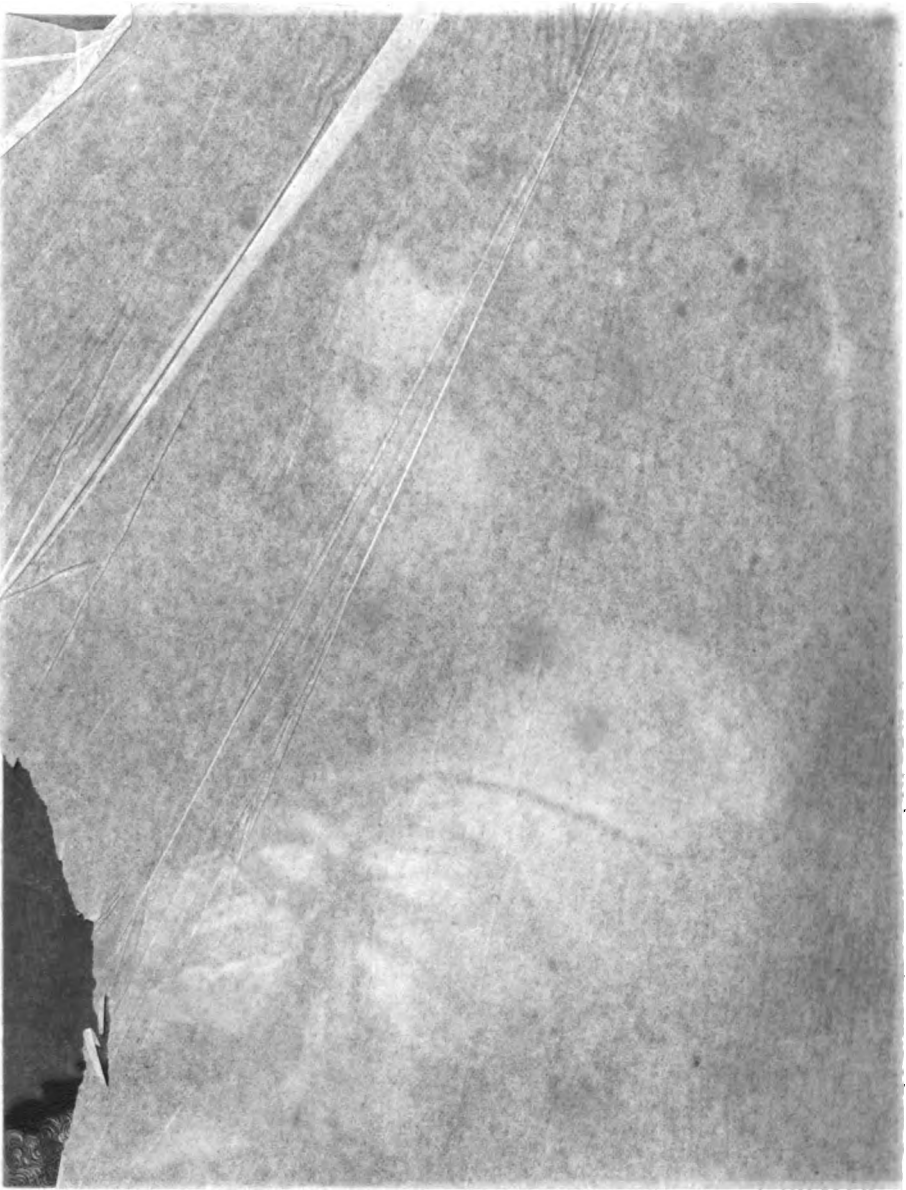
THE PARDESSUS AND MANTELETS intended for the spring are, in general, simple in form. The fashiona- ble trimmings will be lace, fringe, passementerie and *dentelle de laine*. Among the novelties of the season may be mentioned shawl mantelets of black silk, trimmed with a very deep flounce or fall of black lace, headed by a ruche of narrow black silk. Short pardessus are also trimmed with a broad flounce in the same style as these mantelets. Cape shawls are more magnificent than ever in their embroidery. Lace scarfs, both black and white, as well as lace mantillas, will be used for summer. These may be either lined or not, as suits the taste of the wearer.

BONNETS generally have very round faces, and are made smaller than they were during the winter. The spring bonnets are mostly of straw, and trimmed plainly with rich watered ribbon of white, light blue, pink, and corn or maize color. Over these bonnets a veil of white, or colored illusion to match the rib- bon, is generally worn. It fastens under the chin, and has long, floating ends, which gives a peculiarly airy, graceful appearance to the person wearing it. The bonnets for summer have never been surpassed in beauty. They are generally of black lace, silk or crape. If made of either of the two latter materials they are drawn, and trimmed at the sides with bouquets of the richest flowers.

FOR HEAD-DRESS in full evening costume, flowers and feathers continue to be the chief ornaments. Small turbans, made of gold or silver tissue, are likewise exceedingly fashionable and very becoming. Caps in the Marie Stuart style are also very much in favor. They descend in a slight point in the centre of the forehead, rounding slightly at each side, to afford space for the full bandeaux of hair. They are edged with very light and narrow ruches of blonde, and across the crown a long barbe of blonde, falling in a lappet at each ear. The same style of cap may be made in colored gauze ribbon, pink or blue, and edged with very narrow blonde, slightly full. When the cap is thus made, triple ends of ribbon may be substituted for the blonde lappets. On one side, just behind the ear, may be placed a single large rose, without leaves. The hair is not worn in the French twist as much as formerly. The most usual style is the braid, which is twisted simply around the back of the head.









LES MODES PARISIENNES



THE HARVEST FIELD.



THE GIPSIES' FEAST.



HUNTER & CO

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1850.

No. 6.

EDITH;

OR, MARRYING IN FUN, AND MARRYING IN EARNEST.

BY CLARA MORETON.

CHAPTER I.

BEAUTIFUL Edith Bryant! Bewitching, coquettish Edith! How with my unskilful pencil shall I ever be able to give even a faint idea of her graceful loveliness? Wild as an untamed gazelle, and light of heart as the tuneful wood-bird, was the joyous Edith at seventeen. Never had sorrow dimmed the lustrous radiance of her large, blue eyes, and all unconsciously had she glided into womanhood, without dreaming of grief or care—those phantom forms which ever shadow, and too often walk side by side with woman in her pathway.

At fifteen had come Edith's first heart sorrow. The father who had loved her with such devoted fondness—who had gratified her every wish—who had heretofore so tenderly guarded and guided her footsteps, was suddenly taken from her. For more than a year Edith refused to leave her mother, to participate with her companions in any amusement, but at length yielding to their persuasions, and to her mother's wishes, she promised to accompany them upon a proposed picnic the ensuing week.

The day arrived—a gloriously beautiful day in June, and Edith, light of heart as in the days ago, flung her arms around her mother's neck, and whispered her fond farewell. The place selected was one of the most beautiful upon the banks of the Schuylkill. From the river's brink a smooth, green lawn spread upward, until it reached the marble colonnade of an elegant mansion, deserted by its owner on account of the unhealthiness of the situation at some seasons of the year. Beyond the house a dark green forest swept around the hill-side—and in the grounds between were latticed arbors, clasped by swaying vines; and beside the walks were odorous shrubs, and choice flowers; and from

amidst them all came the musical plashes of falling fountains, mingling with the prolonged warblings of the wild wood-birds.

Edith was delighted with everything she saw. She glided in and out amidst the shrubbery, singing with the birds, and laughing with the fountains, and at length wearied, sat down upon a garden seat within an arbor. How beautiful she looked there, with her thick curls almost shadowing her face, and that swan-like curve of her neck! No wonder that Horace Russell stood motionless, concealed amidst the shrubbery, to gaze upon such a divinity?

A merry group of laughing girls, suddenly emerging from a winding path, stood in front of the arbor.

"Here's Edith," cried one, "oh, you good-for-nothing truant! how dare you frighten us all so!—for a full hour we have seen nothing of you."

"You look exceedingly frightened, all of you," said Edith, laughing.

"Here's Mr. Russell," said another, as he welcomed and joined the group—"Miss Bryant, Mr. Russell."

"Now for another conquest, Edith—Mr. Russell is a most famous woman-hater, and I'm going to leave him to your tender mercies," whispered the mischievous Kate Connell; "his heart is already half gone, for he stood watching you through the shrubbery like a draperied statue."

The least bit of a smile curled Edith's proud lips as Horace Russell left the group and joined her. Through the arching wood-paths they wandered together. Side by side upon the mossy banks of the forest rivulet they sat, and Edith rattled on in her own wild way, while her companion listened with lover-like attention.

Meanwhile some of those who had left Edith

and Horace in the arbor, had joined the rest of the party in the large saloon, where they were preparing for dancing.

"Mr. Russell is fairly in love—guess with whom," said Kate Connell, as she danced up to a group near one of the windows which looked out upon the colonnade.

"Not with you—I am sure of that," answered her brother Harry, while at the same time his eyes wandered with an eager gaze over the room.

"And not Edith Bryant, I hope," say your eyes as plainly as eyes can speak, brother mine," replied the roguish girl—"but, nevertheless, *it is Edith*—now, *who has a rival?*"

"The very one to suit his fastidious taste," said Edward Vanlyn, a young theological student; "I should not be surprised if I should have the pleasure of marrying them sometime—eh, Harry?"

"He would rather marry her himself, I'm thinking," chimed in Kate again. The music struck up a waltz. Kate seized her brother, and in a moment more was rapidly whirling around the room with the rest of the company. The inviting sounds penetrated the leafy retreat where Horace and Edith were sitting, and they hastily retraced their steps and joined the dancers.

"I don't believe Russell ever waltzed as much with a lady before in his life," whispered Vanlyn to Kate. "You know he is terribly afraid of ladies, and fancies that every one that smiles upon him has designs upon his heart—his purse, I should say."

"Well, is he really very rich?"

"About twenty thousand a year."

"Is it possible! I did not suppose he had so much. I wish Edith would fancy him; but see how indifferently she receives all his attentions."

Quadrille followed quadrille, and still Horace Russell lingered by Edith's side. Harry Connell was absent-minded and dull, and thought it the most stupid pic-nic he ever was on; while Kate and Edward Vanlyn voted it the most delightful.

Adjoining the room where they were dancing, was one which still remained partly furnished. The large mirrors paneled in the walls reflected the graceful forms of the few who were standing in the centre.

"Oh, this is a delightful room," said Edith; "now if there were only lace curtains to those lofty windows—paintings scattered over the walls—elegant furniture tastefully arranged, I would not desire any spot more beautiful."

"Mr. Russell had better purchase the place, it suits you so well, Miss Bryant," said Vanlyn.

"Would you come and live with him here if he would?" whispered Kate, looking archly in her face.

The whisper had been overheard, and Vanlyn again spoke—

"Mr. Russell, *you* had better ask that question."

"Come, Mr. Russell, do," said Kate, "it would be so delightful to say I had overheard an offer."

Thus bantered, Horace Russell turned to Edith and laughingly said—

"Miss Bryant, if I will purchase this place, will you come and be my singing-bird?"

"Oh, most assuredly I will—wouldn't it be delightful to warble all day through such rooms as these?"

"Accepted, 'pon my honor! who would have believed it—I congratulate you, Russell; and now here you are, all dressed in white, suppose we have a wedding!" said Vanlyn.

"Agreed; that will be delightful," cried Kate.

"This is folly—don't carry the joke any further," said Harry Connell.

"Its no joke—its up and down, righty-dighty earnest; isn't it, Edward?" laughed Kate, "and I'll be bridesmaid; and let me see, who'll be the other, Edith?—here, Harry, you stand with Helen Ayre."

"I do not wish to have anything to do with this," he answered, moodily.

"Now don't get jealous—we are only in fun: come take your place."

The party was soon arranged. Edward Vanlyn stood in front of the pretended bride and groom, commencing in solemn tones the marriage ceremony. The young men who had gathered around laughed as they saw Russell's uneasiness, when he answered "I will," and whispered amongst themselves that Edith would say, "I will not," but to the surprise of all, she continued the joke to the last.

"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder—salute your bride," were the concluding words of Vanlyn.

Russell turned, but Edith glided away from him with a musical laugh, and escaped into the saloon. Her companions followed.

"Oh, Edith!" said Helen Ayre, "I am all in a tremble, and I can hardly crush the tears back, it seems so like a real bridal."

"And so it is a real bridal," said Edward Vanlyn—"you do not suppose I would make a jest of my sacred office?"

"You are jesting now," said one.

"No, I am not; I knew it would be a match some time or other, and I was afraid I should lose the fee if I did not embrace the opportunity. I expect a hundred dollars at least."

A sudden gloom spread over the before joyous party.

"You have been nicely trapped," whispered some one in Russell's ear; "Vanlyn is a cousin

of hers, and I've no doubt it was all planned before."

Russell grew pallid—he staggered and leaned for support against the window casement. Vanlyn approached him—

"What is the matter, Russell—are you sick?"

"No, nothing!—you theological students are not privileged to marry, are you?"

"No, not generally; but didn't you know that I took orders about a month ago?"

Russell started nervously forward—and Harry Connell, who had been standing near, said to himself as he turned away, "I would give worlds if I was in that fellow's place."

It was a relief to all when the proposition was made to return home. Russell could not be persuaded to take a seat in the same carriage with Edith. She was surprised that he did not join their party, but when Vanlyn explained his peculiarities, she at first felt indignant—then in a spirit of mischief called out, at the suggestion of one of them,

"Good-night, dear, take good care of yourself—I am sorry there is not room for you here."

Now the next day found Horace Russell in the office of one of the most eminent lawyers in the city. It was fully proved to him that the marriage was legal, and with a troubled brow and a heavy heart, he retraced his steps to his elegant apartments.

Covering his face with his hands, he threw himself upon a fauteuil, and mentally reviewed the scenes of the day before. He called to memory every look, every smile which could bear against Edith.

"It was a plot! an infamous plot!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet—"she would not have stood beside a stranger, and allowed such a ceremony even in jest, had she not dreamed of diamonds and jewels, and all the baubles a woman loves; but I will escape from her yet."

Meanwhile Harry Connell, who had overheard Vanlyn tell Russell that he had taken orders, called at Mrs. Bryant's, and was admitted into the charming little boudoir, where Edith passed her mornings when in.

The soft light falling through the curtains of rose colored silk, lit her pure complexion with a beautiful glow, and Harry thought her more exquisitely lovely than ever, as she rose to welcome him.

"I must call you Mrs. Russell now, Edith," he said, "it will seem very strange."

"Why, Harry, how foolishly you talk—I would not be Mrs. Russell for all the world."

"But, Edith, you are."

"But, Sir Harry, I am not, and if you do not wish to quarrel, do not insult me in that way. Mr. Russell is a delightful partner in a dance,

but in other respects anything but agreeable to me."

"Edith, I am in solemn earnest when I tell you that if he chooses he can claim you, and you might be compelled by law to live with him."

She grew pale with affright as she clasped her hands, and bent toward him, saying—

"Oh! Harry, do not frighten me so—it cannot be: Edward would never have done this—he surely would not."

"In his thoughtless levity, Edith, perhaps he forgot that the marriage would be a legal one, but his thoughtlessness does not excuse him."

"If you knew, why did you not interfere?"

"I did not know at the time that Vanlyn had taken orders; and even as it was, I was momentarily expecting him to stop."

Poor Edith was now in trouble. She flew to her mother the moment that Harry left, and told her all. Mrs. Bryant was equally alarmed, and sent for her lawyer to consult with him upon the subject. His opinion agreed with those already expressed.

Edith's fears, however, for a time were vain. Russell was widening the distance between them with all the speed which rail-cars and steamboats could accomplish. The affair came at last to be considered a joke, and Edith laughed at her own fears.

CHAPTER II.

Two years have passed, and Edith has long since found it impossible to reciprocate the love which Harry Connell eloquently plead; but there is another voice whose tones are music to her ears—another face whose smile is sunshine to her heart.

Arthur Algernon—the seeming proud, cold-hearted Englishman has wooed Edith to his beautiful home—the home which he has so luxuriously furnished; and there Edith reigns, the all but worshipped queen of his heart.

Her jewel-cases he has loaded with diamonds and pearls, and every beautiful thing which he could imagine would please and gratify her taste, but of all the regal jewels which Edith wears her husband prizes most the meek and gentle spirit of his loving wife. We did not know how strong a power love possessed to subdue and chasten the wild, untamed emotions of the heart, until Edith learned us the beautiful lesson.

Edith was but nineteen when Arthur clasping her pallid hand in his, bent beside her all-but lifeless form to kiss the brow of his first born. Tears dropped like rain from his eyes upon the snowy pillow, as a voiceless prayer arose from his heart, that she, his tenderly beloved Edith, might not be taken from him.

Day after day: night after night with unceasing

vigilance did he sit beside her couch, watching with eager hope the faint rose-tinge which began to steal over her transparent cheeks. At length, when pillowed in an easy-chair, she was able to sit up, and hold in her arms for a few moments the baby boy, whom she bent over with such doting fondness, Arthur was nearly wild with joy.

"Oh, Edith, my darling! thank God that you were spared to me, for life to me would have been worse than death without you. Ask of me what you will, there is not a thing under heaven I would not do for you, who have periled so much for me."

She remembered that promise in after days, when a trouble which she had never anticipated came like a blight upon her.

Edith's walks and rides were resumed, and at length she so far recovered her strength as to venture to accept an invitation to a bridal company. Beautiful! radiantly beautiful looked Edith, as gliding amongst the guests, she advanced to congratulate the bride. Suddenly she paused, and tremblingly clung to her husband's arm—"oh, Arthur! take me away! take me away!" she cried. His eyes followed those of his wife, and rested upon the troubled countenance of a stranger, who was looking reproachfully and steadily at Edith.

"Was it possible that his Edith had ever loved before?—if not, why this emotion?" This thought sped with lightning-like rapidity through his mind, and conducting his wife to a seat, he hastily left her.

It was Horace Russell whom Edith had seen; and the memory of all the unpleasant feelings which had followed the pic-nic, rushed through her mind at once. She knew it was but a jest, yet the strange expression upon his face annoyed her; and weakened by previous illness, she lost her presence of mind.

The first that Edith knew after her husband left her, was that Mr. Russell was standing beside her.

"I have been a wanderer for three years," said he, "haunted by one memory, and have returned to find that you have considered our unfortunate marriage as a jest."

"Do not speak so loud, I beg of you," gasped Edith.

"You cannot imagine how bitterly I feel toward those who have caused me all this unhappiness," commenced Russell, in a lower tone, "and I——" he stopped suddenly, for Edith, with a half-suppressed scream, fell backward. She had seen her husband's face reflected from behind her, in the large mirror opposite, and in the eyes were an expression which she had never seen before. As she met his gaze in the glass, he turned from her with a scornful, withering

look. It sped like an arrow to Edith's heart; and she fell lifeless against the cushions of the lounge.

They bore her from the crowded room—they bathed her marble brow and lips until she opened her eyes, and looked wildly around her.

"Oh! Arthur, take me home," was all she said, but in vain they looked for Mr. Algernon—he was not to be found.

Her carriage was waiting at the door; and Kate Connell, now Mrs. Vanlyn, accompanied her home. At Edith's urgent request they returned immediately to the party.

Edith went to her dressing-room, and despatching her maid to her own chamber, she threw herself upon her couch, weeping the first tears of bitterness she had known since her bridal.

She saw at a glance how her husband might construe the remarks he had overheard, "but, oh!" she sobbed, "how could he turn so sneeringly from me without asking an explanation?"

The hours passed on—and still she watched in vain. Weary, weak, and sick, she at length unrobed herself. Grieved to the soul at the want of confidence which her husband showed, and almost wild with impatience at his long delay, she sat upon the side of her low couch—ever and anon looking wistfully toward the French clock upon the mantel, and her small feet beating nervously upon the soft carpeting of the floor. At last, slowly swinging upon its hinges, the hall-door opened; cautiously she heard Arthur ascend the staircase, and pass into the room on the opposite side of the hall, which he had used during her illness. Wildly she threw her watch upon the floor as she rapidly crossed the wide hall, and tried the door of the apartment, it was locked.

"Open the door for me, Arthur—I have something to tell you, darling." There was no answer, and with trembling hands she beat upon the panels.

"For God's sake, let me alone," cried a hoarse voice, which she could hardly recognize as that of her husband.

Hurriedly Edith passed down the hall, and entered the room back, where the nurse and child were sleeping. Her light steps did not arouse them, and turning the key of a door in one side of the apartment, she stepped into her husband's presence. He hastily pushed something which he held in his hand into a half-opened drawer, but not so hastily but that Edith's whole frame trembled, for her quick eyes recognized the silver mountings of his pistols.

She forgot the indignation with which she was to meet him; the reproaches upon her lips died away, and terrified she clung to him, saying—"oh, Arthur! Arthur!" It was all she

could say, her tongue seemed palsied. He unwound her arms from about him as easily as he would the frail tendrils of a vine from its supporting stalk, and turned to leave the room.

"Arthur! listen to me!" she called after him.

"No, I will not listen to one word of self-defence. I should only despise you more." His hand was upon the door—again she clung to him—her beautiful face turned up beseechingly to his, and the auburn hair creeping in waves from beneath her coif. He spurned her from him rudely—a strange light flashed from his eyes as they raved about the room.

"Do not touch me again—God only knows what I shall do to you, if you persist." A cold shudder swept through Edith's veins, as in that glance she comprehended his meaning. Words rushed in torrents to her lips.

"Oh, Arthur! it would only be a more merciful death, for I am dying now—I am sure my heart is breaking!—don't leave me! listen but one moment. A few months ago you promised to grant me any request. Stop, Arthur—I claim the fulfilment of that promise. All I ask is, that you will listen to me—then if you think me to blame, I promise never to trouble you again. Let me close the door—there sit down here, I will not touch you. I will sit upon the carpet by your feet. Oh! my husband, press your hand upon my temples, and see how they throb and burn, and pity your poor wife—your true and loving wife. Arthur, you could not have thought that the words of that man were real! you could not so have mistrusted me who have slept so innocently beside you! You could not think that Edith—your worshipping Edith, would have deceived you!—oh! tell me so, darling!"

Sternly and steadily did Arthur Algernon gaze into these upturned eyes; in their clear depths he read nothing but purity and love. His heart smote him as he re-called all her tenderness; but then came with overpowering force the memory of those few words he had overheard—the entreating tones of his wife's voice as she implored the stranger to speak lower. Again his face was shadowed with its stern expression as he answered.

"Explain it to me if you can, Edith. God knows how gladly I would believe you. The thought of your having deceived me has come to me like a thunder crash in a clear and cloudless summer day, and every energy seems withered—every hope of the future blasted. It is too terrible for belief, and yet how can I doubt? When but a boy in years, I was bitterly deceived—led on to love another almost to the altar—when she calmly turned from me, and gave her hand to one who boasted a title, I learned to despise her, and yet I led an unsocial—a distrustful life,

until the after tie was broken in my native land. Then, alone in the world, I left my country. I came here, Edith, and met with you. For the first time I saw how trivial—how boyish had been my fancy for my early love, and at the same glance I saw how entirely was my whole heart—my whole being centered in you. I told you all—I concealed nothing. I was so wrapped in your love—so trustful of your innocence that I forgot to doubt. I believed you when solemnly before the altar, you said that you knew no just cause why we should not be united. You have since told me over and over again that I was your first—your only love. Oh! Edith! judge of my agony when I saw your embarrassment at meeting that stranger!—judge how with tenfold force the distrustfulness and unhappiness of my youth overwhelmed me, when I heard him claim you as his, through a private marriage, years ago. Oh, Edith! Edith! my once fondly loved wife, what explanation can do away with that memory? What contrition can atone for the horrible deception of the past? You have laid us both open to the laws of this land by your concealment; but the fear of that disgrace is as nothing to the whirlpool of misplaced affection which rages within my bosom. There is but one course for us, Edith," he paused—there was something in the glassy, fixed expression of Edith's eyes which startled him. She had shown no emotion since he had first begun to speak.

"Edith; do you hear me?" he questioned. She did not answer. He lifted her hand—it was cold, and the fingers were bent rigidly in—the ends of the nails buried in the palms: in vain he endeavored to force them open—he lifted her from the floor. Her limbs were so rigid he found it all but impossible to straighten them as he laid her upon the couch. Fearfully alarmed, he awoke the nurse, and left her in charge as he hastened for a physician. When they returned together, Arthur glanced toward the bed, where, like a marble statue, rested his once fondly cherished wife—as beautiful and as cold. The physician sought in vain to find some pulsation, while Arthur paced the room, muttering incoherently to himself.

At length he turned toward the physician, his eyes gleaming wildly, "what name shall we put upon the tomb-stone, doctor—Mrs. Algernon or Mrs. Russell? Ha, doctor, you look surprised, but I asked his name last night—they told me it was Russell; and they laughed maliciously as they asked me if my wife had not told me about him. Ah, doctor, we'll have two tomb-stones—I've got my pistols already—don't tell any one, and I'll make over my money to you; order two graves, and two tomb-stones, and we'll be

buried together—he wont quarrel with a dead man about his wife, and I can't live without Edith—my Edith,” and throwing himself on a couch beside her, he sobbed like a child.

The physician sent one of the servants immediately for a leecher, and in the meanwhile attempted to remove Edith's lifeless body, but Arthur only raved the more at each attempt. After leeching and copious bleeding he became more calm, and under the influence of narcotics at length slept.

Meanwhile Edith had been borne to her own room, and in removing her the nurse was startled by a short sigh, which was followed quickly by a heavier respiration. They immediately applied volatile salts to her nostrils, and sprinkled her face with vinegar and water, while the nurse hastened to prepare blisters for the feet. About this time Mrs. Bryant, who had been sent for, arrived—Edith's eyes, when first they opened, rested upon her.

“Oh! mother, dearest, where is Arthur?—tell me he has not left me.”

The physician answered—“your husband is near you, my child, but you must not talk—your life depends upon perfect quiet.”

“But tell me first, has anything happened?—oh, I remember all. Mother, go quick to Arthur and tell him all about that terrible jest—you know what I mean, mother—that pic-nic, where they persuaded me to be married in fun—oh, tell him that I had never seen Mr. Russell before—that I have never seen him since, until last evening. Mother, I am in earnest—do go and tell him. He overheard something which Mr. Russell said to me about the marriage, and it is this which has caused all this wretchedness.”

Several times had the physician essayed to prevent her speaking; but she would be heard—and now he understood all—Edith's cataleptic state and Arthur's ravings. He assured his patient that he would explain everything.

Dr. Winters left the room—he found Mr. Algernon sitting up in his bed, and looking wildly about him.

“Where is my wife, doctor? I have had a strange—a terrible dream.”

“She has quite recovered, I trust,” said Dr. Winters.

“Thank God,” said Arthur, falling back on his pillow, “I dreamed I had killed her.”

“She had a slight cataleptic attack, brought

on, I presume, by suddenly meeting a person for whom she has always entertained a great dislike—a Mr. Russell, whom she once met on a pic-nic, and to whom she was married in jest by your friend, Vanlyn. She was afterward told that the marriage was legal, and she suffered a great deal of anxiety at the time, fearing he might claim her, but he was as much frightened as herself, and he left the place suddenly. To her great relief, Vanlyn then acknowledged that he had hoaxed them all, by asking Russell if he knew that he had taken orders.”

Arthur buried his face in the pillow—with the wild tide of joy which rushed through his soul were mingled conflicting emotions.

“Doctor, I can never forgive myself,” he sobbed—“I do not deserve my angel wife. Go to her, I beg of you, and entreat her to see me—I have much to confess—much to explain.”

“She will need no entreaties, I can assure you, but I shall be obliged to forbid your meeting her to-day, for any sudden or violent emotion might produce a relapse. You need rest also, my friend, for you seem very feverish.”

After administering a composing draught to Arthur, Dr. Winters returned to Edith's apartment, to quiet her with the assurances of her husband's love.

A few weeks afterward, in Edith's pleasant drawing-rooms, a small company of fifteen or twenty were gathered. Among them were several of those who had accompanied her upon the unfortunate pic-nic.

“So Russell has been in the city,” said one.

“Yes, and when he saw how much more beautiful than ever Edith had grown, he was vexed beyond endurance because he did not woo her, when the advantage was all on his side,” answered Mrs. Vanlyn. “Do you know,” she said, turning to Edith, “that Harry never undeceived him about his having taken orders until this time of his being here, and poor Russell has not dared to pay attentions to any lady, for fear you would pounce down upon him. He really thought it was a bona fide marriage all the time.”

Kate wondered that Edith did not smile—but the subject had become too serious a one for her to laugh about. None of them ever knew how she had suffered for that day's thoughtlessness. Long since has she felt repaid by her husband's devoted fondness, and she well knows that never again will he doubt her truth and love.

DEATH.

WHAT is death?

A parted breath—

The Scriptures say—

The soaring of the soul away,

From out its cumbrous load of clay,

To live for aye,

In endless night or perfect day.

R. COE, JR.

"IT'S BUT A LITTLE MORE."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

LUCY VILLIERS, at eighteen, was the most beautiful girl of her set. Her parents were in moderate circumstances, but had educated her expensively, so that she was fitted by her accomplishments not less than her loveliness to move in the most refined circles. She might have married more than one wealthy admirer, if she had desired; but her affections were early fixed on Arthur Marsfield; and she had too much heart to sacrifice herself for mere lucre.

Arthur was not rich, though he was in a good business; and, for a young merchant, considered well off. But his usual prudence in money matters was laid aside whenever her gratification was in question; and Lucy unfortunately was less considerate than she should have been. She had expensive tastes, and it was her weakness to gratify them.

The young couple, on their return from the bridal tour, began to look out for a house. Several neat and commodious dwellings were pointed out to them, in bye-streets; but Lucy would hear of none of them; she had set her heart on a house in a fashionable quarter; and a tenement was finally selected there.

"It is nearly as large as those we were looking at up town," she said, to her husband, "and so much nearer your store. Besides it's far more genteel to live here than there: and then the rent is but a little more."

So the house was taken, and the furniture bought. Here Lucy's expensive tastes again infringed on her husband's purse. Arthur had set aside a certain sum, which he thought he could spare from his business, for the purpose of buying the furniture, resolving not to exceed it; and Lucy had praised the prudence of the measure. But when she became interested in purchasing, she speedily forgot this.

"Oh! Arthur, what a beautiful Wilton," she exclaimed, as they stood in Orne's carpet store. "How much prettier the patterns come in the Wilton than in the Brussels: and then they tell me the Wilton wears twice as long as the Brussels. True, the price is higher, but not much: and after all, it's but a little more."

So the Wilton was purchased, instead of the Brussels. It was the same way with other things. Arthur had intended to be content with hair-cloth chairs and sofas; but Lucy saw some damask covered ones at Volmar's, which were

far prettier, and in cost, as she said, were only a little more. The other cabinet furniture was bought on the same scale. At Henkel's, to which Lucy went last, there were some superb bedsteads, more elegant than any she had yet seen, and she could not resist buying them. In short, when Arthur came to sum up his accounts, thinking he had only exceeded his estimate by a hundred dollars or two, he found to his dismay that he had spent twice as much as he intended. A little more in every instance had actually doubled the aggregate.

Once fairly established in the new house, Lucy resolved on giving a party; and Arthur approved of the suggestion.

"It will, in part, return the civilities we have received," he said. "I hate to be under obligations. However, love, we must not be too grand in it, but study economy a little." Arthur still winced under the outlay of the furnishing.

That evening, when the sofa was wheeled before the grate, and the gas lighted after tea, Lucy began to plan her party.

"I have been looking about town to-day," she said, "inquiring the price of various articles; and I find, by going to Parkinson, and giving him a general order, I can save myself all trouble; while the cost will be but a little more."

Arthur approved of this suggestion. He did not wish to see his wife worried with anything, on the day of the party, for that would affect her looks: so the order was given to Parkinson.

"And what will you wear, Lucy? Your blue silk becomes you, but it is a little out of style: they wear dresses cut higher in the neck, don't they?"

"Yes," said Lucy, "and I must, therefore, either have another body made for it, or purchase an entirely new dress. To get a fresh body, I must buy more silk, besides having to pay as much almost for altering, as to make a new one. I saw some exquisite silks to-day at Levy's, and very cheap. I could buy a new dress, and get it made, so as to cost but little more."

Thus presented, Arthur saw no extravagance in the suggestion; and, wishing his wife to look as pretty as possible, he told her to buy the dress.

The summer soon came around. Arthur had but two weeks to spare for recreation, as his

partner wished also a holiday; and there was but a month of leisure for both. He thought, at first, of Cape May.

"Oh! don't let us go there," said Lucy, "one meets the same set at Cape May every year—always Philadelphians too, with a sprinkle of Baltimoreans. They charge nearly as high as at Saratoga too. The Wallaces are going to Saratoga, and want us to join the party; I have made a calculation of the cost, and it's only a little more than the Cape May trip would require."

Accordingly they went to Saratoga. But what with the higher fare, the day in New York, and the extravagant habits at Saratoga, Arthur found, on his return, that he had spent twice as much money as he had set apart for his summer trip.

And so it went on. Lucy loved her husband too well to squander large sums of money, which she knew he could not afford; she was never guilty of glaring extravagances, therefore: but she was continually spending "a little more" on everything than was necessary, never considering that each drop swells the bucket, but justifying herself with her favorite adage, "it's but a little more." In her table expenses it was the same way. A turkey would often greet Arthur at dinner, when he had expected only a plain joint; or he would be agreeably surprised by a terrapin supper, when coming home after a hard day's work. "I knew you would be hungry as well as weary," Lucy would say, kissing him, "and so I made something nice for you: and it cost but a little more."

At the end of the year, when all his bills came in, Arthur found that he had largely exceeded the allowance which he and his partner had each agreed to confine themselves within. As he himself had proposed this restriction, in order to increase the capital of the firm, he was now

ashamed to ask for an increase; and accordingly he borrowed money, on his private note, at a slight usury, to liquidate his bills.

He knew all this was wrong. He told Lucy it was absolutely necessary to be economical. But though both husband and wife resolved to be more careful in future, the old foibles remained with both; he was too ready to gratify her, where the expense was not excessive, and she was always wishing the costliest article, because, after all, it cost only a little more. Bad habits are not easily eradicated.

At the end of the second year, Arthur had run still further behind, and, instead of being able to liquidate his note, had to issue another of a larger amount. The third year it was still worse; and the fourth worse yet. The constant necessity he had for money on his private account was injuring his credit; he could no longer borrow except at an extravagant usury; and his partner, coming to a knowledge of his indebtedness, began to wish for a separation, and looked about for some one to supply his place.

Still the old habits continued. Arthur loved his wife too much, and was too weak in his character, to check her foible; and Lucy, though she really tried to be economical, could not get over the practice of buying the most elegant, in preference to the cheaper article, for, she said, "it's but a little more."

Arthur, having been civilly cast off by his partner, is now doing business on his own account. But his capital yearly grows less, while his credit is rapidly declining. Yet both he and Lucy, though they make occasional efforts to reform, are still victims to their old foibles; and, we fear, will continue so while they live. To this day, though now really poor, Lucy always buys a silk dress instead of a merino, "for," says she, "it's BUT A LITTLE MORE."

THE CHRISTIAN'S LONGINGS.

BY H. J. BEYERLE, M. D.

THERE is beyond the azure sky
A palmy vale of green,
A peaceful land where neither sigh
Is heard, nor tear is seen.

Ah! could I boast the eagle's wing,
Or share the eagle's flight,
I'd mount the wind, and upward spring,
Where all is calm and bright.

Yes, there beyond the star-lit vault
Where holy spirits roam,
Where cherubim His name exalt,
There would I be at home.

Time, hasten on! speed, speed thy flight!
Complete the work on me;
Oh! death, go through thy solemn rite,
And set my spirit free!

I long to break my mortal chains,
And leave my bonds of clay,
And fly aloft where pleasure reigns
Throughout the endless day.

And there, long as eternity,
There in that starry sky,
I'd praise the Lamb of Calvary,
As at His feet I lie.

THE VALLEY FARM; OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ORPHAN.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 212.

THE interview with Mrs. Warren, which I have just described, convinced me that my residence at the Hall would soon become insupportable. I had needed, indeed, all the assistance I could derive from religion, to enable me to endure the polite insolence of my employer.

I saw neither of the elder sisters that morning; but I guessed where one of them was. And, more than once, I was tempted to think with bitterness that the time had been when I was as petted, as admired, as happy as herself.

Late in the afternoon I stole out of the house, and sought a secluded walk in the park. My nervous system had been completely prostrated by the events of the last twenty-four hours; my head ached terribly; and I felt feverish and ill. The path I repaired to came out, at one point, on the river side, and crossing a rustic bridge that spanned a little rivulet, afforded a fine view of the wooded bluff lower down, which bounded the park on the side next to the river.

The sun was about to set, and as the stream looked toward the west, his almost level rays danced along the surface of the water, which was now rippled by a pleasant breeze. I took off my bonnet, and leaning against the wooden railing of the bridge, gazed at the sunset until I was lost in reverie.

Suddenly I heard the sound of many voices, accompanied by the tramping of horses' feet; and almost immediately a troop of gay equestrians came in sight. The riders were of both sexes, and only about fifty yards distant, being however separated from me by a bit of open woodland. The floating plumes of the ladies; the gallant bearing of the gentlemen; and the gay action of the thorough-breds, as the party glanced between the trees, formed a picture as spirited as can be conceived.

Involuntarily I drew back behind a high clump of rhododendron, for my heart told me Carrington was of the party; and, in a few seconds, the equestrians were out of sight.

I was just congratulating myself on my escape, when I heard again the tramp of the horses, and

directly the whole party appeared dashing down the gravelly hill, which led to the little bridge. The woods, at this part of the park, meandered in a perfect labyrinth through the original forest; and the equestrians, taking a sudden turn, had come down upon me, to my surprise, in the manner I have stated.

It was impossible for me to get away, for if I had moved forward, I should soon have been overtaken, so I shrank again under the shade of the rhododendron, hoping to escape recognition, yet almost certain I should not. I had scarcely done this when I heard Julia's voice, rising gaily above the merry conversation.

"Look down the river, Mr. Carrington, as you go by: the view of the wooded banks is very fine. At the extreme point, where the tower is, you can see the gilded vane glittering like fire in the sunset."

Down came the gay cavalcade, scattering the hard gravel under their horses' hoofs, laughing and chatting as if earth had not a care for them. Foremost of all rode Carrington, mounted on a powerful animal, which he controlled with an ease that made rider and horse seem one. Julia pressed close beside him.

At the edge of the bridge Carrington reined up his steed for an instant; and with his proud, quick eye took in the whole scene at a glance. He was so close to me that he might almost have heard the beating of my heart—or, if not that, at least my hurried breathing. Perhaps he did, for suddenly he turned, and his eye rested on me. Our glances met. A desperate resolution seized me; my look did not quail before his; I was resolved to read his very soul. He appeared to be actuated by the same motive. That calm, steady gaze of inquiry I shall never forget. At last, I could endure it no longer; I felt my cheek burning; my knees tottered; and, catching for support at the rhododendron, I dropped my eyes on the ground.

This scene had not lasted as many seconds as I have taken to describe it. Carrington had been ahead of the cavalcade, which now coming up,

crowded on the bridge, and his horse became restive. He curbed the high mettled animal, and looked again toward me, though still without a sign of recognition. But just at this moment, Julia playfully gave his horse a cut with her riding-whip, and the noble animal sprang forward, followed immediately by all the equestrians. In less than a minute the cavalcade had vanished from sight as rapidly as it had appeared.

When I began to reflect, I was mortified and angry. What right had Carrington to stare at me so rudely? Did his exalted position give him the license to insult one beneath him: no not one beneath him, but only less fortunate? He was changed from the Carrington I once knew, or he would not have acted thus to an unprotected female.

This indignation did more to take the bitterness from regret, than all my reasonings. I turned homeward, with a quick, proud step, and was soon in my own apartment.

The day following I kept close to the school room, seeing neither the young ladies nor their mother; and, on the whole, performed my duties with more calmness than at any time during the last forty-eight hours. The unworthiness of Carrington was now so firmly impressed on me, that I began to despise him: I felt as if he would be the one honored by a notice, not I.

At first I had resolved strictly to seclude myself, in order to avoid the repetition of insult; but as the day progressed, I changed my determination. "I will go out as usual," I said. "My health shall not suffer because of him, nor will I seem to avoid his presence. If he dares to approach me, I can protect myself."

Accordingly, after dinner, I took a book and sauntered out into the park. I chose, however, the least frequented parts of it, and when I heard voices, invariably turned aside. I had other reasons in this than the fear of meeting Carrington, for on both this and the preceding day, one of the whiskered fops, who had seen me in the drawing-room, had passed and re-passed beneath the school-window, as if to attract my notice.

Evening was drawing on, and it became time to return to the house. I, therefore, retraced my steps. I was already nearly in sight of the mansion, when I heard a quick tread behind me: it was a step I had once been familiar with, and my heart began to throb; but true to my purpose of neither avoiding nor seeking Carrington, I walked on at the same slow pace I had been pursuing.

In a moment my pursuer was at my side. I felt him turn toward me, though I did not look up; for I had been reading as I walked, and I kept my eyes on my book.

"Miss Lennox," said a hurried, agitated voice: and the shadow on the walk showed me Carrington hat in hand.

I still did not look up; but I felt my cheek tingle.

"Miss Lennox," repeated he, his tones agitated and trembling. "Surely I am not mistaken—for heaven's sake relieve this suspense——"

"Sir," I said, now raising my eyes, and looking him full in the face.

He shrank back abashed, and became pale as ashes. I had stopped, and drawn myself up to my full height, measuring him disdainfully, with my eye, from head to foot.

"Sir," I repeated, "I expect, as a woman, to be safe from insult, from a *gentleman*; but if my sex does not protect me, I shall appeal to Mrs. Warren, who can."

I turned coldly and haughtily away, and moved again toward the house, but without accelerating my pace.

For a full minute Carrington stood where I had left him, as if astounded; but soon I heard him again coming up the walk.

This time he passed me rapidly, and wheeling directly in front, cut off my further advance. His face was flushed, excitement marked his manner: I had never indeed seen him so agitated. Yet there was a look in his eye as if he had concluded on a purpose, which no power on earth could stay his carrying out. I soon discovered what that purpose was.

"Pardon me," he said, firmly, but respectfully. "I may appear insolent and rude; but I cannot be mistaken as to this being Miss Lennox I address; for though her whom I once knew as a courted heiress, I now see a dependant, and apparently friendless, there is that in her voice, her looks, her air, which not even the altered position, nor the change of name can conceal."

I found I could not pass without rudeness, so I drew back a step with a scornful lip.

"You despise me, or you think I would insult you," said Carrington, sadly. "Ah! Mary," he continued, suddenly changing his voice to its old, winning tone, "you do me injustice. Nay! pardon the use of that familiar name, but it is one endeared to me by a hundred associations. I have watched all day to see you. I recognized you, last night; but you would not speak to me; and I was afraid to bow first lest you should think me presuming; but afterward I resolved to see you at every risk, and leaving my company, I galloped back to where I had left you; but you were gone."

He spoke these last words in such a sad, mournful tone, that I began to be softened: there was evidently something here that I ought to know, before I fully condemned him.

"I hear you have been here some time," he resumed, "and that you were in the drawing-room, the other evening——"

"Then you did not see me?" I said, surprised into speaking.

"No, I was at the other end of the room," he replied, quickly, "engaged in conversation. Once, as I waltzed around with Miss Warrene, I thought I recognized something familiar in the person of the lady at the piano; but your back was toward me; and, a few minutes later, when I thought of it again, you had gone."

His allusion to Julia hardened anew my fast melting resolutions. I was again cold as an icicle.

He had stopped, thinking I would speak, but finding I did not, he went on.

"I could not have fancied, for a moment, that I would find you thus. I had heard that you no longer lived with your uncle, or I would have waited on you long ago. For nearly two years I have been anxious to see you. Once, months since, I thought, for an instant, I had found you: it was when walking with the Rev. Mr. N——, in the city; but your attire, the twilight, the strange town, all assured me it was not you; and this opinion was confirmed when I found, from my companion, who knew you, that your name was a strange one to me. But it is the name, I now find, you go by here; and it was you, I know, that I met."

Again my anger gave away. He had desired, for more than two years, to see me. What could it be for? I would, at least, hear. Besides, his voice had an influence over me I had not calculated upon; for it re-called a thousand old associations.

"I knew you," I said.

"Did you?" And his eyes sparkled, and he drew a step nearer to me.

I began to tremble, said it was late, and quickened my step. Why I did so, I can scarcely, even at this day, tell.

"There is still half an hour till dusk," said Carrington, earnestly, "and I beseech you, as you would not do a fellow creature injustice, grant me that little interval of time? I have that to tell you which, now that I have thus providentially met you at my cousin's house——"

"Your cousin's house!" I said, in astonishment, suddenly stopping, and looking into his face.

I thought of Julia, and of his waltzing with her. If she was his cousin, my jealousy was entirely groundless; for this close relationship explained his attentions to her. "Your cousin's house!" I said.

"Certainly! Did you not know that the Warrens and I are first cousins?" he answered,

eagerly, perhaps suspecting what was passing in my mind. "My father was a Warrene, but changed his name in a fit of anger at my grandfather, because the latter entailed this noble estate on his elder brother, the father of Julia. Why I thought you knew all this?"

"No, I did not." I stammered these words out, I knew not how. I felt that I was blushing crimson, and that Carrington's eyes were upon me; and I feared he was reading what passed in my heart.

I should have been vexed, at any other time, at having thus betrayed myself; but my joy was too great, at this moment, for any other emotion. I knew enough of Carrington to be certain that he would never marry a first cousin; for, I had heard him frequently speak of such unions as in violation of the laws of nature. I no longer feared Julia.

And if he did not love her, I reflected, he was not trifling with me. His earnest, submissive manner now had its full weight with me. Throughout the whole interview, up to this point, I had been unable to reconcile his behavior to Julia with his deference to me; but now all was clear. A rush of delicious emotions swept through me as my heart whispered that he loved me.

His penetrating eyes were still upon me. Gradually they beamed with the old look of affection. I felt that I could not meet them, without betraying myself, so I looked resolutely on the gravel-walk. But I could not conceal the trembling of my whole person.

Carrington had walked, for a moment, beside me without speaking. He now placed my hand silently within his arm, and turned down a leafy avenue through which streamed, in bars of gold, the rays of the setting sun.

I did not resist him. How could I? My agitation, notwithstanding my efforts to conceal it, increased every moment.

"Mary," he said, with a voice low and winning, and with a look eloquent with respectful affection, as my eyes met his an instant as he spoke. "Mary, I am no longer a penniless, unknown young lawyer, who while he loved with his entire soul, yet feared, in consequence of his poverty, to press his suit. I am, on the contrary, of competent means, and not without reputation, as the world goes. More than this, I have become, within little more than a year, heir to this splendid property, by the death of my uncle's only son; for Warrene Hall is entailed on the heir-male. But all that I have, or ever expect to have, I would willingly lay down, if I could live over the last three years of my life."

He had taken my hand, meantime, which lay across his arm. I did not withdraw it. Indeed

I was scarcely conscious, just at that instant, of the action, for I was thinking that his being the heir explained why Julia so evidently courted him.

My silence, and my permitting this liberty, encouraged him to proceed.

"I would live it over willingly, at any sacrifice," he resumed, bending low toward me, "for there was a time when, if you did not love me, you did not scorn me; and I fear that my conduct may have made you despise me since, and inevitably so. But, Mary, through all I have loved you; and my seeming forgetfulness has sprung entirely from that love. I was poor, and did not know but you were too. To have asked you to be my wife would have been to consign you to comparative want, and require sacrifices from you which I was too proud to ask. Report indeed called you an heiress, but the same pride would have checked me, had you been one; for, at that period, I was too haughty to accept fortune from a bride. Yet it was a terrible struggle. At one time, I conquered this pride, and gave myself up entirely to the hope of winning you; but a conversation—you may remember it—on the last evening we met, shook my purpose, by again alarming my haughty, my foolishly haughty spirit."

He pressed my hand, as he spoke. My heart was beating fast and loud. I remembered that, in the eventful interview he spoke of, I too had given way to pride; and had expressed sentiments which might well have irritated, even angered him.

Oh! how I reproached myself now for the misery I had brought upon Carrington and myself. Instinctively, as if I owed him some expiation, I returned faintly the pressure of his hand. He clasped my fingers tightly in his own, and went on breathlessly.

"As I could not resist your influence, while in the habit of seeing you, I resolved to cease visiting at your uncle's house, hoping to overcome my passion. Stoically and resolutely I deprived myself of what was the dearest of privileges. I persuaded myself that it was selfish, if you were poor, to seek your hand; that it was mean and dishonorable, if you were rich. But I could not conquer my love for you. A hundred times have I walked by your window, at midnight, watching till your candle should be extinguished, and happy if I could catch occasionally the shadow of your person on the curtains. They say that a strong man can easily subdue an affection; but I do not believe it: certainly, if the object is worthy of it, he cannot. And, in spite of all, I worshipped you, in my heart, as worthy in all respects of the most enthusiastic love: a woman who would suffer all things,

conquer all things, dare all things for affection's sake."

He looked at me as he thus spoke, and our eyes met. Mine were full of tears, joyful, exulting tears; and his beamed with a respectful, yet deep devotion, which was inexpressibly dear to me.

"You did me but justice," I faltered.

Speech was scarcely necessary between us now. Our souls questioned and answered, through our looks, with electric rapidity.

He whispered, at last,

"Am I forgiven?"

I made no answer in words; I do not even know that I looked at him; the only recollection I have is of a feeling of gentle reproach that he should doubt it. But, the next instant, he had drawn me toward him; my face was buried on his broad chest; and his manly strength supported my trembling and agitated limbs.

I knew that I was beloved, and that he had never scorned me. His desertion had sprung from the proud chivalry of a high and noble nature, a fault that I, or any loving woman, could forgive, and with rapture.

After a while Carrington spoke.

"I have long seen my error," he said, "for I am wiser, I trust, than when I was younger. I then doubted the readiness of your sex to make sacrifices, perhaps because I had seen too much of mere conventional females, girls like my cousin Julia, or her sister. Ah! had I known you, as you are, I should have had more faith; and I ought to have known you too. That I did not has been my reproach. Can you indeed forgive me?"

I could, I did. But I thought, "had man half the faith of woman, how much happier both would be." Perhaps Carrington surmised my thoughts, for he said,

"I fancied I knew human nature too well to expect that you, a petted heiress, would accept the fortunes of a poor and unknown lawyer. Disappointments had made me distrustful. But I did injustice to your pure and unselfish nature."

"And to that of every true woman," I replied.

"Oh! believe me, there is no greater happiness, when we love, than to make sacrifices for those to whom we have given our affections."

I looked up enthusiastically as I spoke. He clasped me again to his bosom, saying,

"Heaven bless you! you are a saint: too good, and noble, and forgiving for one like me. What would man be without woman's less selfish spirit: you are celestial messengers, sent to purify us on earth, and prepare us for Paradise."

I slid from his embrace, yet with tears in my eyes, for I felt the contagion of his enthusiasm. But I replied, smiling,

"Nay! if you are going to indulge in rhapsodies, I must leave you. And, seriously," I said, with sudden alarm, "my absence from the Hall will be missed: it grows dark: indeed, indeed I must return."

He had begun to shake his head in the negative, but my earnestness silenced him; and as I now walked hurriedly in the direction of the house, he accompanied me.

When we had nearly reached the end of the walk, terminating in the lawn before the house, which was usually at this hour crowded with visitors, I looked at him imploringly. He understood me.

"I will leave you now," he said, "to spare you the curious stare of these empty fools of fashion; but, to-morrow, when I have explained all to Mrs. Warrene, I may expect—may I not?—an afternoon's walk with you."

I thought of Julia, and her disappointment, for I knew she really liked him; and, strange as some may think it, I commiserated her.

I gave him my hand: he raised it to his lips; and then, springing through the shrubbery, he disappeared from sight.

With what different emotions I entered my room, from those which I had entertained on leaving it! In looking around it, everything seemed a hundred fold more comfortable than before; and I wondered at myself for having spent so many unhappy hours in it.

My first thought was to cast myself on my knees, and return thanks to heaven for my present great joy.

Then I rose, took off my bonnet, and began mechanically to arrange my hair. I was struck, on catching the reflection of myself in the glass, with the change in my appearance. My listless look had entirely vanished. My eyes sparkled; the color had returned, as of old, to my cheeks; and the whole countenance wore an expression of animated happiness.

I was continually thinking of the strange events of the day. I sat down, and while the roseate blushes covered my face, so that I hid it, all alone as I was, in my hands, I endeavored to re-call, word by word, and incident by incident, everything that had passed: how haughty I had been at first; how suppliant yet determined Carrington; and how at last he had induced me to listen to his explanation, and hear the blessed words that I had been loved all the time.

I was still lost in such delicious reveries, and twilight had darkened the room, when I heard the whirr of rapid wheels on the gravel-walk below. Supposing it some new arrival, I remained in my chair, and surrendered myself again to my reflections.

Soon, however, I heard steps coming rapidly along the corridor; they paused at my door; and there was a loud knock. I rose, trembling like a leaf, for I was entirely unnerved. As I opened the door, the maid servant appeared, and was about speaking, when some one behind her pushed forward, and Carrington, emerging from the gloom of the passage, approached me.

"Do not be alarmed," he said. "But your aunt is ill, and wishes to see you; she would be reconciled with you, before she dies. An express is at the door."

I did not pause to reflect how, after so long a time, my relatives had at last discovered my residence: I only thought of my aunt sick, and perhaps dying; and deep pity took the place of the anger which I had long since learned to consider sinful.

"I am ready to go at once," I answered, and burst into tears. Late events, I have said, had unnerved me; and this summons to a bed of death completely broke me down. I staggered and would have fallen, had not Carrington sprung forward and caught me.

By this time lights had been brought. Mrs. Warrene and Julia too had followed the servants up stairs; and now stood amazed at the spectacle they beheld.

But Carrington gave them no time to express astonishment. With ready presence of mind he issued the orders that were proper in the circumstances.

"Get some apparel together for her," he said, turning to the maid servant. "Julia, you know what, tell the girl: and be quick!" Then addressing me, he said, as he carried me to a chair, "you are faint, Mary, let me get you a glass of water."

He poured out a goblet full, and held it while I drank; for my hand trembled too much to perform the task myself.

In a minute or two I rose, saying I was ready.

"Will you not wait till you are stronger?" he said, anxiously.

"No, I will go at once, thank you!"

"Lean on me then," he said, offering me his arm.

The crowd of spectators made way for us, while Carrington bore, rather than led me down stairs: Mrs. Warrene's cat-like eyes fairly blazing with rage as she looked.

Before I was fully aware of it, Carrington had lifted me into the carriage. A servant had followed with my trunk, which was lashed on behind.

"I will see you soon: there is a footman on the box to protect you," he said. "God bless you, Mary!"

He pressed my hand, closed the door, and

bade the coachman drive on. The next instant the carriage was whirling down the avenue, the gravelled road grating harshly under the rapid wheels.

We travelled for about two hours, when we drew up at a country tavern, to change horses. The carriage-door was opened, and John, my uncle's footman, presented himself.

"Won't you get out for a minute, Miss Mary?" he said. "We have a long ride before us, and a cup of tea will refresh you. I have your uncle's letter too, which you have not read: Mr. Carrington gave it back to me, and told me to hand it to you after awhile."

I wanted no nourishment, but I would alight, I said, to read the letter.

It was written hurriedly, and in few words, but kindly. I have it still by me.

"Dear niece," it said, "come back to us again. We have never been happy since you left us. Why did you desert us? You should not have taken a passionate old man at his word; for he never meant to part from you, though, in an angry moment, he said so. I have sought a clue to your residence in vain, until to-day, when, for the first time, I learned it. Forgive your old uncle, and return."

"If you will not come back for me, come back for a dying woman. Your Aunt Sarah is rapidly failing, and has now but one wish on earth: it is to be reconciled to you. She has done you, she says, great wrong; in the near prospect of death, she sees that she never understood you. Come back! We have both been to blame, and can never be happy again till you return to make sunshine in our home."

I knew that it must have cost my uncle a great effort to write thus; and I felt, more than ever, that I too had been not without errors.

I kissed the paper, wetting it with my tears: then I placed it reverently in my bosom.

Who could have told my uncle of my residence, I asked myself, when the carriage was once more in motion? Had he grown older in looks? And my aunt, how was she altered? Could it be that her hard, cold, formal spirit had melted at last? It must be so, I thought, or she would not thus seek a reconciliation with me.

But I will not linger upon the journey. On the afternoon of the second day I found myself at my uncle's.

He must have been watching for the carriage, for the moment it stopped he appeared on the steps. I had just time to see that his hair was of a deeper grey than when we parted, and that he was no longer as erect as formerly, when the coach-door was thrown open. Without waiting to be assisted, I sprang out, rushed up the stoop, and fell into his arms.

"Uncle, dear uncle," I said, "will you take your runaway again to your heart?" Then I burst into tears.

"God bless you, Mary," he said, the big drops raining down his furrowed cheeks. "I see you have forgiven us. God bless you, dear child!"

He would have carried me into the parlor, but I broke from him, returned again, caught him in my arms, and fairly bore him into the room myself, where, placing him on the sofa, and throwing myself on his knees, I put my arms around his neck, laughing and crying hysterically.

The old man had tried to compose himself in the hall, but could not entirely keep back the tears, as I have said; but now, at seeing my joy, and perceiving how I still loved him, he sobbed aloud like a child.

At last he spoke.

"For this my daughter was dead, and is alive again: was lost, and is found." He held me from him, as he said this, looking lovingly at me through his tears.

And, as if the words were framed for me by a higher Power, I answered, throwing myself into his arms again.

"Where thou goest, there will I go: thy country shall be my country; and thy God, my God."

We spent nearly half an hour together, for my aunt was asleep, and my uncle had much to say. He would know all about my late life, and though I tried to conceal some of the privations incident to it, he would force me, by his searching questions, to confess them. At such times, when I had answered him, he would sigh, blame himself for it all, and press me anew to his heart.

I thought I could willingly endure everything again, to be thus welcomed home. He was a thousand times kinder than he had ever been in the old days, happy as they were.

At last I asked him how he had discovered my retreat. He answered,

"It was through a friend of yours, the Rev. Mr. N——. He had met you in ——, and become interested in you, though without knowing, for a long time, your real name; for he early saw that you were not what you pretended to be. You seemed averse to confidence, however, and he did not press it; but, a few months since, when he happened to be walking with Mr. Carrington, you passed them; and his companion fancied he knew you. Mr. N——, however, told him your name, on which he said he had been mistaken; but afterward he spoke of your true story in a way to lead Mr. N—— to suspect that you were the person Carrington suspected. Of this, however, he said nothing, but when he removed to our city early this summer, prosecuted inquiries, which convinced him his suspicion was

correct. When he had come to this conclusion he called here, thinking it his duty to acquaint us with your whereabouts. The information came providentially, for your aunt was fast failing, and she wished to see you, and be reconciled, before she died."

A servant now came to announce that my aunt was awake, and, hearing of my arrival, desired to see me.

My heart began to beat fast. I dreaded this interview. I had long since forgiven my aunt; I even pitied her, and strove to love her; but I could not bring myself to feel for her that amount of affection which I feared I ought to entertain. Her cold nature had nothing that appealed to mine.

But I was to see her under a different aspect, changed in everything except the name.

When I entered the chamber, she was sitting in her bed, supported by pillows, her look eagerly fixed upon the door. The glassy eye; the sunken cheek; and the emaciated hand showed that the fatal disease of our climate, consumption, had marked her for his own. I was startled at the fearful ravages which the disorder had made. Indeed I should not have known her if I had met her elsewhere.

The imploring, eager look with which her eye met mine I shall never forget. She must have been changed radically for her proud spirit to solicit forgiveness, as it did in that glance. Her humility cut me to the heart, it was so deep, so unexpected. Besides, I had never seen a death-bed but once before, and then it was my mother's: this was re-called to me forcibly by the present scene, and melted me at once. I rushed forward, and fell on my knees at the bedside, kissing the hand which my aunt held out to me feebly.

"Mary," she said, speaking with difficulty, "do you forgive me?"

Forgive her! I forgot all, in that moment: I had nothing to forgive. Had she not, at my mother's death-bed, when I was about to be left a solitary orphan, promised to take charge of me; and had she not, to the best of her judgment, though often in a mistaken and even cruel manner, endeavored to fulfil her obligation? Ought I, at an hour like this, to think of aught but gratitude?

"Do not speak of the past, dear aunt?" I said. "You did all for the best. I was wilful—we did not comprehend each other—you were my earliest friend—"

I spoke with sobs and tears, kissing her thin, transparent hand again and again.

She interrupted me.

"No, Mary," she said, "it was I that was to blame. I was older than you, and should have

known better. You were right, I now see, in refusing to marry Thornton; and it was cruel, wicked in me to set my brother's heart against you, and drive you from his house."

She was becoming much agitated, and tears were rolling from her eyes. The nurse interposed enjoining silence, but it was too late; a violent fit of coughing had been already brought on. I had never seen an invalid in the last stages of consumption, and the racking of that spasm shocked me inexpressibly.

At last the coughing ceased, and she lay back exhausted on the pillow, still however holding my hand, which she had retained through the whole. Perhaps five minutes passed, during which she regarded me sadly, or lay with closed eyes. Finally she looked up and spoke again.

"Oh! my dear niece—oh! my brother," she said, "on a bed of death all the wrongs of our lives rise in array against us. The self-righteousness and cold formalism, with which we have cajoled our consciences, desert us amid the shapes and shadows of the dark valley. I have trusted to a broken reed. I have been strong in my own perfection. And now I am to enter the dread river, with nothing to lean upon. Oh!" she exclaimed, half rising, and looking wildly around, "what shall I do to be saved?"

Such paroxysms as these, I was told, were not unfrequent. A fear of death frequently possessed her to such a degree that it dangerously aggravated her disease. It is terrible to see a soul discovering, at the last hour, that its whole life has been a deceit!

But there is hope even at the eleventh hour, if there is faith. The good old bishop, a fast friend of our family for many years, often visited the bed-side of the invalid, and read to her the prayers of the church. He joined his own exhortations, too, to these consoling petitions. At other times, with his consent, the Rev. Mr. N—— temporarily filled his post. Through the ministrations of these two, the agony of the invalid's mind was gradually soothed. "No longer depending on Pharisaical observances, but relying on the mercy of heaven," she said, "I find peace." The hard, cold look, which had always repelled me, passed from her brow; her smile became sweet and child-like; and her manner, once so icy, gushed with affection for us all.

She could now scarcely bear to have me out of her sight. She would hold my hand for hours, silently watching my face, or listening while I read to her from the cheering promises of the Gospel. Or she would sink into restless slumbers, in which my name would be murmured with many an endearing epithet.

But whenever she saw me worn out with watching, she would deny herself my society,

and insist on my going out for a ride or walk. At such times, if I did not obey her, she felt hurt: so, after a single refusal, I invariably went.

On one of these occasions I found, on my return from a walk, that Carrington was in the parlor. He greeted me with a subdued joy. I was not astonished at his presence, for I had received several letters from him, and it was with my consent that he had now come.

"I was here this morning," he said, "but would not interrupt you, for I heard you were with your aunt. How pale you are grown, Mary. And yet," he added, "you are more beautiful in my eyes than ever, for your thin cheek comes, they tell me, from incessant watchfulness at your aunt's bed-side."

It was inexpressibly dear to me to be thus commended; and my eyes involuntarily thanked the speaker.

We conversed for a few minutes, and then Carrington said,

"I will not detain you from your duty. Go, angel of mercy, and watch at the couch of the dying."

But, as I was about to depart, he took my hand, looked into my face, and said,

"I have seen your uncle, Mary, and all has been explained. In return he has promised you shall be mine, with his free consent, whenever I can persuade you to approve."

I was now more eager than before to glide away, but he detained me still.

"And your uncle told me," he said, "that which exalts you tenfold in my estimation." I blushed, fearing I had been betrayed. "Yes! Mary, I now know that you left your uncle's house, because they wished you to marry where you could not love, and I bless heaven that I am to have such a wife. Had I but been truer to myself, and to you, you might perhaps have loved me earlier."

I felt relieved by these words. Some day he would know all the truth; but I could not tell him yet.

It was about a fortnight after this that, one afternoon, the good bishop and Mr. N—— met by my aunt's bed-side. Between these two men there had grown up a mutual appreciation and affection, which was beautiful to behold in clergymen of such opposite sects. As they stood there, by the dying woman, they presented a striking contrast, and yet one full of harmony. The bishop, venerable for his great years, a living remnant, as it were, of an apostolic age; with his thin grey hair, his slightly stooping figure, and his countenance to which meekness and goodness gave a spiritual beauty indescribable! The other with his large frame; his blazing eye;

the firm compression of the mouth; and that expression of power, which glowed in every line of his massive face, yet power controlled by Christian faith and dedicated to holy purposes!

I could not have known my aunt for the same person she had been when I first returned, much less for the cold, hard, unsympathizing monitor of my youth. Her entire nature was changed. For weeks she had been growing more and more child-like, until now her whole nature was dissolved in humility, in faith, in tenderness.

The afternoon wore on. Toward sunset the invalid requested the windows to be thrown open: she could not get breath, she said; the fresh air of heaven must blow over her, or she should stifle.

When the cool, delicious breeze came eddying into the room, blowing the white curtains about, and imparting its fragrance and freshness to the confined atmosphere, she half rose in bed, as if suddenly restored to strength.

All at once the chimes of a neighboring church began to ring, as they always did at the vesper hour. The aerial music, coming and going in gushes, was inexpressibly solemn, yet sweet, at that bed of death. The sounds struck the invalid's ear, but her mind had begun to wander.

"The angels are coming down," she whispered, smiling, and lifting her finger, "hush!—their music fills the sky—there are millions overhead."

She was looking up to the ceiling, with enraptured gaze.

Suddenly she stretched out both her arms, as a child when it meets a parent. An ineffable smile irradiated her countenance. At that instant the chimes gave forth a final peal, that made the whole atmosphere dizzy with harmony. When the burst of music was over, she fell back, apparently exhausted.

There was a solemn hush for a moment: then the physician, who had stood watching her, laid his hand upon her pulse, and shook his head.

Mr. N—— took me kindly by the hand, to lead me from the room.

"Our sister is at rest," he said. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

We buried her, at her own request, in the church-yard contiguous to the old Valley Farm. There all of our family had been laid, for many generations, ever since the country had been settled indeed.

When the solemn services were over, I walked apart to the grave of my mother. The grass was growing thickly over it, and the head-stone was green with damp; but a rose-bush, which had been planted by it, still blossomed, and showers of falling leaves strewed it, making the air fragrant around.

But I thought less of the mortal body which

had been laid there, than of the glorified spirit on high. I was musing, yet not sadly, when Mr. N—— came up.

He knew it was my mother's grave, and he seemed to divine my thoughts.

"They are happier than we," he said, "for their journey is over, while ours is still before us. But they smile down on us from Paradise, my daughter, and bid us be of good cheer; for if we live a life of duty, remembering that this earthly existence is but probationary, we shall surely join them at last; and when the blessed hour of our departure comes, they will be the first to meet us, as we come up out of the dark river, with white garments shining and hosannas upon our tongues."

I was leaning on the arm of Carrington, who had come down to the funeral. Our friend now took a hand of each and joined them.

"She whom we have just laid at rest," he said, glancing at the newly-made grave of my aunt, "had her whole life, as she told me in her dying hours, perverted by a slighted affection. She grew hard, cruel, formal under it: she almost made shipwreck of her soul. You, my children, came near falling into a similar error: pride of heart, and a false conventionalism had almost separated you: oh! what misplaced lives, perhaps what eternal destinies marred forever, you have escaped."

Carrington pressed my hand fervently, and I felt the tears coming into my eyes.

"Here, by your mother's grave, Mary," said Mr. —, "I pray God to bless your union. I believe you each feel the holiness of the tie you are soon to assume. Marriage is not for time only, but its consequences last to eternity. In a true marriage, between hearts rightly disciplined by faith, male and female are co-workers together; each strengthens the other and increases the mutual happiness; and life, instead of being a mistake, as with too many who marry without proper views, becomes a glorious hymn, a perfect harmony, in praise of the great Giver of all good."

I looked up at Carrington. Our eyes met. In that look of mutual affection I felt an earnest that our married life would be of the kind thus enthusiastically described.

"Yes! my children," resumed the speaker, "life here is but a preparation for the one to come. We are, every minute of our earthly existence, fitting ourselves for another world: and it behooves us, if we would preserve the time, to press forward incessantly. Progress is the law of heaven, as of earth. The glorified saints have their work to do as well as we, and they do it the better for having begun while in mortal flesh. The angels are not idle, nor have

they been, since the morning stars first sang together. Every one, in heaven, presses onward. The hierarchs succeed each other, as the saints succeed them. Abraham and Enoch, and the prophets of old are now, perhaps, where the angels once were; while the angels fill the place that the archangels occupied, when, looking from the gates of Paradise, they saw this round world launched, like a golden ball, into the abyss of space. Press on, therefore, my children: you have started rightly; and may God assist you in the race!"

When, a few weeks later, I took the solemn vows that made me Carrington's for life—for we thought that, with our views of the married relation, the death of my aunt need not delay the solemn ritual—I still remembered this conversation: nor have I to this day, though years have elapsed, forgotten what was then said. My marriage was not as others, a scene of thoughtless frivolity; it was, on the contrary, the most serious day of my life. Feeling that I was undertaking momentous duties, I prayed that I might rightly fulfil them, that I might be a true helpmate in all things for my husband.

Do all my sex enter the marriage state thus? Oh! if they would, how few would be unhappy—how rare would be, that now constantly increasing evil, divorce!

My readers, perhaps, tire of me. In some things, I know, I have been prolix; but my object has been to set forth, honestly and fully, all that could benefit others, by showing my own errors, and the errors of those about me. If we would all do this, we might hope for amendment.

Even this world, sometimes, brings retribution. A cruel law had made me a beggar in childhood, but the same law, years afterwards, raised me to opulence.

I had been married only a twelve-month, when Mr. Warrene died, and my husband, as heir to the entail, became the proprietor of Warrene Hall. On this he took up his residence on the family estate, the widow having declined to remain there, though my husband offered not to interfere with her occupation of it while she lived.

"The law gives it to me," he said, "but laws are not always right. Half the income shall be yours, or your family's: it is the share of my grandfather's estate, to which each of his two sons was entitled. I surrender it as your due right."

But Mrs. Warrene, though she took the fortune thus offered, declined to remain at the Hall: she preferred the city, she said.

Prior to this, however, Julia had married an impoverished German count, allured by his title, as he was by her supposed wealth. Her sister eventually ran away with her dancing-master.

Isabel was of that thoughtless, frivolous character which no mistaken alliance can long affect; but Julia, who had more of the elements of greatness in her, is evidently miserable. Whether she ever really loved my husband, or only admired him, and coveted his position and wealth, I have never been able to learn.

I must not forget Ellen. Poor girl, she never returned from her visit to the country! In the autumn, only a few weeks after my aunt's death, I was summoned to her side, and watched her closing hours. The cough, to which Mr. N—— alluded so feelingly, had done its work. Another victim of consumption was gathered to the grave.

Mrs. Pope remained with her relations, and did not long survive her daughter. They lie side by side.

My uncle, too, has long been gathered to his rest. He sleeps, near my mother, in the old ancestral grave-yard. He resided with Carrington and me, from our marriage, till he descended to the tomb, peacefully and composedly, "like a shock of corn fully ripe."

Dear uncle! he loved me, as men love only the child of their old age. Our separation, for awhile, and the conflict that accompanied it, had drawn us still nearer together; and he seemed to me, ever after, more a father than a mere relative.

My boy is named after him, as my daughter is after my mother. Aunt, parent, uncle, they all, I trust—the sorrows and errors of this life over—look down on me from heaven. May I meet them there!

My husband and myself, meantime, endeavor

to fulfil the duties which appertain to our station, and to our relations to each other, and to society; always remembering that life is but a scene of probation, and that nothing we can do, however slight, but strikes chords which vibrate onward to Eternity and upward to the throne of God.

My husband is still a public man, believing that he can do more good "in the dust and heat of the highway," than if set apart, like others, for a more holy office. Our old friend Mr. N—— commends him for this. "You have the faculties for an active, influential life, exert them in that sphere, therefore," he says. "Believe me, it is a common error to suppose that the ministry is the only proper place for a man of talent, who is a Christian."

And yet we are not friends to asceticism; for we do not think that it is true religion. To do good, to be happy, this is our creed; and we seek to reduce it to action. Formalists sometimes condemn us, but so did the Pharisees when the Saviour plucked corn on the Sabbath.

Have I succeeded in the only purpose for which I began this autobiography—to show that it is only through the furnace of affliction, that we learn to lead a truer life? My trials have taught me to feel for the poor, to compassionate the suffering, and to tolerate the erring; for I have experienced, in myself, poverty, suffering, and sorrow.

I feel that as God has boundless mercy for us, so we should have it toward our fellows. There is a meaning, to be learned only by sorrow, in the words—"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

THE HAUNTING OF THE DEAD.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

I AM haunted at the midnight
When my weary head
On the pleasant pillow lies,
And dull sleep has closed my eyes,
Haunted by the dead.

From the grave, and from the billow,
Where for weary years
They have slept their quiet sleep,
Till my eyes have ceased to weep
And forgot their tears.

In the forms once lost and buried
They appear again,
And they haunt me till a fear,
And a shadow black and drear,
Falls upon my brain.

Is there truth in olden fables?
Do the dead arise?
Is the grave's dark deep unblest

While upon the sleeper's breast
Wrong or sorrow lies?

Have I wronged the dead? Accuse me
Spirits of the past
If a shadow or a stain
From my erring hand or brain
On your graves is cast.

In the name of God's great justice
Ask ye aught from me?
Is there work for human hand
That your speechless lips demand
Ere your rest shall be?

Never from their pale lips breaking
Comes one answering tone,
But they sit, unmoved and stark
Through the midnight cold and dark
In my chamber lone.

HOW TO GET RID OF AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

BY MISS ELLA RODMAN.

A VERY pretty village was the village of S——; and one too that boasted something more than the usual allowance of one church and two rival store-keepers, with the minister's wife and doctor's wife for aristocracy, and the *great house* to afford a never-ending subject of wonder and admiration to the inhabitants. Not at all; it was quite a collection of pretty villas, whose owners went to town at least twice a week in their own conveyances—and were, therefore, quite *au fait* upon the subject of fashions. Indeed, they were as well-dressed a community as you would meet anywhere; and prided themselves particularly upon knowing just how everything should be done.

It was to this aristocratic little nook that Walter Evertson, the young lawyer, conveyed his bride soon after their marriage. He had settled there sometime before, an entire stranger, but his prepossessing appearance and agreeable manners soon won both friends and clients; and the great ones of S—— patronized him with the most enchanting condescension. He was feted, and flattered, and followed, until he threw off all claims to their courtesy by committing the unpardonable crime of marriage. But worse than all, he did not even select some fair resident of the village of S——; but after a short absence, returned accompanied by a young lady, whose appearance, manners, &c., underwent the severest criticism.

But do what they would, they could not deny that she was very pretty, very tastefully dressed, and very much of a lady; having, besides, a certain independent kind of an air, which led them to suspect that she did not value their opinions quite as highly as they could have wished. However, they could not alter this; and Mrs. A—— having sailed majestically in, Mrs. B—— followed her example; and finally all S—— had been there, with the avowed purpose of making the new-comer feel at home, but in reality to see how she looked.

The young lawyer's means were limited, and their style of living a very unpretending one. A pretty cottage fronting the road, to which was attached a fine large garden with plenty of fruit, was their residence; and Emily considered one servant quite sufficient for two people. This was her first attempt at housekeeping; and she found it very pleasant to gather strawberries, arrange

the knick-nacks in the parlor, and manufacture cakes and pies by way of housework; and then take up an interesting book, or some pretty piece of needle-work to while away the hours until Walter's return. Then the man of business was transformed, for a time, into quite a romantic sort of youth—fumbling among dusty parchments did not appear to deaden his imagination in the least; and sometimes the two would wander off to the arbor at the end of the garden—and, sad to relate, oh! ye wise ones! they would waste their time in reading Moore or Byron, when Emily might have been so much better employed in mending stockings, or making bread. Dreadful, isn't it?

But the worst is yet to come; they would even stroll into the woods after wild flowers, these two great, grown-up babies, and wreath them in Emily's hair, and do all sorts of foolish things. But if you had been with them you would have thought that a nightingale had perched itself on a tree overhead, day-time and all, for such strains of sweet, clear, gushing music issued from those rosy lips, as none but a nightingale *could* send forth.

Well, foolish as it may appear to those who have got over love and "all that sort of nonsense," they enjoyed it very much; but before long a change came over the spirit of their dream. Not that their love was in the least changed—oh, no, it was not that; but romance is often driven from the field by reality and common-place. Who was the author of this mischief? No one would have thought it, to be sure, but the pivot upon which the whole turned was the faithlessness of the Irish girl, who had been installed as queen of the kitchen. Whether a yearning toward "ould Irelandt," or an exciting letter from a lover just come over, or some involuntary outrage to her dignity perpetrated by the youthful mistress, prompted the step, as Eunice Rookley says, "we are not to know." But this much we do know, that one pleasant June morning Miss Biddy stood at the kitchen door, grasping her bundle of worldly goods with a very resolute air, while Emily's pretty face bore the traces of vexation and dismay.

Walter sat very comfortably reading his paper in the breakfast parlor; while through the open window came the delightful melody of birds, and

the perfume of flowers still wet with the morning dew. He heard the light step approaching, and looked up to welcome her with a beaming smile; but to his surprise and dismay she burst into tears. He had never seen Emily before having what the children call "a good cry," and hastily throwing down his paper, he devoted himself to the task of soothing her. At length she soon began to smile at Walter's representations and ridiculous contrivances; but then as she glanced at those small, helpless-looking hands she heaved a desponding sigh.

"But we shall have no breakfast to-day, at this rate," said Emily, suddenly, "Bridget has not even made a fire to boil the kettle."

"Do not trouble yourself in the least, my dear," replied Walter, with an air of supreme confidence in his own abilities. "That is very easily remedied. If you will set the table, I will engage to produce a fire."

So saying, he walked into the kitchen, while Emily was soon busily engaged with the cups and saucers. It was really amusing to see him; he looked so warm, and fussy, and responsible, and handled things so awkwardly that he was constantly upsetting the whole paraphernalia of tongs, shovel, and poker. Emily now and then looked in to see how he came on, and once a suppressed "hang it!" reached her ear; but as the kettle was not yet ready to hang, she concluded that she must have been mistaken.

"Emily."

She was at his side in a moment.

"Perhaps, love, you can assist me a little with this fire; the foundation of the thing is all right, you see it only wants a little alteration."

Do not think him stupid; he could have made a fire in any decent kitchen, but the chimney was a most unfortunately smoky one.

Emily smiled as she took the fire entirely apart, and arranged it in a more skilful manner; and at length, between them both, the kettle did something like boiling. Walter tried very hard to persuade himself that his cup of coffee was the best he had ever tasted, because he thought he had made it himself; he put in a little more cream, a little more sugar, and then a little more coffee; but do what he would he could not help making very wry faces over it. As he raised his eyes he met Emily's, and the two burst out a laughing.

"It is no laughing matter," said Emily; "how is the work to get done?"

"Easily," replied Walter, "I can send you in at least a dozen servants before night."

"I think you will find yourself mistaken," said Emily, "servants are not so easily obtained in the country, and it was sometime before we could persuade Biddy to come with us."

"*Nous verrons*," replied her husband, gaily, as he rose to go to his office. A recollection of the morning's banquet came over him suddenly, and he put his head in at the door with, "you had better not attempt anything very difficult for dinner, my dear, because you won't have me here to help, you know."

"Away with you, you quintessence of conceit," said Emily, laughing; "and as to the dinner, do not trouble yourself in the least, for I shall give you nothing but bread and strawberries."

There seemed to be no getting him off; first he came back for his gloves, and then he came back for a kiss; but at length the door finally closed upon him, and Emily went to her household affairs, singing merrily all the time. What did she care if Biddy had gone away? So she dusted and sang, until approaching the window, she peeped forth from the blind just to see what was going on. As the stage-coach appeared in sight she could not help wishing that her mother, or one of those naughty sisters of hers would make her appearance.

But as she stood looking, the vehicle suddenly drew up at the door, and it was very evident that *somebody* was coming. A straw hat and green veil, and a multitude of bows and smiles was all that Emily was able to distinguish; until, with a most loving embrace, the visitor exclaimed—

"I quite pitied you, Cousin Emily! I thought that you must be so lonely here in the country, and I came determined to make you a good, long visit. Ma and the girls have gone to Cape May, but I told them that I preferred enlivening your solitude."

Emily now recognized Martha Eastman, a very forward cousin of Walter's, to whom she had taken somewhat of a dislike during the short time she passed in her society just after their marriage; a feeling not at all diminished by this unceremonious visit. She murmured something in reply which was scarcely audible; but this did not in the least diminish the volubility of her visitor, who appeared to think that she was doing Cousin Emily a great favor. Now if there is anything provoking in this mortal world, it is to have a person whom you wish in your very heart at least a hundred miles off, trying to persuade you that she is conferring a favor upon you, by coming at the very time of all times when she is least wanted. Emily surveyed the liberal allowance of baggage with considerable interest, but resolved at the same time that the "good, long visit" should be a very short one.

The visitor was one of several daughters who had been brought up to make as much use of other people as possible. She was rather showy in appearance, with a brilliant complexion, and saucy-looking blue eyes, and a great idea of

displaying these charms to the best advantage. It was not the least sympathy for Cousin Emily that had prompted her visit, she thought that a jaunt to the country might be pleasant, besides a desire to see how they lived.

Miss Eastman was one who could make her wants known; and after a while she coolly observed, "come, Cousin Emily, do order dinner—I begin to feel the 'keen demands.'"

"There is no one to order but you and I," replied Emily, quietly, "my only servant left me this morning, and we must gather our dinner from the strawberry bed."

Miss Eastman looked, but Emily did not see her. She was coolly tying on her sun-bonnet; and the visitor, resolving to make the best of it, broke out into ecstasies at the idea; it was the very thing she should have chosen—she had always so wanted to gather strawberries in the country!

It was a very warm day, and Emily did not find her visitor of much assistance; she soon grew tired of stooping, and amused herself by eating the strawberries from the basket. This was not at all profitable; and after a while Emily said very coolly—

"You seem to be so fond of the employment that I am going to leave you to it altogether. My husband will be home soon, and I have some things to attend to—but dinner will be ready by the time the basket is filled."

Miss Eastman now found it more politic to go to work in earnest; and in no very amiable mood she made her appearance at last with the strawberries. The little table was all ready; and the young housekeeper, in her cool-looking white dress, flitted about like a fairy from one window to the other, watching for her husband's arrival. There he was! and she flew out to meet him; while Miss Eastman scarcely knew whether to stay where she was, or go forward.

Emily told him of her unexpected visitor, at which his countenance assumed a blank look of surprise; for he did not remember ever to have given her even a general invitation to come and visit them—and that, of course, is no invitation at all.

"Very annoying," said he, "that she should have taken this opportunity to come—what have you done with her all the morning?"

"Oh," replied Emily, "she has been gathering strawberries, and I really found her of considerable assistance; besides, it saved me the trouble of entertaining her."

"*Picking strawberries!*" repeated Walter, "what a strange thing! To set a guest at work immediately on her arrival?"

"Oh, no," said Emily, innocently, "not at all—she is very fond of it, and said that it was

perfectly charming. She almost went into ecstasies, and repeated several lines of poetry on the occasion, which I have forgotten."

Walter recollected his cousin's character perfectly, but he only smiled, and drew Emily into the house.

Miss Eastman was politely welcomed, various inquiries made after the family, and they all sat down to dinner. Walter pronounced this to be infinitely better than the breakfast; but he looked considerably mortified when Emily playfully inquired for the servants he had promised to send.

"I really could not help it," said he, at last, "I have been so much engaged to-day—but they will come yet."

Emily smiled incredulously, and Miss Eastman hoped in her very heart that the promise would be kept; for the visit did not promise much pleasure without the acquisition of a servant.

Emily was suddenly seized with a fancy for making strawberry preserves, and after dinner they went out again to pick fruit; when Miss Eastman, to her great indignation, found herself left precisely as she had been in the morning. She was almost angry enough to hail the stage as it passed and return home; but still she could scarcely complain, for she had told Emily on her arrival that she should use no ceremony with cousins, and Emily had now made the very same observation on leaving her to herself. She had never worked so hard before; but she reflected that there must be an end to this, and if she found her so useful, Emily would, in common courtesy, invite her to prolong her visit. So she worked on industriously, despite the sun and heat; but with the conviction that love in a cottage, if you must do your own work, is not so very enchanting after all.

"It was quite a good idea, was it not?" said Emily, pleasantly, "to make sweetmeats when I have you here to help me? Strange, though, that you should have happened to come in just at the right time—so much better too than if it had been a mere acquaintance, for somehow one can't, you know, use ceremony with cousins."

Miss Eastman bit her lips, and walked off to the window; but Emily soon claimed her services, and continued to keep her pretty well occupied. At last, however, tea came; and when that was cleared away there was no more to be done. The three seated themselves on the piazza, and the music of Walter's flute broke beautifully on the stillness of the evening.

It was a lovely moonlight night, and Miss Eastman observed with considerable interest the figure of a gentleman in an opposite window, which a shaded light at the further end of the apartment rendered still more distinct. At length the figure moved, disappeared for a few moments,

and then, issuing from the gate, bent its steps toward the cottage.

"Why, Irving, is that you?" exclaimed Walter, as his friend suddenly stood before him, "we have been so wrapt up in the sentimental that we scarcely perceived you. Dr. Irving, Miss Eastman."

A graceful bend of his handsome figure, while the young lady's cheek flushed with anticipated conquest. It must have been on *her* account that he came over—he had probably seen her alight from the stage; not taking it into consideration that he might be in the habit of visiting his friend's almost every evening.

A few minutes conversation convinced her that Dr. Irving was *more* than tolerable for a country village, and quite worth making a conquest of. She exerted all her powers of pleasing, and very agreeable she could be too when she chose, apparently with some success. When she retired to bed that night the day's work was almost forgotten.

The next morning early Miss Eastman happened to be standing at her window, while there stood the young doctor at his. He bowed politely, while she, half in confusion, withdrew; and walking down stairs, began to think that it would be very pleasant to smell the flowers with the morning dew fresh upon them—decidedly inclining to the opinion that the greatest variety was to be found in front of the house. She wore a very becoming white morning dress, and had carelessly tucked a few natural flowers in her hair; being, moreover, perfectly aware that she was at this particular moment looking her very best. Of course, though, she was quite unconscious that some one had crossed the street, and equally unconscious that a gentleman stood beside her, until, raising her head suddenly, she said with the prettiest start imaginable—

"Why, Dr. Irving! how you frightened me!"

He was sorry, of course, that his appearance had had that effect—complimented her upon her early rising—said something about the bloom of cheeks and roses—and then asked for his friend; but Walter had gone to his office, and the young doctor soon followed his example.

It is quite surprising how very hot the sun became in five minutes after; the cool of early morning had suddenly changed to the heat and glow of noonday, and Miss Eastman went in to seek Cousin Emily. Again that everlasting strawberry picking, and the visitor began to grow rather tired of her fare.

"It is very rural and romantic, to be sure," she observed, "to live on fruit and milk; but is your husband quite satisfied without meat?"

"Quite so," was Emily's reply, "he cares nothing at all about it, and if he did, he would

not be willing for me to have the trouble of cooking it."

The case was hopeless, and Miss Eastman merely heaved a desponding sigh. The dinner that day consisted principally of a rice-pudding, her especial abomination, she hated rice in any shape or form—besides, she had helped to make it; and after picking out the raisins, and trifling a little with the substance, she made no further attempt toward despatching it.

"You have lost your appetite, Martha," observed her hostess, a little mischievously, "a very bad sign—you must have fallen in love."

Miss Eastman was almost ready to break forth; it was too much to let Emily flatter herself with such a supposition—but still she deemed it prudent to remain silent.

Generally in the morning they had a long chat together in Emily's room, or rather Miss Eastman talked a great deal, while Emily listened and sewed; the theme of her conversation being a certain cousin about her own age, who, from her representation, must have possessed as many bad qualities concentrated in her own private self as were ever separately scattered upon the wicked ones of the world. She was so proud and haughty, so unamiable and self-willed—and then too some foolish person had once called her the belle of the place, and she couldn't get over that; though she was sure that she (Miss Eastman) could see no beauty in such great staring black eyes, and such a tall figure—she never admired giantesses.

The truth of the matter was this, Celine Esserton was an object of great jealousy; she was an only daughter, while Martha Eastman rejoiced in a multitude of sisters—Celine was something of an heiress in her own right—a beautiful, intelligent, accomplished girl, and proud too as she had a just right to be, but not the kind of pride implied by Martha Eastman. Hers was the pride that will not stoop to a mean action—that upholds the truth upon all occasions—that defends the absent, and brings forward the humble. She despised her cousin, and she took no pains to conceal it; she could not help it, she had seen her bitterness of mind, her selfishness and disregard of others, and the two were at open enmity. Their different ways of showing this feeling displayed at once the difference in their characters. Miss Eastman endeavored to impress every one with a conviction of the total unworthiness of Miss Esserton's character, while Celine disdained to mention her cousin's at all, as though even that lowered her.

Miss Eastman certainly displayed considerable talent and perseverance in the assiduity with which she endeavored to prejudice Cousin Emily against Celine Esserton; yet it must be confessed

that every successive incident which she related to corroborate the designing artfulness of her cousin's character, only awakened in Emily a greater desire to see her and judge for herself.

Walter had been so often teased about his promises to procure loads of servants at a moment's warning, that he became quite desperate, and taking a wagon drove about the country on a voyage of discoveries. The result was quite satisfactory to himself; and one warm afternoon, when Emily sat reading in one of the front windows, while her visitor occupied the other, a vehicle suddenly drove up to the door, from which her husband, looking very warm and tired, quickly descended; and then watched the progress of three ladies, who alighted from the wagon after fashions peculiar to themselves. Emily looked, and wondered, and laughed; but Miss Eastman saw in their awkward movements the most enchanting grace, and read in their vacant countenances an impress of all that was delightful. There was certainly cook, chamber-maid, and waiter; and she should now cease to be maid of all work.

Their various ways of leaving the wagon displayed their characters at once; the first, rather an oldish woman, came down so very moderately and carefully, that it seemed doubtful if she ever reached terra firma—the second, a stout, pert, good-natured-looking thing, came tumbling out head-foremost, and became entangled among the wheels—while the third, with an utter absence of all expression in her face, after being at length made to understand that she *was* to get out, put her feet everywhere but in the right place, and finally effected a difficult descent over the back of the wagon. The first was a snail—she fairly crawled into the house; the second, one of those bangers who break everything they lay hands on, and always have a convincing argument at their tongues' end; and the third, a wooden machine, endowed with the powers of motion, and the faculties of eating, drinking, and sleeping. From this delectable company Emily was expected to select a suitable kitchen goddess; and having sent them within, she followed to examine their qualifications.

Miss Eastman accompanied her, for she felt a personal interest in the transaction; and observing that Emily appeared rather indifferent about the matter, she exerted as much eloquence as was ever put forth by a candidate for the public votes, to convince her that all three were perfect miracles in their different departments. The oldish woman was so steady and respectable—one whom she could trust; the stout girl was so bright and quick—an excellent hand in an emergency; and the stupid girl was one who would, no doubt, do exactly as she was bid. All this,

however, was whispered in an under tone during various walkings back and forth; and the three candidates were, therefore, quite unconscious of the admiration they excited.

Emily's choice, however, was soon made; the stupid one was out of the question—the stout girl informed her with an air that “she was not very healthy, and had concluded to live out a short time in some nice, sociable family where she could enjoy herself,” which immediately settled her claims—and the oldish woman was, therefore, installed in the office. She sighed deeply as she went for a pail of water, which occupied her about half an hour; groaned as she stirred up the fire; and almost sobbed on being told to get some wood.

Emily saw that she was an oddity, and with difficulty refrained from smiling outright at Miss Eastman's endeavors to praise her up. The house was the largest she had ever seen, the fire the hardest to make, and, “bad luck to the well! what a time it took her to draw the water!” She could scarcely understand anything she was told, although Irish-like, never willing to admit herself ignorant; and Walter, very much amused with her, one day related a spurious anecdote to some visitors, that happened to reach her indignant ears—which, by-the-bye, were not where they ought to have been. Walter would now and then tell very queer stories; and the very day after her arrival he related that, having been told to cook something in the spider, she made her appearance after a while with a great daddy-long-legs, and inquired very innocently—

“Would that do yer, ma'am? Sure, and a spider is not to be found in the place for love nor money.”

She gave warning immediately; and Miss Eastman watched her retreating figure with melancholy feelings. Walter should not have done so, certainly; but Emily did not scold him, she only laughed—for it had rid her of one trouble, and she did not know but it might of another before long.

The strawberry-picking was again resumed; and Emily began to make bread and puddings, and all sorts of things, always assisted, of course, by Miss Eastman, “for one couldn't use ceremony with cousins.” The visitor began to ask herself if there was not more chance of felicity at home just now; but Dr. Irving had been there two or three times, and she resolved upon a scheme for taking his heart by storm at once.

She had a slight, graceful figure, and knew that she looked her very best on horseback; but she was almost ignorant of the equestrian art: being a great coward, she had always been afraid to venture. She had, however, brought her riding-habit with her, and a cap with plumes, in

which she considered herself quite irresistible, and after some trouble a horse was procured; although Walter had expressed his regret that he was unable to accompany her. That she did not mind in the least, she had become very courageous; but, notwithstanding, she trembled violently on being lifted into the saddle, and still more when the man who brought it observed that the horse was a very tricky one; though what sort of tricks he patronized was not exactly specified.

Emily, almost frightened on her account, advised her not to go, but Miss Eastman was determined; and Walter whispered in a significant tone, "it won't hurt her."

Martha Eastman had a purpose to effect, which the alleged viciousness of the horse rather helped than hindered. She had observed that every morning Dr. Irving went in one particular direction to visit patients, always returning about the same time. Her idea was to meet him on his return; and if the horse should conclude to perform any of his antics just then, placing her in imminent danger, how very interesting she should appear!

Martha Eastman was a coward, and yet she nodded gaily to the others as she set forth on her journey; the horse, so far, behaving most respectable. He was not at all inclined to runaway, on the contrary he went rather slowly; and anxious to make her best appearance, she gave him a smart cut with the riding-whip to quicken his pace. His horsemanship stood perfectly still; all fears of being runaway with, or thrown off were now forgotten; and another and another lash followed, but with no success. He quietly began eating the leaves of a willow-tree just over where they stood; now and then turning his eye toward his fair burden with a glance which seemed to say, "oh, you are there, are you?"

The young lady's distress was unspeakable; she had prepared herself for being runaway with—for being thrown into some field, to be taken up, perhaps, with a broken arm; she had brought herself to bear with fortitude the idea of almost any mishap that could possibly befall her, but she was not prepared for being stood still with! Just then happening to spy a ragged little boy, she enlisted him in her service; and after pushing the horse behind, and pulling him before, and slapping him between spells, he was at length set a-going, and the boy disappeared.

He went on very well for a short time; but before long he came again to a stand still, and Miss Eastman now saw the doctor approaching. He passed with a graceful bow, while the lady's cheeks burned painfully with the hue of mortification. He passed on, but she still sat there; and happening to turn his head a moment after,

he was surprised to see her still stationary where he had left her. He looked again; and observing that she seemed to be urging her horse on, common politeness prompted him to turn back and offer his assistance. A smile would curl his lip involuntarily, he could not help it; and Miss Eastman observed it. Ridicule, it is said, puts an end to love; and she became reluctantly aware that her prospects were very much dimmed.

It was very evident that the horse had no intention whatever of either returning home, or going forward; and having tied him to a tree, the young doctor assisted Miss Eastman into his gig, and she found herself driving back with feelings which she had little anticipated. Emily too was very much surprised at her visitor's appearance; but on being informed of the catastrophe she was unable to restrain her laughter. Poor Martha! she hurried up to her own room, dashed down the hateful riding-cap, and throwing herself on the bed, indulged in a good cry.

When she came down she announced her intention of returning home the next day, and Emily could not with any truth express her regret. She merely said—

"I am going to have another visitor to-night."

"Are you?" replied Miss Eastman, in surprise. "Who is it?"

"Some one you have seen before," said Emily, with an arch look of secrecy. "But I will not tell you until she comes."

She? It was a she, then? But still Martha wondered who it could be, and watched the arrival of the stage with considerable interest. Surely she knew that figure! that graceful, yet commanding step! The veil was lifted—it was—it must be Celine Esserton!

Both started suddenly; but Celine's beautiful lip showed the slightest tendency toward a curl, while Miss Eastman's face was suddenly overspread with a crimson hue. The morning stage conveyed her and her baggage back to town; and Emily was not again troubled with her visits, while the whole family respected Cousin Emily very much when they found that she was not to be imposed upon. It was strange, certainly, but just after Miss Eastman announced her intention of going, a very nice servant made her appearance, and there she has been ever since.

But now about Celine? Emily had told her husband of Martha Eastman's representations, and inquired if the young lady were such a masterpiece of art and dissimulation; which Walter indignantly denied, and spoke of his pretty cousin in such glowing terms that Emily wrote and invited her there as soon as her household difficulties were settled.

The two were chatting pleasantly together when Emily spoke of Dr. Irving.

"Dr. Irving?" repeated her companion, "Horrace Irving do you mean?"

"The very same," replied Emily. "Are you acquainted with him?"

A warm blush lit up Celine's beautiful face, and this was answer enough. Emily had heard of his engagement, and mischievously withheld it from Miss Bastman, but she was entirely un-

acquainted with the name of the lady, and she now experienced a very pleasant surprise.

That very evening the two had quite an interesting scene by themselves on the moonlit piazza—Walter and Emily preferring the parlor.

Before long the good people of S—— had another bride to comment upon, and Emily a delightful neighbor and companion.

THE FIRST MURDERER!

BY JANE GAY.

MORNING amid the flowers!

Night's dusky shadows one by one had fled,
And morn—glad morn with gaily gilded wing
Had come, freighted with gems of rainbow hue,
And sweets of odor rare! By fair Euphrates' banks
Two youthful brothers played; in spirit free
As the light sephyr dancing o'er the stream,
Kissing the flowers that shaded either bank,
Or sporting with the curly locks that hung
O'er their fair brows! Light-hearted ones and gay;
For life was just unfolding, and its sun—
Its scorching sun as yet had cast no blight
O'er these fair "Buds of Promise;" or dried up
A single dew-drop from their tender leaves!
Oh, childhood! joyous, blissful hours are thine:
Well may the days like wild-birds on the wing,
Glide by in beauty's bowers, with joy and song!
No string is broken from life's fairy harp
Yielding discordant music; not a cup
From its full festival is drained of sweets,
Or one flower from its bright pathway withered!
Why cometh there a blight o'er youth's fair morn
To quench its light, and dim its joys forever?

"Stay, brother, stay! See in thine eager haste
Thou'st broken down this beauteous Sharon rose,
And crushed beneath thy feet our mother's flower—
The fragrant, lowly lily of the vale!
Will she not weep at eve to see them faded?"

"What matter! See yon gay-winged butterfly,
Bright as the sunshine: for many a day
I've watched it sailing o'er these flowery paths,
And now, it is my prize! Nay, stay me not—
Thou timid boy—I tell thee it is mine!
See here—I've brought it down, though crushed and
dead!"

The younger brother turned away, and wept!
Ay, weep! such tears befit thee, gentle one;
Another victim yet is marked, and doomed
To fall by that rude hand!

Years glide away:

A darkened man stands on that spot alone!
He gazes on the clear and quiet stream
With troubled brow, and ever and anon
A broken flower is cast upon the waters—
When a voice like seven-fold thunder shook
His blackened soul!—"where is thy brother?"

Softly Euphrates winds its silvery way,
And many an Eden-flower is clustered there
Whispering sweet words of Heaven and happiness!
What joy to him who beareth in his heart
The cankering wound of guilt! Alas! alas, for thee,
Though nursed in Paradise, hell's blackest stain
Is on thee, guilty one! Go forth alone
A wanderer o'er the earth! Let nothing bright
E'er bloom upon thy pathway—thou whose hands
Are reddened with a guiltless brother's blood,
And on whose brow is stamped "First Murderer!"

NIGHT.

BY EMILY HERMANN.

Man, tho' poor, has rest, that slumber giveth,
In the night.
Vanity and tears, between, he liveth—
Oft the good, he from the day deriveth,
Flies, like bliss that charms our dreaming sight
In the night.

Softly thou dost close his eyelids, weary,
Kindly night!
In the glen, or on the mountain eyrie,

Thou dost wrap each soul in peace, tho' dreary
Be the sad unrest of wakeful light—
Friendly night.

Voyagers upon Life's heaving ocean
Hail the night;

Sweet is eve, when stilled the storm's commotion,
And the eye, that turns from earth's devotion,
Needs not to watch beneath the cares that blight
All the night.

A MAN OVERBOARD.

BY HARRY DANFORTH, AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

"KEEP her to it, quarter-master!" thundered the officer of the deck.

Looking ahead, I saw a huge roller, rising out of the thick gloom, until it seemed to overtop the very fore-yard itself.

"Hold on all!" I shouted, involuntarily.

Down it came. Leaping out of the pitchy darkness, its awful front glistening with phosphoric light, it hurled its torrent of waters upon our bows, swept the decks, wrapped us in clouds of foam, and while every timber quivered like a reed whirled wildly away into the darkness astern. As it rushed hissing by, a half-stifled shriek rose fearfully upon the gale, and then died away in the wailings of the hurricane.

"A man overboard!" rang across the decks.

That cry is at all times a thrilling thing, but never more so than in the darkness of the night and amid the howling of the tempest. The strongest stands aghast, and the stoutest nerves shiver, as its notes of wild alarm rise over all the din of the hurricane. I felt now a cold sickness at the heart, as I thought of the poor wretch struggling in the waste of waters, and knew perhaps that no human power could save him from his terrible doom.

"Down with your helm—haul up the main-sail—brace aback after-yards—ease head-sheets—cut away the life-buoy," thundered the officer of the deck, springing upon a gun, and peering into the darkness astern as he held on by a rope, "stand by to lower away the lee-quarter boat—quick, there, my lads."

The men needed no incentive. The boatswain piped her crew, they rushed to their stations, and stood eagerly waiting the order to launch to almost certain death upon that stormy sea.

"Hillo!" cried the officer, as he looked anxiously into the gloom astern.

No answer coming, he called for a rocket, lighted it, and with a whiz it rushed on high.

"Hark! was that him?—hillo!" he cried.

We listened, but no answer followed.

"Run up the signal lantern—hillo!—hillo!"

"Can you see him?"

"No."

"Can you hear anything?"

"Nothing."

"Hillo!—hillo!" he shouted.

"Ahoy!—a-ho-o-y!" cried others.

"Is the buoy in sight?"

"No, sir," was the mournful answer.

"Bring another rocket."

The thin reed hissed on high, leaving its long train of light flashing in the gloom, and gracefully arching over against the pitchy sky, broke into a thousand shivering sparkles, that illuminated the horizon like a shower of falling stars, disclosing far down to leeward the life-buoy tossing wildly on the surge, or burying in the clouds of foam that swept swiftly by. All at once it heaved up against the dusky background, and for one breathless instant hung there in bold relief. A second of thrilling suspense ensued, and every eye was strained to catch the figure of the lost seaman. With a deep breath the officer turned away. *The man was not there.*

Meantime the boat's crew had been waiting the order to launch; but the officer now ordered them to abandon their enterprise.

"Belay all with that boat," he cried.

He had scarcely spoken when another huge roller was seen coming down toward us.

"Steady, quarter-master, steady, HOLD ON ALL," cried the commodore himself, and as the giant billow deluged our decks and swept hissing over us, the old man could be seen holding on near the gangway, his grey locks dripping with the brine, as he added, "it's madness to try to rescue him; God Almighty have mercy on his soul!"

The shock was so tremendous that the old ship reeled, and sinking heavily into the trough, seemed as though she would never emerge from the tons of water that had poured upon her decks. At last slowly and wearily she rose dripping from the deluge, rolling her vast yards heavily to windward.

The shouts, the trampling of feet, and all the bustle of the vain attempt to rescue the drowning man had long since subsided. The wind overhead was tearing by, shrieking through the rigging, as if a thousand unearthly beings rode the storm, their wild cries now ringing audibly in my ear, and now dying away in a melancholy cadence to leeward. Around all was darkness. The huge foremost behind me seemed to lose itself in a black cloud above, and the lantern at my side threw its struggling beams a few feet faintly out, and then spent them in an abortive attempt to penetrate the thick gloom. In vain I strained my eyes into the obscurity ahead.

Nothing could be seen but the white caps of the billows flashing in the gloom, or the dark shadow of some wave, huger than its fellows, heaved ominously up against the midnight sky. At times when the lightning streamed out, sheeting the rushing waters with its pale, deathly light, a glimpse might be caught of the vast arena of agitated waves, tossing, roaring, foaming, and whirling before the wind. Strange, unearthly tones mingled in the tempest, and wild voices seemed to call and be answered in the gloom. Now it was as if the cry of the drowned topman was ringing in my ears, and now a hundred gibbering fiends echoed his despairing cry, or mocked him with unearthly laughter as they swept down on the wings of the gale.

Suddenly the old quarter-master, his rugged visage gleaming red in the light of a lantern, stood beside me.

"Have you heard who it was that was lost?" I said.

"Jack Dawson, sir," he replied.

Jack had been one of the best seamen on board, ever bold and ready, whether to reef topsails in a storm, or to face an enemy.

"Poor fellow," I ejaculated, "we could have better spared many another man."

"You may well say that," answered Taffrail, mournfully. "I've known him from a lad, and we've often been messmates. By day and night, with fair weather and foul, in battle or out of it, he was always the same: a true-hearted lad,

whom I loved almost as if he was my own son. I was once wrecked with him, sir; and, for three days, we lived on a single biscuit. I've been in battle with him, and when I was wounded he has nursed me. We've stood the same watch together year in and year out. And now," and here the old man's voice grew husky, "we'll never meet again, till at the great day of Judgment the sea gives up its dead."

I revered the emotion of the veteran quarter-master, and was silent. After a pause Taffrail resumed more composedly,

"He'd a sort of foreboding, sir, of his fate," he said. "I tried to laugh it out of him, no later than last night: but it was of no use: his log was run out, I suppose, sir."

"I have understood from the purser," I remarked, "that Jack had a mother and sister whom he supported. What will become of them now?"

"They shall never want, while I've a shot in the locker, or a timber of this old bulk hangs together," answered Taffrail.

As he spoke his voice again quivered, and, for a moment, he drew the cuff of his monkey-jacket across his eyes. Then he suddenly turned and hurried away, as if ashamed of the emotion he had displayed.

All through that watch, and afterward when lying in my hammock, I thought of the emotion of old Taffrail, and of the MAN OVERBOARD.

THE ARAB GIRL.

BY HENRY H. PAUL.

An Arab girl was Marielle—

And Arab girls have eyes of jet—

There was a shade in her bright orbs

Of the drowsy violet,

She was a lovely, graceful girl,

And sweeter than a fawn at play;

Her lute she touched till star-dews fell,

Then watched the close of golden day.

She had a lover—Marielle—

A Christian knight of wide-spread fame,

A red cross glittered on his arm,

And on his breast he wore the same.

He pressed his lips enchantingly

To her sweet hand so white and fair;

And on her forehead fondly played,

With wand'ring curls that rested there.

She gazed upon the Christian's face,

In rapture though in winsome fear;

Her young hands smoothing from her cheek

The witness of a started tear.

Upon the sand he bent his knee,

And breathed a vow in secret made;

That he'd be true to Marielle,

By all the blood that dyed his blade.

He then bestrode his lordly steed,

Whose wildly flowing raven mane,

With grace concealed its arching neck,

And left the gleaming tent again.

'Twas then the Bedouin maiden wept

And kissed a gem in silver wove,

That he upon her finger placed,

A token of unceasing love.

The Christian 'gaged in troublous wars

Where ring of steel was fierce and brief;

And sad, alas! for Marielle—

He fell beneath an Arab chief.

She learned his fate with piercing cry,

And quivered like an Autumn leaf;

And ere the white-rose kissed its bud

The Arab girl had died of grief.

JULIA WARREN.

A SEQUEL TO PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 227.

CHAPTER V.

JULIA WARREN slept little during the night. The state of nervous excitement in which she had been thrown, the shrinking dread which made her quail and tremble at the approach of her fellow prisoners—even the rude kindness of the strange being who took a sort of tiger-like interest in her—frightened sleep from her eyes.

A cell had been arranged for her, and the woman who still shielded her from the other prisoners meek as a wild beast might protect her young, consented that the infant boy should be her companion through the night. This was a great comfort to the poor girl: to her pure belief there was protection in the sleeping innocence of the child who lay with his delicately veined temples pressing that coarse prison pillow, softly as if it had been fragrant with rose-leaves.

Julia could not sleep, but it was pleasant in her sad wakefulness to feel the sweet breath of this child floating over her face, and his soft arms clinging to her neck. To her poetic imagination it seemed as if a cherub from heaven had been left to cheer her in the darkness. Sometimes she would start and listen, or cringe breathlessly down to her pretty companion, for strange, fierce voices occasionally broke from some of the cells on either side, smothered sounds as of spirits chained in torment, walling and wild shouts of laughter, for with some of those wretched inmates memory grew sharp in the midnight of a prison, and others dreamed recklessly as they lived—shouting fiercely in the sleep which was not rest, but the dregs of lingering inebriation.

Of the mind and heart of this young girl we have said but little. The few simple acts of her life have been allowed to speak for her extreme youth. The utter isolation of her life, even more than her youth would in ordinary characters have kept her still ignorant and uninformed. But Julia was not an ordinary character, there was depth, earnestness, that extreme simplicity in her nature which goes to make up the beauty and strength of womanhood. Suffering had made her precocious, nothing more—it sent thought

hand in hand with feeling. It threw her forward in life some three or four years. Gratitude so early and so deeply enkindled in her young heart foreshadowed the intensity of affection, nay, of passion when it should once be aroused.

In this country the most abject poverty need not preclude the craving mind from its natural element, books. Julia had read more and thought more than half the girls of her age in the very highest walks of life. Her first love of poetry was drawn from the most beautiful of all sources, the Bible. Her grandfather was a good reader, and possessed no small degree of natural eloquence. Gushes of poetry, of solemn, sweet feeling were constantly breaking through the prayers which she had listened to every night and morning of her life; the very sublimity of his faith, the simple trust which never forsook him in the goodness of his Creator: the cheerful humility of his entire character, all this had aroused the sympathetic emotions in his grandchild's heart. It is the good alone who thoroughly feel how keen and sweet intellectual joys may become. When we water the blossoms of a strong mind with dew from the fountains of a good heart, the whole being is harmonious, the rarest joys of existence are secured.

But though the Bible contains the safest and most beautiful groundwork of all literature, history, biography, ethics, poetry, and even that pure fiction which shadows forth truth in the parables, the mind that has first tasted life there will crave other sources of knowledge. A few old volumes, so shabby that the pawnbrokers refused loans upon them, and the second-hand book-stalls rejected them at any price, still remained in her basement home. These she had read with the keen relish of a hungry mind. Then old Mrs. Gray had a few books at her farm house: she had never read them herself, good soul, and whenever the beauties of "Paradise Lost" were mentioned, had only a vague professional idea that our first parents had been driven forth from a remarkably fine vegetable and fruit garden just before the harvest season. Still she

had great respect for the man who could mourn so great a loss in verse, and so delighted in lending the volumes to her young friend whenever she had time to read.

From these resources and the patient teachings of her grandfather, Julia had managed to obtain the most desirable of all educations. She had learned to think clearly, to feel rightly, but she felt keenly also, and a vivid imagination kindling up these acute feelings at midnight in the depth of a prison, made every nerve quiver with dread that was more than superstitious. One picture haunted her like death, her grandfather's white and agonized face stooping over that dead man. Never had the beautiful, stern face of the stranger beamed upon her so vividly before: she saw every lineament, it was enameled on the midnight blackness. She longed to arouse the child and ask it if the face were really visible, but was afraid to speak or move: the very sound of his soft breath as the boy slept terrified her. But while this wild dread was strongest upon her, the child awoke and began to feel over her face with his little hands. Softly, and with the touch of falling rose-leaves, his fingers wandered over her eyes, her forehead, and her mouth: they were like sunbeams playing upon ice those warm, rosy fingers. The young girl ceased to feel frightened or alone. She began to weep: she pressed his hands to her lips, and drew the child close to her bosom, whispering softly to him, and pressing her lips to his eyes now and then to be sure they were open. But all her gentle wiles were insufficient to keep the little fellow awake; he began to breathe more and more deeply, and, overcome by the soft mesmerism of her breath, she fell asleep also.

It would have been a lovely sight had any one looked upon those two calm, beautiful faces pillowed together upon that prison bed. Smiles dimpled around the rosy lips, upon which the breath floated like mist over a cluster of ripe cherries. The bright ringlets of the child fell over the tresses that shadowed the fair temple close to his, lighting them up as with threads and gleams of gold. It was a picture of innocent sleep that those green walls had perhaps never sheltered before since their foundation. It was natural that Julia should smile in her sleep, and that a glow like the first beams of morning when they penetrate a rose, should light up her face. She was dreaming, and slumber cast a fairy brightness over thoughts that had perhaps vaguely haunted her before that night; for memories mingled with the vision and the scenes which wove themselves in her slumbering thought had been realities—the first joyous realities of her young life.

She was at an old farm-house, half hid in the

foliage of two noble maples, all golden and crimson with a touch of frost. Her grandparents stood upon the door-stone with old Mrs. Gray talking together, and smiling upon her as she sat down beneath the maples, and began to arrange a lapful of flowers that somehow had filled her apron, as bright things will fall upon us in our sleep. These blossoms seemed with perfume more delicate than anything she had ever seen or imagined, and, though coarse garden flowers, their breath was intoxicating.

Dreams are independent of detail, and the sleeper only knew that a young man whose face was familiar, and yet strange, stood by her side, and smiled gently upon her as she bent over her treasure. Was her dreamy imagination more vivid than the reality had been, or had her nerves ever answered human look with the delicious thrill that pervaded them in the dream?—was it the shadow of a memory haunting her sleep? Oh, yes, she had dreamed before—dreamed when those soft eyes had nothing but their curling lashes to veil them, and when the thoughts that were now floating through her vision even left a glow upon that young cheek. It was true the angel of love haunted Julia in her prison.

The real and the imaginary still blended itself in her vision, but indistinctly, and with that vague cloudiness that makes one sigh when the dream becomes a memory. A harrassing sense that her grandfather was in trouble seemed to blend with the misty breath of the flowers. She still sat beneath the tree, and saw the old man in the distance, struggling with a throng of people, half engulfed in a storm-cloud that rolled up from the horizon. She could not move, for the blossoms in her lap seemed turning to lead, which she had no power to fling off. She struggled, and cried out wildly, "Robert—Robert Otis!"

The blossoms breathed in her lap again; flashes of silver broke up the distant cloud, and stars seemed dropping one by one from its writhing folds. Robert Otis was now in the distance, now at her side; she could not turn her eyes without encountering the deep smiling fervor of his glance. His name trembled and died on her lips in broken whispers, then all faded away. Balmy quiet settled on the spirit of the young girl, and she slept softly as the flowers sleep when their cups are overflowing with dew.

From this soft rest she was aroused by the sharp clang of iron, and the tread of feet in the passage. The door of her own cell was flung open, and a tin cup full of coffee, with coarse, wholesome bread, was set inside for her breakfast. The dream still left its balm upon her heart, which all that prison noise had not power to frighten away. She smoothed her own hair, arranged her dress, and then arousing the child

from his sleep with kisses, bathed and dressed him also. He was sitting upon her lap, his fresh rosy face lifted to hers, while she smoothed his tresses, and twisted them in ringlets around her fingers, when his mother entered the cell. She scarcely glanced at the child, but sat down, and supporting her forehead with one hand, remained in sombre stillness gazing on the floor. There was nothing reckless or coarse in her manner. Her heavy forehead was clouded, but with gloom that partook more of melancholy than of anger.

She spoke at length, but without changing her position or lifting her eyes from the floor.

"Will you tell me the name?—will you tell me who the man was they charge your grandfather with murdering? Was it—was it—" The low husky tones died in her throat: she made another effort, and added almost in a whisper, "was it Edward Leicester?"

The question arrested Julia in her graceful task: her hands dropped as if smitten down from those golden tresses, and she answered in a faint voice, "that it was the name."

"Then he is dead; are you sure—quite sure?"

"They all said so; the doctor, all that saw him!"

"You did not see him then?"

"Yes—yes!" answered the young girl, closing her eyes with a pang. "I saw him—I saw him!"

"Why did your grandfather kill him? Had Leicester done him any wrong?"

"I do not know what wrong he had ever done," answered Julia; "but I am certain if he had injured him ever so much, grandpa would not have harmed a hair of his head."

"Who did kill him then?" said the woman, sharply.

"I think," said Julia, in a low, firm voice—"I think that he killed himself!"

"No. It could not be that!" muttered the woman, gloomily. "No doubt the old man did what others had better cause for doing; tell me how it happened!"

Julia saw that the woman was growing pale around the lips as she spoke: her hand also looked blue and cold as it shaded her face.

"Don't be afraid of me. Go on, I could not harm a mouse this morning," she said, observing that Julia hesitated, and sat gazing earnestly upon her. "I have been in prison here two weeks, and never heard of the death till now!"

"Did you know Mr. Leicester?" questioned Julia.

"Yes, I knew him!"

There was something in the tone of her voice that surprised Julia, more of bitterness than grief, and yet something of both.

"Will you tell me what I asked you?" said the woman, with a touch of her usual impetuosity.

"Yes," answered Julia. "It distresses me to talk of it; but if you are really anxious to hear, I will!"

She went on with painful hesitation, and told the woman all those details that are so well known to the reader. The woman listened attentively sometimes holding her breath with intense interest: again breathing quick and sharp, as if some strong feeling were curbed into silence with difficulty. When Julia ceased speaking she folded both hands over her face, and lowering it down to her knees, rocked to and fro without sob or tear, but the very stillness was eloquent.

She got up after a little and went out. Half an hour after Julia went with the child to his mother's cell. The strange woman was lying with her face to the wall, motionless as the granite upon which her large eyes were fixed. She did not turn as they approached, but waved her hand impatiently that they should leave the cell.

Holding the child by his hand, Julia lingered in the passage. After a few careless, and in some cases rude manifestations of interest, the prisoners left her unmolested, to seek what consolation might be found in observation and exercise.

Thus the day crept on. The confusion which her youth and terror created the day before had settled down in that dull, sullen apathy which is the most depressing feature of prison life. The women moved about with a dull, heavy tread: some sat motionless against the wall gazing into the air, to all appearance void of sensation, almost of life: some slept away the weary time, but depression lay heavily upon them all.

Julia had lingered near the grating, for the gleams of sunshine that shot into the broad hall beyond, whenever the outer door was opened to admit access and egress to the officers, had something cheerful in it that rendered her hopeful. The child, too, felt this pleasant influence, and his prattle was now and then broken with a soft laugh that was music to the poor girl.

"Come, love—come, let us go away. Some one is at the door!" she cried, all at once striving to lead the child away.

"No—no. It is brighter here, I will stay," answered the little fellow, leaping roguishly on one side. "It's only the matron; don't you hear her keys jingle. She will take me up into her pretty room, and you as well. Just wait till I ask her."

The door opened and a black-eyed little woman, full of animation and cheerful energy, stepped into the passage. She paused, for Julia stood in her way, making gentle efforts to free her dress from the grasp which the little boy had fixed upon it. The beauty of the young girl, her shrinking

manner, and the crimson that came and went on her sweet face, all interested the matron at once. She smiled a motherly, cheering smile, and said at once—

"Ah, you have found one another out—ha! George is a safe little playmate—ain't you, darling? Come, now, tell me what her name is, that's a man?"

"She hasn't told me yet," lisped the child, loosening his grasp, and nestling himself against the matron.

"My name is Julia—Julia Warren, ma'am," said the young prisoner, blushing to hear the sound of her name in that place.

"I thought so: I was sure of it from the first; there, there, don't be frightened, and don't cry. Come up to my room—come, George! Tell your young friend that somebody is waiting for her up there—some one that she will be very glad to meet."

"Tell me—oh! tell me who!" cried the poor girl, breathlessly.

"Your grandmother, so she calls herself—and—"

Julia waited for no more, but darted forward.

"There—there. You will never get on without me!" cried the matron, laughing, while she turned a heavy key bright with constant use in its lock, and opened the grated door. "Come, now, I and Georgie will lead the way."

Julia stood in the outer passage while the heavy door was secured again, her cheeks all in a glow of joy; her limbs trembling with impatience. Little George, too, seemed to partake of her eagerness, he ran up and down in the bright atmosphere like a bird revelling in the first gleams of morning. He seized the matron by her dress as she locked the door, and shaking his soft curls gleefully, attempted to draw her away. His sympathy was so graceful and cheering that it made both Julia and the matron smile, and though they mounted the stairs rapidly, he ran up and down a dozen steps while they mounted half the number.

Neither Julia nor her grandmother spoke when they met, but there was joy upon their faces, and the most touching affection in the eyes that constantly turned upon each other.

"And now," said old Mrs. Gray, coming forward with her usual blunt kindness, "as neither of you seem to have much to say just now, what if Robert and I come in for a little notice?"

Julia looked up as the kind voice reached her, and there, half hidden by the portly figure of his aunt, she saw Robert Otis looking upon her with the very expression that had haunted her dream that night, in the prison. Their eyes met, the white lids fell over hers as if weighed down by the black lashes, through which the lustre kindlings

beneath gleamed like diamond flashes. She forgot Mrs. Gray, everything but the glory of her dream, the power of those eloquent eyes.

"And so you will not speak to me—you will not look at me!" said the huckster woman, a little surprised by this reception, but speaking with great cordiality, for she was not one of those very troublesome persons who fancy affronts in every thing.

"Not speak to you!" cried the young girl, starting from her pleasant reverie to the scarcely less pleasant reality. "Oh! Mrs. Gray you knew better!"

"Of course I did," cried the good woman, with a laugh that made her neckerchief tremble, and she shook the little hand that Julia gave with grateful warmth, over and over again. "Come, now, get your bonnet and things."

Julia looked at the matron.

"But I am a prisoner!"

"Nothing of the sort. I've bought you out; given bonds, or something. Robert can tell you all about it; but the long and the short is, you're free as a black-bird. Can go home with me, grandma too; I'm old—I'm getting lonesome—want her to keep house when I'm in market, and you to take care of her."

"But grandfather, where is he? Oh! where is he?"

Mrs. Gray's countenance fell, and she seemed ready to burst into tears.

"Don't ask me, Robert must tell you about that. I did my best; offered to mortgage the whole farm to those crusty old judges, but it was of no use."

"We couldn't leave him here alone!" said Julia, with one of her faint, beautiful smiles.

Robert Otis came forward now.

"It would be useless for either of you to remain here on his account, even if the laws would permit it. You will be allowed to see him quite as frequently if you live with my aunt, and with freedom you may find means of aiding him."

Julia raised her eyes to his face: her glance instead of embarrassing seemed to animate the young man.

"It admits of no choice," he added, with a smile. "Your grandfather himself desires that you should accept my aunt's offer, and she—bless her—it would break her heart to be refused."

"He desires it—Mr. Otis desires it. Shall we not go, grandma?"

"Certainly, child; he wishes it, that is enough; but I shall see him every day, you remember, ma'am. Every day when you come over I come also. It was a promise!"

"Do exactly as you please, that's my idea of helping people," answered Mrs. Gray, to whom

the latter part of this address had been made. "The kindness that forces people to be happy according to a rule laid down by the self-conceit of a person who happens to have the means you want, is the worst kind of slavery, because it is a slavery for which you are expected to be very grateful. I've heard brother Jacob say this a hundred times, and so have you, Robert."

"Uncle Jacob never said anything that was not wise and generous in his life!" answered the young man, with kindling eyes.

"If ever an angel lived on earth he is one!" rejoined Mrs. Gray, looking around upon her audience as if to impress them fully with this estimate of her brother's character.

A sparkling smile broke over Robert's face.

"Well, aunt, I hope you never fancied the angels dressing exactly after Uncle Jacob's fashion!" he said, casting a look full of comic meaning on the old lady.

"Oh! Robert, you are always laughing at me!" replied the good-humored lady, turning from the young man to her other auditors. "It was always

so; the most mischievous little rogue you ever saw. I thought he had grown out of it for awhile, but nature is nature the world through."

Robert blushed. His aunt's encomiums did not quite please him, for the character of a mischievous boy was not that which he was desirous of maintaining just then. In the soft eyes turned so earnestly upon his face, he read a depth and earnestness of feeling that made his attempt at cheerfulness seem almost sacriligious. Julia saw this and smiled softly. She had not intended to rebuke him by the seriousness of her face, and her look expressed this more eloquently than words could have done.

When most sorrowful, there are times when cheerfulness in those around us has a healthful influence. The joyous laugh, the pleasant word may fall harshly upon a riven heart at first, but imperceptibly they become familiar again, and at length sweep aside the gloom with which the mourner loves to envelope himself. Give the soul plenty of sunshine and it grows vigorous to withstand the storm. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

I AM GROWING OLD.

BY MRS. MARY FITCH.

I AM growing old—I am growing old;
The days of my life will soon be told,
For Time's swift coursers are hasting by,
But his goal is a long eternity.

He has touched my brow, and has sprinkled there
His hoary frosts o'er my glossy hair;
And the eyes which beamed in their youthful light,
Are dimmed in the glare of his visage bright.
The polished cheek he has furrowed o'er,
And the airy step will be light no more;
The hopes are fled which my youth inspired—
The glow is chilled which my bosom fired—
A shade of sadness is o'er me hung—
A sombre tinge is around me flung;
While broken all, and in ruins laid,
Are the idols which in youth I made.

He has looked on my childhood's joyous home,
And the group which gathered there are strewn;
They may no more to its hearth return,
For its gladdening fires have ceased to burn.
Hushed is the voice of responsive prayer,
That at morn and eve ascended there,
And gone are its happy faces all,
For strangers meet in my father's hall.
The matron and sire are lowly laid,
Where the waving willow spreads its shade.
Of well-loved ones, the brightest and best,
Lie low in an early grave, at rest,
And those who are left of that youthful band,
Are scattered wide in a stranger land;

But on mount, or shore, of each varied clime,
They have felt thy blighting touch, oh, Time!

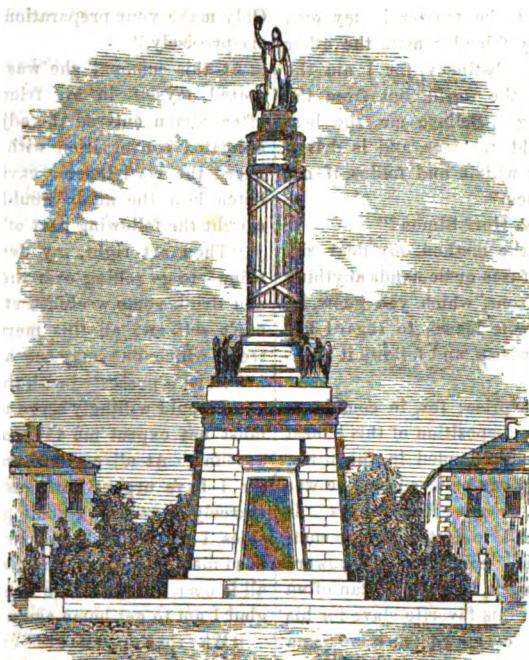
He has breathed on the friends of my early years,
And beauty's cheek, he has blanched with tears—
Has spread for the fairest a funeral pall,
And a cank'ring blight he has cast o'er all.
Like flowers which are wrapt in Spring's bright bloom,
The young and gifted repose in the tomb,
Or like birds they've flown to a brighter clime,
Where the skies are free from the frosts of Time,
And the remnant small, are all serried and strewn,
Like the leaves when the wintry winds have blown.

Oh! Time, speed on! thou need'st not to stay,
When life's dearest joys thou hast borne away;
For memory weeps o'er the dreamy past,
And a fitful gleam on the future is cast;
While hope which cheered my young heart with its
wiles,
Delusive I've found, 'till I heeded not its smiles.
But faith in her angel garb appears,
To hush my sighs, and to dry my tears;
She smiling points to a peaceful shore,
Where the storms of life will assail no more—
Where the loved of our souls, who have passed away,
With joy we'll meet in an endless day;
Freed from the cares which here have birth—
Loosed from the chains which bound them to earth.
Time has no place in that world so fair,
Sorrow and sin have no entrance there;
Its flowers are bright in eternity's bloom,
And beauty undying awakes from the tomb.

PILGRIMAGES TO AMERICAN SHRINES.

NO. IV.—BATTLE MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.



THE Battle-Monument is one of the most interesting sights of Baltimore, alike for its elegance of form and for the event it commemorates. Those only who remember the dismay which spread throughout the land in September, 1814, when it was announced that Washington had been captured by the British, and that the Vandal oppressors were advancing on Baltimore, can form an adequate idea of the importance of the victory, in honor of which this beautiful monument was erected. The danger of one of the chief cities of the Union, and the heroic courage with which her sons marched out to her defence, were indeed well worthy of commemoration; and never, or rarely has any monument been erected to a nobler cause, or to braver martyrs!

It was a pleasant, summer day when my friends drove me, in a light carriage, over the battleground of Baltimore, showing me all the principal points. I was most interested in the spot where Gen. Ross, the British commander, fell, by which event the day was decided in favor of the Americans. Next to this, I was engrossed by Fort

McHenry, which withstood so heroically the fire of the enemy's fleet, and by holding out preserved the city. As I gazed upon it, I thought of him, who, a prisoner on board the squadron, watched, with sinking heart, the bombs raining into the fort all night, expecting, every minute, to hear of its surrender, and who, when morning dawned, and he beheld his country's flag still floating proudly in the breeze, broke out, as if by inspiration, into that glorious ode,

"The star-spangled banner, oh! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The Battle-Monument is situated in Calvert street, in one of the best quarters of Baltimore, and within a few steps of the principal hotel. It is one of the first objects visited by the stranger, who, if patriotic, pauses long before it, to read the almost innumerable names, with which it is inscribed, of the heroes of the fourteenth of September, 1814. Baltimore deserves especial credit for her munificence in erecting monuments, to commemorate the great deeds and great names of American history.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY EMILY GIBBARDIER.

"I AM determined to be master in my own house, Arist," said my friend Simon, the other day; "not from mere obstinacy, for I am the easiest disposition in the world, but from the principle of the thing. Believe me, the best wife on earth has odd caprices, and is driven hither and thither by whims and follies, if not well drilled to obedience."

"But is that so easy, Herr Simon?"

"Everything is in the method, my dear sir. If a husband never refuses or demands anything except from good reasons, which you know, he can always find, the wife learns to regard her husband's will as the wisest, and follows it without resistance."

I was silent with surprise; for, in confidence he it said, the domestic disposition of this honest man was not duly comprehended in the town. On the contrary, every one believed that he was led by his wife in firm, though silken fetters. It would be a sin, thought I, to destroy such a comfortable illusion, such a confidence of power; yet I ventured to remark, that the sultan often mistook the fancies of his favorite slave for his own free will, and that every woman was born a domestic politician.

"All nonsense," cried Simon. "Possibly, one who does not comprehend the female mind, may be deluded by its arts: but whoever is skilled in the windings of their cunning, in the labyrinth of their wiles, may detect their most secret and skilful approaches."

"Friend Simon," said I, "dear friend Simon, there are yet numerous arts upon which you cannot calculate."

Some days after this, I called upon my friend's wife, a friendly, pleasant woman, whose conversation and actions were the mirror of nature.

"What glorious weather!" she exclaimed. "This is the very time to visit the Hallerbrunnen. They say it is a most charming spot: will you join my party?"

"If it can be to-morrow—willingly."

"To-morrow? Well! its settled then; the sooner the better: this fine weather may change."

"If Mr. Simon agrees——"

"Oh, you know," said she, with a peculiar smile, "my husband is an excellent creature, and never refuses me an innocent pleasure.

Only make your preparations; we will set off at six precisely."

At this moment she was called away, and I seated myself in my friend's library. Soon after, Simon entered the adjoining apartment in animated conversation with his wife, and, as I heard the word *Deister*, curiosity tempted me to listen how the affair would be negotiated. I caught the following part of their discourse:

"Thou art right, my dear, it is a tiresome thing—to go rolling over the bare causeway, eat and drink some wretched stuff, fatigue and heat one's self, and all this merely to behold a few trees, which one may see at home every day."

"Arist is possessed with the idea of this drive."

"I would willingly serve my friends; but they must not expect me to weary myself on their account. At all events it cannot be to-morrow, for I have urgent business to attend to, and I scarcely know how I shall get through it. Besides, I dislike all such parties, where pleasure is so methodically pursued, and only found when all is over. Ah, then we wearily exclaim: 'How glad I am to get home again!'"

"Why then do you ladies ever desire to go out?"

"That is just my opinion, and there's an end to it. Arist may seek other companions. No! I will turn this splendid weather to some better account, and I can at length do to-morrow what I have so long intended. Your library here shall be well scrubbed and cleaned. Everything must be turned out and put into a reasonable degree of order. It will dry quickly now, and you will be rid of all that abominable rubbish."

"No, no—not there in heaven's name! that shall not be. Your hubbub and bustle, you well know, are my greatest aversion. Let that rest until another time; I must work to-morrow."

"But, dear husband, can you not sit in the little front parlor for two or three days? The children are not *very* troublesome. I am really ashamed when a stranger comes in here; for you know the mistress of the house bears all the reproach. It must really be done at once."

"Yes, and it shall be done, but when I am not at home."

"You have put me off so several times. Do not be angry, my dear husband, this disorder is little credit to either of us. Is it healthy, is it

agreeable to live in such a kennel? Is it proper to bring any person in here? And I am sure you like a clean room. How pleasant it will be for you when your library is thoroughly aired and purified by the sweet breath of spring!"

"Listen—I have an idea. Since Arist has set his mind upon it—let us drive to the Deister. In the meanwhile, let them flourish their brooms and suds."

"Dear, good man! Go with him then, and enjoy yourself as much as you can; I will attend to everything here."

"No, wife; that was not my meaning. I should lose half the pleasure—without thee I do not stir a step."

"Cannot the clerk take care that no one touches the papers, and attend to the removal and replacing of the books? Is your presence absolutely necessary for this?"

"No, child: but Madam Simon, I desire that you will accompany us, if you please."

"Dear husband!"

"Once for all—one good turn deserves another; and as I have consented to the turning up of my room, you must go with me to the Deister."

"Well, well, dear husband, thy wishes are commands for me. I will make preparations immediately."

We drove to the Deister. As we entered the carriage, Herr Simon warmly pressed my hand, and whispered—

"I owe this pleasure to you; my wife was much opposed to it, but she knows how to obey."

Why cannot every sociable wife conduct her husband to the Deister as often as she desires?

They embraced each other affectionately, and I stole through the back door and down the steps.

THE ANGELS' CALL.

BY MRS. S. SMITH.

We have come from the starry shore,
Far beyond the sea,
To bear thee hence, where grief no more
Will thy portion be;
Haste, haste, why delay
Thou poor trembling child of clay?
Plume thy wing, and soar away
Far beyond the sky.

There is sadness on thy pallid brow,
And tears are on thy cheek,
They fall for those who slumber now
In death's oblivious sleep;
Haste, then, no longer stay,
They have passed from earth away—
'Mid the shining realms of day
They will welcome thee!

We have seen their foreheads beam
With a light divine!
As they wandered by the flowery streams
Of that happy clime;
They were with a shining band,
Pilgrims from earth's barren land;
Harps of gold were in their hand,
And crowns upon their brows.

And they smiling, to us said:

"Call the weary home!
Gently lay each aching head
'Neath the marble stone;"
Haste, then—linger not!
Thine hath been a weary lot—
Earthly care is soon forgot
In our happy home.

We have seen earth's fairest flowers
Wither in their prime:
In our home the vernal bowers
Know no blight of time!
Haste! haste, and upward soar
To the bright, the starry shore:
Nought can grieve thy spirit more
When thy rest is won.

Thus the angels sang their lay
To a dying saint:
While they sang life's fleeting ray
Grew more weak and faint.
Close, close the rayless eye:
Gently with that fainting sigh
Thou hast passed to rest on high,
Far beyond the tomb!

THE HARVEST FIELD.

When the hot Summer rages on the plains,
And the ripe grain grows yellow in the sun,
The busy farmer drives afield his wains,
For lo! the gladsome harvest has begun.

See, in long rows, the reapers graceful bend,
While others, following, bind the fallen grain!
Ah! let us praise kind Heaven that thus doth send
Seed-time and harvest, sunshine glad and rain.

THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

BY CLIFTON MAY.

THERE is a peculiar charm about the reminiscences of the olden time. Every one will tell you how the bosom swells with struggling thoughts too big for utterance, when for the first time he trod the streets of Athens or Rome, and the recollections of its better days came over him. The ivy-covered ruins around him are re-animated with the spirits of the mighty dead. From out the slumbering chaos before him a living image of the lifeless past starts up. The forum again rises in its stately proportions, and shakes off the dust of ages beneath which it has so long lain entombed; and so, as each scene in the vast panorama of the mystic past rolls by us, in imagination we people it with the moving forms of departed ones, who once walked amid those fountains, or traversed those lofty colonnades. The winds which sweep through the groves of the academy, seem to bear upon their wings the inspired teachings of Pluto; and as we wander through the ruins of the Senate House, every stone, with hidden mouth, seems babbling its "*ettu Brute*."

But to him who digs earnestly in the glittering mines of literature, there is no scene that calls up feelings of such bitter disappointment and regret as that of the destruction of the celebrated library at Alexandria. Wander with me along the course of time, back to the days when it stood a shining monument of art, untouched by the hand of desolation. Blot from the records of earth the fifteen centuries that have intervened, and let us look upon it as it was. It stood upon a gentle eminence in the midst of that beautiful city, surrounded by all the wealth and grandeur for which Alexandria was so celebrated. From amidst the magnificent edifices by which it was encompassed, it towered aloft superior to them all. It was constructed of dazzlingly white marble from the isle of Paros, and on every side of it stood a triple row of massive pillars of the most elaborate workmanship. Each marble column was surmounted by a fluted capital, which, in every touch of the chisel, displayed the efforts of a master hand. Descriptions of these elaborated capitals have come down to us in the writings of the ancients, glowing with all the tropes and metaphors of rhetoric. You ascend to the broad entrance by a flight of marble steps almost innumerable; and above upon a broad tablet over-arching the entrance were inscribed these simple

words, "*medicamenta mentis*"—the medicine of the mind, a motto worthy so noble a structure. Standing beneath it and glancing upward, one is oppressed with a feeling of the vastness of the structure, and to make the circuit of it was a most laborious task.

Thus did the temple of Jupiter Serapis appear to the eye of the beholder from without—but let us enter—and we will be struck with a spectacle which far eclipses the exterior for resplendency of lustre. Gaze round the serapion. Behold upon its shelves lie the accumulated love of ages. Huge files of manuscript hang upon its walls. Look upon those old time-worn parchments that are clustered around you, and which appear so worthless—they are the very gems of thought—the priceless jewels of knowledge. Here you are surrounded by the living, breathing thoughts of the voiceless dead—the fragments of deathless minds. Here you can hold converse with the gifted spirits of all former time, and amid the stillness of the temple converse with giant mind. Pause as you enter, and behold by whom you are surrounded. Yonder, leaning over the table of stone, you recognise the scholar poring over some old manuscript. Watch well the expression of his pallid cheek. As he reads behold how thoughts flitting through his mind stamp their image on his face. Unmindful of what is passing around him, he pores over the volume without even lifting his eyes. Now see the self-approving smile overspread his countenance, but as he reads on mark how it changes to bitter disappointment. Creep noiselessly behind him and catch the title of the work. Ah! well can I excuse his abstractedness, for I perceive that the volume he reads treats of Alchemy. The philosopher's stone dazzles his vision while it eludes his grasp, and the elixir of life beckons him on. He is lost amid the rosy dreams and golden visions of the beautiful, but seductive science in which he is reveling.

While you are yet watching the scholar, a figure wrapt in a long, flowing mantle, sweeps by you with noiseless steps. Approaching one of the shelves, he takes from it a scroll, and as he unrolls it you perceive that it is covered with cabalistic figures and hieroglyphic symbols. Leaning against one of the pillars that support the lofty architrave, his mind is soon absorbed by the mystery before him. By his dark robe

you divine that he is one of the priests of the temple, and has come to the library to search into and understand something connected with the mysteries which it is his duty to perform when he ministers to Isis Osiris or Serapis, those monsters of Egyptian mythology. Having finished the perusal of the scroll, he rolls it up, and replacing it, he steals out as noiselessly as when he entered.

Around you, you behold the representatives of every class and every clime. From all parts of the world they come to the temple to glean from its shelves the information which they require. Hither comes the astrologer to consult the elders of his profession—the physician to gain information with respect to the origin of disease—the artisan to consult the masters of science—the Jew to catch some faint foreshadow of the appearance of the long-expected Messiah—the Christian to draw consolation for a wounded spirit and a broken heart from the mild teachings of the meek and lowly Jesus—the Pagan to search out the meaning which underlies the mysterious formality of their image worship. Hither flock all—the wise and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, and each with a purpose as different as the pursuits of the human mind.

These, and such as these were the scenes that were daily enacted within the temple of Jupiter Serapis, at Alexandria, before the barbarian had trod her streets, or the fanatic had set foot upon her shores. But in the very midst of her grandeur the fell destroyer came upon her, and razed her fair temples and her magnificent buildings with the ground. This was a dark day for literature, when a treasure so rich and enclosed in so noble a casket was lost forever. Well may we mourn, for on that day were lost works which the loftiest intellects of modern times have never been able to replace. From specimens which have come down to us, snatched from the burnings with which these all-conquering barbarians enwrap the civilized world, we are warranted in the supposition that many more were destroyed, probably infinitely superior to anything that has been saved. Let us glance at the picture. Behold the fair proportioned temple on the night before its destruction. In the midst of that part of the city called Bruction, which was the abode of royalty, it rose gracefully overlooking the edifices around. The inhabitants are hurrying to and fro within the walls of the city. Theo-

dosius the Great, the scourge of literature, at the head of a band of fanatical Christians, has stormed and taken the city, and is marching with fearful strides toward Bruction and the Serapion. As the shades of evening descend upon the city, look ye! what a blended throng surround the beautiful structure. Theodosius has uttered his barbarous mandate that the temples and palaces of Alexandria shall be burnt, and the preparations are being made to put it in practice. Seized with affright lest the library which he so dearly prized should be destroyed, Phelapionus, the grammarian, begs the Caliph Omar to interpose his feeble authority to save the temple, but Omar silences his entreaties by the cold, stoical answer. "If these writings of the Greeks agree with the book of God they are useless and need not be preserved, if they disagree they are pernicious and ought to be destroyed." How different from the mild teachings of Christianity, and how degrading is a system of ignorant fanaticism which professes to be based upon the pure religion of the Bible. The besiegers receive the answer of the caliph with a shout of savage satisfaction, and soon the blazing torch is applied to the piles of faggots clustered round the temple. At length the entrance is forced, and the crowd rush in. Then commences the work of devastation. The ruthless invaders cast the precious manuscripts into the street, where they are torn to atoms by the mob. Those who had rushed in, after having kindled the flames within the temple, return to the street, and in an instant the whole interior is wrapt in a sheet of flame—upon the exterior the faggots piled high around the temple shoot up their forked flames; and within and without the whole fair fabric is covered with a mantle of fire. Her lofty ceilings of such exquisite workmanship, and such costly material become food for the devouring element, and her rich mosaic floors are laid open in wide fissures by the intensity of the fire. At last the heat becomes so powerful that the massive marble roof uplifts, and falls down with a crash outrivalling the loudest thunder, and burying and crushing beneath its ruins thousands of the multitude below. Thus fell the glory of Alexandria—the pride of Egypt. After the burnings had ceased, nothing was left of that once magnificent structure save its blackened walls and its broken columns—a mournful picture of beauty in desolation and ruins.

THE GIPSIES' FEAST.

Under the greenwood tree,
Feasting so joyously,
Careless and free!

Thral to no man are we,
Nor can we ever be,
Careless and free!

EDITORS' TABLE.

CHIT-CHAT WITH READERS.

MRS. STEPHENS IN EUROPE.—Since the publication of our May number, Mrs. Stephens, our co-editor, has sailed for Europe. She went in the steamship Herrmann, which left New York on the seventeenth of April, and, before this time, is no doubt on English ground. Her absence will not interfere with her labors in this magazine. "Julia Warren" will still be continued, from month to month, until finished; while other articles from her pen will occasionally also be published. She contemplates, should the fatigues of the journey not be too great, sending us a series of letters, descriptive of the old castles, the parks, the social life of England, and other matters interesting to our readers. If her health continues, she will visit, not only the usually travelled portions of the continent, but Constantinople, Spain, and other countries out of the ordinary track of tourists: and from these places, in that event, will send us familiar letters, descriptive of the ladies of Andalusia, of Granada the fallen, of the harem and its inhabitants. No female traveller has, perhaps, ever visited Europe from this country more competent to judge correctly and describe graphically the customs, the antiquities, the scenery, and other points of interest of the Old World. Her correspondence will be a vast acquisition to our pages, and will, we feel assured, increase our already large circle of readers.

Her departure was, in one sense, a triumph. Gifts, from all quarters, were lavished on her by her friends, and many an eye was wet as the Herrmann moved down the bay. Perhaps it is not a breach of confidence to say that, of all her presents, she most valued one received from that noble and estimable woman, whom every female in the land should love, Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney; for it was the gold lead-pencil, which, for more than ten years, the honored poetess had worn around her neck. What exquisite taste, what delicate tenderness in such a gift! On the day Mrs. Stephens sailed, her state-room was almost filled with bouquets, the rarest and costliest that could be procured, some from individuals to whom she was known only by her writings. It must have been a sweet reflection to her to find herself, not only admired for her genius, but loved for her noble heart and for the steadfastness with which she has always adhered, in her compositions, to the cause of virtue. One of her old friends, herself a writer of reputation, has sent us the following poem on her departure.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS FOR EUROPE.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

Farewell to thee, gifted one! America's daughter!
God speed thy good bark o'er the light flashing water!
God speed thee, God bless thee, on sea and on shore,
And safely return thee to thy dear home once more!

Bright lands of the East entwine your green bay,
For the pride of Columbia will pass by your way;
A queen in her own right, by nature's law high—
Oh, royal's the glance of her true poet's eye.

Fling ye open, wide open, the portals of time,
Let her view your old heroes and statesmen sublime,
The elect of their race, who first gloriously trod
The soil dedicated to liberty's God.

She will read from their marble the prophecy deep,
Tyrants vainly invoke their seal'd lips to keep—
"That land where the martyrs of freedom have bled
Will be free!—not in vain was their holy blood shed."

Reveal ye, reveal ye, bright lands of the sun,
Your legends of old to our fair gifted one;
Enrich her with spoils of your unwritten lore,
As she walks, for the first, on your time-honored shore.

Receive her, receive her with loving hearts too!
Her true woman's heart claims the tribute of you,
And ye will be blessed in your loving, the day,
Our sweet friend and sister passes your way.

Farewell to thee, gifted one! America's daughter!
God speed thy good bark o'er the light flashing water!
God speed thee, God bless thee, on sea and on shore,
And safely return thee to thy dear home once more.

Our readers will unite with us, we know, in wishing Mrs. S. a pleasant tour. Her letters may be expected by the time the August number is issued, perhaps in season even for the July one.

~~~~~ REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Noble Deeds of Woman; or, Examples of Female Courage and Virtue. By Elizabeth Starling. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—Every woman in the land should possess a copy of this work. It is a noble tribute to the character of the sex, because a history of the great deeds of females in all ages: deeds of heroism, charity, love, endurance, loyalty, self-control, and gratitude. The author, herself a woman, well says in the preface:—"The performance of the domestic obligations, which are more calculated to court the esteem of the few than to excite the admiration of the many, is the natural province of the sex: but woman's sphere of action is not, at all times, to be so circumscribed: her integrity, fortitude, courage, and presence of mind, may frequently be called forth by adventitious circumstances. In extraordinary times, as are those in which we live, she may be placed in situations of difficulty, if not danger: let her then prepare herself to encounter them, by studying the examples now presented for her contemplation." The volume is an elegant duodecimo of nearly five hundred pages, prettily bound, and embellished with a fine engraving representing a mother rescuing her child from an eagle's nest.

Memoirs of the House of Orleans. By W. Cooke Taylor, L. L. D. 2 vols. Philada: A. Hart.—Really one of the most interesting books of the season, and published in a style of such unusual elegance, that we recommend our lady readers to add it to their boudoir table immediately. The two volumes contain a complete history of the House of Orleans, from the time of its founder, in the reign of Louis XIV., to the flight of Louis Philippe in February, 1848. While the narrative is entirely veracious, and embraces all the great historical facts of the period of the memoirs, it is enlivened, in addition, with sketches and anecdotes which render it far more fascinating than ordinary histories. A far better book is it than even Miss Pardoe's "Louis XIV.," for, while quite as lively, it is made after a higher standard. The volumes are particularly rich in anecdotes of the time of the great king, and of the Regent Orleans, and are invaluable to any person who desires to obtain a correct notion of the era of *le grand monarque*. The book is handsomely embellished with well executed steel engravings.

Cosmos. A sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By Alexander Von Humboldt, translated by E. C. Otte. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Occasionally we find a book tossed up from the sea of literature, which seems to contain condensed in its own pages a whole library of general knowledge. *Cosmos* is one of these rare and noble works: few things exist in the whole universe of which some little knowledge may not be gleaned from its pages. The peculiarities of nations—the results of historical events—the growth of art—the oceanic discoveries—discoveries in the celestial spaces: in short, a little of everything under the heavens and upon the earth is descanted on here—not drily, not enveloped in transcendental joy, but in language that a child can understand: with consistency and arrangement that the most learned man must admire. These two volumes are indeed a library in themselves.

Memoirs of the Count of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. By Madame Campan. 2 vols. Philada: A. Hart.—Another beautiful work, elegantly illustrated with steel engravings. Madame Campan was first lady of the bed-chamber to the unfortunate wife of Louis XVI., and enjoyed unusual opportunities, therefore, to learn every anecdote and incident of the Court. She has accordingly given us, in these volumes, one of the most readable books extant. No one can fully understand the character of Marie Antoinette, or comprehend the revolution of which she was a victim, without carefully perusing these volumes.

The Fear of the World; or, Living for Appearances. By the Brothers Mayhew. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A story of every day life, admirably told, and inculcating a most excellent moral. We do not know where we have seen the evils of extravagance, the heartlessness of fashionable friends, and the folly of sacrificing solid comfort for empty show so graphically set forth. The volume is unusually well printed, and spiritedly illustrated.

Life of Jenny Lind. By G. G. Foster. 1 vol. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.—The expected arrival of Jenny Lind in this country has whetted public curiosity respecting her to an extraordinary degree; and to gratify this natural feeling Messrs. Dewitt & Davenport have issued a biography of her, the fullest we have yet seen, in a neat octavo volume of sixty-four pages, which they sell for twelve and a half cents. The cover of the book is adorned with a likeness of the "Nightingale," which, judging from a daguerreotype we have seen, is the most accurate yet published in this country.

Shakespeare Illustrated. Nos. 14 and 15. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—This edition of the immortal bard is continued with unabated splendor. The fourteenth number, containing the "Winter's Tale," is embellished with an engraving of unusual elegance, a portrait of the fair Perdita, the heroine of the play. The public is under great obligations to Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. for this beautiful edition of Shakespeare, of which every family of taste should hasten to possess itself.

An Easter Offering. By Frederika Bremer. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a volume of twenty-five pages, containing two sketches, "The Light House," and "Life in the North," translated from the Swedish of Frederika Bremer. "Life in the North," according to Mrs. Howitt, contains the most lively and complete view of the literature and philosophy of Denmark that has ever appeared. The price of the book is but six cents, so everybody will buy it.

The Maid of Orleans. By the author of "Whitefriars." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The story of Joan of Arc has formed the theme of more than one novel; but the present surpasses all former ones, we think, in the fidelity with which it adheres to history. The author has evidently read Michelet, and with profit. The love-story, connected with the main incidents, is pleasingly told.

History of Cyrus the Great. By Jacob Abbot. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have so frequently spoke of the series of histories, of which this forms one, and spoken of them in such strong terms, that it is only necessary now to say that the present volume is as beautiful and as well written as any of its predecessors. The engravings which illustrate the story are very choice.

Zanoni. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This novel, which was out of print, is here re-printed, to match the other works of the "Cheap Library of Novels." There are parts of "Zanoni" which Bulwer has never surpassed.

Hume's History of England. Vols. II and III. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Here, for forty cents a volume, we have an edition of Hume, which, twenty, or even ten years ago, would have cost seven or eight dollars.

The Young Prima Donna. By Mrs. Gray. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The demand for this popular novel has proved so great, that a new edition of it has just been issued, in a cheap form.

Poems by H. Ladd Spencer. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—Mr. Spencer is, we believe, a native of Vermont. His poems, in various newspapers, have occasionally attracted our attention; and we are pleased, therefore, to see them collected into so elegant a volume. Many of the pieces have much merit.

Milman's Gibbons' Rome. Vol. II and III. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—How this neat edition of Gibbon can be furnished at the price, sixty-two and a half cents per volume, is inexplicable to us! But so it is. And our advice is, for our readers to avail themselves of the chance, and purchase the series before the price is put up.

The Mysteries of Three Cities: Boston, New York and Philadelphia. By A. J. H. Duganne. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Whatever Mr. Duganne writes is worth reading, and, therefore, though we have not yet found leisure to peruse this book, we have no doubt it is of absorbing interest.

The Daltons; or, Three Roads in Life. By Charles Lever. No. I. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A new story by the author of "O'Malley" is always a welcome visitor to our table. There is a raciness in Lever that no other writer rivals, and which always will retain him the favorite of the public.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—A DRESS OF BLUE FOULARD SILK, the skirt of which is trimmed with three bias flounces, deeply scalloped. The corsage is made very low in the neck, with short sleeves, and over it is worn a spencer of fine, dotted muslin, made high and finished at the neck, down the front and around the waist by a ruffle. It is confined at the waist by a broad, blue sash. Pagoda sleeves, finished by a ruche of blue ribbon placed just above the ruffle. Head-dress of black velvet bows and curled ends, which has been before described. Black velvet bands, with long ends around the wrists. If ladies knew how very becoming these bands are to the hand and arm, we think they would be more generally adopted.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF PINK TISSUE.—The skirt has three bias flounces, which are scalloped and trimmed with fringe. Grecian corsage, made low. The sleeves with the corsage are trimmed to correspond with the skirt. A fine, French worked chemisette. Mantilla of black lace, not lined. Bonnet of white crape, trimmed with roses and foliage.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The very bright tints which have been so much worn, are now nearly out of favor. The spring silks, although looking fresh and airy, are of comparatively sober hues. The same may be said of the materials for summer wear—the figures are small, and the colors delicate and rich, but not bright. There is nothing new in the style of walking-dresses. The new belt ribbons are of the chene pattern. Chene silks, we understand, are to be very much worn next fall. We have no doubt

they will be gladly welcomed by those who remember their beauty and service when fashionable some years ago.

Dresses trimmed with a number of narrow flounces should have a stiff muslin lining in the lower part of the skirt: this supports the flounces and causes the dress to hang gracefully.

A new style for under-sleeves, for dinner dress or demi-toilette, has just been introduced. These sleeves are open at the ends, like the sleeves of the dress. They may be made of tulle or net, and are trimmed with a double or triple row of rich lace. Sleeves of this kind accord well with the present fashion of wearing bracelets.

The newest pocket-handkerchiefs are rounded at the corners, and have the edges scalloped. They are richly worked; but opaque patterns are now rather more prevalent than the light open-work designs which have so long been in favor. The edges may be either simply finished with button-hole stitch, or trimmed with lace; for those worked in colors a variety of different tints is now employed on each handkerchief.

IN BONNETS there is as yet scarcely any change worthy of particular observation. The wide open front, allowing of extremely full under-trimmings, still continues fashionable. Some of the new bonnets are ornamented on the outside with small frills of ribbon. These frills are disposed closely together, and they may be composed either of gauze or silk ribbon, with a light open edge. Bonnets of fancy straw, of leghorn, of ermine, and of French chip, are in preparation for the approaching season. Flowers and lace will be much used in trimming; and the new bouquets intended for bonnets are composed severally of egantine, clematis, hyacinth, &c.

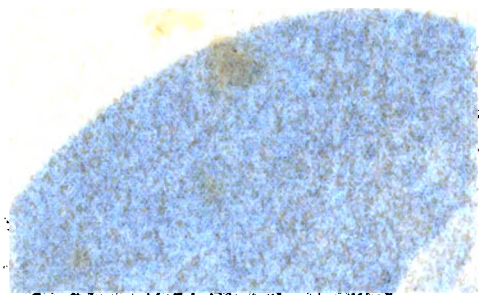
The crape bonnets are exceedingly beautiful and becoming. Many of them are trimmed with an exceedingly fine wreath, placed around the edge of the brim, on the inside, which obviates the necessity of the trimming which is usually worn next to the face. Others have the usual face trimming of tulle and flowers, which is extended entirely around the top of the head, something in the manner of an infant's cap. This is particularly becoming with the present style of bonnet, which exposes a good deal of the head. One of the prettiest bonnets of this kind was of white crape, with daisies and wild flowers for the outside trimming, and daisies embedded in tulle for the face trimming. A new style of French straw has just appeared, which is very elegant. The open work is dotted with chenille, of blue, pink, green, white, or Masarene blue. The outside of the bonnet is trimmed with straw and wild flowers, and the inside with the trimming running around the face as we have just described. Straw bonnets, ornamented with straw trimmings, are much adopted for the country, and in negligé walking costumes. Leghorns are worn, though not as fashionable as formerly.

NETTING.—The article on netting is unavoidably postponed to the next number.



EARLY AT THE GLASS.

Engraved expressly for the *Lady's National Magazine* by J. D. Cross





LES MODES PARISIENNES.



PHILADELPHIA JULY, 1859

W H A T S S H E ?

陳文、謝志宏、謝志宏、黃明輝、謝志宏、

"Frank Hastings is too sensible to be affected by such a thing, I fancy. But, if he is not, he is

VOL. XVIII.—1

"I shall be pleased, if you will. Only you must be very agreeable, for my friend and I are



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1850.

No. 1.

WHO IS SHE?

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"MARY MURRAY, you say—and, pray, who is she?"

These words were addressed by one young lady to another, in reference to an acquaintance to whom one of them had just bowed.

"Who? The daughter of the widow Murray. A dear, sweet, amiable girl as ever lived is Mary, too—you ought to know her."

"I'd rather not," said the first speaker, with a toss of the head. "The daughter of the widow Murray, who keeps a petty thread and needle store! Why, the next thing will be to associate with one's kitchen maids."

"But, in this country, Emma, it is merit that makes the rank," replied the other. "Here, you know, we have no aristocracy. Mary Murray is more beautiful, more accomplished, and more amiable, too, than half my school-mates."

"Well, I can tell you one thing, if you keep up your acquaintance with her, you'll be cut by all genteel people. Do you think the Livingstons, Harrisons, and Lawrences will come to your parties, if they are to meet shop-girls there?"

"They can do as they please," replied Kate Villiers, with spirit. "But one thing is certain, I shall not give up Mary for them, as I like her for herself and not for her ancestors. Besides, for all I know, she may be as well-born as they are; I never thought to inquire."

Just at this instant a handsome young man, riding a beautiful horse, passed, and made a bow to the young ladies. The first speaker was all blushes at this public notice from one of the richest and most fashionable men in the city.

"Dear me," she said, "how glad I am he did not see you speak to that Miss Murray! He would never have noticed either of us again."

Kate Villiers curled her pretty lip in scorn, as she replied,

"Frank Hastings is too sensible to be affected by such a thing, I fancy. But, if he is not, he is

only the more to be pitied." And, warming with natural indignation, she continued, "it vexes me beyond patience to see people, in this country, talking of the gentility of their families, when, out of a hundred, there is scarcely one that is not descended, and at no great distance, from some honest mechanic or respectable farmer. Take our richest families! A century ago they were poor, while the real old gentry of that day are now generally beggared. Who was Astor? A poor German lad. Who was Girard? A French cabin-boy. What was Abbot Lawrence once? A Yankee wood-chopper. So, too, our great statesmen, Clay, Webster, and Benton, all rose from nothing. We ought to ask, not who a person's ancestors were, but what they are themselves."

A few days after, as Kate and her acquaintance were walking together, they met Miss Murray, who, unconscious of offence, stopped to converse with Kate. Emma was evidently uneasy, the more so as her keen eye detected Frank Hastings promenading down the street toward them. Politeness kept her stationary, for a moment, but, as he drew nearer, the disgrace of being seen with the daughter of a "thread and needle woman," as Emma called Mrs. Murray, proved too strong for her courtesy, and she abruptly broke away, and went into a store, pretending a wish to purchase some ribbon.

Frank Hastings, meantime, came sauntering idly down the street, and only perceived Kate when close upon her.

"Good-morning," he said, bowing, his eye attracted by Miss Murray's pleasing face. "Will you take pity on an idler, Miss Villiers, and allow me to accompany you in your walk?"

Kate, who was already engaged, and to a friend of Frank's, answered frankly, for she and Hastings were almost as intimate as brother and sister,

"I shall be pleased, if you will. Only you must be very agreeable, for my friend and I are

used to having sense talked to us, and, if you don't acquit yourself creditably, we shall black-ball you, as you say at the club, the next time you apply for permission to walk with us."

Frank, however, needed no incentive to induce him to talk his best; for the sweet countenance of Mary, in which every emotion of the heart was reflected, was inspiration enough.

They stopped, at last, at Mrs. Murray's little store. Frank looked, with some surprise, at the humble appearance of the dwelling; but this did not prevent his bow to Mary being deeply respectful as he walked off with her friend.

"And that charming girl," he said, "assists to support her mother, by standing behind the counter. What a noble creature! Do you know, Kate, I was half in love with her before, and now I am entirely so? A wife, such as she would make, is worth having, because worth a dozen of the foolish votaries of fashion—gilded, conceited butterflies like your friend, Emma. You must take me to Miss Murray's, some evening, and introduce me regularly."

Kate had known Frank too well to suppose he would despise Mary, because her mother had been reduced to comparative poverty; but she had not dreamed, for an instant, of his falling in love with her. But now, as she hastily thought over the good qualities of each, she clapped her hands and cried,

"That will I, for you are just suited for each other. We will go to-morrow night."

And they did go on the morrow night. And again, and again Frank went, and, after the first two interviews, always without Kate. He was noble-hearted, intellectual, graceful, and refined; and Mary could not long resist the devoted suit he paid to her. Indeed, after some maidenly struggles with her heart, she yielded herself to loving him with all the depth of her pure, yet ardent nature.

Frank was too sensible to regard the mere accessories of fortune. Perhaps, indeed, he loved Mary the better for her poverty. He could never have entertained an affection for her, if she had not been amiable and intelligent; nor, perhaps,

even if her parents had been unworthy; but all things else he considered comparatively indifferent. Himself accustomed, from his earliest years, to fashionable society, he knew its exact value; and he was accustomed to say that "worth, not wealth was what he sought in a wife."

Mary, on her part, loved Frank for his frankness, intelligence and generous qualities, and not for his fortune. "I would rather remain single," she said, "than marry for wealth."

About three months after the day on which our story opens, Kate Villiers called on her old school-mate, Emma.

"Who do you think is going to be married?" she said. "You give it up? Well, Frank Hastings and Mary Murray."

"What!" exclaimed Emma, pale with mortification, for she had herself assiduously sought Frank's notice, "not Frank Hastings and that 'thread and needle-woman's' daughter?"

"Yes! and a happy couple they will make. Mary will now have the wealth she is so well fitted to adorn."

"I shan't visit her," said Emma, pettishly. "She's a nobody. If Mr. Hastings chooses to disgrace himself, let him; but he'll find out the 'old families' won't recognize his acquaintance."

"Pshaw!" said Kate, contemptuously. "You know better. Mr. Hastings is, himself, a member of one of the few 'old families' we have; and, being such, is above all the ridiculous notions of the mere '*parvenu*.' It happens, too, that Mary has 'good blood,' as you would call it. She is the grand-daughter of a signer of the Declaration, an American patent of nobility, I take it, if we have any at all."

"Then it is on that account he marries her," was the splenetic reply.

"No, he never knew it till he asked her to have him. Her virtues and accomplishments won his heart, and they alone."

In due time Frank and Mary were married, Kate being led to the altar on the same day. Emma has learnt a lesson, and, since then, inquires less superciliously, about a new acquaintance.

EARLY AT THE GLASS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

"I ALWAYS knew the sex was vain,
Here's proof," says Mr. Surly,
"It's in the blood, when girls of six,
Are at the glass so early."

"But stay, Sir Critic, for a word
Will set the case to rights, sir;
We women must look at ourselves,
You men are all such frights, sir."

JULIA WARREN.

A SEQUEL TO PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 264.

CHAPTER VI.

It was decided that Julia and her grandmother should accompany Mrs. Gray at once to her old homestead on Long Island. They were about to leave the room, when Julia remembered, with a pang, that she must surrender the little boy to his mother again. Her cheek blanched at the thought. The child had kept by her side since she first entered the room, and now grasped a fold of her dress in his hand almost fiercely. His cheeks were flushed, and his dimpled chin was beginning to quiver, as if he were ready to burst into tears at some wrong that he anticipated.

Tears swelled into Julia's eyes as she bent them upon the child. "What shall I do? He seems to know that we are about to leave him," she murmured.

"Come with me, I will take you to mamma!" said the matron, laying her hand on his head. "There, Georgie, be a little gentleman, dear!"

The tears that had been swelling in the little fellow's bosom broke forth now. He began to sob violently, and shaking off the matron's hand, clung to her new friend.

"Take me up—take me up, I will go too," he sobbed, lifting his little hands and his tearful face to the young girl.

Julia took him in her arms, and putting the curls back from his forehead, pressed a kiss upon it.

"What can I do?" she said, turning her soft eyes unconsciously upon Robert Otis.

Robert smiled and shook his head; but old Mrs. Gray, whose heart was forever creaming over with the milk of human kindness, came forward at once.

"What can you do? Why take him along; the homestead is large enough for us all. It will seem like old times to have a little shaver like that running around, now that Robert is away."

"But he has a mother in the prison," said the matron, "a strange, fierce woman, who somehow or other has persuaded the authorities to leave him with her for the few days she will be here."

"His mother a prisoner, poor thing. Let me go to her, I dare say she will be glad enough to get a nice home for the boy," answered the good woman, hopefully.

"I'm afraid not," was the matron's reply, "she seems to have a sort of fierce love for the child, and is very jealous that he may become attached to some one beside herself. It was from this feeling she forced him from the poor woman who took him to nurse when only a few weeks old. He was very fond of her, and always fancies that any new face must be hers. I wonder she submits to his fancy for this young girl!"

"But its wrong, its abominable to keep the little fellow here. I'll tell her so, I'll expostulate," persisted Mrs. Gray; "just let me talk with this woman—just let me into her cell, madam."

The matron shook her head, and gave the bright key in her hand a little, quiet twirl, which said plainly as words, that it was of no use: but she led the way down stairs, and conducted Mrs. Gray to the prisoner's cell.

The woman was still lying with her forehead against the wall, quite motionless, but she turned her face as the matron spoke, and Mrs. Gray saw that it was drenched with tears.

The huckster woman sat down upon the bed, and took one of the prisoner's hands in hers. It was a large, but beautifully formed hand, full of natural vigor, but now it lay nerveless and inert in that kind clasp, and, for a moment, Mrs. Gray smoothed down the languid fingers with her other plump palm.

The woman, at first, shrank from this mute kindness, and, half lifting herself up, fixed her great black eyes upon her visitor in sudden and almost fierce astonishment, but she shrank back from the rosy kindness of that face with a deep breath, and lay motionless again.

Mrs. Gray spoke then in her own frank, cheerful way, and asked permission to take the little boy home with her. She described her comfortable old house, the garden, the poultry, the birds that built their nests in the twin maples,

the quantity of winter apples laid up in the cellar. All the elements of happiness to a bright and healthy child she thus laid temptingly before the mother. Again the woman started up.

"Are you a moral reformer?" she said, with a sharp sneer.

"No!" answered Mrs. Gray, with a puzzled look. "At any rate not as I know of, but in these times you have so many new fangled names for simple things, that I may be one without having the least idea of it!"

"A philanthropist then—are you that?"

"Haven't the least notion what the thing is," cried Mrs. Gray, with perfect simplicity.

"Are you one of those women who hang around prisons to pick up other peoples' children, while their own are running wild at home—who give a garret-bed and second-hand crusts to these poor creatures, and then scream out through society and newspaper reports for the world to come and see what angels you are? Who pick up a poor wretch from the cells here, and impose her off upon some kind fool from the country, whom she robs, of course: and before she has been tried three weeks, blaze out her reformation to the whole world, forgetting to tell the robbery when it comes? Do you want my boy for a pattern? Do you intend to have it shouted in some paper or anniversary, how great a thing your society has done in snatching this poor little imp from his mother's bosom as a brand from the burning fire? In short, do you want to hold him up as a lure for the innocent country people who pour money into your laps, honestly believing that it all goes for the cause, and never once asking how yourselves are supported all the while? Are you one of these, I say?"

"Goodness gracious knows I ain't anything of the kind," answered Mrs. Gray. "Never sat up for an angel in my life, and never expect too on this side the grave."

"Then you are not a lady president?"

"In our free and glorious country," answered Mrs. Gray, now more at home, for she had listened to a good many Fourth of July orations in her time. "In this country it's against the law for old women to be Presidents. At any rate, I never heard of one in a cap and white apron!"

A gleam of rich humor shot over the prisoner's face. "Then you are not a member of any society?" she said, won into more kindly temper by the frank cordiality of her visitor.

Mrs. Gray's face became very serious, and her brown eyes shone with gentle lustre.

"It is my privilege to be a humble member of the Baptist church; but unless you have a conscience against immersion, I don't know as that ought to stand in the poor boy's way, especially as he may have been baptized already."

"Then you are not a charitable woman by profession? You are willing to take my boy for his own good? What will you do with him if I say yes?"

"Why, pretty much as I did with Nephew Robert; let him run in the garden, hunt eggs, drive the geese home when he knows the way himself; and do all sorts of chores that will keep him out of mischief and in health; as he grows old enough I will send him to school, and teach him the Lord's prayer myself. In short, I shall do pretty much like other people: scold him when he is bad: kiss him when he is good. In the end make just such a handsome, honest, noble chap as my Robert is—that nephew of mine. Everybody admits that he is the salt of the earth, and I brought him up myself every inch of him!"

"And among the rest you will teach him to forget and despise his mother," said the woman, bending her wet eyes upon Mrs. Gray with a look of passionate scrutiny.

"I never wilfully went against the Bible in my life. When the child learns to read he will find it written there, 'honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.'"

"Can I see him when I please?"

"Certainly—why not?"

"But I am a prisoner; I have been here more than once."

"You are his mother?" was the soft answer.

"You will be ashamed to have me coming to your house."

"Why so? I have been a quiet neighbor: an upright woman, so far as my light went, all my life. Why should I fear to have any one come to my own house?"

"But he will be ashamed of me! With a comfortable home, with friends, schooling, &c, my own child, will learn to scorn and hate his mother!"

"No," answered Mrs. Gray, and her fine old face glowed with the pious prophecy—"no, because his mother will herself be a good woman, by-and-bye, it is sure. You are not dead at the root yet: want care, pruning, sunshine: live to be a useful member of society before long—I have faith to believe it. God help you—God bless you. Now speak out at once, can I take the little fellow?"

"Yes," answered the woman, casting herself across the bed, and pressing both hands hard against her eyes—"yes, take him—take him!"

And so Mrs. Gray returned to her old homestead with three new inmates that night. It was a bleak, sharp day, and the maple leaves were whirling in showers about the old house as they drove up; a crisp, hard frost had swept every

flower from the beds, and all the soft tints of green from the door-yard and garden. Still there was nothing gloomy in the scene; the sitting-room windows were glowing with petted chrysanthemums, golden, snow-tinted and rosy, all bathed and nodding in a flood of light that poured up from the bright hickory-wood fire. Robert had ridden on before the rest, bearing household directions from Mrs. Gray to the Irish servant girl. A nice supper stood ready upon the table, and a copper tea-kettle was before the fire, pouring out a thin cloud of steam from its spout, and starting off now and then in a quick, cheerful bubble, as if quite impatient to be called into active service. The fine bird's-eye discept that flowed from the table—the little old-fashioned china cups, and the tall, silver candle-sticks, from which the light fell in long, rich gleams, composed one of the most cheering pictures in the world.

Then dear old Mrs. Gray was so happy herself, so full of quiet, soothing kindness: the very tones of her voice were hopeful. When she laughed, all the rest were sure to smile, very faintly it is true: but still these smiles were little gleams won from the most agonizing grief. Altogether it was one of those evenings when we say to one another, "well, I cannot realize all this sorrow when the soul becomes dreamy, and softly casts aside the shafts of pain that goad it so fiercely at other times."

Little George fell asleep after tea, and Julia sat upon the crimson morsean couch under the windows, pillowing his head on her lap. The chrysanthemums rose in a flowery screen behind her, their soft shadows penolling themselves on her cheek, and dying in the deeper blackness of her hair. Robert Otis spoke but little that night, and his dear, simple old aunt felt quite satisfied that the gaze which he turned so steadily toward the windows was dwelling in admiration on her flowers.

Be this as it may, his glance brought roses to that pale cheek, and kindled up the soft eyes that lay like violets shrouded beneath their thick lashes, with a brilliancy that had never burned there before. Julia's heart was far too sorrowful for *thoughts* of love, but there was something thrilling her bosom deeper than grief, and more exquisite than any joy she had yet tasted.

But Robert Otis was more self-possessed. His thoughts took a more tangible form, and though he could not have accounted to himself for the feeling of vague regret that mingled with his admiration as he gazed upon the young girl, it was strong enough to fill his heart with sadness. Mrs. Gray noticed the gloom upon his brow as she sat in her armed-chair, basking in the glow of that noble wood fire. A dish of the finest

crimson apples had just been placed on the little round-stand before her, and she began testing their mellowness with her fingers, as a hint for her nephew to circulate them among her guests. Robert saw nothing of this, for he was pondering over the miserable position of that young girl, in his mind, and had no idea that his abstraction was noticed.

"Come—come," said Mrs. Gray, "you have been moping there long enough, nephew, forgetting manners and everything else. Here are the apples waiting, and no one to hand them round, for when I once get settled in this easy-chair"—here the good woman gave a smiling survey of her ample person, which certainly overflowed the chair at every point, leaving all but a ridge of the back and the curving arms quite invisible—"it isn't a very easy thing to get up again. Now spring up, and while we old women rest ourselves, you and Julia there can try your luck with the apple-seeds. I remember the first time I ever surmised that Mr. Gray had taken a notion to me, was once when we were at an apple-cutting together down in Maine. Somehow Mr. Gray got into my neighborhood when we ranged round the great basket of apples. I felt my cheeks burn the minute he drew his seat so close to mine, and took out his jack-knife to begin work. He pared and I quartered. I never looked up but once—then his cheek was redder than mine, and he held the jack-knife terribly unsteady. By-and-bye he got a noble, great apple, yellow as gold, and smooth as a baby's cheek. I was looking at his hands sideways from under my lashes, and saw that he was paring it carefully as if every round of the stem was a strip of gold. At last he cut it off at the seed end, and the soft rings fell down over his wrist as I took the apple from his fingers.

"Now," says he, in a whisper, bending his head a little, and raising the apple-peel carefully with his right hand, 'I'm just as sure this will be the first letter of a name that I love as I am that we are alive.' He began softly whirling the apple-peel round his head; the company was all busy with one another, and I was the only one who saw the yellow links quivering around his head, once, twice, three times. Then he held it still a moment, and sat looking right into my eyes. I held my breath, and so did he.

"Now," says he, and his breath came out with a soft quiver. 'What if it should be your name?'

"I did not answer, and we both looked back at the same time. Sure enough it was a letter, no pen ever made one more beautifully. 'Just as I expected,' says he, and his eyes grew bright as diamonds—'just as I expected.' That was all he said."

"And what answer did you make, aunt?"

asked Robert Otis, who had been listening with a flushed face. "What did you say?"

"I didn't speak a word, but quartered on just as fast as I could."

What was there in Mrs. Gray's simple narrative that should have brought confusion and warm blushes into those two young faces? Why after one hastily withdrawn glance did neither Robert Otis nor Julia Warren look at each other again that night?

CHAPTER VII.

THE passions take their distinctive expression from the nature in which they find birth. The grief that rends one heart like an earthquake, sinks with dead, silent weight into another, uttering no sound, giving no outward sign, and yet powerful perhaps as that which exhausts itself in tumult. Some flee from grief, half defying, half evading it, pausing breathless in the race now and then to find the arrow still buried in the side, rankling deeper and deeper with each fierce effort to cast it off.

Thus it was with the woman to whom our story tends, Adeline the insulted, beautiful and suffering wife of Edward Leicester. There had been mutual wrong between the two: both had sinned greatly: both had tasted deep of the usual consequences of sin. During his life her love for him had been the one wild passion of existence—now that he was dead her grief partook of the same stormy nature. It was wild, fierce, brilliant: it thirsted for change: it was bitter with regrets that stung her into the very madness of sorrow.

As an unbroken horse plunges beneath the rider's heel, the object of grief like this seeks for amelioration in excitement. It is a sorrow that thirsts for action: that arouses some kindred passion, and feeds itself with that.

Adeline Leicester was not known to be connected, even remotely, with the man for whose murder old Mr. Warren was now waiting his trial. She was a leader in the fashionable world; her very anguish must be concealed: her groans must be uttered in private: her tears quenched firmly till they turned to fire in her heart. All her life that man had been a pain and a torment to her: the last breath she had seen him draw was a taunt: his last look an insult, and yet these very memories embittered her grief. He had turned the silver thread of her life into iron, but it broke with his existence, leaving her appalled and objectless. She never had, never could love another, and what is a woman on earth without love as a memory, a passion, or a hope?

Her grief became a wild passion: she strove to assuage it in reckless gaiety, and plunged into

all the excitements of artificial life with a fervor that made every hour of her existence a tumult. The opera season was at its full height: morning dances by gas-light took place in some few houses where novelty was an object. Society had once more concentrated itself in New York, and still Adeline was the brightest of its stars. Not a week after Leicester's death her noble mansion was closed for a morning revel: every pointed window was sealed with shutters and muffled with the richest draperies. Light in every form of beauty—the pure gas-flame—the soft glow of wax-candles—the moonlight gleam of alabaster lamps flooded the sumptuous rooms, excluding every ray of the one glorious lamp which God has kindled in the sky. Dancers fitted to and fro in those lofty rooms; garlands of the most choice green-house flowers scattered fragrance from the walls, and veiled many a classic statue with their impassable mist.

Never in her whole life had Adeline appeared more wildly brilliant. Reckless, sparkling, scattering smiles and wit wherever she passed; now whirling through the waltz: now exchanging bright repartees with her guests amid the pauses of the music: fluttering from group to group like a bird of Paradise, dashing perfume from its native flower thickets. Now sitting alone in a dark corner of the conservatory, her hands falling languidly down, her face bowed upon her bosom, the fire quenched in her eyes, and the very life ebbing, as it were, from her parted and pale lips. Thus with the strongest contrasts, fierce alike in her gaiety and her grief, she spent that miserable morning. The transition from one state to another would have been startling to a close observer, but the changes in her mood were like lightning: the pale cheek became instantly so red: the dull eye so bright that her guests saw nothing but the most fascinating coquetry in all this, and each new shade or gleam that crossed her beautiful face brought down fresh showers of adulation upon her. The usual quiet elegance of her manner was for the time forgotten. More than once her wild, clear laugh rang from one room to another, chiming in or rising above the music, and this only charmed her guests the more, it was a new feature in their idol. It was not for her wealth or her beauty alone that Adeline Leicester became an object of worship that day. Like a wounded bird, that makes the leaves tremble all around with its anguish, she startled society into more intense admiration by the splendor of her agony.

At mid-day her guests began to depart, pouring forth from those sumptuous rooms into the glare of day, where delicate dresses, flushed cheeks and languid eyes were exposed in all the disarray which is sometimes picturesque when

enveloped in night shadows, but becomes meretricious in the broad sunshine.

A few of her most distinguished guests remained to dinner that day, for Adeline dreaded to be alone, and so kept up the excitement that was burning her life out. If her spirits flagged, if the smile fled from her lips even for an instant, these lips were bathed with the rich wines that sparkled on her board, kindling them into smiles and bloom again. The resources of her intellect seemed inexhaustible: the flashes of her delicate wit grew keener and brighter as the hours wore on. Her table was surrounded by men and women who flash like meteors now and then through the fashionable circles of New York, intellectual aristocrats that enliven the insipid monotony of those changing circles as stars give fire and beauty to the blue of a summer sky. But keen-sighted as these people were they failed to read the heart that was delighting them with its agony. All but one, and he was not seated at the table, he spoke no word, and won no attention from that haughty circle, save by the subdued and even solemn awkwardness of look and manner, which was too remarkable for entire oblivion.

Behind Adeline's seat there stood a tall man, with huge, ungainly limbs, and a stoop in the shoulders. He was evidently a servant, but wore no livery like the others, and those who gave a thought to the subject saw that he waited upon no one but his mistress, and that once or twice he stooped down and whispered a word in her ear, which she received with a quick and imperious wave of the head, which was either rejection or reproof of something he had urged.

Nothing could be more touching than the sadness of this man's face as the spirits of his mistress rose with the contest of intellect that was going on around her. He saw the bitter source from which all this brightness flowed, and every smile upon those red lips deepened the gloom so visible in his face.

"Now," said Adeline, rising from the table, and leading the way to her boudoir, for it had been an impromptu dinner, and the drawing-room was yet in confusion after the dance—"now let us refresh ourselves with music. An hour's separation, a fresh toilet, and we will all meet at the opera—then to-morrow—what shall we do to-morrow?"

She entered the boudoir while speaking, and as if smitten by some keen memory, lifted one hand to her forehead, reflecting languidly, "to-morrow—yes, what shall we do to-morrow?"

"You are weary, pale: what is the matter?" inquired one of the lady guests, in that hurried tone of sympathy which is usually more sweet than sincere. "We have oppressed you with all this gaiety!"

"Not in the least—nothing of the kind!" exclaimed the hostess, with a clear laugh. "It was the perfume from those vases. It put me in mind—it made me faint!"

She rang the bell while speaking, and the servant, who had stood all dinner time behind her chair, entered.

"Take these flowers away, Jacob," she said, pointing to the vases, "there is heliotrope among them, and you know the scent of heliotrope affects me—kills me. Never allow flowers to be put in these rooms again. Not a leaf, not a bud—do you understand?"

"Yes, madam," answered the servant, with calm humility, "I understand! It was not I that placed them there now!"

Adeline seated herself on the couch, resting her forehead upon one hand, as if the faintness still continued. Her lips and all around her mouth grew pallid. Though the flowers were gone, their effect still seemed to oppress her more and more. At length she started up with a hysterical laugh and went into the bed-chamber. When she came forth her cheeks were damask again, and her lips red as coral, but a dusky circle under the eyes, and a faint, spasmodic twitching about the mouth revealed how artificial the bloom was: from that moment all her gaiety returned, and in her graceful glee her guests forgot the agitation that had for a moment surprised them.

Later in the evening, Adeline drove to the Opera House, where she again met the gay friends who had thronged her dwelling at mid-day. Still did she surpass them all in the superb but hasty toilet which she had assumed, and in the splendor of her beauty. Many an eye was turned admiringly upon her sofa that night, little dreaming that the opera cloak of rose colored cashmere, with its blossom-tinted lining and border of snowy swan's-down covered a bosom throbbing with suppressed anguish. Little could that admiring crowd deem that the brilliant interlinked with burning opal stones that glowed with ever restless light upon her arms, her bosom, and down the bodice of her brocade dress, were to the wretched woman as so many pebbles that the rudest foot might tread upon. Her cheeks were in a glow; her eyes sparkled, and the graceful unrest which left her no two minutes in the same position, seemed but a pretty feminine wile to exhibit the splendor of her dress. How could the crowd then suppose that the heart over which those jewels burned was aching with a burden of crushed tears.

She sat amid the brilliant throng unmindful of its admiration. The music rushed to her ear in sweet gushes of passion. But she sat smilingly there unconscious of its power or its pathos. It sighed through the building soft and low as the

spring air in a bed of violets, but even then it failed to awake her attention. Unconsciously the notes stole over her heart, and feeling a rush of emotions sweeping over her she started up, waved an adieu to her friends, and left the Opera House. Half a dozen of the most distinguished gentlemen of her party sprang up to lead her out. She took the nearest arm and left the house, simply uttering a hurried good-night as she stepped into the carriage. There was no eye to look upon her then. Those who had followed her with admiring glances as she left the opera, little thought how keen was her agony as she rolled homeward in that sumptuous carriage, her cheek pressed hard against the velvet lining: her fingers interlocked and wringing each other in the wild anguish to which she abandoned herself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DYING WIFE.

BY CLARA MORETON.

"For death itself I did not fear—'tis love that makes the pain."—E. B. B.

Open the casement wide, and give me air,
And let me look once more upon the sky—
Once more upon my earthly home, so fair!
Once more, before I die!

How gently doth the south wind fan my brow—
Kissing the tresses damp with Death's cold dew;
How sweet the clust'ring flowers on yon green bough!
The far-off Heaven—how blue!

More beautiful to me the earth doth seem
Now that I feel the parting hour is near;
More terrible the sleep without one dream,
The grave more dark and drear.

Clasp close the hand that hath not strength to press!
Kiss—kiss the lips that soon will be so cold!
Say when I'm gone, you will not love me less
Than in the days of old!

Beloved! it is a better thing to die!
To feel the pulse grow weak, while love is strong—
To know that dim and dimmer grows the eye,
That watched thy smile so long!

Ah! earth hath been to me too much like Heaven—
Thy love hath made me prize my life too well!
But earthly treasures are but lent, not given
As thy fond tears do tell.

Then let me die! I would not live to see
Thy smile wax less—faint and more faint thy tone;
Life would be worse than death, dear love, to me,
If thou, my life, wert gone.

Then let me die! the resurrection morn
Shall wake me from my long and dreamless rest,
And by thy side in Heaven (both newly born)
Shall I be ever blest.

For there is neither death, nor sorrow there,
And God is love; and love to us is given
To make our earthly life more passing fair,
And more of bliss our Heaven.

Farewell! farewell! I know my end is near,
Bend down beside me till I feel thy breath;
God bless thee, love, when I'm no longer here,
Oh! this indeed is death!

WHEN LOVERS PART.

BY W. WALLACE LAMBDIN.

When lovers part, their fond eyes speak
The meaning of the soul,
The lips may not in accents low
Portray the thoughts that roll
Within their hearts—the deep-drawn sigh
May not their love betray,
Yet read they in the glistening eye,
All that the tongue could say.

When lovers part, 'tis not alone
By words they pledge their faith
The quivering lip—the faltering tone—
Seem promises of truth;

For other ears might hear the vows,
However secret made,
And other eyes might see the scene
Enacted in the shade.

When lovers part, the burning kiss
Is felt upon the cheek—
A seal of love—a source of bliss—
A pledge of constancy.
Good-bye, my love, is softly said,
The hand is gently pressed:
They part in hope to meet ere long,
They part with true love blessed.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

THE wife of Washington must ever be a subject of interest to the women of America. Her own virtues, apart from the exalted position of her husband, have made her worthy of remembrance and esteem. She was, in every respect, a model for her sex.

The maiden name of Lady Washington was Martha Danbridge, and she was born of an honorable family, in the county of New Kent, Va., in May, 1782. She grew up beautiful and amiable; and, at sixteen, was already the belle of her district. Accomplished, at least for that day: peculiarly fascinating in manners; and possessed of a graceful and pleasing countenance, she was sought in marriage by numerous admirers; and she finally bestowed her hand, at the age of seventeen, on Colonel Daniel Parke Custis, of her native county. Two children were the fruits of this marriage, neither of whom survived the mother.

While yet in the full bloom of beauty, Mrs. Custis was left a widow. With an ample fortune, and unusual charms of person, she was soon again besieged by suitors. But none made any impression on her heart until she had attained her twenty-sixth year, when she accidentally made the acquaintance of Washington, then a colonel in the service of Virginia. Her grandson, George W. Parke Custis, in a biography of her life, has given a romantic account of this first interview between Mrs. Custis and her future husband.

"It was in 1758," says her biographer, "that an officer, attired in a military undress, and attended by a body servant, tall and militaire as his Chief, crossed the ferry called William's, over the Pamunkey, a branch of the York River. On the boat touching the southern, or New Kent side, the soldier's progress was arrested by one of those personages who give the beau ideal of the Virginia gentleman of the old regime—the very soul of kindness and hospitality. He would hear of no excuse on the officer's part for declining the invitation to stop at his house. In vain the colonel pleaded important business at Williamsburg; Mr. Chamberlayne insisted that his friend must dine with him at the very least. He promised, as a temptation, to introduce him to a young and charming widow, who chanced then to be an inmate of his dwelling. At last the soldier surrendered at discretion, resolving,

however, to pursue his journey the same evening. They proceeded to the mansion. Mr. Chamberlayne presented Col. Washington to his various guests, among whom was the beautiful Mrs. Custis. Tradition says that the two were favorably impressed with each other at the first interview." It may be supposed that the conversation turned upon scenes in which the whole community had a deep interest—scenes which the young hero, fresh from his early fields, could eloquently describe; and we may fancy with what earnest and rapt interest the fair listener "to hear did seriously incline;" or how "the heavenly rhetoric of her eyes" beamed unconscious admiration upon the manly speaker. The morning passed; the sun sank low in the horizon. The hospitable host smiled as he saw the colonel's faithful attendant, Bishop, true to his orders, holding his master's spirited steed at the gate. The veteran waited, and marveled at the delay. "Ah, Bishop," says a fair writer, describing the occurrence, "there was an urchin in the drawing-room more powerful than King George and all his governors! Subtle as a sphynx, he had hidden the important despatches from the soldier's sight, shut up his ears from the summons of the tell-tale clock, and was playing such mad pranks with the bravest heart in Christendom, that it fluttered with the excess of a new-found happiness!"

Mr. Chamberlayne insisted that no guest ever left his house after sunset; and his visitor was persuaded, without much difficulty, to remain. The next day was far advanced when the enamored soldier was on the road to Williamsburg. His business there being despatched, he hastened to the presence of the captivating widow.

The marriage, that followed the acquaintance thus romantically begun, took place in 1759, and was attended by all the beauty and wealth of the neighborhood. After the ceremony, Colonel and Mrs. Washington repaired to Mount Vernon, where they took up their abode. By this union, an addition of about one hundred thousand dollars was made to the fortune of Washington, an accession which rendered him one of the most opulent gentlemen of the Old Dominion. Engrossed with each other, the young couple continued to reside on their estate, until the war of Independence breaking out, Washington

was summoned to the field to lead his country's armies. Mrs. Washington, however, even now would not consent to part entirely from her husband. She accompanied him to Cambridge, and remained until the evacuation of Boston, when, the army moving on New York for an active campaign, she returned for awhile to Virginia.

After this, it was her custom to spend her summers at Mount Vernon, rejoining the general as soon as the army went into winter-quarters. At the close of each campaign accordingly, an aid-de-camp was despatched to escort her to her husband. Her arrival at camp was always a season of rejoicing. The plain chariot, with the neat postillions in their scarlet and white liveries, was welcomed as the harbinger of rest and cheerfulness. Her example was followed by the wives of the higher officers. Thus, every winter, something like society was established at head-quarters, when the smiles and affection of woman relieved, for a season at least, the gloom of disaster and despair.

Lady Washington was accustomed to say that it had ever been her fortune to hear the first cannon at the opening, and the last at the closing of all the campaigns of the war of Independence. During the terrible winter of 1777-8, she was at Valley Forge. The privations to which she had to submit may be judged from a letter she wrote to Mrs. Warren, in which she says:—"The General's apartment is very small; he has had a log-cabin built to dine in, which has made our quarters much more tolerable than they were at first." Think of a woman of Lady Washington's fortune and position, dining, now-a-days, for a whole winter, in a log-cabin! During this awful season, this august female sought out the most distressed of the soldiers, and alleviated their sufferings, as far as possible, out of her private purse. Such was a lady of the olden time! Instead of lounging idly at home in luxury, she shared fully her husband's trials: instead of exhausting her wealth on selfish indulgences, she divided it with the hungry and the sick.

The Marquis de Chastellux, who visited the United States after the alliance with France, thus describes the camp life of General and Lady Washington. "The head-quarters at Newburgh consist of a single house, built in the Dutch fashion, and neither large nor commodious. The largest room in it, which General Washington has converted into his dining-room, is tolerably spacious, but it has seven doors and only one window. The chimney is against the wall; so that there is, in fact, but one vent for the smoke, and the fire is in the room itself. I found the company assembled in a small room which served as a parlor. At nine, supper was served, and when bed-time came, I found that the chamber

to which the general conducted me was the very parlor spoken of, wherein he had made them place a camp-bed. We assembled at breakfast the next morning at ten, during which interval my bed was folded up; and my chamber became the sitting-room for the whole afternoon; for American manners do not admit of a bed in the room in which company is received, especially where there are women. The smallness of the house, and the inconvenience to which I saw that General and Mrs. Washington had put themselves to receive me, made me apprehensive lest M. Rochambeau might arrive on the same day. The day I remained at head-quarters was passed either at table or in conversation."

When at Mount Vernon, both before and after the war, Lady Washington, like a wise housewife, busied herself in superintending personally her domestic affairs. As that was a day when cotton-factories were as yet unknown, every household had to do most of its own spinning; and Lady Washington kept sixteen spinning-wheels constantly going. She was accustomed frequently to wear fabrics thus made. One of her favorite dresses of this home manufacture was of cotton, striped with silk, weighing not quite a pound and a half. Her coachman, footman and waiting maid were all dressed in domestic cloth. She was economical, without being niggardly, and this from principle. She knew that, in consequence of her station, she was looked up to be imitated; and she wished to show an example of moderation. Even when Washington was President, she continued this praiseworthy conduct. As late as 1796, Mrs. Wilson inquiring for pocket-handkerchiefs at a fashionable store in Philadelphia, was shown some pieces of lawn, of which Lady Washington had just purchased; and the information was added that she paid six shillings for handkerchiefs for her own use, but went as high as seven shillings for the President's.

Her ease and elegance of manner, joined to her affability, rendered her, when the wife of the Chief Magistrate, beloved by all. Mrs. Ellet says of this period of her life. "The establishment of the President and Mrs. Washington was formed at the seat of government. The levees had more of courtly ceremonial than has been known since: but it was necessary to maintain the dignity of office by forms that should inspire respect. Special regard was paid to the wives of men who had deserved much of their country. Mrs. Robert Morris was accustomed to sit at the right of the lady of the President, at the drawing-rooms; and the widows of Greene and Montgomery were always handed to and from their carriages by the President himself; the secretaries and gentlemen of his household performing those services for the other ladies. In this elevated station,

Mrs. Washington, unspoiled by distinction, still leaned on the kindness of her friends, and cultivated cheerfulness as a duty. She was beloved as few are in a superior condition. Mrs. Warren says, in reply to one of her letters, 'your observation may be true, that many younger and gayer ladies consider your situation as enviable; yet I know not one who by general consent would be more likely to obtain the suffrages of the sex, even were they to canvass at elections for the elevated station, than the lady who now holds the first rank in the United States.' "

She did not long survive her august husband. Less than two years after his death, she was attacked by a fatal illness, and feeling her end approaching, she called her grandchildren around her, discoursed to them of religion, and, amid the

tears of her family, quietly resigned her life into the hands of her Creator. Her death took place on the twenty-second of May, 1802; and she was buried beside her husband.

Lady Washington is a model for the imitation of the sex. Her abilities were superior, her heart kind, and her conduct under the control of Christian principle. The gentle dignity of her manner inspired respect without creating enmity. In her youth, and even in mature womanhood, she was distinguished for personal loveliness. Our engraving, representing her at the period when she first met Washington, exhibits the rounded contour of her face and form, but cannot give the inimitable charm of expression, that, emanating from an amiable disposition, rendered her universally beloved.

THE STAR OF MY HOME.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

I HAVE journeyed along on the world's beaten track,
Where the storms and the tempests of sorrow come
down,

Where the sky overhead looks gloomy and black,
And the sunshine of hope is still marr'd with a
frown;

But far in the distance uprose to my view,
That light from which memory never can roam,
And the darkness all fled from those beamings so true,
That burn from that beacon "The Star of my Home."

No cloud can obscure the deep radiance that gleams
On my path from that one I have cherished so long,
Whose name is so woven with life's early dreams—
So linked with the memory of love's virgin song,
That all else of the past seems an echo of her,
To which like a Pilgrim my lone heart will come,
And worship in silence the feelings that stir
When gazing upon thee, thou "Star of my Home."

Ambition may lure me with Syren-like strain,
And the halo of fame may seem airy and bright;
While the shoutings of triumph may come like the
reign

Of fancy that comes in the visions of night;
But weary, my fond heart will turn from all this,
From this sea of contention, its fretting and foam,
To the bower of affection, the Eden of bliss,
Above which is shining "The Star of my Home."

There calm as a lake when the sephyr is still,
Will the hours glide away with their fairy-like flow,
For love will impart its deep transport and thrill,
And light up our home with affection's warm glow;
Here, here shall my heart come, as back to its nest
The dove flies, and ne'er shall it wander or roam,
But folding its wings it will sink to its rest,
'Neath the rays that will beam from "The Star of
my Home."

EUROPE.

BY EMILY HERMANN.

THE vintage, on the ancient hills,
In purple glory lieth,
Through rocky gorge and grassy glen
A nation's voice outcrieth.

'Tis not the laugh of merry maids,
'Tis not the hunter's shout,
Who seeks the chamois on the steep
While yet the stars are out.

'Tis not the glee of harvest time,
'Tis not the vintage gladness,

Nor yet the deep-drawn struggling sigh
That speaks despairing sadness.

A cry for human freedom thrills
Old Europe's crumbling heart,
As, with the far-off lessening sails,
She sees her sons depart.

It is a cry of outraged love—
Of wrong—'tis heard in Heaven.
The mother's heart has spurned it long,
For this her house is riven!

CONSTANCE;
OR, THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"THROW open the casement, sister, my brow feels hot, and my blood seems boiling in my veins. Ah, how glorious is night," exclaimed the student, as the evening air, loaded with dew, played upon his pale forehead, and shook each silken hair that hung drooping around his intellectual brow.

The dark old mansion shone fair in the moonbeams. Its mouldering walls and ivied terraces spoke of ages long gone by—those ages purified by distance that seem so fair to the one that gasps beneath present realities. Part of the building was almost in a ruinous condition, in keeping with the gnarled old oaks, through the branches of which the moon's rays sported as brightly as when the now falling trees first began their struggle with time. Ah! how mournfully did the tread of the solitary servant echo through those ancient halls. The room in which the brother and sister sat, had also its tale of greatness long since passed away to tell. Its carved panels, its rusty armor, and the heavy sword that had flashed beneath the burning sun of Palestine—stood mementos of things that were.

But why linger over the work of human hands, monuments of its pigmy glories, when the incomprehensible creation of the Almighty power stands before us? In that room, where external nature is clothed in deep repose, there are spirits, ay! and strong ones, wrestling with the dark influences of life. Gaze upon the face of Ernest Mansfield, as his glowing eye rests on the book before him—watch his flushed cheek—admire the classic outline of his features, they speak the mild and gentle spirit within. Yet occasionally a shadow of sadness mingles with his smile; and what a fearful shade often darkens his brightest look. He knows it not. Does not this show that often the future moulds the present and foreshadows its destinies? Ah, why did not fate let him dwell in the world of the affections: that were his home; but ambition is urging him onward in dizzy paths, and his warm soul is nerved to the task: nor does he dream of disappointment. Fool! why does he struggle with fate? *His* mind has not the strength to mould its own destiny.

The master spirit of that chamber is not he; but Constance, his sister. See her as she gazes on the world without, her head leaning upon her hand, while the moonbeams rest timidly on her

brow. Hers was a beauty that once seen could not be forgotten: each feature spoke mind and strength. What a world of thought was in her dark grey eye: and how fair was her brow. But her mouth, beautifully formed, most strongly told of self-reliance, and the deep energies of the soul. She was formed in nature's prodigality, so exquisite, yet hardly lovely: there was something in her glance—perhaps it was the pride of reason, before which affection withered.

The student cast aside his book, and his bright eye fell upon his sister as she sat in the cold beams of the moon.

"Constance," he cried, "why do you gaze so steadily on the heavens? do you gather omens from the bright ornaments on high? Sing for me, sister dear. The shadow of gloom is resting on my spirit, and music dissolves such clouds."

She turned her eyes upon him. Could that face speak of affection? It did, of a deeply, enduring sister's love.

"The mind," she said, "should be its own support; but I will sing!"

Her lay was a strange one for a woman: it was a song in praise of reason, a lay that spoke of ambition as the worthiest occupation of an immortal being. When it was finished, there was a silence: at last the brother spoke.

"Ah, Constance," he said, "are you a woman, and does there dwell in your heart no warm rays of affection, which love can gather together, and with them form a torch to light the dark ways of life?"

"Ernest," she replied, "perhaps I should have been a man; for the feelings of the woman are secondary to the deep consciousness of mind. I never, even as a child, dwelt in dreams; for the stern realities of life taught me otherwise. I belong to a fallen house, and my ambition is to raise it, yet not through myself, but you. I would see you great; and the name of Mansfield once more honored. To that I am willing to sacrifice everything. What then has the heart to do with me, or I with it?"

"Yet there are other things to live for, Constance, than even ambition," faltered Ernest, not daring to meet her eye. "I too long to be great; but greatness is not everything——"

"Ay! I know your secret," replied Constance, tenderly. "Helen loves you—nay! blush not—for the world affords not another being so pure:

she lives only in the light of the affections. Cherish her love. Win her. Be happy with her. But oh! Ernest," she continued, with passionate tenderness, "forget me not, for you are the only spot where my spirit rests with one feeling of affection."

"Nay!" said Ernest, after a pause, and his voice sank to a whisper. "Do you not love Rudolph of Arnheim? If Helen becomes mine, will not you smile on her brother's suit?"

A strange smile passed over the face of Constance as she stood there in the moonlight. Could Ernest have read that smile he would have seen that nothing of love was felt by his sister for Baron Arnheim: but that she only endured his suit, in the hope that, by an alliance with the wealthy noble, she might advance her brother's fortunes. For the fame of Ernest, as well as his happiness were dearer to her than life: and she hoped to secure both by an alliance with Rudolph of Arnheim. Yet she hesitated to take the final step: something within her whispered to her to hold. Was it the future looking back, and giving her its monition?

"Perhaps so. Nay! if you wish it, yes!"

Such were her words: and again that strange smile passed over her countenance.

"Ah! sister," he replied, "not unless you love him. I know your nature. You would wed him, if you wished wealth or rank, even without affection; and feel secure that your high intellect should keep you from wrong, even if afterward you met one you could love. But, Constance, my sister, beware; many have thus fallen."

"I fear not," she replied, with a look of proud self-reliance. "The light of a strong intellect would burn pure even amid the mephitic air of vice. Strong in myself, I am equal to any destiny."

"Alas! our mother taught us not so," said Ernest. "Do you remember her dying words, 'blessed are they who trust in their Redeemer!' Oh! Constance, we are not strong enough in ourselves, but must seek strength from on high."

"Stay, brother," said Constance, "let us change the subject—we shall not agree." She had made her choice, and was not to be moved by the appeal. Alas! the pride of intellect.

A year had rolled away, and a gay bridal party stood before the altar. The ceremony was finished, and Constance Mansfield became the bride of Rudolph, Baron of Arnheim. In truth they were a pair on which the eye might rest with pleasure. His tall, commanding figure, graced by the decorations of many an order, might have well become a hero of the middle ages. The delicate hand of Constance rested on his arm, and her large eye fell carelessly on the multitude about them. A year in the society of

such a woman as Constance, had moulded even her husband into something more like cultivation and refinement than he had originally been. Bright eyes and happy hearts were there, for Ernest and Helen felt themselves more nearly united; and Helen was proud, very proud of her brother's wife.

Yet Ernest was not satisfied. His glance met the deep gaze of Constance. She wore that strange look as of one whose mind is traversing the present to rest on an ideal future. Oh, how fervently did the youth hope that his sister truly loved the man whom she had linked her destinies with. Yet her air was that of sufferance alone, rather than of love. That night his familiar spirits, hope and love, visited not his pillow; for his mind was agitated. He feared for Constance, and the dark shadows of life, for the first time, rested on his soul.

And Constance was the lady of Arnheim. It was her first step from the forward path of right—and when we step over the threshold of sin, the way back is darkened and the light shines onward. Had Constance mated with one of sympathies and mind equal to her own, gloriously might she have lived, and thrice happy would the being have been to whom she linked her spirit! The affections, that now were made subservient to the intellect, might then have been made to assert their proper sway: and oh! what a glorious woman she would then have been. But it was not so, and from the one error the shadow of evil fell around her, and the dark temptations of sin sprang into existence. Why need we tell of her sufferings?—is she not most unhappy? a soul unappreciated, its most cherished feelings scoffed at; and when she ceased to hope for a thought in common with him, to be cursed by his presence.

But yet she bore it as a woman bears her wrongs—without one word of complaint. That proud spirit would shrink from pity as from hate. Hers were what are termed trivial annoyances, which gall the chafed soul far more than great evils can. Yet with all her sorrows her eye still was bright, and her forehead fair: and she would still be gay, at least in seeming.

There was yet one joy left her, and that was to sit with her brother, whilst her husband was absent, and picture to him the glories of fame as she did in times gone by: and the hopes of Ernest beat high, for he felt that he might pierce the cloud that rested on the human heart, and yield to woman the words of hope and love, fresh from the fountain within him. Poor enthusiast!

They were happy days for Helen—as she sat by the side of Ernest, and listened to the recital of his hopes; and her trusting spirit never darkened them by one fear. On the next year

they were to renew before man the vows they had pledged in secret. Once his wife, would they not both be happy as the gracious airs of life admit of.

Alas! poor Constance, her proud spirit is ever wounded by her sadly chosen lord. On one occasion, thinking his earthly nature more kindly than its wont, she spoke of what she wished to do for her dear brother, to aid him in his struggle with humanity—but he scoffed at the only being she had ever loved, and vowed no wealth of his should feed a vagabond scribbler.

It needed but this to sever the last remembrance of the vows she had given at the altar. For her brother's sake she had married this man: and now the sacrifice was naught. Oh! the suffering of that proud woman. A tear had almost glistened in her eye; but the weakness was momentary: and she stood the calm, self-confident and reasoning being.

The weak mind that sinks under the lightest gloom of sorrow knows not the intensity of suffering which the mighty spirit feels when it wrestles with the dark shadows of life. Wouldst thou mark the workings of an oppressed spirit? Go with me to the chamber where sits the unhappy Constance. She is pale as marble; her bright eyes droop as if guarding the arena within, where conflicting emotions are striving for mastery. See her bosom heave; and how lifeless her white hand rests on the couch before her. Yet the deep concentration of her mind is written on the fixed lips, and on the mouth rigid as in death.

A dark spirit is reasoning with her.

"Shall you ever be the slave of this brutish man?" it said. "Shall your lofty intellect be held subservient to his mere animal will? Shall your brother suffer, in his struggle, for fame, because your callous husband will not assist him? Is this justice? Dare you not free yourself? The tyrant sleeps, a single blow will extricate you, will make you sole mistress of vast wealth, will open the career of glory to Ernest! Can the death of a wretch like Arnheim be a crime? When this great good is to flow from it?"

Such wild sophistries rushed through her brain. Oh! had she had less pride of intellect, Constance might have been saved.

She arose from her couch, her hair hanging in loose tresses over her white shoulders, and passing to the window of her apartment, gazed long and steadfastly on the world without, then taking something from a casket, she slowly left the room, softly waving her hand as though bidding adieu to its old haunts ere her spirit plumed itself for a higher flight.

Her step is firm, and her eye quails not before the fixed purpose of her soul. She reaches the door of the room in which the Baron of Arnheim

reclines. Gazing cautiously around she glides through the opened door into the apartment. It was mid-day, and the sun in the maturity of his greatness flooded the room with light. There is a solemn stillness at noon-day that oppresses the spirit: the unseen shadows gather around the heart almost as darkly then as in their truant hour of midnight.

The husband of Constance slept, from the fatigues of the chase: his muscular form rested heavily on the couch, his head pillowed in his broad hand, and his deep breathing told that tired vitality was gathering its energies for another life. She stood by the sleeping form, and threw back the wild tresses that fell over her face; and from her bosom drew a slender poignard, long and thin almost as a bodkin. It was a fearful sight. The energies of a mighty mind shone in her piercing look, and attitude of defiance: her arm, bare save the jeweled wrist, brandished the glittering steel. Yet she hesitated, a smile for a moment played on the lips of the sleeping man; he was dreaming perchance of the recent chase. That chance smile had almost changed the purpose of Constance. But memory called back her thoughts to the spot they had fled, and again there was death in her eye.

The steel was raised, and she proudly looked around her—never could the rapt enthusiast's frame glow with more transcendent beauty. But it was as the bright colors of the serpent, that but render the deadly venom of the reptile more terrible.

She bends over the form of her husband, and the poignard nears his face. Swiftly she forces it into the expanded nostril, through the delicate bones, until its point rests in his brain. A spasm passed through his frame, and the Baron of Arnheim died without a murmur.

As she withdrew the steel, a wild scream broke the oppressive stillness, and the fainting form of Helen sank at the feet of Constance. She had accidentally sought the apartment, and reached the door in time to behold her beloved brother murdered; but too late to save him. A doubt, half formed, seemed resting for a moment in the mind of Constance; but it vanished immediately: she carefully returned the poignard to her bosom—and gazed upon the face of her victim—a single drop of blood rolled from the nostril, the only witness that the direct hand of God had not smitten him. This she wiped away with a firm hand. Then she raised the form of Helen in her arms and bore her from the chamber of death.

The next morning, when Helen awoke, the tall form of Constance, robed in deep black, stood before her.

"Ah, Constance, dear," exclaimed Helen, "I

have had such a dreadful dream. I thought——” but the dark robe of Constance suddenly re-called the truth to her.

The same wild shrieks as when she beheld the deed broke from her lips; and she passed again into insensibility. Constance sat down beside the couch, and waited her return to reason. Then ensued a terrible struggle in Helen's heart. The brightest spirits of earth, love and the pure affection of a sister, struggled together in that gentle soul. She gazed on Constance, and beholding the murderess of her brother, revenge arose in her heart. Again she looked, and as she recognized the sister of that Ernest whom she loved, she covered her eyes with her hands, waiting to hear Constance explain her guilt away if possible.

The calm eye of Constance read the workings of her spirit, and she exclaimed—

“Helen, you know all. You have seen how, goaded by contact with a mind that breathe! not even the same air as my own, urged by feelings which may you, Helen, never know, you have seen me rid myself from the evil, and pluck from my heart the thorn that alas! I placed there myself. To you, a sister, Helen, I must not tell what I have suffered; but cast from your mind every blossom which makes earth fair, and still you cannot feel one half the deadly agony of my soul. Nay! speak not, Helen. I am in your power: divulge what you have seen; and the world would talk of murder, ay! and you would have the sweet satisfaction of seeing the sister of your betrothed husband perish on the scaffold, hooted by the multitude. Yet, Helen, reflect—it has been done, and there is nothing you can gain but revenge—my life, is it that you wish? take it, and the steel will be welcome to my heart—but put me not in the power of man. Oh! Ernest, my brother,” and her voice trembled slightly, “may the Great Spirit receive your soul ere such a fate befalls your sister.”

The frame of Helen was convulsed by the strong agony of her mind.

“Constance,” she sobbed, “it is fearful: my brain is on fire. I cannot gather into shape my thoughts. But oh! Constance, if I forget my brother—if I forget the faith I have pledged to Ernest—still must I remember that you are guilty—that the one I have loved with a sister's affection is tarnished by sin.”

“Helen,” responded Constance, and the sophistical philosophy which had led her to the deed, now spoke, “you think I have sinned—but is my mind less pure, is my soul less bright since yesterday? Know you not, woman of a gentle soul, that the pure atom of the eternal spirit granted to each at his birth, mingles in the stream of passions, dwells with each dark feeling of earth, and is still the same clear and bright ray as

when it first fell on the human mind: and when it leaves this world to seek an abode where the shades of earth cannot follow it, it is winnowed from its dark companions, and returns to the Great Spirit as pure and bright as when it first sought the heart of man. Such is the human soul. Dost dream the deeds of earth ever tarnish an immortal essence, or that the shadows of life can hide the pure gold of heaven? Mind,” continued the sophist, “dwells with matter, but is not of it; why do not the loathsome diseases of the body pollute the mind? The spiritual use the passions and feelings of earth, as the chief his mercenary bands that are dismissed when the object is won; so the spirit, when its furlough upon earth is over, bids farewell to the affections, to the loves and the dreams of life, which it has presided over, and passes alone over the threshold of eternity.”

“Constance,” said Helen, solemnly, and with a calmness and strength of mind of which Constance had thought her incapable. “I cannot answer your arguments—but my heart tells me they are false. The wise and beneficent Being who has placed us here, has given to each of us a knowledge of good and of evil, and as we seek the one and fly the other, so will our reward be in the land of promise. Good cannot come from the cold reasoning which usurps the throne of the affections: and I repeat, Constance, you have gathered your food from the tree of evil—you have broken the laws of God, and you seek to extinguish, by the cold sophistry of reason, the burning sense of your own shame. Think not that I wish to revenge my brother's death. One soft tear of affection dropped on his grave would soothe the spirit of the dead more than a torrent of avenging blood. No, Constance, live—yours will be a life of agony; and oh! may you, by prayer and a contrite spirit, receive that grace from on high which alone can blot out your sins. Nor think yet that I forbear vengeance—for the love I have pledged to Ernest—those vows are now cancelled; but the memory of my love shall be the taper to light out the few years only that I feel I shall pass on earth. My brother's blood forbids that I should ever again twine my spirit with Ernest's, or think of love. Happiness never can dwell again in my bosom. There is a guest there now that will permit of no comrade. But I shall not reproach you. Farewell, and fear not. The secret shall die with me.”

With desperate energy she left the room, and reaching another apartment, sank almost lifeless.

Constance stood in deep thought. The woman of the strong mind was abashed before an inferior spirit. But the weapon which Helen had flashed in the face of Constance was that of truth, and her eye had quailed under it.

The sun is gaily adorning the clouds with his beams, the trees are dressed in their brightest green, and the birds are singing softly; perhaps the story of their woes. Nature bears but little sympathy with the outward signs of woe—many are gathered around that bier, but Helen is not there, for the agitation of her mind, the stern conflict of her spirit had induced bodily illness, and this trial is spared her. How beautiful does Constance look, resting on the manly arm of her brother. Happy Ernest, he dreams not of what is passing in her mind; he but pities his widowed sister. Haste thee, Ernest, gather rays from the bright beams of joy, for soon that light shall set behind the clouds of misfortune, and the ideal world in which thou livest shall fade away, and thy warm spirit will fall on the damp cold earth.

The funeral service was over and the body of Rudolph of Arnheim reposed with the dust of his ancestors, no record remaining to tell the mode of his death, for the feelings of his wife permitted not the physicians to mutilate his form, in searching for the rent by which his spirit escaped.

From the window of her chamber Helen could see the funeral procession returning, and as it slowly wound amid the serpentine paths, the chill of death seemed to fall on her heart. She felt that she was the confidant of her brother's murderer; that her hand was linked with that of his assassin; that every joy of life was passed; and as she gazed into the future—not a single hope lighted its dark recesses. Helen may never be happy again. A deep and fearful secret rests in a mind intended only for the gentlest affections of life, and it cannot bear up against its burden.

Constance still remained in the mansion of her deceased lord, but the unquiet soul hath not deepened a line on her face. The demon of remorse is hid deep in her heart. But her eye has an absent look, for her mind dwelleth not on the world around her. She meets Helen in her daily walk. Yet no word falls from the lips of either, of the dark secret which oppresses their spirits. To stifle the shades she had herself invoked, Constance clings more strongly than ever to the cold hopes she has rested on, the incorruptibility of mind. How the pride of reason still burns, whilst the demons of remorse feed on the energies of her powerful mind? But it is a pure love she bears for her brother: 'tis the unselfish feeling of one seeking for another a bliss it may not taste of itself. Still does she point out to him the road to fame, and still does she speak of the glories of pre-eminence, and of an immortal name; and often in the very loneliness of her spirit does that proud woman exhort the gentle student to never, never forget her. The very strength of her mind has separated her

from all around her, and she has deepened the shadows that isolate her from man in the dark waters of sin. She is lonely, very lonely.

A few days have passed away, and the beams of the setting sun are bathing the wan brow of Ernest Mansfield, as he reclines against an old giant of the wood.

"Oh, why," he murmurs, "did the curious fates tear from my eyes the bright cloud through which the world looked so fair? What are fame and glory to me now? for there is no loved one at whose feet to lay my honors. How coldly she gazes upon me, and her every movement seems to avoid my presence—I never dreamed of this. I lived, happy that my own spirit had twined itself closely with another, and in this sweet flower my hopes were plucked, it has withered beneath the blast. But her indifference cannot change my feelings. Still may the shadow of my love brighten her path through life, as the withdrawal of hers has darkened forever my journey to the grave. But why does that eye, which beamed on me my own love again, wreathed with the bright rays of her warm spirit?—why does it now bear a mingled look of pity, and, if I read aright, indifference? Better, better could I have borne her hate! My spirit asks why has she changed? To the true soul, when once in its depths a pure love hath rested its abiding light, there is no change."

And in the anguish of his spirit the pale enthusiast pressed his hand on his brow.

At last his agitated thoughts seemed to have found the demon they were roving in search of—and he leaped to his feet, exclaiming—

"Ha, I know it all now—she allies not herself to the poor dreamer—she believes no longer in my oft postponed hopes, and bids me lay my honors at her feet, and then and not until then, claim the hand of Helen of Arnheim. Ah! Helen," cried the youth, "I little thought this of you—but it shall be done. I must strive, I must struggle with man, and instead of being lighted at every step of my career by the beams of an ever-present love, its first rays must now fall on me through the shadow of my successes."

How little, Ernest, dost thou dream of the deadly agony—of the stern conflict of soul, which enabled her whom thou falsely accusest, to hide her love from thee! But still, Ernest, thou art happy in the confidence of thy own genius, thou speakest of honors that man will freely accord thee! But mark, Ernest, genius must have strength to snatch the glory which the curious spirit of man yields not willingly!

Constance still lives on, the cause of all the misery around her, which she knows yet cannot mitigate. Yet, instead of falling from the flimsy fabric of sophistry by which she climbed to the

dark home of sin, instead of sinking into the arms of religion, she still clings to her error. Yet there still lingers in her heart feelings that had birth there long since, which writhe when the suffering brow of Helen rises before them, and trembles at the wild fire which sparkles in the eye of Ernest, that tells the intensity of his hopes.

What a life was hers! Each day contemplating the sad face of Helen, and marking her failing strength. And Ernest, her brother, on his glowing soul the waters of disappointment have been poured. Amid the wreck of happiness around her she stands, on the barren rock of reason, the proud and lofty spirit. Often are the pangs of remorse deadened by the abject humiliation of the soul; but when the strong mind is erect, and calm in sorrow as in gladness, and awake to every withering blast of misfortune, then only can the human heart feel its intensest agony! Thus was it with Constance.

Goaded by the imagined contempt of Helen, Ernest resolved to test his dreams of the night by the broad glare of noon. He must leave the sequestered mansion of Arnheim and dwell in the every-day walks of man. The moment of departure had come, and Helen felt that the chills of death were gathering around her heart, as with a trembling lip she bade him farewell. But when he, in the ardor of hope, forgetting all his fancied wrongs, clasped her to his bosom and kissed her pale brow, her resolution had almost given way. The quivering lip and scalding tear told her agitation, and as though her mind sank from the present into the past, she murmured unconsciously, as in by-gone happy days,

"Dear Ernest, do not leave us."

But memory resumed its seat, and she tore herself from his grasp. The lip still quivered, but the tear dried up on her cheek, and the warm glance of affection left her face for the deep expression of a hopeless sorrow. Ay, Ernest, cast thy thoughts about thee to read the cause of Helen's strange conduct. But thou wilt never know the desolation of her spirit. Her trials, her struggles, and her love will sink with her to the tomb. And thou wilt frame that look of deadly anguish perhaps into one of contempt at thy poverty, or a sneer at the day dreams of thy existence.

The parting between Constance and her brother awoke the memory of the heart in her mind, and as she pressed her cold lips to his, she whispered to him, that "let whatever come, to be prepared for disappointment." How brightly does the pure affection of a sister linger in her mind! Her eye followed the vehicle which bore him from her until it mingled in the mazes of the distance, and then the intensity of loneliness fell upon her

spirit, and though her mind formed not the wish, oh! how welcome would have been the deep forgetfulness of the grave.

On Helen the lighter pangs of sorrow seem to fall unheeded. Each new misery mingled unnoticed with her over-burdened spirit; for it was wrapped in the stupefaction of despair, and if but a thought of joy flashed on her soul, it but showed the depths of its anguish. It was the memory of his love to her, to which her immortal spirit clung, or it would long ere this have winged its flight to the mansions of the blessed; for it dreaded to step over the boundary which must separate her from him.

But let us follow Ernest in his flight. He mingles with man, but he finds that the quiet walks of meditation are no fit school for the spirit which would conflict with life; and each day the fire of his hopes burns lower and lower. But he has an energy of hope which is not supported by the strength of his mind. He has dreamed of success so long, and his hopes locked their tendrils with his very life itself, until his existence is so mingled with his bright visions that the rude hand of reality avails not to separate them—they flourish or fade together.

Poor Ernest, he knows but little of man. He measures them by his own height, and the sober, calculating beings of earth, whose minds reach no spot to which their limbs cannot bear them, deem him almost mad. Yet why should Ernest complain? He understands them as little, feels as little with these joys and sorrows as they do of his.

The story of Ernest's struggles is an oft-told tale. Why need we repeat how the cold sneer chilled his warm soul, or how the shafts of a grovelling ridicule darkened the brightness of thoughts, the force of which it could know nothing. 'Tis a sad tale—the struggles of a pure being, and these chords in our hearts which vibrate to the mournful plaint of a bright spirit as it sinks beneath the dark waters of life.

A year has rolled away, carrying with it its joys and its sorrows—the memory of which, however, still lingers in the hearts which they have either brightened or thrown their dark shadows upon. None but the kindly eye of affection could recognize in the haggard look, in the wild glance, and the emaciated form—the once fair brow and bright eye of Ernest Mansfield. He still lingers around the tomb of all his glorious dreams, and his life has now no object to hope—to live for. He fancies that Helen will now love him not—"ay," he cries, in the bitterness of his spirit, "could I ask her to love me? As well bid the wild rose of the leafy dell to grow beside the wrecked vessel, as it lies on the barren sand."

The last gleam of hope had but left his bosom,

when he was summoned to the death-bed of Helen. She had asked for him. Until now he thought that life could not add to his sorrow, that the cup of his despair was full; but his spirit, in all its anguish, had turned to the love of Helen as a bright spot on earth, where it might still breathe an atmosphere of happiness. His last comfort was now about to be snatched from him, and an utter darkness fell upon his spirit.

It was a calm, beautiful day, and the sunbeams shone brightly on the walls and turrets of Arnheim. A deep stillness rests throughout its halls, for the angel of death is there, and it hath seized its victim from the gentlest of God's creatures. It was a glorious hour for a spirit to take its flight, with the last impress of earthly beauty lingering around its heavenly brightness.

The sun was yet a few hours journey from the horizon, and a rich flood of light filled the chamber. The dying girl was lying on a couch with her head resting on the arm of an attendant, whilst her hand was clasped in that of Constance, on whom she cast a glance of deep affection, as though her immortal spirit, at this moment, was freed from its bondage to the memory of her brother.

"Dear Constance," she whispered, "seek heaven. Leave vain philosophy and the creations of human reason: such false lights bear not the test of a dying hour. And oh! sister, as I wrestle with death, the dark cloud which the shade of my brother hath imposed upon me is drawn aside, and I can yield myself to the gentle hand of affection, and speak, as of yore, of the love I bear to all, to you, Constance, and to—" here her voice faltered, and she sunk back on her pillow, murmuring, "why does he not come?—haste, haste, for the powers of death are gathering around my heart, and I would see him before I die."

"He will be here presently, dearest," said Constance, "he would not tarry on the way."

"Oh," sobbed Helen, and the agony of her spirit seemed to overpower, for a moment, the agents of dissolution, "he will not come, I know it. Constance he cannot forgive me, for he feels I have trifled with the dearest affections of his soul—that I have darkened his pathway through life. Oh! God, but for one moment to tell him that I still love him; in death as in life. I cannot die—my spirit will not leave the earth whilst this cloud rests upon it. Look, Constance, is he not coming? No! All is still again, and my memory will be dark upon earth."

Constance wiped the dew of death from her brow, and moistened her lips with water.

"Yes," she gasped, "beseech this frail body of mine to contain its immortal treasure a little longer. Yet, oh! how sweet the voice of death

would be to my soul if I could but see him ere I go hence." Her lips moved as in prayer, whilst a smile withered on her face, under the cold expression of death, as she exclaimed, "but we shall meet in heaven—meet in an eternal loveliness of spirit, led from the shadow of sorrow and sin by the gentle hand of death."

She lay motionless, and her quick breathing was the only sound which broke the awful stillness. Ever and anon would the anxious eye of Constance seek to penetrate the distance. But yet no Ernest came.

They watched the dying girl until the setting sun gathered his brightest rays for a last glorious gush of light, and as it fell on her pallid face it showed more than earthly beauty; for as the spirit is about to pass away, it assumes its superiority over the failing body, and marks it with the impress of its own loveliness.

The sun now sank behind the hills, leaving a posthumous glory in the rich golden clouds. The film of death was spreading itself over the eyes of Helen, whilst the cold limbs and hurried breathing told that earth was fading before her, and death gently pointing out the glories of the world beyond.

"He comes," cried Constance, as a horseman appeared in the distance, urging the animal he bestrode to his utmost speed.

At the sound Helen opened her eyes, and with a faint smile she said, as though addressing the bright messenger of the eternal spirit,

"But a moment—but a moment, and I will go with thee. Sit by me, Constance dear," she continued, "I feel lonely."

A step was heard on the stairs, and Ernest rushed into the room. His hair hung in matted locks about his face; his eyes were wildly rolling in their orbits; whilst an unutterable anguish had written its story on his brow. He threw himself beside the bed of death, and kissed the cold lips of the dying Helen.

"Helen," he screamed, "live, live, it is I; do you not know Ernest?"

"Ernest," fell unconsciously from her lips, "Ernest."

A look of affection, called by memory alone, vied with the cold stare of death: then a mournful smile spoke returning intelligence, as she softly sighed, "too late, too late:" and Constance gently closed her eyes—for she was dead.

A deep mystery is death, and a glorious boon it is to the one for whom its dark avenue is but a road, leading from the shadows and sorrows of time to the bright mansions of eternity. When we look upon the lovely form, which the spirit hath forever left, and gaze into the filmy eye of the dead, we ask, "where are the bright flowers of earth, which wreathed themselves around the

soul—where are the loves, the affections, and the pure hopes now that their immortal companion hath gone from them?" But a little time, oh! death, and may we all be gathered under thy shadow, seeking the realm of an everlasting joy. Think you that Helen's soul feels the unquiet of her earthly moments? Can the memory of life's shadows tarnish the brightness of an immortal spirit?

How the past gathers to its bosom the lights and shades of the present; and when memory glances through the avenues of time, it often sees naught but the brightness. But it was not so with Constance. On her strong mind the past was fairly pictured, and to her now there was no future: and her spirit must dwell amid the shadows of this terrible past.

Years, many years have gone, with their days, their hours, and moments to the land of memory, and Constance still lives. She is but little changed, though her brow is not so fair, and a wrinkle may have nestled on her cheek, still her eye is cold, and beautiful, and her hand is of snowy whiteness.

The evening is calm, and the last sunbeam has but just fled before the spirits of the night; and Constance is alone—along among the dead. She walks slowly amid the grave-stones, from which the names of those who rest beneath them are fast wearing away. She stops before a grave, on which wild flowers cluster, and the long, dank grass waves mournfully. A marble slab is there. It tells that hopes, and fears, joys and sorrow once dwelt in a thing of clay, which now moulders within that mound. There is a name upon it. By the twilight's fading gleams read it.

ERNEST MANSFIELD.

Ay! she has come to the grave of her brother. That grave has never been hallowed by a single

tear. But a deep affection guards it from oblivion. There is a vacant place near it—another mound is there to rest upon a bosom which now beats with no impulse of the present—memory and remorse will make the damp, cold earth a blessing to her spirit. And oh! would that her soul might mingle with her brother's in heaven as upon earth.

She sat beside the grave until the cold moonbeams sank into her heart, and, as she rose to depart, it seemed that the measure of her grief was full. There was not a kindly heart that beat for her upon earth. She sought her home. It was the old hall of Mansfield, for she had long since left the walls of Arnheim; and in this old mansion had Ernest died in her arms. She seeks the room, where, in the days of her youth, she sat beside her brother, and filled his mind with the glory of life. Again she sits by the casement, and again the moonbeams flood her brow—and perhaps she feels that life, which has been to her the tomb of each hope and dream of her childhood, might now have been fairer if virtue and religion had guarded the portals of her mind. An intensity of loneliness has fallen on her spirit. The shadows of the past are dark and cold, and the future warmed by no hope, and she is alone, alone. The pride of reason has sunk beneath the lonely spirit, and a tear trembles in her eye, the only tear those eyes have ever moulded.

There are those whose spirits are pure until sorrow bids them seek the path of sin. But, like the wild anemone which uncloses but its choicest flowers to the blast, so there are souls whose beauties expand but beneath the blasts of affliction. A dreary life is thine, Constance; and happy are they on whom the grave throws its pall, ere their brightest hopes have faded.

LINES.

BY J. M. GRIBB.

Oh! would that the spirit that flits round thy pen,
Would guide it in hands weak as mine,
I would sing thee a pæan, or chaunt thee a stave
Almost equal in sweetness to thine.

How oft does my memory carry me back
To my boyhood's roseate years,
When I think o'er the days that together we've spent
My heart is e'en melted in tears.

When we sat on the bank where the wild roses grew,
Or strayed by the swift rolling stream,
How the thoughts come back o'er the wide waste of
years,
Of infancy's first wakening dream.

Ah! well I remember your sweet winning look
As I gamboled about you in play,

Or built up fine castles in changeable air
To be real at some distant day.

I watched you with grief as down the swift stream
Of life's turbulent waters you went,
And I saw you so sweetly sink into the tomb
When life's latest breathings were spent.

I followed in silence and sorrow the bier
That bore you away from our sight,
And I felt that the sun of my life was put out,
And I was left curtained in night.

Ne'er yet has the shadow gone off from my soul
As I verge on life's uttermost end,
For I still wander back to the times I have spent
With my sister, my mother, and friend.

THE SQUALL.

BY C. J. PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

"How is it ahead, Mr. Danforth?" said the officer of the deck to me, as I stood on the fore-castle looking-out.

"Wild as a whirlpool, sir, and black as pitch," I cried. "But the sky lifts a little now, over the weather-bow."

"Lifts," said Taffrail, who, at that instant, approached. "Then God preserve us! There's a squall coming up, or I know nothing of the signs of the sky. Look there!"

He had scarcely spoken, when the wind, which was a point or two on the weather-bow, screamed out an instant, and then suddenly ceased. A few moments of supernatural stillness ensued, during which the dark curtain of clouds abeam of us was lifted up; and a spectral lightness flung over the stormy seas, disclosing the agitated vortex before and around us, and casting into bold relief the huge, dark billows that rose like the bosom of a panting monster, heaved against the sky. This second of boding stillness had scarcely passed, before a low wail rose and died away in the distance, as if it were the lamentation of some spirit of the storm; then came a melancholy moan, gradually deepening as it neared us, until it was lost in the wild roar of the hurricane, that rushing ruthlessly along, leveled the waves before its resistless fury, marking its track with a line of driving foam, and which, bursting at last upon the devoted ship abeam, tore, screamed, and howled through the rigging, burying us to the lee-scuppers, as it bowed our tall masts like willow wands to the water. The officer of the deck had but time to shout,

"Meet it with the helm—in with every rag—away there all," before the vast fabric was lying almost on her beam ends, while torrents of water poured over her sides and down into her waist. A minute more and she seemed settling forever: and wild cries rose up and rang along her decks, as the startled crew, aroused from their hammocks, rushed tumultuously up the gangway—while the rapid orders of the quarter-deck mingling with the roarings of the tempest, and the shrill whistle of the boatswain's pipe produced a tumult, that seemed the forerunner of inevitable destruction. At last the frigate seemed to heave a little, she rolled heavily from her prostrated situation, and was just beginning like a jaded courser to urge slowly ahead, when a crack louder than thunder was heard above, and the

huge topsail, torn from its fastenings and whipped into shreds, streamed out a moment from the mast, and then went like a snow flake down the wind. The ship staggered, reeled, and fell dead into the trough. A stifled shriek, as of a hundred men, rose partially upon the gale, but the stern discipline of a man-of-war forbade it to find full vent. I gave up all for lost.

"Hard up, quarter-master, hard up!" thundered the old commodore, making his appearance at this emergency.

"Hard up it is," growled the veteran at the binnacle.

"Does she come round yet?"

"Not yet, sir—she's as dead as a log."

There was no chance for us unless to cut away our masts. It was a dreadful necessity, as it would force us to give up our cruise and disable us in case of emergency. But it was our only hope.

"Away there, boarders, with your axes—stand by to cut away the lanyards of the mizen rigging," thundered the commodore.

The men darted to their duty, each one holding by a rope as the seas poured, in cataracts over our sides. A minute the old man paused before he gave the order to make a wreck of his darling frigate, and then came in a thick voice, full of pent-up emotions, the loud command,

"Cut away there—sharp—sharper, my lads!" and we heard the dull strokes of the axes, the crash, and the mast with all its beautiful hamper went a wreck over our quarter.

It was an awful moment that ensued. The ship groaned audibly, and seemed powerless; she was apparently settling faster into the water than before; and six hundred men, holding their breath in the agony of suspense, drew a long respiration and gave up all for lost. Meanwhile, the surges rolled over and into her, as if already revelling in their prey, and deluges of white, frothy foam swept whirling along her decks. All felt that life depended on that minute. Many a wild prayer rose up then, from lips that had not prayed for years, and many a poor father groaned as he thought of his distant little ones, and saw no hope of his ever pressing them to his heart again. One—two—three seconds slowly crept by, a dead feeling of hopelessness came, crushing the hearts of all, when suddenly I felt the tempest shifting more aft, and at the

same instant, the old commodore at the binnacle, shouted clearly through the hurricane,

"She pays off—God Almighty be praised for his mercy!" and trembling irresolutely a second, her bows fell rapidly away, she whirled around on her heel, and gathering headway as the tempest struck her aft, rolled, struggled and plunged for a cable's length, and then drove like a race horse before the gale.

After the momentary tumult had subsided, the clear voice of the commodore was heard again,

"Clear away the wreck," he said. "We'll scud till morning, Mr. Sands. Get the frigate neat again, and then send the watch below to their hammocks; the poor fellows must be wearied out."

The next morning broke bright and joyous. The sun danced on the billows; the breeze whistled pleasantly overhead; and, in the exhilaration of the hour, we almost forgot the horrors of the night.

Two days afterward we made the land, and before long were quietly moored in Norfolk harbor, where we hastened to refit.

THE CHARMED SPRING.

BY JEANIE ELDER.

I CLOSE my eyes and softly turn
Me to the glorious spirit clime,
Where opes unto my spirit gaze
Thought's golden gates with music's chime.

And what see I within those realms
Of boundless and mysterious power?
Do fair flowers nestle o'er my path,
Or pale, gaunt forms beside me cower?

A spring—a maid—a withered crone,
Rise up, in contrast wild and strange,
Amid a scene where wood, and dell,
And light, and shade, make pleasant change.

The spring lies like a silver globe,
With emerald gems all glancing in,
And willows lightly bending o'er,
As if they loved the view within.

The maid stands like a pale spring flower
Cast forth beneath a tropic sky;
The fair hands folded—blue eyes drooped,
And slight form bent all shrinkingly.

The crone, with weird and searching glance,
Stands like the ministrant of fate;
The grey-mixed elf-locks wildly float—
The brawny bosom heaves elate.

The coarse hand grasps the blue-veined palm;
The weird eye seeks the soft blue eye
As if by a magnetic power,
To drain the springs of feelings dry.

A croaking, muttering, grating sound—
A drop from out the mystic well
Doth tremble on the blue-veined hand,
Fate's curtain lifts before the spell.

Why droops the fair head lower still?
Why paler still the blanching cheek?
Why doth the white lips firmly press
Against the words the heart would speak?

Ah! that young heart hath heard the last
Faint murmur of a truant stream;
Hath seen the sunshine of a life
Fade off with ignis fatuus gleam!

SELF-DISCIPLINE.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I WOULD command my thoughts that they may be
Obedient to the empire of my will,
That 'mid the threat'ning surges of the mind
I yet may whisper to the waves "be still,"
And guiding them from passion's stormy height,
Lead them through paths where danger cannot lie,
Where life's pure sea with softly muffled breast
Reflects the tranquil beauty of the sky.

I would command my temper, and endure
With patient strength life's fretting weight of care,
With fearless courage and unwavering mein
The slight or taunt of petty malice bear;
Nor writhe, nor flinch when wrong or cold neglect
Assail me, where I least had feared the blow,
For firmness void of anger may repel,
Or cold indifference shatter the keenest foe.

I would command my hopes that they may move
Within the bounds of life's appointed way,
Not wearying of past or present good,
To brighter joys with vain expectance stray;
But I would bid them soar in dreams of Heaven,
Wide o'er the free expanse of bliss to roam,
But 'mid the world I'd check their rapid flight,
And close their wings within my earthly home.

I would command my lip, and voice, and eye,
That they betray me not, nor lightly prove
The source of bitterness in after life,
Nor fetter me to those I do not love;
Not to be safe when kindness turned to hate
Meanly betrays what friendship may impart,
But wheresoe'er my thoughts or wishes rove,
To veil my weaknesses within my heart.

THE WIFE'S REVENGE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

CHAPTER I.

It was an autumn evening in 18—, and all the beauty and fashion of New York were gathered within the walls of the old Park theatre, which is now numbered with the things that have been. All who were then present were full of excitement and expectation, and impressed with the idea that it was one of the most important eras in their lives; and yet the very same scene has been enacted both before and since; the same hopes, disappointments, and jealousies have accompanied each separate time. There was the same blaze of light from sparkling chandeliers—the same eagerly-watched stage, with its brilliant foot-lights, pleasant associations, and envious curtain, that yet concealed the expected enjoyment from view—the same white arm leaning in an attitude of such careless consciousness on the red velvet cushions—the same flash of diamonds, waving of plumes, and bowing of turbaned heads—the same bright eyes and dazzling teeth that had graced a similar scene. There sits a bright coquette, surrounded by beaux and dangles, bestowing a smile on one, a sally on another, and a nod to a third—then glancing at her own white arm, on which other eyes also rested, but they, alas! admired the diamond bracelet which clasped its rounded beauties, and thought of the gold, in solid bank-stock, which formed a glorious setting to the beautiful picture; and impudent-looking men level their opera-glasses at all whom they consider worthy of observation—the looked-at party sitting quite patient and resigned under their pertinacious staring.

Seats had been engaged for this important evening weeks beforehand; everybody who was anybody put forth every effort to obtain admission to this last representation of the great English actress, prior to her departure for her native land. The curtain seemed an endless time in rising; and while some sat sullen and impatient, others amused themselves with observations on those around them. Two gentlemen, who were seated in a box that commanded a good view of the house, were earnestly engaged in conversation; their glasses, meanwhile, being in active employment; and one appeared to be enlightening the other as to the character and position of those who, from time to time, attracted his attention.

"Who is that lovely, ethereal-looking little creature? A perfect representation of a Peri! with those golden tresses, and that sweet, innocent expression—I have been observing her this half hour. Ah! you smile—your great heiress, Miss Ivers, I conclude?"

"Not at all, my dear fellow—you never were more mistaken in your life. Ella Colman is, I acknowledge, perfectly charming: beautiful as an opening rose-bud—pure-minded as an angel—and *poor* as a church mouse."

The opera-glass was instantly withdrawn.

"Do tell me who that bold-looking creature is with the great, black eyes, and mouth that seems ready to express the scorn traced in her whole countenance? Upon my word! if she has not just boxed that fellow's ears! and in no gentle manner, either—the termagant!"

"That," said his friend, with a peculiar smile, "is Miss Ivers, the heiress."

A single look of surprise—one uttered exclamation—and the opera-glass was again leveled in that direction. And an artist, whose name is *Gold*, stood at his side and reflected her portrait. A soft light came into her eyes, a gentle, loving smile played about the coarse mouth—and the deceitful painter held up an image of all that was beautiful. He was a fortune-hunter—she, a fortune; and in six months they were married.

Their attention was soon after drawn toward a private box on the stage, the curtains of which had hitherto concealed the inmates from their view; but the drapery was now pushed aside—a delicate hand, sparkling with jewels, rested on the front cushion—and a beautiful woman, apparently about twenty-five, leaned forward upon the seat. She was very lovely, with those high, proud features—the dark, shining hair, amid which sparkled a bandeau of diamonds—and those wonderful eyes, that one moment wore the expression of the startled fawn; the next, were flashing about with haughty brilliancy. The instant she appeared every glass in the house seemed directed toward her; and the stranger gazed in a state of complete fascination—amusing his calmer friend with his raptures.

"If that were but Miss Ivers!" he sighed, "but who, in the name of all that's beautiful, is she?"

"Mrs. Duncan Clavogs," was the reply, "the

most beautiful, wealthy, and miserable women in New York."

"Beautiful, wealthy, and miserable!" ejaculated his interrogator, "rather curious causes of misery, I should conclude."

Too much occupied in drinking in her beauty to pursue the conversation further, he sat wrapt in silent contemplation. The lady endured the gaze of the whole assembly with the utmost stoicism; she sat leaning her head upon one white hand, that gleamed out like a snow-flake from the red velvet cushions, and appeared occupied with other thoughts. Drawing forward a beautiful little girl of four years, she placed her on the seat beside her, and employed herself in talking to and caressing her. The child was dressed in a style of magnificence that corresponded with the mother's attire; and jewels sparkled on the dimpled arms, and were linked about the plump, white neck. Pleased with the light, the splendor, and her own unusual dress, the child's face was beaming with rapture; but the lady started suddenly back, while her brow contracted as with pain—for the little girl, in one sweet whisper, had placed a sharp arrow in her heart. Those around noticed the sudden spasm that shook her frame, and wondered at it; but could those infant tones have reached them, they would no longer have marveled.

"Mamma!" said the child, softly, "am I in heaven?"

The little girl's innocent heart contained but one idea of loveliness; all that was pleasant and beautiful approached nearer, in her view, to the better land; and as she gazed around her head grew dizzy, and she thought that no place save Paradise could be half so brilliant. The mother had shrunk hastily from the child, as though fearful of tainting her purity; and bitter were the thoughts that rose within her, as she sat in the shaded corner, involuntarily dwelling on the difference between that holy place, and the one to which she had brought her innocent child.

But other reflections came and curved the beautiful lip with a smile of contempt; she glanced for an instant toward the opposite box, and as she observed the entrance of a gentleman, she resumed her former position—apparently wrapt up in the little girl. Many gazed with interest on that strange picture in a play-house: a young and beautiful woman seated alone with her child, and apparently unconscious of the tribute offered to her loveliness. It seemed as though she had fallen, unharmed, into the midst of folly and wickedness, secure in the protection of the angel at her side.

The curtain at length rose up amid thunders of applause; and the queen of the night appeared more beautiful than ever. The play was "The

Stranger;" and while all were warmed into enthusiasm, or melted to tears by the representation, Mrs. Clavers sat motionless as a marble statue. The cheek flushed and paled alternately, but not a tear came into the beautiful eyes; she did not move her position, but sat with one hand unconsciously grasping the cushion before her. She leaned forward in an attitude of the most absorbed attention.

"With eyes upraised, and lips apart,
Like monuments of Grecian art."

The fair hand quivered, as though with suppressed emotion; and her eyes seemed riveted upon the stage by a strange fascination.

Suddenly her head drooped—the bright color left her cheek—and sinking back upon the cushions, she fainted. Her position had been too conspicuous not to have attracted the attention of the whole assembly; and as she sank languidly back, several started from their seats and rushed to her assistance. There was now a pause between the acts; the star had for the present retired, and the beautiful Mrs. Clavers became the object of undivided attention.

But the gentleman whose entrance had roused her from her reverie hastily entered the box, and pushing the others aside with the air of one who had a superior right, he soon revived his insensible wife with a glass of water which had been immediately procured. Mr. Clavers had the greatest possible dread of making a *scene*; as soon, therefore, as the lady opened her drooping eyes he asked her questions, in a tone evidently meant to be answered in the affirmative as to whether her fainting had not been caused by the heat, the excitement, &c. She languidly assented; and the crowd who had gathered around returned to their seats quite satisfied; and Mrs. Clavers having expressed her intention of remaining till the end of the representation, her husband seated himself beside her, and appeared to watch her every motion.

None had been more favored in their offers of assistance than the two friends; both simultaneously rushed from their seats—and when they again returned to their old position, the informant was immediately assailed with a host of questions.

"Well," he replied, "as to the first inquiry: 'who was the rather mature, extremely stiff, and very disagreeable-looking gentleman who pushed us aside with such a dignified air,' I answer that he is the lady's husband."

"*Her husband!*" ejaculated the other, "I thought he might be her father!"

"No," returned his companion, calmly, "you thought no such thing. You mean that he is old enough to be, but the looks with which he regarded her were anything but fatherly. His

lordship was in a towering passion; she had created 'a scene,' and no act can be more inexcusable in his eyes. As to why she married him, that must remain a mystery—I can discover nothing to account for it. He is immensely rich, to be sure, but so she expected to be at the time she married him. He married *her* for her money—of that there can be no manner of doubt; and when he found that a brother had inherited the whole, beyond a paltry thousand a year, all of which he scrupulously gives her, his disappointment showed itself in a settled indifference. She is the most splendidly dressed woman in New York; the contents of her jewel-box are said to be inexhaustible; and yet there is a queer story afloat about her always being scant of money. She has all that money can procure, and yet she is often in want of a few dollars. I have often heard of her borrowing various sums; and her carriage has even been seen at the door of a shirt warehouse, while a footman handed in a large bundle, which was received by a lady deeply veiled. There is a mystery under the whole affair; Duncan Clavers has the reputation of being a mean man, and yet look at his wife's dress, and the child's! Whether she ever really loved him I do not know; it seems almost impossible when you consider the difference in their ages, and yet for what else could she have married him? They have a separate carriage, a separate box at the theatre, a separate interest in everything; the only link between them is that little girl, their only child, except that he constantly reminds her of bearing his name—at the same time expressing a hope that she will never so far forget herself as to commit any act derogatory to its dignity. Partly, perhaps, to spite him—partly to gratify her own feelings, she has formed a great intimacy with the talented actress who to-night takes her leave of us. She has no intimate friends; Americans, you know, do not regard actresses in the flattering light in which they are viewed in the old country; talented or not, the fact of their *being* actresses calls forth very aristocratic notions on the part of their patrons here; and although willing enough to be amused by them, and pay for that amusement, they shrink back behind the entrenchment of their pride and dignity at the very idea of making companions of them. Mrs. Duncan Clavers is an independent, brave woman. Shielding herself with the consciousness of her own position and importance, she has ventured to break through all these established forms, and select as her bosom friend an English actress—one whose nightly business it is to amuse other people. This has not operated favorably on her popularity; she is admired, envied, and rather shunned by those to whom she is known as the beautiful

Mrs. Clavers, the *chère amie* of Mrs. —. Her husband, of course, does not like this; it interferes most sadly with his pride, but he cannot prevent it; and he has no right to complain, for he sets her the example himself. He is quite as ardent an admirer of actresses as his wife; and almost every night, when there is not anything absolutely humdrum, you see the two occupying the self-same seats they had at first. But my throat feels quite husky now with so much talking, and there goes the curtain."

The representation was drawing to a close; the actress was more charming than she had ever been before; and while she cried most beautifully with the help of onions concealed in her handkerchief, real tears of unaffected sympathy were rolling down the cheeks of her audience at this tale of ideal woe. The stage was covered with a carpet of flowers—bouquets came flying from all quarters of the house—and as the fictitious Mrs. Haller stood for a moment just below the Clavers' box, the little girl leaned forward and dropped a splendid wreath with such graceful effect that it fell directly on the head of the actress. The father did not appear to relish this display, and drew the child back, but not before the act had been accomplished; and the thunders of applause that followed were partly bestowed on the little cherub, whose bright face had been seen for a moment like a fairy amid the flowers.

It was concluded; the actress had advanced to the foot-lights, courtesied her adieu, made a short speech expressive of her gratitude and sorrow at leaving them—and the curtain fell amid acclamations that shook the whole house.

Duncan Clavers, with an air of the greatest deference, arranged his wife's white cashmere cloak—at the same time whispering to her not to make a fool of herself again, as he saw her trembling, and her cheek turn pale; and leading the now weary child, they left the box together. Mrs. Clavers, despite his opposition, would insist upon bidding her friend a private farewell; and was proceeding to the dressing-room with the child, but her husband, taking the little girl in his arms, said sternly—

"Leave the child with me. We will await your return here."

A sudden shudder came over her, and she leaned against the pillar for support. With trembling steps she proceeded at length to the actress' apartment, and entered the room in a state of hysterical agitation.

She never returned.

Duncan Clavers stood with the sleeping child in his arms, and waited in vain for the interview to be ended. At last, weary and angry, he went behind the stage to seek his wife. The men were putting out the lights—the rooms were in

a state of disorder, and quite deserted. He sat down for a few moments, quiet and composed; as he glanced about, his eye fell upon a note directed to himself—it was in his wife's handwriting—and securing it in one of his pockets, he bore his daughter to the carriage, and returned to his deserted home.

CHAPTER II.

WE must now glance back through many years; from the meridian of life to innocent boyhood—a long and weary travel. It is a cold, snapping winter's evening, and our destination is that snug-looking farm-house, that in summer seems to have fallen so sweetly asleep among the shady trees that surround it. The sitting-room is the very picture of neatness and comfort; the striped carpet on the floor is all of home-manufacture—the brass candlesticks are as bright as hands can make them—the roaring logs in the huge fire-place send forth bright clouds of flame; and around the plain, baize-covered table are gathered happy faces, that would laugh merrily if you told them of damask curtains, and rose-wood chairs, and marble tables, and pier-glasses. The only article for the gratification of vanity is the little, mahogany-framed glass that hangs between the windows, decorated with Christmas greens; they make their mirrors of each other's eyes, which reflect only kindness.

Just before the fire sits the farmer; his boots pulled off, his feet resting on the mantel—deeply absorbed in the amusing occupation of twirling his thumbs. His hair is quite grey; and so is his wife's, the mild-looking woman who is piecing carpet-rags with an air of the most active industry. The fair-haired girl, who sits there knitting, while she from time to time exchanges a smile with the young student at his books, is their daughter—the child of their old age—the left of many taken; and the love with which they regard her is tempered with fear, as they gaze on her fragile appearance, lest she too should go and leave them desolate.

The dark-haired boy at his studies is handsome, and manly-looking, and yet somehow or other, his is a face which you do not like; there is something peculiar in it—an expression not met with at his age. Look again—have you not seen him before? Surely it is not Duncan Clavers! The very same; you saw him last when time had taken away those rounded lines, and brought out into stronger relief the expression which is there faintly shadowed forth. Yes, that is Duncan Clavers, the orphan boy who has his own way to carve out in the world. He has one rich relation, who is willing to set him agoing; if he succeeds, the rich relation will reward him with his smiles and approval—if he

falls, he will push him down still lower. Young as he is, there is a firm resolution embedded in his mind; *he will succeed—he will become a rich man—he will raise his name from its obscurity.* He is now preparing for college; and if daily and nightly toil, if a firm concentration of mind upon the one point in view can bring success, he is sure to have it.

The Wincoats, good, hospitable people! have taken him in at a marvelously low board; they have no son of their own, so they care for him as tenderly as though he bore to them that relation; they are as proud of his talents, as much elated with his success, and depressed at his disappointments. Annie Wincoat regards him as a combination of all the talents, virtues and charms ever separately bestowed on erring human mortals; and he considers her a quiet little girl, with a sweet face, and sunny temper, who will make him a nice wife some of these days—if he has time to think of such things.

The old pair are watching them to-night with very much the same thoughts; it is the first time they ever entertained the idea, and as the husband glances from them to his wife she perceives how his thoughts are employed. They both felt very happy; it was what they should desire of all things—and they fell into a reverie on the future. Of course they were too young yet—it would not be for many years; but they concluded that Annie must still live at home, and Duncan could go to the city every day, and return to the farm-house at night. And so the good, simple people sat and dreamed; they did not think of *gold* coming between them and their happiness; they supposed that Duncan would become rich and great, and yet remain the same as ever.

Often in after years that humble room, with its loving faces, and glowing warmth, rose up before the man of the world; but never so vividly as he remembered it on this particular evening.

Annie left her knitting and glided around to her mother; then she approached Duncan, and twining her arm about his neck, she glanced into his face with a sweet, winning smile, and begged him to lay aside his tiresome books. He pleaded the length of his tasks; but deliberately closing the volumes, she took them up and carried them into the entry. Resolving to make up the lost time when the others were buried in slumber, he suffered her to do as she pleased with them; and seeing him thus emerge from his clouds, the farmer turned around from the fire, Mrs. Wincoat put aside her carpet-rags, and all entered into an animated conversation. Some of Annie's dough-nuts, and one of Mrs. Wincoat's famous mince-pies rapidly disappeared; and at last the time came for retiring.

All departed for bed except the young student,

whose candle was burning far past midnight, as he perseveringly applied himself to the dry volumes before him.

Years passed. Duncan Clavers entered college; he had told Annie of his love—she had blushing confessed hers; and the farmer and his wife were well pleased at the prospect of seeing their two children united.

Annie wore a ring on one of her slender fingers which was never taken off; and a lock of her bright hair rested against the heart of Duncan Clavers. She had the ring—he still treasured her keepsake; what need then had her silly little heart to imagine that there was less love in his letters, in his *tone* than formerly? She could not understand the employments that were pressing around him; some of these days he would think only of her—what right then had she to complain? Nevertheless, in the solitude of her own little room she often wept bitter tears; his letters were cold—his tone she might forget, or imagine warm as formerly, but there lay the words before her—she could not mistake *them*, and they cost her hours of bitter regret and dark foreboding.

Duncan Clavers came now and then to the scene of his school-boy days; old Mr. and Mrs. Winoot were as kind as ever, and Annie looked as sweet, if not as smiling, as formerly, and when there his heart yearned toward them all. But he went back to college; he saw his rich relation, and told him of his love; the two were a long time together in the stately library—and when they came forth, Duncan Clavers' face was as pale as death, but it was firm. Which would he sacrifice; his love or his ambition? *Gold* added another triumph to its already countless lists; and that very evening he wrote a letter to Annie which he knew would be her death-blow, and yet his hand scarcely trembled.

It was placed in her hands; when she had read it twice to be sure of its contents, she spoke not, but glided up to her room and sank upon the couch. She lay there a few weeks; and then her pure spirit winged its way to its eternal abode.

The heavy tramp of men upon the stairs, as they carried down the coffin and placed it in the best parlor, grated harshly on the ears of the two desolate old people; there was a crowd of friends in the little room—an impassioned prayer by the aged minister—a last look at the cold, still features of the loved one—and all was over.

They never reproached him, either with their presence or by note; they knew that it would have no good influence, and so they brooded over, their sorrow in silence. And yet a figure often rose up accusingly before him; sometimes at twilight, when he sat and mused alone—sometimes in the still midnight hour; and as he drove home alone on that autumn night,

his heart whispered, "Annie! thou art now avenged."

His rich relation died; and true to the agreement entered into between them on that night in the library, he left his fortune to Duncan Clavers; who now found himself, while still in his youth, almost at the summit of all he had ever dared to aspire to. But with his wealth increased his wishes—he was not yet satisfied; his grasping soul sought greater riches; and he invested his money in various speculations. A singular fortune attended every effort; his ships were never wrecked by disastrous winds; he never met with dishonest agents; all his merchandize came safe to hand; and his wealth multiplied almost beyond calculation. His youth had passed in mercenary projects, and the autumn of life was drawing on apace. He had never married; many beautiful eyes had darted bright glances at the wealthy bachelor—many ruby lips had wreathed with smiles at his approach—but still he remained single. Had the truth been told, they could hardly have credited it: that the Cæsar of the community would ever make his marriage a matter of traffic—that he could not entertain such views but with the certainty of gain; yet so it was. He grew harder and harder, and colder and colder; and all good impulses seemed choked up forever.

CHAPTER III.

We must now present the man of gold in his second love—if such it can be called. He was very handsome, very gentlemanly, and very agreeable; his thin lips, perhaps, expressed too much the habit of calculation—but he bore his age well, and nature had given him features that made him look far more noble-minded than he really was.

Minna Clarke was a beautiful creature. Accustomed from childhood to have every look gratified—brought up in the midst of wealth and luxury—and quite spoiled by her father and brother, who almost idolized the motherless girl, she became capricious, and could only be satisfied with something out of the common way. Lovers she had in plenty; the attentions of these she ascribed to their proper source—her father's wealth—and gave each successive applicant a summary dismissal.

At length she met with Duncan Clavers. His style interested her; he was no longer young, but he was fine-looking and dignified; his appearance was very different from that of the butterflies by whom she had hitherto been assailed; and when he spoke words of love, and assumed the humble position of a suitor, her vanity was more flattered than it had ever been by the attentions of any other suitor. His own wealth prevented him from seeking her for her money—Mrs. Duncan

Clavers sounded well—she supposed she must one day marry somebody, and why not him? Then again his age, instead of being an obstacle, was quite an advantage; he would be proud of her youth and beauty, and anxious to display it everywhere—in place of a humdrum husband, she would have a devoted escort.

Mr. Clarke, however, was very much surprised by the proposals of Duncan Clavers; he could scarcely believe that his petted, fastidious daughter had placed her affections on a man old enough to be her father; of course money could be no object to *her*; and Minna received a summons to his presence in order to explain the mystery.

"Minna," said the father, "do you really love Mr. Clavers?"

"Yes, papa," replied his daughter, with a charming frankness.

"But consider the difference in your age," he remonstrated. "He will be an old man when you are still a young woman."

"Very true, papa," she replied, with a merry smile, "but it is better, you know, to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave."

Mr. Clarke shook his head—he scarcely knew what to make of it; but concluding that her wishes were most important in such a case, he continued—

"Well, Minna, this is a curious affair—very. Shall I write an assent to Mr. Clavers?"

"If you please, papa," and she glided from the room.

She became the wife of Duncan Clavers; and for a short time her fancies were realized. He was flattered by the love with which she evidently regarded him, proud of her loveliness, and held somewhat in awe by the expected wealth which would one day be hers. He was the most devoted of husbands; and Mr. Clarke saw with surprise that his Minna was, if possible, more merry and happier than ever.

A short time after the birth of their child her father died; and Duncan Clavers attended the funeral with a demeanor of the most perfect propriety. The silver-ornamented coffin had been borne to the family vault; the undertaker's men cleared the hall of their implements; and a party assembled in the library to hear the will read.

It was long and tedious; but Duncan Clavers at length comprehended that the whole property descended to the son, with the exception of a paltry thousand a year! There was one passage relating to his daughter, in which he spoke of her being so well provided for, that he had concluded to keep the estate in the family.

Minna cared nothing about it; rejoicing in her brother's good fortune, she quite approved her father's last wishes, and supposed that her husband's sentiments were the same; but it was not

long before she became aware of his real feelings. The devoted lover quickly sank into the indifferent husband; her freedom was destroyed, her every motion watched, and at first she could scarcely believe that this was the effect of his disappointment. She had then met with the fate she most dreaded: *he had married her for her money!* She had really loved him; but this soon gave place to anger when she found that he did not consider her beauty and attractions a sufficient balance for his paltry gold. From the very depths of her heart she hated him; she saw through his character at last; saw the meanness, and duplicity, and selfishness which he had so carefully concealed; and wept bitterly over her unfortunate marriage. But tears came too late—her fate was irrevocably settled; and she found herself chained to a man whom she despised and loathed.

Duncan Clavers was a mean man; with a property whose income alone would have been quite a fortune, he was yet as watchful in trifles as though just beginning the world. He was ambitious, though, of people's esteem; he preferred keeping his meanness to himself; and none who saw his wife's splendid dress could imagine that she ever felt the want of money. But he meant that she should, as a punishment for his being so deceived; he suspected now that she had married him for his wealth—that the disposition of her father's property had been a privy agreement, to which she was accessory; and he determined that she should not profit much by it. The thousand a year which had been left her he gave her, to be sure, but it was expended for her; costly things, for which she did not care, were constantly purchased, while trifles, not half the amount, were denied. She had no purse separate from her husband's; she was obliged to go to him for everything; and the angry blood often mounted to her very brow as he demanded an account of how every dollar was to be spent. Unknown to him, she procured work from shops; and sat toiling as diligently as the poorest seamstress, rather than suffer this galling bondage.

But he was a torment to her in every way; he interfered with the child, disarranged all her plans, and sought to win its entire love. The little thing, quite unconscious that she was an object of jealousy, prattled sweetly to both; but her beautiful mamma was almost adored—and the father saw, with dark and angry feelings, that in any trifling question of supremacy the mother was always preferred.

They had now been married five years; Mrs. Duncan Clavers was even more beautiful than Minna Clarke had been; she had wealth, beauty, and admiration—and yet she was miserable. Her indignation at being thus considered worthless

and unattractive without her expected fortune—slighted by the man on whom she had bestowed the warmth and frankness of a *first love*—gave birth to an intense desire for revenge; a resolution to pay back all the scorn, and contempt, and indignity which had been heaped upon her. She had few friends; the heartless devotees of fashion who bowed to the husband's wealth suited her not; and yet she must have excitement—she could not live without something to destroy the constant remembrance of her injuries—and she became a regular attendant at the theatre. Almost every night that beautiful face looked forth from the curtains of a stage-box; and she became interested in the ideal scenes that were represented before her.

She met the actress, Mrs. —, at the house of an acquaintance; she admired her talents, her invincible spirit, and agreeable manners; and in a short time they were firm friends. She could no longer keep her troubles to her own bosom; she wanted sympathy, advice; and her actress friend became her confidant. Her story was received with the greatest indignation; from time to time various hints were thrown out; and at length the wife resolved to leave her husband and her home. Mrs. — knew that with her youth, beauty, and distinguished appearance she must succeed upon the stage; she wished to have the pleasure of bringing out a star—in addition to feeling a strong sympathy for the beautiful young creature; and the plan had been so long talked over between them that it now appeared quite reasonable.

What did Mrs. Clavers care for public opinion? She had not a friend she regretted to leave, or whose feeling she valued in the least; it would wound her husband in the tenderest point—by exposing him to public comment and conjectures, she would take a deep and lasting revenge. Nor was this all; he idolized the child, and she could not live without it; it was her intention to take the little girl with her, and for this purpose she had brought her to the theatre on the night of her flight; he would not, perhaps, care for *her* departure, except as it exposed him to ridicule—but to leave him entirely desolate would indeed be a triumph. This it was which had blanched her cheek, and caused her to lean heavily against the pillar; she saw that she must leave *her child* behind; and she appeared before her friend almost irresolute.

"Come," said Mrs. —, as she stood muffled in her wrapper, "I have been waiting for you. To-morrow, you know, carries you far beyond these hateful shores."

"I cannot, cannot go!" sobbed her trembling companion, "my child!—my child!"

The actress comprehended in a moment the

state of the case; and drawing Mimma further inside the room, she said, in a low tone—

"Listen to me—and I can tell you something that will, perhaps, comfort you. It is for the child's good that your plans have been thus disarranged; she can be far better attended to under her father's protection, and lead a much happier life than were she to accompany you about from place to place. He idolizes her, so that there is no fear of her not being tenderly treated; and besides, reflect what a much deeper wound you inflict upon the man by taking her from him at some future time, when he has educated and watched over her from childhood to girlhood. When your fame is fairly established, as it will, it *must* be, when you have a home, and wealth to support her, you can lure her from her father—teach her to supply your place in the admiration of the public—and his punishment will be complete."

Mrs. Clavers was at length persuaded by the eloquence of her friend; and although her tears flowed thick and fast for the child whom she might never again behold, she suffered herself to be led to the carriage. The next day they left the shores of America; and after a short and pleasant passage the white cliffs of Albion gleamed upon their view.

CHAPTER IV.

DUNCAN CLAVERS laid his sleeping child in her little crib, kissed her blooming cheek, and lingered as though loath to leave her. Dark, angry and tumultuous were his feelings, as he reflected that the mother of that child had brought down shame and censure on its innocent head—had exposed him to scorn and revilings—had forfeited her own good name in public estimation. A sudden movement reminded him of the letter; he drew it forth, and read with an expression of contempt.

"Your own shameful and unmanly conduct has driven me from a home which I no longer regard as mine. You married the *heir*, and the portionless wife was soon made to feel that she had no right to the love which had been bestowed upon her rival. I can even read your feelings at this moment: you do not regret your wife's absence—you are trembling lest your cherished *honor* should suffer!" Make yourself quite easy on that point—little as you deserve the comfort; for my own sake I shall strictly preserve the good name which has never yet been tarnished. The companion of my flight is a woman; I have gone off with no solicitous lover—although could I so far forget what was due to myself, your conduct has been sufficient to drive me to it."

Duncan Clavers read this epistle to the end; a peculiar smile curled his lip as he proceeded, and

when he had finished it, he calmly tore it into fragments and laid them on the fire. He did not believe one word of it. He was convinced that his wife had married him for his wealth; and that she had since become fascinated by the attractions of some younger lover. The actress had been a party to the elopement, and the pair had probably fled to England to elude pursuit.

All that night he sat up—keeping a lonely vigil in his library. Pictures of his early days, the face of Annie Wincot, and the purity of his early love rose up before him. His hands were clenched, his face deeply marked with conflicting passions, and his whole frame shook with violent emotion. The morning rays still found him there; a servant would enter in a few moments to dust the furniture; and shrinking from the eyes of prying curiosity, he went softly up to his apartment and threw himself on the couch.

The world soon knew the flight of the beautiful Mrs. Clavers. Some loudly blamed her proceedings, and sided with the husband; while others declared that she was quite right in leaving him if he did not treat her well—they only wondered who she could have gone off with, as nobody was missed. But Duncan Clavers was determined to put down public surmises; he did not seclude himself from people's gaze—he appeared the same as before, and allowed no change to be visible. He was still important and influential; his wife's desertion had not affected his property; and the circle of his adherents continued unbroken.

But his daughter? That was the trouble; in that place the mortification was most keenly felt; and he determined to seclude her entirely, at least till the report should have worn itself out—and not suffer her spirit to be crushed by the taunts leveled at her in consequence of her mother's misconduct. Nothing that money could procure was denied her; the nursery was filled with rare and expensive toys: but she had no playmate—no companions except her father and nurse; and so she grew up a beautiful, graceful child, ignorant of the bright world from which she was excluded. She was ten years old before Duncan Clavers thought of sending her from him. The pain of parting, however, was balanced by the advantages she would derive; and for the first time in her life, the little Minna found herself the inmate of a boarding-school many miles from home, and surrounded by none but strange faces.

Before long, though, tones and words of kindness greeted her as of old. The daughter of Duncan Clavers became the idol of the community; the rich contents of her trunks afforded an endless subject of wonder and admiration to her companions—her inexhaustible fund of pocket-money often procured them more substantial pleasure—and her beauty was the envy and

ornament of the school. Cross teachers were lenient toward her, mild ones more indulgent, and the motherless child was surrounded by an atmosphere of kindness.

It was her seventeenth birthday. The day before she had returned to her father. He received his child with proud affection, and gazed admiringly on the beautiful face. Now and then, however, as some expression shot across it, he would almost see his wife again, before him; and Minna often wondered at the strange coldness with which he then repulsed her. He was capricious in his kindness, but still she loved him; her toilet-table had that day been covered with costly gifts of every description, and every wish was gratified.

No brilliant assembly had celebrated her birthday—he did not wish to present her yet to the world; and the two now sat alone together in the lofty parlors. The mufflers which had concealed the splendid curtains since the wife's desertion were now removed—the covers had been taken off the furniture—and the rooms once more presented an appearance of being inhabited. He had never spoken to her about her mother; those in the house had been forbidden to mention the subject, and Minna supposed that her mother had died in her infancy. But he felt that she must now hear the truth from his lips, before mingling with those who would poison her peace with their malicious insinuations.

They had been silent for some time; Minna sat in an attitude of thoughtful repose, and he had been considering how to introduce the odious subject.

"Minna," said he, at length. "Do you ever think of your mother?"

"Sometimes," replied the daughter, sadly. "I think how delightful it must be to have a mother. Oh! how I wish she had not died!"

"Would that she had died!" muttered Duncan Clavers between his clenched teeth; but Minna did not hear this, and he added, quietly: "she is not dead—that is, not that I have heard of."

"Not dead!" she exclaimed, springing to his side, "oh, dear papa! tell me where she is, that I may go to her this instant!"

"Silly girl!" was his stern reply, "which is the sadder, think you, to have the memory of a pure-hearted mother, who died in her youth and loveliness—or know that one lives, a violator of her marriage vows, a deserter of her helpless child, a disgrace even to herself? The very fact of her being alive, an alien from her husband and child, might have told you the sad truth."

Minna trembled; and covering her face with her small hands, she listened in breathless silence.

"You are now old enough," he continued, "to

be made acquainted with the story which I have hitherto carefully kept from you. I would not have your childhood blighted by the knowledge of your mother's disgrace; but the time has now come, Minna, when others will whisper the tale in your ear, even should I conceal it. *Your mother!*" said he, bitterly. "Yes, you have need to be proud of her! She deceived me before marriage—she has deceived me since. Abusing my trusting kindness, she abandoned her home and fled with some lover, probably across the sea; I have never seen nor heard from her since. To-night, Minna, is the anniversary of her elopement; it weighs heavily upon me, for it has been a slur upon my honor—it will be visited upon her innocent child. May curses rest upon her and her worthless paramour!"

"Father, dearest father!" pleaded the daughter, while the large tears fell upon her cheek, "do not, do not speak so! I *know* that she is innocent! My own, my beautiful mother! whom I have thought of, and loved from childhood, as one too pure for earth. Perhaps she was carried off against her will—perhaps——"

"Silence!" interrupted her father, angrily, "have you no more sense, girl, than to invent these ridiculous fancies? You do not know her as I did. She left me, I say, of her own free will—made my name a by-word with the crowd!"

Minna dared not utter another word in her mother's defence; his angry vehemence frightened her, and she could only sit and weep in sorrow for that mother's disgrace.

"Was she not very beautiful?" she asked, at length.

"Beautiful! yes, it was her cursed beauty that has brought me to this! A valuable possession, truly! Do not look that way, Minna; you remind me of *her*, and then I hate you! Come into the library," he continued, "and feast your eyes with her deceitful beauty."

Minna followed with a faltering step; and Duncan Clavers, approaching the book-case, unlocked a small drawer, and took from thence a closed box. He had never opened it since that night, and now handed it to his daughter, saying:

"Look upon it, if you will—but do not show me her treacherous features!"

Minna's trembling hands could scarcely unfasten the case; but at length the beautiful face beamed upon her, and her eyes filled with tears as she gazed sadly upon it. Oh, it was very beautiful! It had been taken just after the birth of Minna; and the large dark eyes had a dreamy languor, as they looked lovingly upon the gazer—the complexion was like the lily, with a faint tinge of color in the delicate cheek—and the lips of a rose-bud hue. Minna stood and gazed upon it; and sweet, dreamy thoughts came gliding

into her soul; she pressed her lips reverently upon the angel-face, and her father, taking the case from her hand, shut it quickly from her view.

They returned to the parlor, each occupied with different thoughts; his were bitter—while her's were only sad. That night the petted heiress retired to rest with her first sorrow upon her heart; knowledge is often bitter indeed, and she lay awake upon her sleepless couch, pondering over the probable fate of her beautiful mother. She could not believe her guilty—those pure eyes could express nought but what was lovely; and she fell asleep at length as she murmured, "mother! beautiful, unfortunate mother! Will you ever return to your child?"

CHAPTER V.

THE year again came round; and it was Minna Clavers' eighteenth birthday. That beautiful face was even more lovely, with its sweet, bewitching expression; and the figure was almost fairy-like in its proportions. Again, costly gifts were scattered around her apartment, and sparkling gems were clasped upon neck and arms; but her mind was filled with the last birthday's disclosures. It had saddened her youthful spirits, and left a weight upon her heart; and listlessly she passed from one enjoyment to another.

The father proposed that they should pass the evening at the theatre. Duncan Clavers had never once entered it since that autumn evening fourteen years before; they had then gone to witness the last representation of an English actress—they now went to welcome the appearance of one. The papers were filled with the praises of the beautiful Mrs. Walton; her talents, her loveliness, and interesting appearance; and every one crowded to witness her first appearance. But Minna listlessly ran her eyes over these panegyrics; and yielding to, rather than, seconding her father's proposal, the heiress stepped languidly into the softly cushioned carriage, without one expectation of pleasure or enjoyment. Duncan Clavers folded the cachmere shawl carefully about his daughter's shoulders, and seemed to be fearful lest a breath of air should blow too freely upon her.

The carriage soon drew up at the door of the theatre; and as the light from the lamps fell upon the beautiful face, and rich dress of Minna, many pressed forward to gaze upon her. But another carriage had drawn up at the same time; and as if recognizing something familiar, the solitary occupant bent eagerly forward, and scanned, with a rapid, examining gaze, the faces of Duncan Clavers and his daughter. As long as they remained in sight, these beautiful eyes were fixed mournfully upon them; then hastily

drawing her cloak closer over her head and face, the actress passed on with a deep sigh to her drawing-room.

The scene appeared to him the same as when he reviewed it last; if some faces had disappeared, they were now succeeded by others, and he could see no difference. He was very silent and grave as he sat there in the curtained box where *she* had last sat; and the remembrances of that autumn night crowded thick and fast about him. People were surprised to see Duncan Clavers again occupying his old place; and the admiring glances which had before been bestowed on the beautiful wife were now directed to the equally lovely daughter. He had almost forgotten the stage, and the representation he came to witness—so absorbed was he in his mournful retrospection; and he was now aroused from his reverie by the buzz of admiration around him.

He glanced toward the stage. The curtain had drawn up, and like some beautiful creature of light stood the actress—her eyes cast down beneath the reiterated plaudits of that astonished circle. Her beautiful head was drooped, her hands meekly folded on her bosom, and she stood thus, motionless and calm—though her heart was throbbing wildly at this enthusiastic reception. Beautiful she certainly was, but there was something peculiar in her beauty—it was not mere stage-effect; there was something distinguished in her whole appearance, something very different from the actress-look which characterizes stage-performers.

Minna Clavers bent eagerly forward to gaze upon that speaking face; her listlessness was now thrown aside, and she riveted her eyes upon the actress, unable to remove her gaze. Once Mrs. Walton glanced toward the box; she caught the full light of those beaming eyes, and her voice faltered as she proceeded with her part. By a curious coincidence, the play was "The Stranger;" and Minna sat trembling and sick at heart, while her father's face was expressive almost of agony. Now and then Duncan Clavers recognized an expression, a tone, that seemed familiar; and he gazed upon the actress in a state of breathless interest. They loaded him with flowers—they made the place resound with acclamations—and yet she stood calm, cold, and unmoved. She curtsied with graceful gratitude; but no flush of gratified vanity came into her cheek, no ambitious fire lit up her eye—and her apparent indifference rendered her still more an object of interest. Her voice had a touching pathos, a sweetness that went directly to the heart; and her soft dark eyes roved listlessly about as though seeking in vain for some resting-place.

The father and daughter rode home in silence.

Minna was still dwelling on the lovely face that reminded her so strongly of her mother's picture; now and then during the representation, when overwhelmed with sorrow, she almost fancied that it must be *her*—it looked as the picture looked, with its expression of gentle melancholy.

Duncan Clavers did not ask himself if love, love from which *gold* had kept aloof, was really springing up in his heart; calculation, cautiousness, interest were forgotten; and his mind still pictured the beautiful face on which he had dwelt with such strange fascination.

Time passed on; the beautiful actress was overwhelmed with admiration, praises, flattery—even words of love were sounded in her ear from all directions; but she was like a marble statue, beautiful to look upon, with eloquent expression in the chiseled features—but giving back no echo to their honied words. Her admirers could only look upon her on the stage—in private a small, black silk mask shaded, though not entirely concealed her features; and she refused all audiences without this covering.

Duncan Clavers had hung enraptured over her night after night; and at length he too spoke of love. He was almost surprised at himself when the confession came—there was something that repelled him at the time when he felt most attracted; but he could no longer keep it back. He had spoken; and now, in a state of strange agitation, awaited her answer.

He did not see the expression that passed over her face; the light in those dark eyes, or the smile upon her lips—the black silk mask concealed it all. They were both silent, till he longed for some word or sound to break the solemn stillness. He knew that she was odd—he had seen it before in many things; and yet her manner of receiving his declaration surprised and annoyed him. Those great dark, melancholy eyes were fixed upon him with an earnest gaze—a half-doubting expression; and he remained spell-bound beneath their glance.

He was driving home, and she was at his side. She had accepted his invitation to supper, and now reclined back in a corner of the carriage; not even a fold of her garments coming in contact with him. He was satisfied to have her there—pleased that he had triumphed; and yet he felt no disposition to advance closer. He could not have summoned courage to touch her hand. They drove on in silence; and he sat in a state of bewilderment, wondering at his situation, and believing himself to be in a sort of dream. Once or twice he thought he heard a gasping sigh and a sob; but he did not speak, and the carriage stopped before long at his own door.

That silent drive had seemed an age of exist-

ence; and he gladly descended from the carriage, and offered his assistance to Mrs. Walton. She trembled with a strange emotion, and he lifted her out in his arms. He was elated with his triumph; it must be love that caused this agitation in the beautiful statue; and with the most lover-like gallantry he conducted her to the spacious drawing-room. She glanced bewildered around, and pressed her hand upon her forehead, as though striving to bring up some dim, half-forgotten resolution. The fugitive wife again stood within the walls of that home which she had abandoned fourteen years before; and she listened breathlessly, almost expecting to hear the tones of a childish voice, or the noise of infant merriment. But no such sounds greeted her ear; then came a host of recollections filling up the forgotten space, and with a sigh she placed her hand in his arm and allowed him to conduct her to a seat.

"Why that sigh, sweet one?" he whispered.

"We often sigh in the midst of happiness," she replied, turning those beaming eyes full upon him. "Does not a foreboding for the future, or perchance a recollection of the past, often come over you when you would commune with other thoughts, and bring a sadness in the midst of pleasure?"

These deep tones fell upon his ear with thrilling earnestness; he started suddenly, and stood gazing upon her with a fierce, suspicious glance.

But the eyes had drooped again beneath their long dark lashes, and his momentary anger passed quickly away. She exerted herself to amuse him, and her conversation became brilliant and fascinating. Duncan Clavers sat entranced; the marble statue had melted before his love—had shown itself in a new character for him, and him alone—and his face was flushed with triumph. She could have led him then submissive in her chains; and a feeling of gratified revenge arose in her heart. Now she felt was her time; and cautiously introducing the subject, she said, while her musical voice slightly faltered—

"You were speaking of your daughter just now—do you know that I have often gazed upon her features with a feeling of deep yearning, while something seemed to remind me of other days? She is surpassingly beautiful, and her face brings up the memory of one I lost. Would that I could see her now! But, perchance, she cares not to regard the actress as other than a source of amusement."

Duncan Clavers was not a little surprised at her wish, but it was sufficient for him that she had expressed it; telling her that she should soon be gratified, he left the room and went to his daughter's apartment.

Minna was still up and reading when her father

entered; his curious message filled her with a strange emotion, a vague, undefined feeling; and trembling violently, she accompanied him to the drawing-room.

Mrs. Clavers had risen when she found herself alone, and approached a picture that stood opposite the mantel. It was that of a little girl in a baby-frock, with waving, gold colored hair, and a sweet, arch smile upon the red lips. The mother's heart throbbed with old remembrances as she saw her child just as she had pictured her; and then she glanced with a sigh at another portrait, which represented her as she had appeared that first night at the theatre; the same small, exquisitely shaped head, large, dreamy eyes and pearly complexion; but she soon turned from that to the other picture—she loved best to remember her a child.

The door opened; and Minna, pale as a marble statue, stood within it. She trembled in every limb, and felt almost afraid to enter. Duncan Clavers had retired to the library, leaving the two to their mysterious interview; and the young girl almost wished for his support. The actress had sunk back upon a couch, and Minna heard a succession of gasping sobs.

"Who—what are you?" she exclaimed, "you look so like—and yet you cannot be!"

Her only reply was a withdrawal of the mask; disclosing features deadly pale, but marvelously like the portrait.

"You are—you must be my mother!" cried Minna. "Oh! tell me that I am not deceived!"

"Minna!—my child!" she murmured.

The young girl sprang impulsively toward her, and the two were locked in a close embrace.

"But why do I see you thus, dear mother?" asked the daughter, at length. "Why are you not in your own home, where we all love you so much? Oh, now I remember," she added, in confusion, "he told me that——"

"What did he tell you, Minna?" asked her mother, in a tone of command, "I would know if he has attempted to lower me in the estimation of my child."

She hesitated; but Mrs. Clavers was firm; and at length, with tears, Minna revealed the disclosures made by her father on that birthday night.

"Answer me one question truly," said her mother, when she had concluded. "Did you believe him?"

Minna gazed for a moment on the pale, calm face; then throwing herself into her mother's arms, she exclaimed—

"No, mother! I did not!—I do not!"

"Thank heaven!" murmured Mrs. Clavers, as she folded her daughter in her arms, "that my child, at least, will do me justice! No!" she

continued, vehemently, "believe it not! The whole is a vile, despicable falsehood, worthy of him who invented it! I will tell you my sad story, Minna, and you shall judge between us two."

Her daughter listened attentively to the narrative of her bright and happy girlhood—her first, absorbing love and its mercenary return—and her idolizing affection for her beautiful child. Mrs. Clavers spared not the circumstance of her flight, but she told of her misery at parting from her child; and Minna wept as she wished that she had never been separated from her loved and beautiful mother.

"We arrived in England," she continued, "and I accompanied Mrs. — to her own home. She has proved a kind and disinterested friend to me, and under her tuition I became acquainted with the rules of my art. I met with encouragement, praise, admiration; the excitement, at length, became necessary to me, and with pleasure I anticipated the nightly display. Gold too flowed into my hands, but still my mind was absorbed with the one overwhelming thought; in the soft twilight hour, Minna, the figure of my child often rose up before me—and hers was the last name that trembled on my lips at night. Do you too view your mother as an outcast? A guilty wretch, who is a dishonor to all connected with her?"

The young girl slid down upon her knees, and taking one of those fair, slender hands in hers, pressed it reverentially to her lips.

"Bless you! my own, my loved one!" murmured her mother, "could you but know how I have looked forward to this meeting!—how it has cheered me in my dark and lonely hours, and made bright ones seem yet brighter."

Minna moved not from her mother's side; she could not bear to leave her, now that the beautiful original of the cherished picture spoke words of love and tenderness. But sorrow had come mingled with her happiness; her father she could no longer regard with love and reverence—he appeared to her as the persecutor of her mother, and she almost dreaded to meet him again, lest her feelings should betray themselves.

"Minna," said her mother, "we must part soon—I can never return to my home."

"Oh! I cannot, cannot part with you!" exclaimed Minna, as she twined her arms about her, "what shall I do?"

"Would you go with me, Minna?" she asked, in a voice scarcely audible.

One moment's hesitation, as home and all its joys rose up before her; and then the daughter murmured: "whether thou goest I will go!"

She had triumphed! Though time, distance, all, she was still beloved; and the pale cheeks were tinged with the bright flush of joy. One hurried embrace, a few whispered words, and Minna retreated to her apartment; while Duncan Clavers returned from his solitary sojourn in the library, not in the best of humors. He thought the interview unreasonably long—she must prefer his daughter to himself; but his transitory anger was soon dissipated by the lively sallies of her brilliant companion.

"Oh, cast that shadow from thy brow,
My dark-eyed love, be glad again!"

Warbled the actress in a voice of touching melody; and he was again her humble slave.

A few more weeks passed, and the daughter of Duncan Clavers disappeared as his wife had done, leaving him entirely desolate. A note was placed in his hands; and with galled, and tortured feelings, he read as follows:

"Revenge, thou art indeed sweet! My trampled love, my trusting confidence, my outraged dignity, all are now requited! I once more fold my child to my bosom, and tell thee, Duncan Clavers, that it is the slighted wife who has lured the daughter from her home—torn her from an unworthy father to rest once more near her mother's heart.

"And I won love, too, disinterested love from you! Oh! it almost makes me laugh to think of it! And you little knew, poor fool! that the brilliant actress was but the runaway wife, exercising her wiles upon you but to make you still more desolate! I would have taken her with me that night, but you prevented me, and now the blow strikes still deeper. Adieu! I hasten to my child!"

SONG.

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

'Tis all in vain—I cannot now forget thee!

Linked as thou art with memories of the past!

In thought thou'rt with me as when first I met thee,

And those bright visions bind my spirit fast.

Once more thou art mine own—I list thy voice

And its low music, doth my heart rejoice.

VOL. XVIII.—3

Alas! a cloud obscures these blissful dreamings,

And blighting grief dispels each gleam of joy,

For all thy words and acts were but false seemings,

Framed to deceive, and breathed but to decoy.

Yet still—I think of thee—and in my sleep

I murmur thy loved name;—then wake to weep.

DIRECTIONS FOR NETTING.—NO. I.

BY M^{RS}. M^{RS}. DEFOUR.

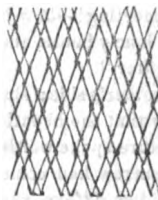
PLAIN NETTING.—Take the mesh in the left hand, (having previously made a long loop with twine, and fixed it to any convenient support,) between the two first fingers and the thumb.

The netting needle must be threaded with the material, and fastened by a knot to the long loop before spoken of, and the mesh must be held up as close as possible to this knot *under* the twine. The silk is to be held in the right hand between the fore finger and the thumb and must be passed under and around the left hand, so that the material may be formed into a slack loop, passing over all the fingers, except the little one. In this position, the silk must be held between the upper side of the mesh and the left-hand thumb, and the needle must be passed back, round the pin or mesh, allowing the material to form a larger loop, so as to include the little finger. The needle will thus be brought round, in front of the mesh, and must pass under the first loop, between the mesh and the fingers, and thus through the loop called the foundation loop, and thence over that portion of the material which goes backward for the purpose of forming the second loop. The needle must be kept in its position, till the right hand is so brought round as to be able to pull it through, and then the needle being drawn out and held in the right hand, the worker must disengage all the fingers of the left except the last, which is to retain its hold of the second loop, which was formed by passing the material round it. By means of this hold, retained by the little finger, the material is to be drawn to the mesh, and the knot thus formed be drawn tight to the foundation. This process is to be repeated, until a sufficient number of stitches are formed as are necessary, according to the width of the net desired. As the mesh is filled, some of the loops must be suffered to drop off; and when the row is completed, it must be drawn out, and a row of loops will be found suspended from the foundation by their respective knots, and moving freely onward. The work is then to be turned over, which will cause the ends of the rows to be reversed; and in netting a second row, it will be done as before from left to right. In commencing the second, and all the succeeding rows, the mesh must be so placed as

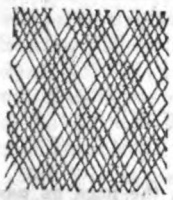
to come up close to the bottom of the succeeding rows, the mesh must be placed so as to come up close to the bottom of the preceding row or loops, and the former process with the needle must be repeated. It will be needful, to have a sufficient quantity of material always wound on the needle, or otherwise it will not move freely round, as it is indispensable it should do.

BEAD STITCH.—To execute this stitch properly, requires care, but it is very ornamental. Beads of all kinds, may be introduced. In order to net with beads, you must procure a long taper darning-needle: the stitch is as follows; string a bead upon the thread or silk you net with: this bead is to be brought to the front of the mesh, and held there until the knot is made; at the back of the mesh, bring the needle and thread, passing the point through the bead which is upon the front of the mesh. The needle and thread are then to be drawn through it, by which means the bead will be brought quite up to the knot just made. By working the beads in this manner, they will be kept stationary upon the thread, and so remain in their places, and impart much beauty to the work.

DIAMOND NETTING.—This kind of netting is easy of execution, and looks extremely pretty. It is done by making every other stitch a loop stitch, in order to effect which, the silk must be put twice round the mesh, instead of once, as in plain netting. Treble diamond netting is similar, only the process is rather more difficult in execution. After netting three rows plain, at the beginning, the first row is to be composed of one loop stitch, and three plain stitches, repeated until the row is finished: then in working the second row, commence with a plain stitch, then follow with a loop, then two plain stitches, and repeat as before. For the third row begin with one or two plain stitches, make a loop, then net a stitch plain, and repeat the two loops and the plain stitch to the end of the row. For the fourth row you net three stitches in plain netting, then make a loop stitch, and repeat as in previous rows. An attention to this arrangement, will soon enable the young student in net-work, to net in as many stitches as may seem desirable.



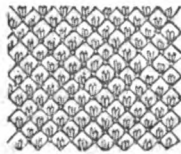
DIAMOND NETTING, OF FIVE STITCHES.—



Commence with a long loop, then net five loops plain, repeat to the end of the row, finishing with a long loop. Second row, begin with a plain loop, make a loose stitch to meet the short loop in the previous row, and withdraw the mesh before commencing the next loop, work four loops plain, and so proceed. Third row is commenced as the second: withdraw the mesh as before, and work three plain loops. Begin the fourth row with a plain stitch, work a long loop, then a loose stitch; withdraw the mesh, and work two plain stitches; again withdraw the mesh, work a plain stitch, and so proceed to the end. The fifth is begun with two plain stitches; then form a loose stitch, withdraw the mesh, work one plain loop, again withdraw the mesh, and finish with two plain stitches. The sixth row commences with three stitches plain, then make one loose stitch, and finish with two plain ones. For the seventh row, commence as in the last case; make a long loop, and finish with two plain stitches. The eighth row begins with three stitches in plain netting; withdraw the mesh, net one stitch plain, make a loose stitch, again

withdraw the mesh, and finish the row with a plain stitch. In doing the ninth row net two stitches plain, withdraw the mesh, net two more plain stitches, make a loose stitch, again withdraw the mesh, and finish with a plain stitch. The tenth row is begun as the last, but instead of the loose stitch, net a plain one, then make the loose stitch, and withdraw the mesh. The mesh proper for this kind of netting is No. 18, and the silk called second-sized purse twist, is the best adapted for this kind of work.

DOTTED NETTING.—This is easily done. Cast



on the number of loops you require, and proceed as follows. Begin with a long loop, in which you next increase two stitches; repeat to the end of the row. None of the rows are at all varied; and you must carefully preserve its uniform appearance, as in that consists its principal beauty.

SHADED SILK NETTING.—This is beautiful, when the shades blend well together. Of course, each row must be worked in one shade, and the next needful must be matched with the utmost care. It is not possible to give minute rules on such a subject: but, in this, as in other things, practice will insure success.

BEATRICE.

BY P. A. JORDAN.

FACE of angel mould, where lay
Sunshine of the heart in smiles;
Chasing all of grief away
With its dark and Stygian wiles.
Eyes that mocked the stars of night
With a brightness all divine;
Shedding love's celestial light
O'er this lonely heart of mine.
Voice as musical as love's
When he tells his plaintive tale:
Like the cooing of the dove's,
Like the tuneful nightingale's.
Form of sylph-like mould, where grace
Was embodied every day,
Where the soul could always trace
Gentleness and majesty.
Oh! this maiden won my heart
With a voiceless eloquence;
Overcome me with a power
That subdued my heart from thence.
Through the Summer hours we strayed
'Neath the sylvan woods afar;
Culling love-thoughts in the glade
From each blushing, wayside flower.

Listening to the minstrelsy
Of the tuneful choir around,
Chaunting from each waving tree
With a symphony profound.
Hearing murmurs in the wind—
Sighs of love in every breeze
That swept by us, and inclined
Our hearts to sympathies.
Thus unwittingly, we gained
By untaught and simple ways,
Confidence—and love-thoughts swayed
Us through all these Summer days.
Now that Summer days are o'er,
And its beauties set apart,
We can find its balmy hours
In the Summer of the heart.
For a happiness dwells there—
Like a fount or chrystal spring
Bubbling up forevermore—
Where bright memories sit and sing,
Telling tales of yesterday,
Love-o'erburdened and sincere:
Oh! 'tis Summer in our hearts,
Through all seasons of the year!

NINA BLAND.

BY MARIE MAY.

NINA BLAND was a child of strong passions. She realized everything. Her heart was like a harp in perfect tune: if joy touched its chords, her whole soul thrilled to the blissful harmony, or if the hand of sorrow swept its strings, the mournful music was echoed through her heart's deep chambers. In form she was faultless. Tall and slender but not stiff, there was that easy motion which is ever seen in nature, as a graceful heliotrope swayed by a gentle zephyr, or rose-leaves stirred by a summer breeze—it was what we seldom meet in this world of “forms and ceremonies.” The expression of her face varied with her feelings. When happy, it was like sunlight—a smile seemed to illuminate her face. If sad, her eyes were dark and dreamy as a lake at twilight, or if excited they flashed like lightning. Such was Nina Bland! And yet she was not called pretty. Neither is the star that sparkles on Aurora's brow, but we look upon it with a feeling akin to worship, because it is lofty, and pure, and bright as its Creator formed it. So in the soul of Nina Bland the light that descended with it was not quenched, and the glimmering of that genius shone in all she said and did.

Horace Jones was exactly her opposite. He was self-possessed, dignified and firm, and by all but Nina charged with being cold-hearted. He had a mind that could meet all things unflinchingly, whether slander, or hatred, or disappointment, or misfortune—he could conquer all of them with the strength of his deep, strong soul. His acquaintance with Nina began when she was just bounding through the first arch of teens. He was introduced to Mr. Bland by the minister of the church he attended, and the good pastor begged for him the privilege of occasionally visiting his extensive library. This was granted unhesitatingly, and the two departed. This same library happened to be Nina's study-room, but the young lawyer soon atoned for his intrusion by doing hard sums, and, that most difficult of all things, beginning compositions. This last became his regular task, for Nina declared he should do it, to pay for hearing her pet canary sing his morning song. Mr. Jones thought it was “dear bought pleasure—the conditions were very hard,” but Nina was firm: “Jack,” she said, “should be sent out of the room unless he complied.” These controversies became less frequent, until at last she had nothing to do but

lay her little white hand on the page he was reading, and point to a sheet of paper which she had placed on the table. By the time she could feed her bird, and have some very sensible conversation with him, the work would be done. He used occasionally to throw in a sprinkling of advice gratis, and remonstrance, too, if necessary; but it was just as her mood happened to be, whether it was received very meekly or not.

It was a beautiful evening in May when the two met in that little room for the last time. Next morning by early dawn Nina was to leave her home to attend boarding-school. There was little in that home to make her regret leaving it. She was an only child, and had never known a mother's love; its expiring beams faded in her first morning; and her father's heart was not full of the “milk of human kindness.” On his daughter he lavished all that wealth could bestow, but withheld that sympathy and love which to her nature was absolute necessity. She sat on a large, richly wrought ottoman—the work of her own fingers. Beside her, in a low, study-chair, was Horace, silent and sad. She talked incessantly of the glorious sunset, the fading light, and hailed with delight the first star. Suddenly her departure crossed her mind—the glow vanished from her face, and sadness, like the shadow of a cloud upon water, settled on every feature. He laid his hand upon her head, and by a slight pressure placed it with its wealth of golden curls upon his breast. She made no resistance, but looked up into his face till her sad, earnest eyes glistened with tears. He drew her yet closer to his heart. She smiled faintly, and closed her heavy eyelids to keep back the tears that dimmed her sight. He kissed her warm lips again and again—they had read each others souls. Another embrace, and a low “God bless you,” and he hurried from the house. Nina was bewildered—her head was full of strange thoughts. Long she sat, her hands clasped on her knee, and a smile, beautiful as moonlight, beaming from her face—or was it not that newborn inward light which enveloped her whole form? She seemed floating in an atmosphere of music; every sense was steeped in ecstasy; and the heaving of her bosom was like the gentle swell of a summer sea. Who can describe the first emotion of love? It rises in the soul, sheds a beautiful radiance on all the distant hills of

thought, and lifts up sweet vales of pleasure that ever before slept in deepest shadow. All things look beautiful, for the heart knows not yet what *care* it is to love; but as fresh dewy plants spread wide their leaves to drink in the light of heaven, so the soul extends all its powers to be tinged with this new joy.

This love so early awakened mingled with all Nina's pursuits. The dull music lesson, the difficult problem, the long translation, all came under its sway, and her teachers were astonished at her progress. No letters passed between her and Horace in her absence, but during vacations they met daily: yet not once did either say "I love thee." And when after her final return, Horace, as if by chance spoke of his attachment, he did it as if it had been revealed long before; and she neither blushed nor was surprised. It was a sweet interview, but scarcely more so than many others in which the subject was not mentioned; because they always perfectly understood each other, and their mutual sympathy and confidence had never been wavered. Their love for each other had increased, it was stronger but less passionate than at first. Love at sixteen is like a rose-bud in its first carnation blush, its leaves folded closely around its heart, or like a rivulet dancing in the sunbeams and singing sweet roundelays with birds and flowers. The rose in full bloom, but of softer hue—the rivulet become a river, deep, and wide, and strong, this is the love of twenty.

In a small village of western Pennsylvania lived two men, one named Samuel Jones, and the other James Bland; and these two constituted the aristocracy of the place. Their houses occupied opposite corners of the street, and were particularly conspicuous from being the only brick houses in the place. They were built precisely alike—had the same number of windows in front, and the same number of apartments within. At the time of their settlement in P—these two families were on the most intimate terms. Both made pretensions to a greater degree of refinement than surrounded them, and the grotesque dress and uncouth manners of the simple villagers afforded Mrs. Bland and Mrs. Jones a never-failing source of amusement. Every Monday afternoon they dissected the bonnets and shawls that had attended church the day previous. Their oldest children were boys, and within a few months of the same age. Between these two boys the parents, especially the mothers, endeavored to cultivate a spirit of friendship, but in vain, and in a short time a simple aversion became a settled dislike.

Samuel Jones, Jr. was a robust and high-spirited boy, though in the main a good-hearted lad, but a little disposed to be overbearing.

James Bland, Jr. was sullen and morose, but though he seldom gave vent to his anger in words, it burned none the less fiercely. On their way from school one day the two boys got into a dispute about some trifle; they differed just for the sake of being on opposite sides of the question whatever it might be. Samuel first lost his equanimity, and poured on his companion a torrent of abuse. James bore it in silence for some time, but at last passion gained the mastery, and with a single blow he laid his antagonist on the ground. The poor boy ran to his terrified mother with the blood streaming over his face, who, as soon as her fright subsided, went over to Mrs. Bland for explanation. Neither parent was willing to lay the whole blame of the affair on her own son, so they parted unsatisfied. The coolness thus created increased daily, until all intercourse ceased. The feeling spread to every member of the two families, and from them to their neighbors, so that in a short time the village was divided into two classes equally respectable, but hostile to each other. Mr. Jones and Mr. Bland were merchants, and the effects of it were soon seen in their business transactions: competition ran high. Mr. Bland had a card posted on his door with "coffee nine cents per pound," printed in large letters; in less than half an hour a larger card with larger letters appeared on the door opposite, "coffee eight cents per pound, superior quality." The junior partners of the establishments alone remained unchanged, they had always most heartily despised each other, and the feeling was not abated by the new state of things. This spirit of enmity prevailed throughout their childhood, at college, and when they entered society. To "cap the climax" both fell desperately in love with pretty Kate Parsons, the village belle. Both were equally assiduous in their attentions, and both equally anxious to win the prize, for the double motive of securing their own happiness and the rival's misery. The question was finally decided by the young lady herself in favor of Samuel Jones. James Bland was furious. He raved and swore, and threatened, but there was no appeal—in three months from that very day Kate, "the jilt, the angel, the flirt, the beauty," would be married to the man whom, above all others, he hated. The next stage bore him to "parts unknown." His destination was a mystery—he had been found drowned in the mill-pond, in the river with his face dreadfully bruised, and at the foot of a precipice in the mountains, most horribly mangled by the fall; but notwithstanding these terrible rumors, on the night of Kate's wedding one of the guests took from his pocket a Philadelphia paper, and read the following

paragraph:—"Married, on Thursday, the tenth instant, James Bland, of P——, to Miss Amelia Lee, of this city." The bride smiled, the bridegroom looked happy, and all the company decided that it was much better than being plunged over head and ears in cold water, or bruising one's face against sharp rocks.

Time passed away. To some its flight was like a dream—to many it dragged heavily and alone. To some it seemed an angel scattering from its rushing wings wreaths and gems—to others it was a merciless robber stealing away their richest jewels, and leaving them to sit alone beside cold, dark hearth-stones. To James Bland time brought wealth, and magnificence, and luxury, and it laid upon his bosom a fragile rose-bud, but the same hand bore away the frail, drooping lily that for six years had bloomed by his side. Gentle and sweet, and pure was Amelia Bland, and the gloom that shrouded her husband's spirit was dissipated by her influence; but when she was taken from him it returned. The feelings which she had called forth went back to his heart, and sank in its arid waste. The bud was left to heaven's sunbeams and dew-drops, its soft petals expanded one by one—that rose-bud in its blooming pride is Nina Bland. To Samuel Jones time brought treasures, not of gold—voices of music, and eyes of light made his home a Paradise, and Kate, his wife, sat amidst the rosy circle, with as smooth a brow and as blooming cheeks as the Kate that stood beside her.

"Nina Bland! Nina Bland!" rang out a clear voice from the first platform on the stairs, "where do you keep yourself?—well, really! shut up in your chamber such a glorious afternoon as this! and in your pink morning dress, as I'm alive! I should think it would turn sky blue at being caught in the parlor at four o'clock. Why, in all the world, were you not at the party last night? I was so disappointed. There was a young Englishman there—a sprig of nobility, they say—proud as Lucifer, and thinking all the time how much the company was honored by his presence—I do despise Englishmen. I wanted to see him smitten, brought down from his lofty place, and made to beg for a few smiles and kind words from one of the 'natives,' and I knew you were just the one to do it. But I am quite out of breath: now you may talk."

"Miss Kady could not finish my dress, and you have forbidden me wearing white any more," replied Nina. "Besides, neither I nor my new dress could make any impression on the heart of an Englishman, if he did not bow at the shrine of Matilda Harlow."

"There—that is the first compliment I ever had—what do folks say on such occasions?"

"I cannot tell," said Nina, so faintly that her friend looked steadily in her face. The smile was gone, and it wore an expression of anguish, deep and unutterable. Her head fell back against the wall, and the small, white hand hung loosely over an arm of the sofa.

"What—what ails you? Nina are you ill?" cried Mattie.

"Yes, dearest," she replied, and her white lips quivered as she spoke. "Go, Mattie, leave me alone. The sun shines, does it not?—such as you should live in sunlight—it is all dark shadows here—go, Mattie."

"Tell me, do tell me what has happened."

"No, not now—you are too happy."

"I am not happy, I am miserable because you suffer, and will not tell me why."

"Well, come—you are all the sister I have—it is only—only that father has driven Horace away. I thought I could be calm while you were here—perhaps I will be to-morrow, but now my heart—oh, it is so heavy and cold!"

"But what does it mean? Your father knows that Horace has been visiting you these six years?"

"Horace happened to say something while he was here this morning, about going to P—— on a visit—I saw father's face was flushed with anger—he inquired his father's name—he was a man whom he had always hated. Then commenced a scene which I cannot describe. The last I remember about it is, that Horace put one arm around my waist, and said, 'nothing, not even a tyrannical father, shall take her from me.' When I recovered, I was in my chamber alone, and there I have been ever since."

"But do you think, Nina Bland, that I would give up my happiness for such a foolish whim?"

"I would never elope, not even with Horace; Dick brought me a note from him proposing it, and I had only strength to write, 'I cannot do that.' In half an hour there came another, written hurriedly, 'then I start this afternoon for England, but shall love you forever.'" The poor girl groaned heavily.

"Good-bye, Nina," said her friend, suddenly.

"Where are you going?—don't leave me so soon."

"I am going to see Horace Jones: if he is in the city."

"No—no, I do not wish to see him," cried Nina, "you must not. I have given him up, and it would but open the wound again."

"Then what can I do?"

"Nothing. Guard your own heart, dearest, that it make no idols. Now, Mattie, go with me to my chamber a little while; and then leave me alone—you have a bright home—you have a mother—oh, Mattie, if I had a mother now."

Five years have passed away since last we met Nina Bland. There have been many changes since then in empires, in kingdoms, in communities, in families, but many, many more in that inner world, the human heart, but these have no record, except that which is written with tears wept in secret.

In the affairs of Mr. Bland everything is changed. He seemed marked by misfortune. His ships returned from long, profitless voyages, and, after expensive outfits, again spread their sails for distant ports. In less than one year all these were lost in a severe gale. About the same time a large factory, his pride, was burned to the ground, the very night, too, that his insurance expired. He received a note one day from a friend and debtor to a large amount, conveying the agreeable intelligence that he was completely bankrupt. Loss followed loss, accident succeeded accident, till his almost princely fortune had vanished like melting snow, and the wretched old man became what had always been his abhorrence, a poor man. It fell upon him with crushing weight. In his days of prosperity he had avoided all social intercourse—his face brightened no fireside—his voice was music to no heart, and in his adversity there was no voice of pity, no tear of sympathy, but for his daughter, and she needed it not. That one severe ordeal had completely subdued her pride and since then her soul had kept its trust in God. Their rich furniture was sold piece by piece, until all was gone, but enough to furnish a small house in the suburbs of the city. The morning of their departure came, a bright, balmy spring morning, beautiful even where the soft blue sky was cut up in angles and squares by slate roofs and brick chimneys. Nina wandered from room to room thoughtful and sad, not that she mourned for departed splendor, but she could not leave her childhood's home without a sigh. In the parlors all was confusion—the chairs were all in one corner not yet removed and a sofa was in the centre of the room. The curtains were taken away, and the shutters thrown wide open, let in a glare of sunlight on the uncarpeted floor. In passing she ran her fingers lightly over the keys of her piano, but it sent a chill to her heart. The splendid paintings which had graced the walls, were all gone but one, and before it she stood wrapped in thought. It was a Sybil. In her hand was a pen, and before her the book of Fate, one page half written in mysterious characters. Inspiration beamed upon her brow, and the lustrous black eyes and parted lips gave to the whole face an expression of the most intense earnestness. "Oh read to me my future—but no, it is better sealed," Nina exclaimed, aloud, at the moment two rough-looking men in blue overalls entered

the room. She next ascended the stairs, but the sound of her footsteps startled her. The chambers were all empty and she passed quickly through them—at last she came to the library door, a smile lit up her pensive face—not one article had been removed. The stranger who bought the house had also purchased all in that room. Nina sat down by the table, and drew toward her the large Bible, as she read from its sacred pages, melancholy faded from her face and left it serene, almost cheerful. A sweet, melodious trill called her to the window.

"Poor Jack has had no breakfast—Jack must sing in our new house louder than he ever did before." The bird chirped, gave snatches of song, hopped about his cage and ate the seeds his mistress gave him. As she turned to go out her eye fell upon an ottoman and chair. "Oh! I should like to have that," her eyes filled with tears, she was thinking of other days. As she descended, a turn in the stairs brought her face to face with her father—he was the picture of despair. "Why father, dear father! I was never more happy in my life," she said, throwing her arms around his neck. A deep groan was her only answer. From that moment Nina devoted to him her life, a new feeling sprung up in her soul—love for him she had always feared.

"Come, child, get your bonnet, it is time we were going," said the old man, with effort. In a moment Nina was ready. She tripped lightly through the hall and down the marble steps, greeting with a bright smile a fashionable acquaintance who happened to be passing, but it was returned with a bow so light that it scarce disturbed her snowy plumes. Nina would have greeted her washer-woman with the same smile, for there was gushing up in her heart a sparkling well-spring, and all things were beautiful seen through its pearly spray.

They turned many corners and crossed many streets. Mr. Bland's step grew slower, it was a weary walk to him. At last they came to a little gate which led to a small house, but it was painted white, and a sweet, pretty multiflora shaded the windows. He shrank from the dark iron knocker—he had never before crossed so lowly a threshold. The low, narrow passage was no less forbidding. "Has it come to this," it was all he could say. Nina opened the next door and passed on to the centre of the room, while her father stood spell-bound at its entrance. A beautiful, if not a rich carpet was on the floor, neat, handsome chairs arranged around the room. In the midst of the splendidly bound books which lay on the centre-table, stood a tall vase filled with flowers whose odor filled the room. One window was open, and its snowy curtain looped up with a blue ribbon. Green leaves were dancing

gleefully against the frame, and one dainty little bud just raised its blushing cheek above the sill, peeping in so slyly at its new neighbors. Close by the window was the old arm-chair and a pair of slippers. Mr. Bland was overcome, his chin quivered, but the words died on his lips, he could only open his arms to receive his child, and clasp her to his bosom. In that short moment both parent and child thanked God for reducing them to poverty. Wealth! they had never known it till now.

"Now, father, sit down in your chair, for it is a long walk we have had, and you must be weary. See what a beautiful view we have from this window—it is charming."

"I don't see anything—I'll not try to see anything, till I know what it all means. What witch has been here? Some of these mornings we shall find ourselves in the moon."

"Not the least danger of that."

"Well how *did* it all happen? I sold every carpet. I did not even feel able to keep my chair, and am very sure I sold it yesterday."

"I'll tell you all about it, father, and you will see that it is no great mystery after all. You used to allow me fifty dollars a month, and, be as extravagant as I could, it was more than I could spend. The sum accumulated to four hundred dollars—it is all your own, dear father. Since last Monday Mattie and I have spent our forenoons here, and I see by those flowers and this open window that she has been here to-day. But here comes Dick," and she ran to relieve him of his burthen, which was nothing but the cage of her darling Jack. The old negro had woven sprigs of myrtle in the wires of his cage, and the captive bird sung as blithely as if he had been in his native bowers.

Nina soon became a pattern of a housekeeper, and though humble, hers was indeed a "sweet home." Gradually the shadow faded from her father's brow, and his daughter was blessed with affection she had never known amidst all the splendor of her early years.

"Well, here we are at last—isn't it a perfect

bird's nest—and hush—listen—do you hear the bird? I don't think you are very polite to push me aside in that way—for that you shall walk behind me, and wait patiently till I open and shut all the doors, and then take a seat in the parlor, as a gentleman ought to do, while I summon the lady of the house. Please be seated, sir." This was spoken between the little gate in front of the house, and a chair in the darkest corner of the parlor. Surely that merry voice can be no other than Mattie Harlow's.

"Folks that live so far out of the way don't deserve to have visitors. Guess I'll rest here till that song is ended—'t would be a pity to interrupt it—sit still, I'll go then." Mattie softly opened the door and said to her friend. "There is a gentleman in the parlor who wishes to speak with you for a moment—he is a foreigner—splendid!" she added, in a whisper. "I thought you hated foreigners—wonder how it happens that you are escorting one around."

"Oh, well, he is not an Englishman; and I have not spoken a word of French for a year—tell him I am engaged."

"Engaged! to whom, to whom, for heaven's sake," and Horace Jones rushed into the room."

"Well, if this isn't pretty work. It is time for me to leave," cried Mattie. Well enough to retreat Mattie, when your eyes are full of tears.

"Thank God that I live to see this day," said a voice, choked with emotion. "Yes, thank God that I can make my angel child happy as she deserves to be. She is your own, Horace Jones, you alone are worthy of her, but remember she is the treasure of her old father's heart."

And they were married, Horace Jones and Nina Bland, and live—where think ye?—in a splendid house in ——— street, in which is a little library, and a magnificent painting of a Sybil in the front parlor. A friend whom he had commissioned purchased it during his absence. Mr. Bland is now in his evening time, but it is brighter and happier than ever was the morning or meridian of his life.

SONNET. TO ———.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

IMPERIAL maiden of my heart's devotion!

Being most fair that e'er hath blessed my vision!

Thou seem'st a paragon from fields Elysian,

Of perfect feature: tides of strong emotion

Sweep over my soul, like billows o'er the ocean,

Whene'er I think of thee: love, the magician,

Invisibly attends thee on thy mission;

And I have drunk of his enchanted potion.

Yea, I have quaffed, e'en to intoxication,

Of love's rare nectar: like a dream hath ended

All passion but for thee; and that shall never

Fail in the incense of its adoration;

For thou art so with all sweet fancies blended,

That, as I love thee now, so will I ever.

THE SACRIFICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM."

I.

"Come hither, my child," said a feeble voice.

A young female, in the bloom of early womanhood, emerged from the shadow of the curtains and stood at the bedside.

She was one whom, once seen, was not soon forgotten. The face of Anne Malcolm was inexpressibly beautiful, but with the loveliness of a pure soul, not of mere physical contour. The dove-like eyes and the winning smile declared her to be one peculiarly formed for confidence and affection; but the broad brow and the decided mouth bore testimony that, with all this, there was nothing of weakness in her character. She was one to love only the noble and worthy; but, having chosen, to be inflexible.

"What is it, mother?" she said.

Her voice was low and sweet, but firm, just such a voice as might have been expected from her countenance.

The invalid lifted her eyes faintly, and a pang, as of mental anguish, passed across her face: then she spoke.

"I am dying, Anne," she said. "You know it?"

The daughter's mouth quivered, and a big tear gathered in her eye; but she made a violent effort, and conquered these outward manifestations of grief. Seeing that her parent waited a reply, she bent her head slowly in acquiescence, accompanying the gesture, however, with a look of the divinest love.

"You will grant me one favor," said the dying woman, "will you not, Anne?"

The daughter still answered not in words, but her large eyes, distended in surprise, were fixed on the mother's face in rebuke and inquiry.

It is a serious thing I am about to ask of you," continued the invalid, "a great, a very great sacrifice!" She paused a moment, and, with her gaze intensely fixed on Anne, added, brokenly, "your brothers and sisters—when I am gone they will have none to take care of them—oh! my child, can I ask you to be to them a mother, to care for their bodily health, to train them to righteousness? Your father, immersed in business, cannot do this aright: he is a man, too, and knows not the mysteries of a child's soul as a woman does. Say you will do this and I will die in peace."

The invalid, in her eagerness, had half risen

in bed, and grasping Anne's hand, gazed earnestly up into her face.

Over that face had passed many changes even during the brief interval while Mrs. Malcolm spoke. At first a look of unutterable agony had been there; then a heroic resolution succeeded; next, her glance, for one moment, had been raised to heaven as if she prayed inwardly; and now, as the mother ceased, a holy light beamed forth from those dove-like eyes, penetrating to the very depths of the dying woman's soul, as dew falls upon and refreshes the parched earth.

"I promise," she said, in a firm, but sad voice, retaining the pressure of her mother's hand. "With God for my help, I promise to be to them a second mother!"

The invalid's eyes gushed with tears, and she raised her look to heaven.

"Father of mercies, I thank thee," she said.

"In this child, which I have labored to bring up to please thee, thou hast bestowed on me a treasure. Forgive me if I have asked of her too great a sacrifice! Oh! may the consciousness of this noble act of self-denial—this yielding of love to duty—sustain her when she comes to an hour like this, and bear her up through the waters of the dark river."

Big tears were now silently rolling down the cheeks of the daughter. It had not been without a severe pang that she had given the promise her mother had exacted of her. Plighted with the full consent of both her parents, to one whom she loved with all the devotion of a first affection, Anne beheld, in thus undertaking to be a mother to her brothers and sisters, the inevitable frustration of all her hopes: and she saw that her parent considered it in the same light also. There had been, therefore, a momentary struggle between duty and love; but only a momentary one. Anne, with the exception of an older married sister, was the eldest of the family, and she knew that, if she refused, the dear old household must be broken up. It was not merely this, however, that she dreaded, it was the consequences that would flow from it. Deprived of a proper home education, who could tell the evil courses that her brothers and sisters might imbibe! A moment she had hesitated; but then came the resolution to make the sacrifice. Oh! woman, thou constant martyr to duty, what secret sacrifices of thy dearest hopes the day of judgment

will reveal. Patriots dying on the scaffold, are made immortal for the momentary pang they endure; but woman, whose heart the world breaks on its wheel forever, suffers and lingers on, yet none call her blessed. But the angel forgets her not—thank God for that!

II.

MRS. MALCOLM, having finished her broken prayer, turned again to her daughter. Anne had hastily wiped the tears from her eyes, resolute, in her heroism, to conceal the full extent of her sacrifice.

"Call the family," said the dying woman, faintly, for her late emotion had terribly exhausted her. "The light grows dim—I am going."

Anne rushed to the mantel-piece and violently pulled the bell: then she hastened to the window, which she threw up. Retiring to the bedside, she found her mother gasping for breath, in a paroxysm of her disease, which was consumption. Supporting the invalid in her arms, so as to elevate the head, Anne tenderly fanned her; and, while thus doing, the family came into the room.

There were seven of them, beside the father, seven children, all younger than Anne; and even in that hour, she could not help shuddering at the responsibility she had assumed. And yet she did not, even for an instant, regret it.

When the dying woman became easier, she turned, with a sweet smile—oh! how like the smile of Anne—to her husband and said,

"James—the hour has come—you see I am dying. This dear child," and she glanced up at Anne, "has promised to fill my place to our motherless babes, and you will, I know, assist her, as far as you can, in her holy task. I am weak now, and cannot speak much. Come, one by one, and kiss me. Oh! do not weep. God bless you all."

When the sad, tearful procession, to each one of which she addressed some word of comfort or admonition, had filed by, she turned to Anne and said,

"And now, my love, one last request! Let all remain in the room, while you read me the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians. I would hear its cheering words once more before I die."

The daughter tenderly surrendered her mother's head to the husband and father, went to the little table where lay the family Bible, and began in a firm, sweet voice, to read. As she proceeded, frequent sobs broke from the rest, even from Mr. Malcolm, but with the self-control of her high character, she continued composed to the last. The glorious promises of inspiration seemed gradually, moreover to kindle her soul

into enthusiasm, until her eye kindled, her cheek glowed, and her tones became triumphant even at that bed of death.

"So also is the resurrection of the dead," she read. "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body."

The countenance of the dying mother, as these words fell from the daughter's lips, became rapt like that of a saint: especially when the reader reached the passage,

"Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal put on immortality."

The eyes of the dying woman were fixed above, her hands were clasped, her lips moved in prayer; and her countenance, as if from some inward light, oh! with what a glory it seemed radiating.

Anne read on.

"So when this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written. Death is swallowed up in victory. Oh! death, where is thy sting? Oh! grave where is thy victory."

I wish you could have heard the triumphant, the almost exulting tone in which the daughter read these words, her countenance the while beaming with the lofty inspiration of her theme.

She paused an instant before she proceeded. But now a voice from the bed took up the holy text. It was a voice so clear, so full, so loud that it seemed impossible to be that of the dying saint; and all turned, with astonishment, not unmixed with awe, toward the couch.

And yet it was the voice of the mother. Half sitting up in bed, as if in the full possession of her strength again, she looked now radiantly lovely: the glow on her cheek, the light in her eyes, the rapture of her face were indescribably beautiful!

"Oh! death where is thy sting? oh! grave where is thy victory," she repeated, triumphantly; and then with a fervor of gratitude that no words can paint, she added, "thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

It was the voice of a saint winging for heaven.

The burst of rapture had scarcely left her lips, before she fell back as if fainting, and, ere she reached the pillow, she was dead.

Yes! even at the moment that the husband, feeling the dull weight of a corpse in his arms, reverently laid the body down, the disembodied spirit, we may well believe, was already before the great white throne.

So, when our hour arrives, may we all die!

III.

AND now the time had come when Anne Malcolm was to fulfil the promise she had made at her mother's death-bed. The arrangements of the funeral, the endeavor to assuage her father's terrible grief, and other imperative duties had prevented her, hitherto, from writing to her lover; but the time had come when this could no longer be deferred.

She sat down accordingly to her little table and essayed to write. But when she thought of all she was about to give up, she could not go on: tears rained on the paper; and, at last, completely unnerved, she rose, threw on a shawl, and went out to seek, by a walk in the open air, strength and resolution.

For she was making no ordinary sacrifice, in surrendering the hand of her plighted husband. Frederick Vernon was already, at twenty-five, fast rising into eminence as a physician, in the great city to which he had removed on receiving his diploma, with the heroic resolution to aim at once at success where success was most difficult, and, therefore, most honorable. From earliest childhood Anne had known Frederick. When she was a little girl but seven years old, and he a lad of fourteen, he had been her constant attendant, climbing the rocks to pull the flowers of the clematis, and wading into the lake to gather the whitest of the water lilies for her. When he came home from college at twenty-one, Anne was just fourteen; and the acquaintance, neglected since childhood, was now renewed. Two years later, during a visit of the young physician to his parents, this acquaintance changed into an intimacy; and that, finally, into a mutual love. The affection, therefore, that existed between Anne and Frederick was no sudden and illusory passion, the growth of a morbid imagination; but a profound sentiment, based on the fullest knowledge of each others character, and strengthened by an entire conviction that their sympathies were such as to render a union happy and wise. The marriage had been arranged to take place when Anne was eighteen, but the declining health of her mother had caused it to be put off. And now an impenetrable barrier had been forever raised against its consummation! Yet such is life.

It was a breezy, autumn day when Anne left the house, and as she passed down the gravel-walk to the gate, the dead leaves, from the trees in the little lawn, were whirled in myriads around

her path. She reached the turnpike, and leaving the house on the left, ascended the long hill which here bounded the village of —. When, at last, she reached the top of the acclivity, a landscape, many miles in extent, dotted with farms—in summer bright with golden grain, but now covered with russet brown—stretched before her eyes; while the breeze, fresh from the north-west, in the direction of the valley, swept cold and powerful across her cheek. Far away in the distance was the old farm-house, where my own childhood had been spent: and, close at hand, the venerable church-yard where my ancestors had been laid. Here also, under the walls of the grey old building, the mother of Anne slept; and to this spot she directed her steps.

A walk of a mile and more brought her finally to the grave-yard. It stood, close by an ancient wood, a little off from the high road, fenced in with dilapidated palings. A dozen hoary sycamores, now entirely leafless, and whose white branches, like skeleton bones, rattled in the wind, stood sentinel over the crowded tombs below; for the cemetery had been in use during a century and a half, and numerous generations of a populous district were laid there. Many of the graves had long since sunk in; over others the green stones tottered to a fall; and, in several places, the huge brick tombs, with the marble slab covered with armorial bearings, such as our forefathers in their pride erected, were tumbling to ruins. In one corner of the yard stood the church, an antiquated structure, built in a style long since out of date, and with bricks imported from England. Through the shutterless windows a view could be had of the cold, inhospitable interior, with the tall pews and the brick floor; but the half dilapidated old place was dear to Anne, as to me, because there, in our earliest childhood, we had first learned to worship a Creator.

The scene suited the melancholy of Anne's present feelings. Other considerations, however, had called her here. She wished to pray by the grave of her mother, and there gather strength to consummate her sacrifice. For never, for a single instant, did she think of re-calling her promise, but only of preparing herself to execute her task.

When, at last, she rose from her knees, it was with renewed courage, and even with something like peace of mind. The long walk, through the bracing air, had invigorated her physical frame, as she had expected, and this assisted to calm her spirit, and strengthen her nerves. For Anne well knew that the body was subject to the laws of nature; and hence instead of weakly giving up to depression, she rallied her powers constantly against it, employing all the means she could command to maintain her health and spirits, so

that she might the better be able to go through with the duties of life. Brave, wise girl!

It seemed to her, as she turned for a last look at the old church-yard, that even the hoary sycamores waved with a cheerful sound, so great was the change in her own heart. The sun, too, shone brighter, in her eyes, than when she had set out. And so, when she returned to her little parlor, it was with a firm hand that she wrote to Frederick his dismissal.

IV.

SHE told him, at once, that they could never marry, frankly assigning the cause, both because it was due to him, and because it would cut off all hope. The youngest of her sisters was but three years old, and, until this child had grown to woman's estate, Anne considered herself, she said, bound by her promise. She wrote kindly; in every line indeed her affection was perceptible; but she wrote also with a calmness that showed how firm she was. One or two tears, toward the close, dropped on the letter; and her signature was a little hurried; but that was all.

V.

Two days after, Frederick appeared at Mr. Malcolm's. He had come down immediately on receiving her letter, not waiting even to visit his patients, but sending a hurried note to a brother physician to take his place.

He entered the house without announcing himself, for he feared that Anne might deny herself to him, and he was determined to see her, in order to try the effect of a personal interview. He knew her well enough to be convinced that no mere letter could move her. He trusted, however, to surprise her out of herself, by his passionate appeals, by his representations that she owed a duty to him as well as to her family. He had yet to learn how inflexible she was, in the path of right, even against the pleadings of her own heart.

Anne had dreaded this conduct on the part of her lover. She was aware of his energetic mode of action; she knew also his eloquence, at least over her; and she had resolved, as Frederick feared, to refuse to see him.

But when she beheld him before her, and read his purpose in his countenance, she determined no longer to fly the danger, but bravely to meet it.

Frederick was the first to speak. He held her letter open in his hand, and he was terribly agitated.

"Can you mean this, Anne?" he began, as he took her proffered hand.

A faint, sad smile came over Anne's face, as she replied,

"Sit down, dear Frederick, and be calm. You

know me well enough to be certain that I mean it."

He looked at her at first incredulously, then with pain, and finally almost in anger. She met his eye, through all these changes of mood, without flinching, with the same half beseeching, half reproachful, but ever deeply sorrowful gaze.

"You cannot be so cruel," at last he said. "Duty! Do you owe no duty to me? Oh! Anne, Anne, you are doing a great wrong, under the name and belief of a duty. If you persist in thus casting me off, you will be the cause of my ruin."

He really felt all that he said. He was more impulsive than Anne, and, in the horror of losing her forever, he believed, at the moment, that life would be valueless to him.

The tears came into Anne's eyes. In spite of his injustice, she loved him too well not to feel hurt; and she replied, making an effort, however, to control herself,

"No, Frederick," she said, "it is not cruel, nor am I deceived. Do not think I have not maturely considered the subject, or imagine that my decision has been without pain to me. But, though I owe a duty to you, I owe a greater one to these motherless children, whose destiny, both for this life and the next, perhaps, depends on my accepting the trust delegated to me. I am a poor, weak girl, I know; but this burden has been laid upon me; and I trust that my heavenly Father will give me the wisdom and strength necessary to discharge the task. It is cruel in you, Frederick, indeed, indeed it is," she said, with streaming eyes, "to endeavor to persuade me selfishly to abandon my duty, and neglect this motherless family."

Frederick was inexpressibly touched. His generous heart felt already that he had been wrong, and he loved Anne the better for her noble sacrifice. He had been walking, in agitation, up and down the room, while she spoke: he now stopped opposite to her, and exclaimed,

"You are an angel, Anne! Forgive my selfish petulance. But," he added, after tenderly regarding her for a moment of silence, "do not insist on breaking off our engagement! I will wait for you, though it may be years."

Anne's resolution was almost shaken by this proposal. But she reflected that, before her trust would be over, she would have long passed the season of youth; and her generous heart could not consent to keep Frederick waiting for her. The sacrifice must be complete, not a half-way one. So she answered,

"No, Frederick, I cannot consent to take advantage of your noble heart. I cannot agree to keep you waiting, till long after the prime of life, subject to the many circumstances which

may arise entirely to forbid our union. Better meet the inevitable fate at once. Our paths of duty lie clear before us."

Frederick made no immediate reply. He was again traversing the parlor with rapid and excited steps. Men, even the best of them, are more selfish than women; and he could not fully comprehend this martyr-like heroism of Anne. He began to believe, what he had at first suspected, that the charge of her mother's children was not the only reason why Anne desired to break the engagement. He answered under the influence of these feelings, stopping angrily before her.

"You do not love me, Anne, or you would not speak thus! Oh! if your affection was like mine, you would be content to wait for a life-time."

The color mounted to Anne's cheeks. Pure, and noble, and self-sacrificing as she was, Anne had yet the feelings of a woman, and a high-spirited one too. Injustice, though it pained her when coming from those she loved, did not the less render her indignant. Once before, during this interview, Frederick had been unjust to her; and she had then conquered herself sufficiently to expostulate with him. But she could do so no longer. She rose proudly, therefore, as if to terminate the interview.

"I did not expect to meet reproach, at least from you," she said. "But since it has come to this, the sooner we part the better."

Frederick had not looked for this. He was stunned at the consequences of his words, but neither her language nor her manner entirely removed his suspicions: he, therefore, made no

retraction, offered no apology, but stood regarding her, half coldly, half angrily.

Reader, we are not weaving a mere romance, but telling a story of the hard realities of life. Our characters are not, therefore, perfect. They are such as actually once lived, and sinned, and suffered: and we must describe them as we knew them.

So they stood regarding each other, for the space of a minute, he with a gloomy brow, she with haughty indignation. Then each, seeing that there was no relenting in the other, turned away.

The next moment Anne was alone.

She flung herself now on the sofa in an agony of tears. All her pride had deserted her.

"Oh!" she cried, "this is more than I can bear. To part in anger!—could I think it would come to this? Father in heaven," she cried, lifting her eyes above, "let me have strength to drink this cup, for it is bitter, bitter indeed."

Suddenly she thought she heard a step in the hall. She started up, with a fluttering heart, thinking Frederick might be returning. But the step passed on, and she recognized it now as that of her father.

She turned involuntarily, after this, toward the window. The form of her lover, at that instant, emerged from the gate on the highway; and, without a single look backward, he passed down the road.

"And thus we part forever!" cried Anne, sobbing afresh.

It is a terrible thing, sometimes, to walk in the way of duty. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DEAD.

BY MRS. JULIA C. E. DORR.

WEEP for the dead—ay, weep!
There's a dreamless sleep,
A sleep that knows no waking;
They will not rise,
When o'er the skies
The sunny morn is breaking!
Mourn for the dead—ay, mourn!
They've reached that viewless bourne
Whence there is no returning;
Tho' all day long
We miss their song,
And our hearts for them are yearning!
Sigh for the dead—ay, sigh!
For those we cherished lie
Within the grave, all lonely;

Death gathers now,
On each fair brow
And lip, where smiles dwelt only!
Sing of the dead—ay, sing!
And let their memory cling
As a spell around us ever;
We loved them well—
Then let them dwell
In our heart of hearts forever!
Joy for the dead—ay, joy!
For bliss hath no alloy
In the spirit's realm of light;
They know no fear!
They shed no tear!
And their day ends not in night!

EDITORS' TABLE.

CHIT-CHAT WITH READERS.

THE NEXT SIX MONTHS.—With the present number we begin a new volume, which exhibits, we think, a decided improvement. The mezzotint, "Early at the Glass," we venture to assert in advance, will be the prettiest for the month, in any magazine. The fashion-plate is also very beautiful. The portrait of Lady Washington has been copied from the original picture by Wollaston, and retains faithfully all the expression and features of that estimable lady. The number of our pages equals those of the three dollar magazines, when they do not give an extra sheet; while the contents are from contributors long known to, and universally admired by our subscribers and the public. We have omitted our usual wood-cuts, giving the steel-plate of Lady Washington in their place. Hereafter, indeed, when we publish engravings on wood, we shall print them in a new and improved style, besides having them executed in the best manner of the first artists. In a word, having already increased the quantity of our matter and embellishments, we shall, in future, devote ourselves to improving the merit of both, where possible. We believe, in fact, that we can promise, for the next year, a better magazine than we have ever yet published. *We only ask that each one of our friends will procure us one additional subscriber.*

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.—If any one of our friends wishes a good weekly newspaper, we would recommend "The Saturday Gazette" to them. The superiority of that journal consists in this, that while it possesses all the usual qualities of a family paper, it has in addition an admirable department for ladies, and another for children, both edited by that talented authoress, Mrs. Joseph C. Neal, who also assists in the general management of the paper. During the present summer, the Gazette publishes two original novels of rare merit:—"The Bride of the Border," by C. W. Webber, and "Cecilia Calvert," by Mrs. Southworth. In a word, we think our friends, if they but test it once by trial, will find "The Gazette" better suited to their tastes than any family journal in the United States. The subscription price is two dollars per annum. Persons desirous of taking a magazine and newspaper can be supplied with both "The Gazette" and the "National" for three dollars, by remitting to us, at No. 98 Chesnut street. This is a better bargain, by far, than giving the same sum for a three dollar magazine.

MRS. STEPHENS IN EUROPE.—We have letters from Mrs. Stephens, announcing her arrival in Southampton, England, after a voyage of seventeen days. She had gone to London, after a hasty visit to Winchester, that venerable capital of the Anglo-Saxon kings; and was in excellent health. She expresses herself

even more gratified than she had expected. Indeed, we know no American woman who could have gone to England, with such a prospect of enjoyment. Every ancient castle and every romantic spot will peculiarly interest her; while her high literary reputation will render her society courted by the most intelligent circles abroad. She has promised us a letter for publication in our August number.

THE GOSSAMERS OF RIVERBROWN.—This is the title of a book, in two volumes, lately published by one of our contributors, Mrs. Joseph C. Neal; and which the Literary World, a high authority, pronounces a story of rare merit, exhibiting a keen perception of character and great skill in depicting it. In this eulogium we cordially coincide. The public also seems to be of a similar opinion, having already called for a second edition of the work.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By Richard Coe, Jr. 1 vol. *Philada: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart.*—With the writings of this young American author the readers of our magazine are comparatively familiar, as he has, for some time, been a contributor to our pages. But the few pieces he has written for the "National" give scarcely an idea of his capacities. It is only when all his best poems are collected together, as in the volume before us, that a correct estimate can be formed of his merit. The reader will be astonished at the high degree of excellence which many of the poems in this book display, especially those devoted to the home affections. This is warm praise, we know, but if we had space, so as to quote one or two of the pieces we allude to, there would be no question, in the mind of any competent critic, as to the justice of our remark. There is, indeed, an unaffected simplicity, an earnestness, a depth of affection in many of these compositions, such as goes at once to the heart. In a few of Mr. Coe's poems there is an apparent labor, which detracts from the grace and ease of the verse; and, strange to say, these pieces are generally given precedence of others far more natural, and, therefore, better. Mr. Coe is not an author by profession, but a merchant, who in his leisure hours, pursues literary avocations. If more of our business men would thus refresh their minds and improve their hearts, a better and higher tone would be infused into society. The writer before us has shown that a man may be a poet without ceasing to be a merchant. The book is issued in a style of great elegance. The type and paper are not surpassed by those of the costliest London annuals; while the binding is at once beautiful and durable. We cordially commend the volume. If any of our readers wishes to make a choice, yet not too costly gift, this book of poems is exactly suited for the purpose.

Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution. By Benson J. Lossing. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The plan of this work is excellent, nor is the execution a whit inferior. The book is an attempt to illustrate the "times that tried men's souls," by means of engravings of the principal battle-fields, localities, and other matters of historical interest. Mr. Lossing visited all the important scenes of the Revolution in person, and executed on the spot the drawings from which the engravings have been made. There will be six hundred illustrations in the work, which is to be published in twenty numbers, at twenty-five cents a piece. The engravings are the finest we have seen, except those in Harper's Bible. Altogether, what between the admirable text and the still more admirable illustrations, the "Field Book of the Revolution" presents claims which should place it in every American's library.

Pendennis. By W. M. Thackeray. No. V. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The merit of this fine national novel, decidedly the best the age has yet produced, continues without abatement. Indeed "Pendennis" is quite equal to the best of Dickens' works, though of course in a different way; and exhibits far less exaggeration. Captain Costigan, with his stories of "me daughter;" Major Pendennis, with his idolatry to rank and fashion; and Blanche Amoy, with her sentimentalism and vanity, are all admirable characters. One does not see, perhaps, the best side of life in Thackeray's books; but one sees life as it is, instead of its merely romantic aspect. There is certainly more truth, if not more wisdom in a novel of this description than in one of a more imaginative school.

Poems for the Sea. By Lydia H. Sigourney. 1 vol. Hartford: H. S. Parsons & Co.—At this late day it is needless to eulogize Mrs. Sigourney. Her reputation has already become, as it were, historical. All persons of taste unite to place her name at the head of the female poets of America, a position which her precedence in authorship and her uniform devotion to the cause of truth, not less than the merit of her writings, have given her. The present beautiful little volume is a collection of poems relative to the great deep. As Mrs. S. has been a voyager herself, she knows what sentiments are best suited for those who "go down to the sea in ships." The book is a 12 mo. of one hundred and fifty-two pages, neatly bound in buff boards.

Three Strong Men. By Alexander Dumas. 1 vol. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.—Dumas is, without doubt, the least exceptionable, as well as the most talented of the French novelists. He cannot, indeed, be accused of immorality, though against the charge of exaggeration he would find it more difficult, perhaps, to defend himself. The present fiction is said to be one of his latest, and has been translated with spirit by Fayette Robinson.

Gibbon's History of Rome. Vols. 1 and 2. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Here is a neat edition of "Milman's Gibbon," even cheaper than the Boston one: viz. forty cents a volume, bound in cloth.

Whisper to a Bride. By Lydia H. Sigourney. 1 vol. Hartford: H. S. Parsons & Co.—No one but Mrs. Sigourney herself could have written this little book, so delicate in style, so useful in matter. Every female, who is about to become a bride, cannot but find her heart benefitted by the study of this volume, and a careful remembrance of its advice. The sex owe much to Mrs. S. for all she has done for them. Under her guidance woman never can go wrong, even in appearance. The book is a 12 mo. of fifty pages.

Pride and Irresolution. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of these two stories is a worthy compeer of Mrs. Marsh, whom she resembles in many important respects. Most of our readers will remember her "Discipline of Life," published by the Harpers' two years ago. The fine tale of "Isabel Denison," in that volume, was almost equal to the celebrated story of "Ellen Wareham;" but "Irresolution," in the present volume, is better even than that. The author is understood to be Lady Emily Pensonby.

Miss Pickering's Novels. First Series. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We have here five of Miss Pickering's novels—The Orphan Niece, Kate Walsingham, The Poor Cousin, The Quiet Husband, and Who Shall be Heir, composing the first series, which the publisher offers for one dollar. If any person wishes a few good novels, to read during the summer months, the present offer will give them more for their money than they can obtain anywhere else.

The Illustrated Shakespeare. Nos. 16 and 17. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The sixteenth number contains "Macbeth," and is embellished with a spirited picture of Lady Macbeth. Every person of taste is subscribing for this beautiful edition of the "immortal bard."

Milman's Gibbons' Rome. Vols. 3 and 4. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This elegant and cheap edition of Gibbon, we understand, meets with unrivalled success; and, indeed, it well deserves popularity. Books like this really bring literature down "to the millions."

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—A DINNER DRESS OF GRENADINE.—The ground white, with a small pink figure over it. Skirt trimmed with five flounces, scalloped and figured to match the dress. The corsage low, with short sleeves. Visite of spotted muslin, with pagoda sleeves, and trimmed with two frills of rich lace. The skirt of the visite is gathered in a few plaits a little back of the elbow, and is trimmed with bows of rich pink ribbon.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS OF SALMON COLORED BAREGE, the skirt of which trimmed *en tablier*, or in the apron style; corsage low, with short sleeves, to which are attached sleeves of figured lace. A handsomely wrought pelerine cape. Bonnet of straw, trimmed with a knot, and long ends on the top. Mantelet of black silk.

We would call the attention of our readers to the great beauty of our fashion plate for the present month. The dresses are admirably adapted to a watering-place, the first as a dinner-dress, and the second as a carriage costume, or a promenade dress. The simplicity which hitherto seemed to be the peculiar attribute of the fashions for this season, has given place to an extreme elegance, that reminds one strongly of the middle ages. We have never seen ladies wear so many ornaments. Bonnets, dresses, and mantles are trimmed all over with puffings of net, flowers, and lace.

SILKS of light texture, in the styles which the French manufacturers designate *chine*, will be rather generally employed for walking-dresses as the warm season advances. Among the most admired of the new patterns are those upon a white ground, the colors including almost every hue. In some the ground is completely covered by rich arabesque patterns. These *chines*, on account of the Oriental designs, have obtained the name of Persian silks. Italian and Chinese silks, and damask and glace bareges are also much worn.

A great change has taken place in the width of the skirts, which, from being very large, are now worn almost narrow. Ball dresses a *tablier* (viz. with an apron trimming) are much in vogue, covered with puffings of net; the three flounces of lace forming the trimming at the bottom of the dress have all a puffing of net at the top of them, the whole being fastened to the apron with a rosette of ribbon.

Nearly all the sleeves of visting dresses are Chinese, or "pagoda" fashion. The bodies are open in front, and laced down to the waist. Low dresses are made falling on the shoulders, and straight across the chest; others are quite square, and others again are made in the shape of a heart before and behind. Dresses are made with several flounces, narrower than last year, and more numerous. The flounces on barege dresses are made straight. Some of the new French bareges, just imported, have flounces woven with borders consisting either of satin stripes or flowers. The patterns on many of these dresses are in imitation of guipure lace. We have seen one having a ground of black guipure, over which were scattered small bouquets of roses and campanulas. This dress was made with three flounces, each edged with a blue and white satin stripe.

We may add that silk dresses, trimmed with pinked flounces in a very peculiar style, have lately been very generally worn at evening parties. These flounces are not merely pinked at the edges in the ordinary manner, but are pierced in small eyelet holes forming various designs. These eyelet holes extend over three-fourths of each flounce when broad, but when narrow the pinking or piercing in many instances covers the whole flounce. Fourteen or fifteen of these narrow flounces may be placed on the skirt of a dress, producing an effect at once light and rich. Skirts trimmed with puffs, put on at the distance of an eighth of a yard apart, are also much in favor. In some cases these puffs are graduated, but they are generally of one width. This style of trimming is newer than the flounces, but not so graceful.

WORSTED LACE is the height of the fashion for mantles, which are trimmed with quillings of this article, plaited in the old style. Among the new French summer shawls just imported, several are composed of black silk with embroidered borders, the pattern like those on the cashmere shawls, consisting of palm leaves. The border is from twelve to fourteen inches deep, and is worked in bright tints, yellow predominating; thus the embroidery has somewhat the effect of gold. These shawls are also edged round with wide fringe.

Some of the Bouquets just introduced for trimming bonnets are not less remarkable for beauty than for novelty. Among the prettiest of those suited to leghorn and French chip are almond, chestnut, and apricot blossom. Bouquets of acacia, honeysuckle, nightshade, daisies, and roses of every hue, larkspur, and maiden's hair (a kind of fern) are employed to ornament bonnets of pink and blue crape. White poult-de-sole is trimmed with bouquets of the lily of the valley. White drawn silk bonnets are much worn, but are covered with fullings of net. Black and white lace bonnets are much trimmed with branches of rich colored fruit. The fancy straw bonnets are of various patterns. If transparent, they are lined with either white or colored silk or crape. Many of those with colored linings are trimmed with checked ribbon of hues corresponding with the color of the lining. Among the prettiest of these novelties we may mention one lined with white silk, and trimmed with a bouquet of white lilac; and another of lilac silk and trimmed with two bouquets of violets. We may also describe a drawn bonnet of pink silk, each running ornamented with a ruche of narrow pink ribbon, edged with a small black satin stripe. On one side a bouquet of roses.

The newest PARASOLS, even those intended for ordinary use, are remarkable for elegance. Those of pale colors, as, for instance, fawn or pink, have white borders. Some white parasols intended for the open carriage are edged with borders of embroidered ribbon, and are frequently lined with blue or pink. The ordinary promenade parasol is generally of Mazarine blue or of dark green watered silk, lined with white.

WREATHS are worn very full, composed of flowers and fruits of every kind: they are placed on the forehead, and the bunches at the end of them are long, and fall on the neck. Bouquets in the shape of bunches are put high up on the body of the dress. Such is the mania for mixing fruits of every kind, that some even wear small apples, which are, however, infinitely less graceful than bunches of currants, grapes, and tendrils of the vine. So decided is the love of massive ornaments, that roses and poppies of enormous dimensions are preferred. Wreaths of delicate flowers, lightly fastened together, falling upon the shoulders, are, however, always the prettiest for young persons of middle or slight stature, who cannot well carry off these heavy garlands of fruits.

Nearly all GAITERS are made with heels half an inch in height, and many with the lasting to cover the foot completely, instead of the patent leather tip, lately so much in vogue.



John Ruskin

P. T. A. - 1840



LES MODES PARISIENNES



THE HARVEST HOME.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1850.

No. 2.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

"WHAT a woodland beauty!"

"A perfect Lady of the Lake!"

The speakers were two young men, whose dress and air betokened them to belong to the favored class of wealth, if not of fashion. They stood on the shores of a forest lake, screened by the thick trees from observation: and their exclamations were occasioned by the appearance of a female directing a light skiff, which at that instant shot around a point ahead.

The beauty of this fair apparition warranted the enthusiasm with which the two young men spoke. A skin of dazzling whiteness; eyes of the fairest blue; and locks that were really "brown in the shade and golden in the sun," united to a form of exquisite symmetry, made her seem, indeed, a second Ellen of the Lake. She was attired in white, with a single rose in her bosom. As she stood, poising the light oar, while her skiff floated down toward the spectators, each inwardly declared that he had never seen any thing so lovely.

Suddenly a noble dog, which attended one of the young men, perceived the skiff and its occupant; and breaking through the undergrowth, gained the immediate shore of the lake, where he stood barking furiously. The unexpected appearance, so close at hand, of she scarcely knew what, startled the fair stranger. She lost her balance, and in the effort to regain it upset the skiff. A slight scream as she beheld her danger, a vain look at the blue sky overhead, and then her white form disappeared, with a splash, beneath the deep waters.

The two young men remained, for an instant, paralyzed spectators of this catastrophe. Then the taller of the two, and the one who had first spoken, rapidly parted the underbrush before him, and pausing on the rocky shore to mark where the white dress was sinking in the lake, plunged headlong down. The Newfoundland dog,

at the same moment, leapt into the lake, following his master.

Like an arrow shot from the sky, through the profound depths of the waters, went the form of the rescuer. In less than a minute the form of the drowning girl was encircled by one arm of the stranger, while, with the other, he assisted his ascent to the surface of the lake. Here his Newfoundland dog, with a glad bark, sprang to his assistance. The young man allowed the noble animal to seize the sleeve of the inanimate female, and, continuing to assist supporting her, she was now easily borne to the shore.

Here, laid gently on a shelving rock, where the sunbeams shone brightly, she drew a deep breath, and opened her eyes. A deep blush suffused her cheek on recognizing two young men, both strangers, watching her anxiously. She rose upon one arm, looking inquiringly around.

"Be not alarmed," said her rescuer, respectfully, "you are safe—it was but a moment's immersion—allow us to conduct you home."

"Yes," replied the other, "the hotel is but a few paces off, across this belt of woods, and, in a few minutes, I will have a carriage at the cross-road, if you will meet me there." And, without further words, he disappeared.

Left thus alone together there was, as we may suppose, something of embarrassment between the maiden and her rescuer. But, after a moment's silence, the gentleman, seemingly ashamed of his rudeness, opened a conversation, which he conducted with a grace and tact that soon put his companion at her ease; and when, accepting his arm, she had walked to the cross-roads, she felt so much at home with him that his fellow traveller, when he brought the carriage, found her jesting on her half-drowned appearance.

The distance the young men had to drive was not far, the home of the rescued maiden being a large, old-fashioned farm-house, at the head

of the little lake. On parting with her new acquaintances she blushing invited them to call again, saying how glad her parents would be to thank them; but, though she addressed both, her looks were directed only toward one.

"We shall certainly do ourselves the honor of calling," said her rescuer, "but, meantime, let us give our names. My friend is Henry Wharton, and I am Arthur Courtland, both Bostonians, but now on a summer trip to the watering-place here, with a party of friends. For whom shall we ask when we call?"

"For Catharine Butler," was the response.

The gentlemen bowed, for the whole farm-house was now turning out, in dismay at the plight of their young mistress; and, with mutual smiles, the three parted.

"Quite an adventure, i'faith," said Wharton, as he drove rapidly away, "yet anything but romantic to look at: you appear like a drowned water-rat, and she——"

"Don't profane her with your abominable comparisons," laughingly interrupted Courtland. "She looked a perfect Undine, and that I shall always maintain, let matter-of-fact prozers like you say what you will. But come, lay on the lash: I want dry clothes."

That very evening Courtland, accompanied by his companion, called at the farm-house gate, to inquire after Miss Butler's health. He was answered, almost immediately, by the appearance of herself. All rosy and smiling, she advanced to the gate, followed by both her parents, to insist on the young men entering, an invitation which, thus backed, they could not refuse. The whole party was soon seated in the parlor, where a thousand thanks were awarded to Courtland for his gallantry, by the daughter, however, more by looks than words.

"Kate is too bold, as I have often told her," said Mrs. Butler. "But, luckily, she came to no harm. Had it not been for you, sir, however, what would have been the consequence? I shudder to think of it."

"Had it not been for me," replied Courtland, "or rather for my dog, she would not have lost her balance and fallen into the water. I shall never forgive myself for having exposed your sweet daughter, even for a moment, to peril."

The young men discovered the Butlers to be excellent people, while the daughter was sensible and accomplished, in addition to her beauty. Mr. Butler, indeed, was a farmer of some means, a fair representative of the honest, intelligent agriculturalist, the most independent class of men the United States affords. Mrs. Butler was a quiet, motherly dame. As for Kate herself, her sportive wit, not less than her beauty fascinated the young men; and when, at a late hour,

they left the farm-house, both united in praises of her.

Day after day Courtland repeated his visits to the farm-house; for, after the first day, Wharton shrewdly found an excuse for not going, except occasionally. At last the frequent absence of Courtland began to attract attention with the party to whom he belonged. The adventure of the skiff had got out, through the servants at the farm-house, and had finally reached the ears of the companions of the two young men.

"What is this we hear of a dripping nymph, a rescue, and all that?" said the fair Florence Hastings, one morning at the breakfast-table: and she looked sarcastically at Courtland.

Florence was a belle, an heiress, and a woman of the world. Some said she was a wit, but others called her only a shrew. She was now a little *passé*, but still younger in years than Courtland, on whom people said she had set her heart, and who had actually become half involved in her meshes, such was the art of her manoeuvres. Since he had met Kate Butler, however, his delusion with respect to the heiress had been wearing away. He answered, therefore, boldly, though not without a blush.

"You allude, I suppose, to an unlucky accident, which my dog caused, and which neither Wharton nor I thought of sufficient importance to mention!"

"Oh! Mr. Wharton has a hand in it!" replied the heiress, with a sneer. "I did not know this, for we have not missed him. You, however, it is said, were actually seen weeding turnips, or something of that kind, with a red-armed country girl, the other day."

This sally, as untrue as it was bitter, created a laugh nevertheless; for when were idle tourists not ready for sport at another's expense? Courtland, however, was too much of a gentleman to reply in a similar tone. He bowed, and said laughingly,

"I should not consider it at all degrading even to weed turnips, Miss Hastings; but I fear I am too fastidious to do it in company with a red-armed partner, at least from choice."

The rebuke was so pointed, yet so polite that the heiress bit her lip, and changed the conversation.

"Miss Hastings is as jealous of you as a tiger of her cubs," said Wharton, to his friend, a few days later. "She has actually forced the party to consent to depart to-morrow, for no other reason, I am positive, than that she wishes to tear you from Miss Butler."

"Well, I am ready to go, if the majority so decide. We all started together, on an agreement to travel in company, and I shall not be rude enough to break up the affair."

"What? Will you leave Kate? Really, I began to think you were in love with her; but, perhaps, it is better you are not."

"Better I am not! And why?"

"Because, as you can easily see, Florence is desperately in love with you. She has, at least, a hundred thousand, which, added to your own fortune, would make you one of the richest men of your years in Boston. A rich, witty, fashionable, and handsome woman—for Florence is all these—is not to be despised in the way of a wife."

"I shall never marry Miss Hastings," quietly said Courtland.

"And why?"

"I will tell you—I am engaged to Miss Butler."

"The deuce you are!" And Wharton sprang to his feet. "What, to a farmer's daughter, without position, and probably without a cent except the reversion of the old homestead?"

Courtland smiled. "You are a pretty sensible fellow, Harry," he said, "but have a little of the weakness of the man of fashion, the denizen of the town—in a word, you think too much of the tinsel of life. What do I care for wealth in a wife? Have I not sufficient fortune for all my reasonable wants? I love Miss Butler, and she loves me—I won from her that blessed acknowledgment last night. She is intelligent, sprightly, accomplished, with a natural born manner, and beautiful as few city women are—why should I not marry her? If I were to seek a wife, for twenty years, ay! for my whole life time, I should never find one half so fitted to make me happy. She is the *beau ideal* of which I have long dreamed."

"Does she know what a catch you are? Are you sure she does not marry you for money?"

"Had anybody else put that question, I should have been angry, Harry. But I know you mean well. I have not yet said a word of my wealth, nor shall I till to-night, when I expect to see her father to solicit his consent."

"Florence will be bitterly disappointed. She thought she had secured you."

"I confess that her adroit flattery, and her artful manoeuvres had bewildered me; and I was fast resigning myself to paying such continued attention to her, as would have made it a point of honor with me to marry her. But fortunately we met Miss Butler, and I was saved. Had I married Florence Hastings, what a miserable man I should have been!"

"Well, God bless you," replied Harry, warmly, "you deserve to be happy; and, after what you have said, I have every confidence in your choice. Indeed, to tell the truth, if I had dared, I should have fallen in love with Miss Butler myself; but I saw, from the first, that her rescuer was a very superior person, in her eyes, to Harry Wharton."

"Ah!" said Courtland, "when I contemplate the virgin purity of her mind, when I mark the freshness of her conversation, when I see the thorough good sense of her opinions, and when I contrast these things with the heartlessness, the tameness, and the folly of women of mere fashion, such as crowd our cities, I wonder at the hallucination which, even for a moment, led me to admire Florence Hastings. Take my advice, Wharton, and seek a partner for life in some pure-minded, yet intelligent girl, away from the false tinsel of the town."

And Harry followed the counsel. For when, a few months later, he accompanied Courtland back to —, that the latter might claim his bride, he found his merry little partner, a cousin of Kate, so bewitching in contrast with the city belles he had just parted from, that he lost his heart before the wedding festivities were over.

That winter two of the most beautiful women in the more refined circles of Boston were the brides of Harry Wharton and Arthur Courtland; but, of the two, the one pre-eminent for grace, accomplishments, and every excellent quality also, was our old friend, Kate.

Mrs. Courtland has been a wife for several years, and is at the head of society. Even Florence Hastings, now an old maid, is glad to be patronized by the accomplished woman, whom, she used sneeringly to call, the FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

SONNET.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

PERFECT as Pallas from Jove's brain art thou!
 Possessor of all attributes which warm
 The heart with spells delicious, and which charm
 The dullest thoughts to music! Thy pale brow
 Candor, resolve, and modesty endow
 With a majestic semblance. Thou'rt a queen
 Of Nature's making—graceful and serene—

Yet with a soul that to love's away will bow.
 We met—and thou art gone. To me thou'lt be
 Like a bright star, that comes, and disappears
 From the eye's ken; but yet in memory
 Thou'lt sweetly beam through the dim mist of tears.
 Farewell! the hope once more to look on thee,
 Shall be the rainbow of the gloom of years.

JULIA WARREN.

A SEQUEL TO PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE servant who sat waiting in the vestibule was startled by the hard, tearless misery of Adeline's face as she entered her own dwelling that night. He looked at her earnestly, and seemed about to speak, but she swept by him with averted eyes and ascended the stairs.

It was the same man who had stood beside her chair at dinner that day. The look of anxiety was on his features yet, and he pressed his lips hard together as she passed him, evidently curbing some sharp sensation that the haughty bearing of his mistress aroused. He stood looking after her as she glided with a swift, noiseless tread over the richly carpeted stairs, her pale hand now and then gleaming out in startling relief from the ebony balustrade, and his stony face marking the glow of her rose colored mouth. She turned at the upper landing, and he saw her glide away in the soft twilight overhead. He stood a moment with his eyes riveted on the spot where she had disappeared, then he followed up the stairs with a step as firm and rapid as hers had been. Even his heavy foot left no sound on the mass of woven flowers that covered the steps, and the shadow cast by his ungainly figure moved no more silently than himself.

He opened several doors, but they closed after him without noise, and Adeline was unconscious of his presence for several moments after he stood within her boudoir. A fire burned in the silver grate, casting a sunset glow over the room, but leaving many of its objects in shadow, for save a moonlight gleam that came from an alabaster lamp in the dressing-room, no other light was near.

Adeline had flung her mantle on the couch, and with her arms folded on the black marble of the mantel-piece, bent her forehead upon them, and stood thus statue-like gazing into the fire. A clear amethystine flame quivered over the coal, striking the opals and brilliants that ornamented her dress, till they burned like coals of living fire upon the snow of her arms and bosom. Thus with the same prismatic light spreading from the

jewels to her rigid face, she seemed more like a fallen angel mourning over her ruin than a living woman.

At length the servant made a slight noise. Adeline lifted up her head, and a frown darkened her face.

"I did not ring—I do not require anything of you to-night," she said.

"I know it. I know well enough that you require nothing of me—that my very devotion is hateful to you. Why is it? I came up here, to-night, on purpose to ask the question—why is it?" answered the man, with a grave dignity, which was very remote from the manner, which a servant however favored is expected to maintain toward his mistress. "What have I done to deserve this treatment?"

Adeline looked at him earnestly for a moment, and then her lip curled with a bitter smile.

"What have you done, Jacob Strong? Can you ask that question of Edward Leicester's wife, so soon after your own act has made her a widow?"

"But how?—how did I make you a widow?" said he, turning pale with suppressed feeling.

"How?" cried Adeline, almost with a shriek, for the passion of her nature had been gathering force all day, and now it burst forth with a degree of violence that shook her whole frame. "Who sat like a great, hideous spider in his web, watching him as he wove and entangled the meshes of crime around him? Who stung my pride, spurred on all that was unforgiving and haughty in my nature, till I too—unnatural wretch—who had wronged and sinned against him—turned in my unholy pride, and drove him into deeper evil? It was you, Jacob Strong, who did this. It was you who urged him into the fearful strait that admitted of no escape but death. The guilt of this self-murder rests with you, and with me. My heart is black with his blood: my brain reels when the thought presses on it. I hate you—and oh! a thousand times more do I hate myself—the pitiful tool of my own menial!"

"Your menial, Adeline Wilcox, have I ever been that?"

"No," was the passionate answer, "I have been your tool, your dupe. You have made me his murderer. I loved him, oh! Father of mercies, how I loved him!"

The wretched woman wrung her hands, and waved them up and down in the firelight so rapidly that the restless brilliants upon them seemed shooting out sparks of lightning.

"I thought he would come back. He was cruel—he was insolent—but what was that? We might have known his haughty spirit would never bend. If he had died any other death—oh! any thing, anything but this rankling knowledge, that I, his wife, drove him to self-murder!"

Jacob Strong left his position at the door, and coming close up to his mistress, took both her hands in his. He could not endure her reproaches. Her words stung his honest heart to the core.

"Sit down," he said, with gentle firmness—"sit down, Adeline Wilcox, and listen to me. There is yet something that I have to say. If it will remove any of the bitterness that you harbor against me, if it can reconcile you to yourself, I can tell you that there is great doubt if your—if Mr. Leicester did commit suicide. Thinking it might grieve you more deeply, I kept the papers away that said anything of the matter; but even now a man lies in prison charged with his murder!"

"Charged with his murder!" repeated Adeline, starting. "How!—when? She—his mother—said it was self-destruction!"

"She believes it, perhaps believes it yet, but others think differently. He was found dead in a miserable basement, alone with the old man they have imprisoned. Why he went there no one can guess; but it is known that he was in that basement, the night before, but a little earlier than the time when he appeared at your ball. If he had any portion of the money obtained from us about him, that may have tempted the old man, who is miserably poor."

Jacob was going on, but his mistress, who had listened with breathless attention, interrupted him.

"Do you believe this? Do you believe that he was murdered?"

"Very strong proofs exist against the old man," replied Jacob—"the public think him guilty." Adeline drew a deep breath.

"You have taken a terrible load from my heart," she said, pressing one hand to her bosom, and sinking down upon the couch with a low, hysterical laugh. "He is dead, but there is a chance that I did not kill him. I begin to loathe myself less."

"And me!—me you will never cease to hate?"

"You have been a good friend to me, Jacob

Strong, better than I deserved," answered Adeline, reaching forth her hand, which the servant wrung rather than pressed.

"And this last act," he said, "when I tried to free you from the grasp of a vile man, was the most kind, the most friendly thing I ever did!"

Adeline started up and drew her hand from his grasp.

"Hush, not a word more," she said, "if we are to be anything to each other hereafter. He was my husband—he is dead!"

She sank back to the cushions of her couch a moment after, and, veiling her eyes with one hand, fell into a reverie. Jacob stood humbly before her, for though they spoke and acted as friends, nay, almost as brother and sister, he never lost the respectful demeanor befitting his position in Adeline's household.

She sat up at length with a calmer and more resolute expression of countenance.

"Now tell me all that relates to his death," she said. "Who is charged with it? What is the evidence?"

Jacob related all that he knew regarding the arrest of old Mr. Warren. In his own heart he did not believe the poor man guilty, but he abstained from expressing this, for it was an intention rather than a belief, and Jacob could not but see that his own exculpation in the eyes of the fair creature to whom he spoke, would depend upon her belief in another's guilt. Jacob had no courage to express more than known facts as they appeared in the case. The vague impressions that haunted him were, in truth, too indefinite for words.

Adeline listened with profound attention. She had not been so still, or so firm before, since her husband's death. It required time for feelings strong as hers to turn into a new channel, and the passage from self-hatred to revenge was still as it was terrible.

She remained silent for some minutes after Jacob had told her all, and when she did speak the whole character of her face was changed.

"If this man is guilty, Leicester's death lies not here!" she said, pressing one hand hard upon her heart, as she walked slowly up and down the boudoir. "When he is arraigned for trial I am acquitted or convicted. You also, Jacob Strong, for if this old man is not Leicester's murderer, you and I drove him to suicide."

Jacob did not reply. In his soul he believed every step that he had taken against Edward Leicester to be right, and he felt guiltless of his death no matter in what form it came; but he knew that argument would never remove the belief that had fixed like a monomaniac upon that unhappy woman, and wisely, therefore, he attempted none.

"I have told you all," he said, moving toward the door. "In any case my conscience is at rest!"

She did not appear to heed his words, but asked abruptly,

"Are the laws of America strict and searching? Do murderers ever escape here?"

"Sometimes they do, no doubt," answered Jacob, with a grim smile, "but then probably quite as many innocent men are hung, so that the balance is kept about equal."

"And how do the guilty escape?"

"Oh, by any of the thousand ways that a smart lawyer can invent. With money enough it is easy to evade the law, or tire it out with exceptions and appeals."

"Then money can do this?"

"What is there that money *cannot* do?"

A wan smile flitted over Adeline's face.

"Oh! who should know its power better than myself?" she said. Then she resumed. "But this man, this grey-headed murderer—has he this power?—can he control money enough to screen the blood he has shed?"

"He is miserably poor!"

"Then the trial will be an unprejudiced one. If proven guilty he must atone for the guilt. If acquitted fairly, openly, without the aid of money or influence, then are we guilty Jacob Strong, guilty as those who hurl a man to the brink of a precipice, which he is sure to plunge down."

"No man who simply pursues his duty should reproach himself for the crime of another," was the grave reply.

"But have I done my duty? Can I be guiltless of my husband's desperate act?"

Jacob was silent.

"You cannot answer me, my friend," said Adeline, mournfully.

"Yes! I can. Edward Leicester's death, if he in fact fell by his own hand, was the natural end of a vicious life."

Adeline waved her hand sharply, thus forbidding him to proceed with the subject, and entering her dressing-room, closed the door.

Jacob stood for a time gazing vacantly at the door through which she had disappeared, then heaving a deep sigh, the strange being left the boudoir, but a vague feeling of self-reproach at his heart rendered him more than usually sad all the next day. True, he had changed the current of Adeline's grief, had lifted a burden of self-reproach from her heart, but had he not filled it with other and not less bitter passions?

CHAPTER IX.

For the first time since her husband's death Adeline slept soundly, till deep in the morning. But her slumber was haunted by dreams that

sent shadows painful and death-like over her beautiful face. More than once her maid, stealing from the dressing-room into the rosy twilight of the bed-chamber, stooped anxiously over her mistress as she slept, for the faint moans that broke from her lips, pallid even in that rich light, and parted with a sort of painful smile—startled the servant more than once as she prepared her mistress' toilet.

It was almost mid-day when this unearthly slumber passed off, but the brightest sun could only fill those richly draped chambers with a twilight atmosphere, that allowed the sleeper to glide dreamily from her couch to the pursuits of life. When the mechanics throughout the city were at their noonday meal, Adeline crept into her dressing-room, pale and languid as if she had just risen from a sick bed. Upon a little ebony table near the fire a breakfast service of frosted silver, and the most delicate Sevres china stood ready, and as Adeline sank into the great, easy-chair, cushioned with blossom colored damask, which gleamed through an over drapery of heavy point lace, the maid came in with chocolate, snowy little rolls, just from the hands of her French cook, and two crystal dishes, the one stained through with the ruby tint of some rich foreign jelly, the other amber-hued with the golden honeycomb that lay within it. Delicate butter, moulded like a handful of strawberries, lay in a crystal grape-leaf in one corner of the salver, and a soft steam floated from the small chocolate urn, veiling the whole with a gossamer cloud.

Altogether that luxurious room, the repast so delicate, but evidently her ordinary breakfast; the lady herself in all the beautiful disarray of a muslin wrapper, half hidden, half exposed by the loosely knotted silk cord that confined her crimson dressing-gown quilted and lined with soft white silk—all this composed a picture of the most sumptuous enjoyment. But look deep in that woman's face! See the dark circles beneath those heavy violet eyes, mark how languidly that mouth uncloses when she turns to speak, see the nervous start which she makes when the crystal and silver jar against each other, as the maid places them upon the table—is there not something in all this that would make the rudest mechanic pause before he consented to exchange the comforts won by his honest toil, for the splendor that seemed so tempting at the first glance?

Adeline broke a roll in two, allowed one of the golden strawberries to melt away in its fragments, and then laid it down untasted. Her heart was sick, her appetite gone, and after drinking one cup of the chocolate, she turned with half loathing from that exquisite repast.

"Move the things away!" she said, to the waiting-woman.

"Will you choose nothing else?" said the servant, hesitating and looking back as she carried off the tray.

"Nothing," replied her mistress. The tone was one that forbade further inquiry, so the maid left the apartment; and Adeline was left alone.

She was restless, feverish, unhappy. She rose and walking to the window looked out; but a few minutes spent thus appeared to tire her; and throwing herself again into her chair, she took up a book, and tried to read. But she still found no occupation for her thoughts. At last she flung down the volume, and rising, paced the chamber.

For the reflection grew and grew upon her, that if the old man should be convicted of the murder, she would be free from the guilt of Leicester's death. Her mind had been in a morbid condition ever since that event, or she would not now have thought this, nor have before regarded herself as criminal. That the old man should be proved guilty became an insane wish on her part. She clutched at it with despairing hope. The more she thought of this means of escape from her remorse, the wilder became her desire to see the prisoner convicted. Soon the belief in his criminality became as fixed in her mind as the persuasion of her own existence.

A stern, passionate desire for revenge now took possession of her. The very idea that the accused might yet escape, through some technicality, drove her almost to madness; and as she conjured up this picture, her eyes flashed like those of an angry tigress, and the workings of her countenance betrayed the tumult of her soul.

At last, catching the reflection of her person in a mirror, she started at her wild appearance; a bitter smile passed over her face, and she said,

"Why do I seek this old man's blood? Am I crazed, or a woman no longer? But heaven knows," she added, clasping her forehead with her hands, "that I have endured enough to transform me out of humanity."

With a sad, half mocking smile she rang the bell, ordered her maid to dress her, and then directed the carriage to be in waiting.

When Adeline Leicester descended to her coach, radiant in her majestic beauty, the last thought that would have presented itself to a spectator would have been that this queenly woman was unhappy. But the color in her cheek; the blaze of her brilliant eyes; and the proud, almost disdainful step with which she

crossed the side-walk; these, which so increased her lofty beauty, were purchased with inexpressible pangs like the hues of the dying dolphin are paid for by intolerable anguish.

The day was bright; the breeze was fresh; everything around was beautiful and exhilarating. But the pleasant face of nature failed to allay the fever of Adeline Leicester's soul. One thought only possessed her: it was, "what if the old man should be acquitted?" This idea grew upon her, and still grew. She tried to shake it off. She endeavored to become interested in the equipages glancing past, in the green fields, in the sails dotting the river far away; but she could not.

That dark thought clung to her. And now it rose into a terror. A new idea too crossed her mind. If the murderer should escape, and her husband be unavenged, would not her guilt be then almost as great as if she had driven Leicester to suicide?

Everything now became a blank around her: she was only conscious of this one thought. She saw nothing, heard nothing; for her whole soul was absorbed in her morbid idea. It became a monomania. Finally she pulled the check string, and, in a sharp tone, directed the coachman to drive back to the city.

The man looked around, startled, and was alarmed at the aspect of her countenance, which was almost livid. He showed his terror by his look: but she did not notice it: she closed the curtain, and threw herself back on the cushions.

At the entrance of the city, the coachman asked whether he should drive home.

This roused her from her stupor. A distance of five miles had been traversed since she had last spoken, yet the interval had appeared to her scarcely a minute. She looked out with surprise. Recognizing the place, she smiled mockingly, and directed the servant to drive to the office of a celebrated advocate, renowned, especially in criminal cases, for his searching cross-examinations not less than for his eloquence.

The lawyer was at home when the carriage drew up at his door. He started when he saw Adeline Leicester, whom he knew as a leading star in society, enter his office in agitation. He rose, bowed profoundly, and handed her a chair.

His visitor hesitated a moment, and then said,

"There is a man now in prison charged with the murder of Edward Leicester—you know the case, perhaps—and I have called on you to make it impossible for the prisoner to escape unless he is really innocent." She emphasized these last words, uttering them slowly, and keeping her eye fixed on the advocate as she spoke. "Remember,

unless he is really innocent," she repeated, "and that I am certain he is not! There is such a thing, I believe, as the friends of the victim, in instances like this, securing assistance, in the event of the commonwealth being lax or indifferent?"

"Oh! yes, madam," placidly said the lawyer. "The thing is of common occurrence."

"Very well," said Adeline, slowly, taking a note of large value from her silver-wrought *portemonnie*. "I wish you to see the state-attorney, and assist him in this trial."

"You would retain me—I understand your wish," said the lawyer, too polite to touch the

note which she laid before him, yet unable to prevent a glance at its denomination; and bowing again profoundly, as his visitor rose to go, he continued, "the guilty man shall not escape, madam, as too many do."

He escorted her not only to the door, but even to the steps of her carriage, for, though a celebrated advocate, he considered it an honor to have so beautiful a woman, and one so high in society, for a client.

And Adeline Leicester drove home with a lighter heart, and feeling as if a great duty had been discharged. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY ROSE BUDS.

BY MARCELLA MELVILLE.

I GREET thee not, fair May, I cannot bring
A garland of fresh flowers for thy brow,
For hope's bright blossoms all are withering,
They have but little early fragrance now.

Last year I met thee with a smile most bright,
And heart most merry in thy gleeful train,
That joyous heart, that happy spirit's light
Have passed away, they will not come again.

For three sweet buds were nestled on my breast,
A rare bouquet I never more may see;
Ah! my full heart was all too richly blest,
They drooped and died—God gave—He took from me.

One was a fair and gentle boy, whom oft
I watched, with all a mother's love and pride,
With silken hair and eyes so dark and soft,
He was too pure for earth, therefore he died.

They laid my darling child, so cold and white,
On his low bed, where he so oft had slept,
And through that long, dark, lonely, silent night,
A loving vigil by his side I kept.

I thought my cup was full, e'en to the brim,
Another drop would cause its overflow—
I could not see the thronging shadows dim,
Which death was flinging round my threshold low.

I had a merry, blithesome little girl,
With bounding step, and voice of silvery tone,
With bright cheeks kissed by many a wand'ring curl,
And bright eyes gazing fondly in my own.

How my lone heart doth miss her glad caress,
Her twining arms, and sweet "mamma good-bye!"—

How treasures up her grace and loveliness;
Oh, God! that all things beautiful should die.

Perchance she heard her brother 'mid the choir
Of loving angels, with his harp new-given,
She recognized the scarce-forgotten lyre,
And plumed her wings, instinctively, for Heaven.

Then came the lost one, of the fated three,
With dimpled hands and brow of purest snow—
Pleading, in helplessness of infancy,
That the "stern spoiler" would avert the blow.

In vain, death saw in him too fair a flower
To fade and wither, 'neath a chilling sky,
He bore him, in his bosom, to a bower
Where rare buds bloom, that never fade or die.

When memory whispers of the joyful shout,
And voices mingling in their childish glee—
Of wild, rich laughter ringing gaily out
The sweetest music in the world to me—

When in full force upon this stricken heart
Th' unbroken silence weigheth wearily,
When murmuring words, and tears, unbidden start,
And life seems worthless, passing drearily—

Then fall loved voices on my listening ear,
As dying notes from the Æolian thrill,
In tones so soft, so rich, so silvery clear,
"Dear mother, weep not, we are with thee still—

Weep not, thou'rt blind and canst not see the way,

Yet to our sight no love tie hath been riven—
Three angels watch thee, fondly, day by day,
Three angels wait to welcome thee in Heaven."

MINNA CLAVERS.

A SEQUEL TO THE WIFE'S REVENGE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

CHAPTER I.

It was with wildly throbbing hearts that the two fair fugitives found themselves journeying from the city which had been productive of so much sorrow to both. Minna thought not of the future; it was shrouded in a thick veil of mystery, which it seemed impossible to penetrate; and casting aside all other considerations, she turned with a new, delightful feeling to the mother, whose image had so often mingled in her childish dreams.

But Mrs. Clavers, even while she folded her daughter to her bosom, felt agitated with conflicting thoughts. She had obtained her child, the thought of which often came encouragingly upon her when overwhelmed with doubts and difficulties—she had accomplished the revenge for which she steadfastly toiled—the proud man was humbled—brought to her very feet, and his jewel wrested from him—and yet she pondered and hesitated. What course should she pursue? Should she seclude her daughter from all contamination with her own course of life—carefully guard her from all association with the world, *her* world, and thus insensibly teach her to look upon her mother with distrust—to draw a line between their respective pursuits, and have no sympathies, nothing in common? She could not do this; she could not bring her child from her early home—cut off all former associations, with nothing to supply the void thus created. And yet could she expose that daughter in all her purity and innocence to the contaminations of the play-house? Should she mark out for her her own course of life—doom her to become the slave of the public? How would that proud head bear to bow in humble acknowledgment to galling patronage? How could she with her timid, retiring manners, gain sufficient courage to arrest the attention of an audience? And yet on the other hand as she gazed upon Minna's lovely face, her kindling features, with their ever-varying expression, and observed the grace and elegance of every movement, an emotion of fond pride came over her, and she would picture her daughter attracting the eyes and admiration of all—now wrought up to enthusiasm with the wildness of passion; and again subduing with the melancholy of despair. In what had *she* suffered during

her career? What had *she* lost in flying from the man she hated, and entering upon the brilliant course which she had made peculiarly her own? Was not her fame untarnished even in the eyes of the censorious world—was her name ever associated with those of her profession who were a disgrace alike to themselves and others? They had no relatives, no friends but those she had made—they had severed all ties save the one that bound them together, and what should they care for the opinion of others? The beautiful young actress might yet wear a coronet—such things had happened before—and they could then look down upon those who had hitherto despised them. Ah! Minna Clavers, beautiful and unsuspecting one! a tempest is gathering about you.

Often in the still watches of the night when Minna slept serenely, a mother's form bent over her couch, and she would come to gaze upon her treasure and assure herself that it was safe. Warm kisses were pressed on the unconscious brow, and often a tear-drop fell unheeded on the sleeping face. She could not come to a conclusion; she would dwell almost bewildered upon the bright prospect, where stood Minna, the queen of light and beauty—but then as she gazed upon the sleeping figure of her child, who had left all for *her*, a remembrance of that autumn night at the theatre came across her mind, and she could almost hear the whisper, "*mother, is this heaven?*"

They arrived in London; and Minna who had often dwelt in fancy upon a voyage to the scene of all that was renowned in history or tradition—where riot, bloodshed, and pestilence have exercised their sway—where royal heads have bowed to the block, and noble hearts have suffered martyrdom—whose very walls whisper tales of crime and mystery, and horror, now felt almost bewildered as she stepped, for the first time, upon a strange land and a strange scene. The home of the actress was in one of the most retired and aristocratic streets; and Minna experienced an undefinable sensation of gloom as she entered its quiet precincts and contrasted its appearance with the glare of the city she had left. The solemn-looking houses towered up before her in dark masses, and seemed frowning at her for the step she had taken—scarcely a ray of sunlight rested upon the gloomy stone—the atmosphere

was foggy, and the sky of a lead colored hue. No wonder that on that first night of her arrival she felt cut off from all; every face looked cold and unpromising, and throwing herself into her mother's arms she wept bitterly. Mrs. Clavers, too, felt a strange chill on returning to the land of her adoption; but concealing her own feelings, she endeavored to soothe the agitated Minna. She took her around the spacious house, and opening one splendidly furnished room after another, succeeded in interesting her attention. At an early hour the two retired to rest; they could not bear to be separated in that great, lonely house, and mother and daughter shared the same couch.

The door of the beautiful actress was soon besieged with visitors and friends, who joyfully welcomed her back. The star had returned to its orbit, and people again crowded to hear, admire, and wonder. To fuller audiences than ever were the scenes rehearsed which never failed to win applause; and completely carried away by the glare and excitement, Mrs. Clavers lived but on the smiles of the public; praise, flattery, admiration had become necessary to her, and she drew long draughts of the exhilarating nectar. Minna, in the meantime, had been carefully secluded; few knew even of the daughter's existence, and still fewer had seen her; but those who had were loud in praises of her beauty, and strange reports circulated around until the actress' house was enveloped in a cloud of mystery.

The first effect of this new page in her life, and the excitement of being restored to a long-lost mother had now almost worn away, and Minna began to see things with the reality of truth. She felt anxious about her mother, whose spirits were sometimes depressed almost to melancholy, and then, excited by the glitter of the evening, she became wild, brilliant, and reckless in her gaiety. Excitement was doing its work upon her; and Minna often beheld, with alarm, the languid pallor of her countenance at the breakfast-table, while her hand shook nervously as she lifted her cup, and scarcely a mouthful of food passed her lips in the morning. She blushed deeply, when one evening while watching the progress of her mother's toilet, she saw the color which had faded from her pale cheeks supplied by artificial means. Mrs. Clavers saw the blush which rose on her cheek, while the eyes drooped timidly beneath their long lashes; but the practice had now become so habitual that she quite forgot her daughter's presence. A feeling of degradation came over her, and she almost shrank from Minna's glance; but, recovering herself quickly, she said, with a smile—

"Deceit, Minna, is the world's atmosphere; I

could not appear before my admirers with these pale cheeks—instead of feeling grateful for this proof of my assiduous efforts to please them, they would transfer to some rival the praise which now constitutes my daily food."

Minna made no reply, but watched her mother with a painful interest as she proceeded to attire herself in her dress for the evening. She appeared that night in the character of Medea, and the heavy velvet robe, the flashing jewels, and radiant appearance, struck the daughter with a feeling of sadness, as she mentally contrasted them with the morning's habiliments. Mrs. Clavers took Minna to the theatre with her, and left her in the drawing-room. The young girl experienced a sense of humiliation as she beheld her mother tricked out in the robes of the tragedy queen, and following the beck of others. Even the thunders of applause that shook the very house, grated painfully on her ear; and covering her burning face with her hands she wept silently. No one heeded her, and she had forgotten time and place; but suddenly a footstep sounded near, and her mother stood before her.

"What, *tears*, Minna!" exclaimed Mrs. Clavers, "what is the meaning of this? Has any one offended you, child?"

She looked up, and her eyes were almost dazzled by the brilliant figure before her. The face was triumphantly beautiful; the applause which resounded on all sides had lighted up her eyes with a radiant glow—excitement had tinged her cheeks and lips with a deeper hue—and the splendid robes and triumphant air invested the whole figure with a regal power. But although splendid, it was a painful sight for the daughter; and, falling at her feet, she exclaimed:

"Mother! dear, dear mother! Do lay aside these hateful robes, and be yourself again—I hardly know you thus! Give up this horrid life, which is killing you by degrees, and let us seek some retirement—anywhere from this hateful glare and bustle!"

A sudden pallor overspread the countenance of the successful actress at her daughter's passionate entreaty; but turning from those pleading eyes, she murmured: "I could not give up this exciting life, and live in retirement—do not ask me, Minna. Besides," she added, in a low voice, "what would support me without it?"

"Do not speak of that, dear mother," said the daughter, sadly, "I would do anything—every thing! I will work—go out by the day even, and you shall stay at home and be waited upon."

"These hands, Minna, do not look much like work," replied her mother, as she took one of the soft palms in hers. "And you little know, poor child! of what you speak. To those brought up in luxury poverty appears as a sort of romance,

if to be endured for those they love, but how different this is from the reality! No, no, Minna—I have seen more of the world than you have, and poverty appears to me with a sufficiently ferocious aspect. Come, child, the carriage waits; go to sleep, and forget all this romantic nonsense."

Mrs. Clavers was in one of her bright, sparkling moods that night, and stepped gaily into the carriage; but Minna followed with a heavy heart, unable to suppress a sigh as she thought of the future. Happy are those who do not see behind the scenes!

CHAPTER II.

THE winter had passed lingeringly away, and sweet spring hovered about the dim old city. To the petted heiress, who had just entered upon a round of gaiety before leaving home, it had been a season of uneventful seclusion. She read in the papers accounts of balls, routs and parties; but the gloomy streets resounded not with the voices of their merriment—the thick walls gave back no echo of music's strains—all seemed shrouded in mist and silence. The carriage of the actress was sometimes seen in Hyde Park, and then noble heads were bowed in salutation, and lofty plumes waved condescendingly, but they were not for *her*—not a face or feature awakened memories of the past or loved associations—and Minna leaned sadly back in her silent corner, unknown, unnoticed, uncared-for. She saw the turf green in the porch, the light, gossamer foliage drooping in sprays from the waked-up trees, heard the carolling of birds from their gilded prison-houses, and knew that it was spring; but a cloud hung ever over the gloomy city—a cloud rested heavily on her heart. She turned from the blank around her, and sought refuge in books. The library was well-stocked with plays, romances, and the works of the quaint old English writers; but of books the good had ceased to interest, the instructive to please—and day after day sat Minna Clavers absorbed in the pages of fiction, roaming at large in an ideal world of her own.

One bright morning Mrs. Clavers stood by the open sash, while the sweet breath of spring fanned her pallid cheek, and played with the rich masses of dark hair that were straying from beneath her cap. She was thinking how very beautiful is earth; but sometimes when the sunshine rests brightly on all around, and sweet sounds and bright faces are heralding in the season of joy and gladness, visions of a dark, narrow resting-place will rise up and fill the soul with sadness, for it is hardest to die when all looks beautiful around—when every feeling clings still more fondly to earth. As if in accordance

with her thoughts a sweet strain rose tremblingly upon the air—a low voice of thrilling softness chaunted the "Lament of the Irish Emigrant." Oh, there is nothing like a sweet voice! It wraps the very soul in a state of bewildering pleasure—it softens the harsh, and melts the gentle heart. Tears, *real* tears dimmed the eyes of the actress, memory carried her back to the days of childhood and innocence—days when she would have indignantly spurned the idea of becoming what she was. Often had she warbled that very song for her kind, loving father; could the shade of Justus Clark now behold his daughter what would be his feelings? Or at evening could he recognize in the tricked-up actress, whose province it was to deceive, the little, innocent Minna—the light and sunshine of his home? Blessed are the dead who sleep and have no knowledge of what passes around them!—they rest in blissful unconsciousness.

Mrs. Clavers stood listening to the strain which the birds seemed to take up and echo, and then another melancholy lay, and yet another rose upon her ear. The songs were all sad—not one merry note broke the sorrowful harmony; and soon the slight figure of Minna passed beneath the window. As the bright sunshine rested on those flowing tresses, and lit up the youthful face into a glow of dazzling beauty, while the sweet notes still rose and fell upon the air, a new thought came into the mind of the actress; and she stood and pondered while watching the retreating figure.

"Minna," said her mother, that evening, before dressing for the theatre, "do you sing? I have heard no music, except *paid* music, for a long time."

"Yes," replied the daughter, "I sang when at home for my—" *father*, she would have said, but recollecting herself, she left the sentence unfinished, and burying her head in her mother's lap sobbed convulsively.

"She wants excitement," thought Mrs. Clavers, "to make her forget this haunting past, and she must have it. But will you not sing for me, Minna?" continued her mother, "I love to hear low music at twilight—so dry these tears, child, and sing to me some sweet, wild strain."

Minna smiled sadly, and with a steady effort succeeded in banishing all traces of sorrow. But old remembrances almost overspread her as she proceeded, and the suppressed emotion lent a tremulous sweetness to her tones that rendered them still more thrilling. The actress became lost in a pleasant dream. It seemed as though she had roamed to some wildly beautiful spot, and seated in a sunny glade by some rushing waterfall, a spirit-bird whispering sweet songs in her ear, and lulled her to sleep with snatches

of wild and beautiful melody. The twilight deepened around, and still Mrs. Clavers sat wrapt, fascinated by her daughter's wondrous powers. Minna's voice had been the pride of the school, and a source of never-ending pleasure to her father, who almost lost his spirit of calculation while under the influence of those thrilling tones. It was indeed marvelous in its sweetness and compass; it was one of those voices that entrance the hearer at once, and make him fear lest it should cease.

After "Auld Robin Gray," "The Old Arm-Chair," and "Highland Mary," the mind turns to earth and common-place almost with disgust; and Mrs. Clavers sighed deeply as she laid out the evening's habiliments, while the bright glare of candles put to flight the soft, subdued tints of twilight.

"But, Minna," said she, "what a very melancholy taste you display, child. Have you nothing brighter, more lively to entertain me with? These sentimental, pining words have almost given me the horrors. Come," continued her mother, as she glanced at the French clock on the mantel-piece, "I have still half an hour to waste in listening to sweet sounds, before I am doomed to hear the scraping of the orchestra, so take your seat at the piano, child, and let us hear what you can produce."

Minna did as she was directed, and at first her hands glided listlessly over the keys; but the familiar sounds soon roused her from her apathy, and the bright flush came into her cheek, and the sparkle to her eye as of old. Her whole soul was in the performance, and Mrs. Clavers listened in perfect astonishment. She had heard the instrument touched before by those who were considered masters of the art, but never with the skill and execution displayed by this young girl.

"Minna," exclaimed her mother, in enthusiasm, "you are a prodigy! a fortune! Display these talents to the public—do not suffer them to lie unnoticed and unknown, and the fame of the youthful cantatrice will spread itself over Europe. Think of the prospect that awaits you!"

Minna turned very pale, and leaned heavily against the instrument. She had not been prepared for this new trial—she had not even dreamed of such a possibility, and now it had come suddenly upon her. Her eyes were fixed upon her mother with a pleading, half-reproachful gaze, and Mrs. Clavers well understood their mute language. She sighed as she proceeded to dress herself, and this sound of quiet grief almost made Minna waver. She glanced at her mother, and asked herself what right had she to refuse to exercise her talents when that mother toiled night after night uncomplainingly? But then the stage rose up before her, surrounded by

a horrid sea of faces; she fancied herself failing, hissed at, insulted; and almost in turn she exclaimed:

"Oh, mother! do not ask me *that!* anything but *that!* I should only disgrace you."

"I do not fear *that*, Minna," replied her mother, with a smile, "that threat has not the least terror for me. But make yourself easy, dear child," she added, in a tone of tenderness that went to Minna's heart, "you shall do nothing against your own will and choice. I did not dwell for years upon the thought of having my child with me, to make her life wretched to her."

The carriage was at the door; the noise of wheels died away in the distance, and Minna sat bending over the music. It all looked hateful to her, the notes seemed staring at her forebodingly, the piano assumed a threatening appearance, and she almost regretted that she had ever learned to distinguish one tune from another. But then the tone of her mother's gentle, "bless you, Minna!" came over her almost reproachfully; she thought of that mother's fading appearance, and a hollow cough which had now and then fallen upon her ear sounded like a knell. What if the fate of the desolate should be hers? A stranger in a strange land, what would become of her?

Mrs. Clavers beheld her laurels fading. A rival had divided the honors with her; and who, in addition to talent, possessed the charm of freshness and novelty. Hers was a totally different style, and the public seemed almost to forget their old favorite in their homage to the new. It was hard to take from her the very breath of life, for so had admiration now become, and she felt it most acutely. She kept her troubles to her own bosom, but Minna saw that something weighed heavily upon her mother's spirits, and the petted child of wealth and luxury now passed many sleepless nights.

Mrs. —, the actress, who had been the early friend of Mrs. Clavers, and the companion of her flight, now returned from a long and successful professional tour; and came one evening, soon after her arrival, to the house of Mrs. Clavers. Minna was seldom visible to her mother's visitors, and now remained in her own apartment; while the two sat talking over old times and present prospects. Mrs. — seemed nearer to her than any one else she knew, and to her Mrs. Clavers freely unburdened her mind.

"This acting is wearing, toilsome, ungrateful business," she sighed. "Little do those who are so fickle in their applause deem of the aching hearts, the midnight hours, and the harrowing cares of those who win it! And then after years of toil and trouble, to behold the admiration which becomes necessary, as it were, to one's

very existence, bestowed on another! Oh, I know not what to do! Sometimes it seems to me as though I should almost lose my reason."

"Do not speak so," said her companion, kindly, "for losing your reason, *chère amie*, would be a great injury to yourself, and of no sort of benefit to any one—the best course to pursue would be to bring forward something new in opposition to the attractions of this rival. The life of an actress is, as you say, a tolling one; it is not sufficient that she has acquired a high reputation in any particular branch—she must be continually on the strain to take advantage of every change of opinion, and put down all competition."

"Alas!" murmured Mrs. Clavers, "I have nothing new to offer. I have tried my utmost, and now feel almost discouraged."

"Where is your daughter?" asked the actress, "did you not bring her with you? If beautiful and talented," she continued, "why not introduce her to the public, and teach her to supply your place? A new face and a young one would be a feather in your cap. Miss —— would then be obliged to look to her own laurels, instead of robbing you of yours."

Mrs. Clavers now spoke of Minna without reserve. She told the actress of her marvelous beauty, her wondrous powers, and her horror and repugnance toward the course of life proposed to her. Mrs. —— could not understand these scruples, she could not imagine that a young, obscure girl, with every advantage for the stage, instead of courting notoriety and fame, should actually *refuse* it! It was a mystery—a wonder; and as much out of curiosity to behold such a person as to hear her vocal powers, she asked Mrs. Clavers to bring her down.

Poor Minna! she almost felt as though her fate were sealed, when her mother entered her apartment and delivered the request; but in submissive obedience she proceeded to the drawing-room. Mrs. —— was charmed, enraptured, astonished; every style was executed with truth and simplicity, and yet with a beauty of expression seldom equalled. They sat there till a late hour listening to the bird-like strains; and on parting for the night, the great actress observed in an expressive whisper to the anxious mother:

"Bring her out, and your fortune is made!"

That whisper sealed the doom of Minna Clavers.

CHAPTER III.

THE two were alone in Mrs. Clavers' dressing-room. The mother sat absorbed in a silent reverie with her eyes fixed sadly upon her daughter, while Minna remained pale and silent. Each wished to break the silence, and yet each lacked courage to make the attempt.

Mrs. Clavers felt at length that she *must* speak; and in a voice of touching melancholy she said:

"Do you know, Minna, that for sometime past I have been troubled by the thought, that were I to be taken from you, you would be thrown helpless upon the world? Upon the world of *strangers*, Minna, and that is a hard and an unpitying one. An angry father would not receive you: cold faces would greet you on every side, and I blame myself for taking you from your luxurious home. It was wicked—it was selfish in me. But do not turn so pale, Minna—I did not speak of leaving you yet—it may be many, many years—I only spoke of what *might* happen."

The full lip quivered, a paroxysm of agony contracted the fair young face, and Minna wept in loud and uncontrollable grief.

Mrs. Clavers was almost frightened at the depth of the feelings she had awakened; and tried unsuccessfully to soothe the agitated girl.

"Minna," said her mother, at length, "these fine, sensitive feelings which the least inadvertent jar disturbs, will, if not restrained, cause you many moments of suffering, my poor child. They will find no echo in another's heart—the world cannot understand them, it will trample on and wound them, as rough footsteps crush the timid flowers—they prevent enjoyment of the present and heap up misery for the future. Whatever you do, do not give way to them—you had better be a block, a stone, than a person of sensitive feelings. They are brought more into play by solitude and an inexperience of the world; a life of excitement is better for you in every way, Minna."

Poor Minna! she had become trembling and nervous; a period of constant anxiety and trouble had weakened her spirits and energy; and throwing herself at her mother's feet, she exclaimed: "do with me as you please!"

"My own one!" murmured Mrs. Clavers, with a burst of feeling, "my bright and beauteous one! The neglect shown to the mother will now be amply repaid by the admiration bestowed on her child."

Yes, it was summer. The foliage on the trees had deepened and thickened—the turf was of a darker hue—and the creeping ivy at the back of the house almost concealed the dark-hued stone. There was music too in the lonely house; notes, now high and playful, now low and sad, melted upon the air, and filled the atmosphere around with an incense of melody; and a fair young figure flitted to and fro, and gleamed in its white dress amid rolls of music and heavy instruments. It was Minna, but the face was pale, and the soft braids of hair assumed a darker hue from contrast with the marble brow. But she toiled on and uttered no word of complaint; she passively

went through heavy lessons from dull professors, obeyed the orders of those who came to weigh her talent in the balance with gold, and endured their comments with statue-like apathy. She trembled though as she looked forward; her mother's spirit had become fairly radiant with excitement—she listened to these beautiful tones, heard the approval, the admiration of cities, and grew almost dizzy with anticipation of the fame and glory that spread away in the distance.

But Minna had many misgivings; the evening that approached with rapid strides was to her a fearful ordeal; she feared that her mother had overrated her powers—she feared failure, disgrace, and trembled to think of its effect upon her who seemed to regard it as the gate through which they would pass into a new and beautiful existence. And she leaned her head on the slight hands and thought until her reason was almost bewildered; she could scarcely realize it that she, Minna Clavers, the heiress, should in one short period be torn from a home where all had been *her* slaves, to become the slave of others. It must be a dream—a wild delusion of the senses; but as she glanced tremblingly around, the rolls of music and all the hateful ceteras of her profession mournfully assured her that it was indeed reality.

The evening came at last; and the youthful cantatrice was almost wild with fear and excitement. Mrs. Clavers could hardly contain herself; her brilliant anticipations were now about to be realized, and she hovered about from one thing to another in a tumult of delightful confusion. Mrs. —, the actress, had come to encourage the young debutante for her first appearance—lights blazed in every apartment—servants were hurrying to and fro—and all was bustle and confusion. A new opera had been written for the night; managers doubted not the effect of the youthful songstress—the beautiful daughter of the equally beautiful “Mrs. Walton”—and Minna, at the commencement of the piece, was to make her appearance in the character of an ocean nymph, emerging from a large cave, and astonish the audience with a burst of melody. Excitement was at its height; flattering rumors of the young cantatrice had floated about, and a brilliant crowd impatiently awaited the moment of her debut.

Minna stood tremblingly before the mirror arrayed in the airy habiliments of her character; clouds of white, of the most fairy texture, floated about her graceful figure, and she reminded the gazer of some faint star, or a sweet glimpse of moonlight. But the youthful heart was throbbing wildly; all looked dark before her, and it seemed impossible to endure the stares and comments of a whole assembly.

“Now, Minna,” whispered her mother, as she kissed the pale cheek, “let us again hear the opening song before you go.”

A burst of melody filled the room; the notes seemed even sweeter, more thrilling than they had been before; and the actress glanced at the proud mother with a look that spoke volumes. The arrangements were all completed, the hour had come, and Mrs. Clavers stepped into the carriage, the happiest of human beings.

The house was completely filled; every corner seemed taken up, and people spoke of nothing—thought of nothing but the young debutante. She was represented as more beautiful than the evening star, with the voice of a Siren, and the face of an angel; and hundreds of eyes were fixed on the provoking curtain that concealed all from their sight. What a brilliant assemblage it was! Plumes waved, and jewels flashed, and beautiful faces gleamed out from the crowd in restless impatience.

The curtain was drawn up; an ocean scene appeared in sight, and from the cave emerged the heroine of the night. A slight, girlish form that seemed almost lost amid the space—a face of dazzling loveliness—and a pair of dark, brilliant eyes, that now wore the expression of the startled fawn, gleamed upon the audience. Never had so lovely a cantatrice appeared upon the stage; never had beauty of so high an order gleamed out from the habiliments of the actress; and Minna was almost deafened by the applause that greeted her appearance. It would slacken for a moment and then be resumed with increased force; peal after peal reverberated through the house—jeweled hands flung bouquets upon the stage—and even the cane of royalty mingled in the noise. They seemed to forget that they had come to *hear*—a sight of the songstress roused the wildest bursts of enthusiasm. Mrs. Clavers remained behind the scenes, and the sweetest music never fell half so melodiously upon her ears as all this din and racket.

At length it died away for the songstress to commence, but Minna moved not—uttered not a note. The orchestra repeated the part, but still she remained silent. The audience, pitying her youth and confusion, encouraged her with another round of applause; a low voice whispered: “*Minna!*” and roused by the sound, she opened her rigid lips, and endeavored to proceed with her part. But no sound came forth; she tried again, and the dreadful truth fell darkly upon her—*she had lost her voice!* One wild, despairing look to the audience—a scarcely-breathed murmur of “*mother!*” and the young debutante sunk back in the arms of the manager. A wild shriek rose upon the air, but it came not from Minna—she had lost all knowledge of the present in

blissful unconsciousness. The audience were disappointed, but pity predominated over anger—the rumor soon reached them that terror had destroyed the voice that was to have fascinated them as with a spell, and they returned home—still haunted with the remembrance of that beautiful face.

CHAPTER IV.

How many, many different scenes are crowded together within the precincts of a large city. Suffering makes us selfish, and those who have beheld the stars of their hope descend below the horizon, do not consider that the sun sets as darkly upon them—that the shadows and the cloud rest upon other hearts. There is a small room, an artist's studio in an unfrequented part of the city where we will now alight, and read the dark pages in the history of him who sits absorbed in tracing the tints upon his canvass.

Walter Lynde had been from childhood the sport of fortune. Winds that brought joy and gladness to others scattered aside his slightly-built castles—hope rose upon him in tints of gold and crimson, and faded amid the thunders and tempest—loving faces passed away from earth, and long-tried friends grew cold. He was a child of genius, rocked in the cradle of poverty, and fanned by the breath of misfortune. Sometimes the clouds cleared up from his sky, and displayed the gold and azure beneath—but this soon faded into greater darkness than before. He had been a lonely wanderer without father or mother, sister or brother upon the face of the earth; dragging out a weary existence amid the unvarying routine of a country school, where he was half teacher and half scholar, until at length an unknown uncle came from the East Indies; a mother's brother supposed long since to be dead, but now in possession of an inexhaustible fortune—homesick, eccentric, and high-tempered. He found out his sister's child—took him from his drudging employment—and introduced him to the luxuries and elegancies of life. These were halcyon days for Walter; he was no longer an outcast in the world—he had found some one who loved him, and devotedly did he love his uncle in return. He loved him, not for his wealth—he never even thought of that—but for his kindness, his indulgence, and consideration for the lonely orphan. He appeared to him in the light of a good and powerful spirit, who had changed his gloomy life to a sphere of existence, beautiful as it was unexpected. His refined tastes were now cultivated—his talents brought to light—and his wishes indulged.

He was sculptor, painter, and poet. Often at his dingy desk in the lonely school-room, after his troublesome charges had retired, did he sit

for hours and while away his cares by writing verses which breathed of genius and poetry, with nothing to rouse inspiration save the bare rafters overhead, and the rough desks and benches that surrounded him; but now a softly carpeted room, where the light came mellowed and subdued, luxurious chairs and couches, and a complete writing-table of beautiful workmanship, materially assisted his flights of genius. His uncle, to be sure, was not very deeply imbued with the spirit of poetry, and was apt to be rather dull in comprehending the sentiments thus breathed forth in verse; but if not intellectual, he was kind, and “as long as it amuses the boy,” thought he, “why let him scribble on.” It was during this period that Walter began to appreciate the works of Canova, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and the hosts of sculptors and painters who have given immortality to former ages; his uncle could scarcely distinguish one piece of art from another, but he had come home determined to spend his money like a prince, and the first step toward this was to procure a handsome house and fill it with fine furniture, statuary, and paintings.

In this congenial atmosphere the germ was developed; and Walter came forth a regular genius. All he said, did, or wrote was very much admired; he had as yet requested nothing else for his efforts, and people were not disposed to refuse praise to the heir of the wealthy East Indian. He was fêted, courted, and caressed; his days glided on in beautiful harmony, every one seemed kind and affectionate, and he began to be ashamed for having abused the world even to himself.

But his tide of prosperity was not of long continuance. A few thoughtless words, incautiously dropped in a moment of excitement, were repeated, with various additions, to his uncle by some kindly disposed friend, and so twisted and distorted as to present a very different meaning from their original one; a coldness ensued, of which Walter tried in vain to discover the cause, and then his uncle began to assume toward him a petty tyranny, a contemptuous sort of patronage which galled his proud mind and sensitive feelings. As long as favors were bestowed from affection, he felt no scruple in receiving them; but when he was made to feel his dependance his spirit revolted at the idea. Several hints and angry speeches at length opened his eyes to the fact that his uncle suspected him of looking forward with pleasure to the time when he should enjoy unrestrainedly the whole of his hard-earned wealth. The indignant hue crimsoned his very brow as this mortifying idea for the first time rushed upon him, and he immediately sought an explanation with his uncle; but the old man had been influenced by false friends and advisers, and regarded his nephew's frankness

upon the subject as another proof of his worthlessness.

The fatal words he could not deny; a high spirit on one side, and a hasty temper on the other, are not the best requisites for healing a difficulty—and the uncle and nephew parted. Poor Walter! he had imbibed a taste for luxury and expense, and now found himself again thrown upon the world, with his condition even worse than it was before. Then he had known only hardships—now he had experienced a different life, a brighter side of the picture. He went, however, with confidence in himself; he felt deeply grateful for his uncle's kindness, but all explanations that he could now offer would be accredited to mercenary influences—he resolved, therefore, to toil quietly on until he had reached the bright eminence of wealth and fame which his summer friends had always held up as the reward easily attainable to talents such as his, and then go to his uncle and be forgiven. He could not refuse him then—he could not *then* suspect him of interested motives—and this prospect it was which inspired him with energy in his new misfortune.

But he, like many others, soon found that talents which had been admired in a gold setting, lost half their lustre when taken from the frame. Friends in prosperity proved strangers in adversity; he, who had hitherto been besieged with visitors and invitations, now found himself with scarcely an acquaintance in the world. He had written a book of poems, but although publishers admired them, they were afraid, they said, to risk their production; he had spent hours of midnight toil and daily labor over a picture which was sent to the exhibition; but it did not gain the prize—it did not even attract attention. It was really a production of talent, but it had come unrecommended—he had no influential friend to open the eyes of the managers to its beauties; so it was placed in a bad light, and pronounced a failure. He produced two or three pieces of statuary which were really fine compositions; but those who came to look at them saw so many alterations and improvements to be made that in seeking to please one he would spoil them for another. From time to time he received sums of money, which were enclosed in a blank envelope without word or signature; but he well knew the source from whence they came, and appreciated his uncle's thoughtfulness—for had it not been for these remittances, he would indeed have found himself in a destitute condition.

But what is it that he is just now so enthusiastically absorbed in? His fine, expressive face bespoke an intensity of purpose, a concentration of ideas upon the subject in question that shows it to be a very interesting one; and soon a distinct

set of features appears upon the canvass. They look familiar—it is the face of Minna Clävers! But what is she doing here in the artist's studio? Listen, and you shall hear.

Reports of the beautiful cantatrice had penetrated even to his retired dwelling; the love of music was an inborn propensity of his nature, and resolving for one evening, at least, to break through his clouds, and seek enjoyment in recreation, he proceeded to the opera. He might better have staid away, for this only added another to his catalogue of trouble. The vision of the youthful songstress enchanted him; he too waited with impatience to hear the first notes from a mouth of such perfect beauty, and beheld with disappointment and horror her sudden illness and abrupt retreat. His soul was filled with a vision of beauty; he returned home, but the lovely form of Minna floated even in his sleep; it was impossible to apply himself to his usual studies, and at length he sat down and gave way to his inspiration. As he proceeded smiles played around his mouth, and he became absorbed in drinking in the vision of beauty that beamed before him. The same look, the same expression; and day after day he worked on. He had traced out the abode of the actress, and now and then obtained glimpses of a sweet face in the garden or at the window, which materially interfered with his studies.

He had worked at his portrait now for some time, and it was almost finished. He had not asked himself what he meant to do with it, or whether it were not madness in him to spend time and thought upon a face which never could be to him other than a creation of the pencil. He was an enthusiast—a dreamer; and wrapped up in the delightful present, troubled himself not with the future.

He sat one morning, with his brush and easel lying by his side, absorbed in contemplation. His eyes were intently fixed upon the dark orbs that beamed upon him from the canvass, and fascinated his very soul with a strange power; and he sat silent and meditative—lost to all outer things. He did not see the door of his studio open—he did not hear a footstep close beside him—and the intruder too remained and gazed; but on his entrance a hasty start, a rapid scanning of the portrait and the painter, and a softened look which gradually stole over his features betrayed his emotion.

He advanced still closer to obtain a full view of the face, and Walter saw with surprise that a dark shadow intervened between him and the object of his contemplation. He looked up in some anger at the intrusion, and his eyes rested upon a face in whose deep lines he could still trace a resemblance to the softened features upon the canvass.

It was Duncan Clavers!

Walter remained for some moments almost bewildered, scarcely knowing whether this was a delusion of the senses or reality. He had heard no sound, no footsteps, seen nothing until the figure stood before him, and the whole occurrence appeared to him in a strange and mysterious light. He did not speak; he hesitated to question his strange visitor, but remained silent, with his eyes fixed upon his face, employed in tracing the strange resemblance which grew stronger every moment. The face before him was not a pleasant one; there was something repulsive in its expression, even though softened almost to tears; and he sat waiting in some awe for the stranger to announce the purport of his visit.

Duncan Clavers had almost forgotten the young painter, and his own strange intrusion, in his surprise on perceiving the features of Minna reflected before him; but at length he turned abruptly to Walter, and said, "young man, I must have this picture."

Walter, rather disconcerted by this curious mode of address, was yet provoked at the cool impudence of his visitor, and resolved not to part with the cherished portrait, he replied quietly, "it is not for sale."

The piercing eyes were turned upon him with a threatening glance, and Duncan Clavers asked peremptorily, "how came this picture here? Tell me where she is!"

"I have not yet recognized your title to question me thus," replied Walter, with dignity, "and I do not choose to make this lady a subject for comment with every one. Tell me first who you are, and what right you have to ask these questions?"

"I am her father," was the reply, in so sad a tone that it quite touched Walter's heart.

"*Her father!*" What could be the meaning of this mystery? Would the chapters of wonders never cease. He had heard reports of the beautiful actress, Mrs. Walton, had often attended the theatre with his uncle to witness her representations, but no one had spoken of a husband—she was always represented as a widow; and indeed fashionable circles had often commented upon unexceptionable offers of marriage she had received, but mysteriously declined. The whole affair was incomprehensible. But he did not question his visitor, or doubt his assertion—the resemblance between the beautiful portrait and his harsh face was a convincing proof of that; and in explaining to him how the portrait came into his studio, he gave the whole history of that eventful evening.

The proud features of Duncan Clavers contracted as with a spasm on hearing of his daughter's public display and defeat; and, unable to

suppress the signs of the emotion that convulsed him, he covered his face with his hands and remained silent. Walter pitied his agitation, and yet endeavoring not to notice it, he employed himself in arranging his implements.

But his visitor at length recovered his self-possession, and in a subdued tone he said, "you must pardon my unwarranted intrusion and abrupt questions, which at some other time I will endeavor to explain, but tell me now where they are? I must see her!"

Walter placed aside the portrait, and leading his visitor from the studio, the two proceeded together toward the abode of the actress. All looked hushed, gloomy and lifeless; scarcely a sound was to be heard in the gloomy street, no form flitted to and fro within, and impressed with the gloomy stillness, Duncan Clavers remained for some moments in the spot where Walter had left him.

Duncan Clavers had staid on in his desolate home with feelings of anger cankering about his heart, as he brooded over the wrongs which had made his house desolate. The varied phantoms of the past came rising up before him, even in his dreams; and he would see the fair, sweet face of Minna Clarke as she first beamed upon him in her youthful beauty—and then it changed to the face of his daughter—his Minna, who looked lovingly upon him as of old—and he would stretch out his arms to embrace the figure, but then it faded away—and he would awake to find that he had grasped a shadow.

Dark visions came over him in his hours of solitude; and he thought of the bullet and the poisoned bowl. Life became a burden; and yet he shrank from the grave of the suicide. Even in his desolation and despair the regard for appearances exercised full sway; he could not bear to sink in the estimation of the world—to tarnish the name which had ever been associated with ideas of honor and justice. The thought of Minna still haunted him; he tried to shake it off and feel indignant at her desertion; but he did not till now know the depths of his affection for her—even he himself was surprised at its intensity. He could not live without seeing her; her mother might die and leave her destitute—and although he tried to satisfy himself that she deserved it, the idea of his tenderly-nurtured child contending with poverty and want—left alone in the world of strangers, put his philosophy to flight. Perhaps too some feeling of remorse toward the fugitive wife may have softened his heart.

The newspapers told him of the destination of Mrs. Walton, the actress, and swallowing down pride, anger, and revenge in one tremendous effort, he arranged his affairs and took passage for England. He too was a stranger there; with

no society except that of his commercial correspondents, he occupied himself with vanities about the great city in hopes of discovering his daughter. Chance had led him into the studio of the artist, and his emotions on perceiving the portrait of Minna were almost overpowering. There was a new struggle between pride and affection on hearing of his daughter's public exposure—but the good spirit at length triumphed; and he found himself standing before the very house which contained the object of his search.

Public report had told him of the illness of his wife, and he stood almost undetermined about entering the house. Should he ring for admittance the menial would only repeat their order, to refuse visitors, Minna would not come to see him, and her mother would probably have him ordered from the house. He mounted the steps; the door had been left unfastened by some careless servant—it closed noisily—and advancing on tip-toe up the thickly-carpeted stairs, that gave back no echo of his footsteps, he passed on unnoticed to the sick chamber, and remained for a few moments motionless amid the folds of drapery.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Minna Clavers returned to consciousness on that fearful night she was summoned to the sick-bed of her mother. Poor Mrs. Clavers! the shock had been too much for her. Her hopes were raised to such a state of exaltation, that when the crisis came it left her bereft of consciousness, reason, almost of life. One wild shriek of despair rang fearfully around, and the crimson blood came pouring from her pallid lips and stained the brilliant robes. She had broken a blood-vessel, and lay all that long night in a state of insensibility; while the innocent, heart-stricken cause kept an unremitting watch by her side.

She did not die yet—she recovered for a season; but she could not move from her apartment, and day after day, and night after night Minna continued at her post. Oh, there is nothing so crushing, so overwhelming in its sorrow as the watch by the bedside of a loved one, our all perhaps upon earth, to see the eyes grow dim, the lips colorless, and the form reduced to a shadow! To hear the hum of the busy world without as each one proceeds on his pathway regardless of the lonely heart that sadly watches the expiring taper—or at night when a fearful stillness reigns around, broken only by the slow, distinct striking of the clock that remorselessly when in the last hour of life to the dying one, to sit and commune with your own thoughts, and gaze sadly forward toward the dull blank that spreads away in the distance.

Poor Minna! she was stupefied by the blow. She did not speak—she scarcely even thought; it seemed like a horrid dream, till she looked upon the fading figure and saw that it was no illusion. It seemed hard that she, the innocent one, should suffer for the errors of others. Her hitherto luxurious and carefully guarded life had but ill fitted her to bear the storms of adversity; she idolized her mother—loved her as she had never loved before; she had dwelt upon the thought of her from early childhood, and now it seemed impossible to part with her. Mrs. Clavers never complained—never told Minna that the scene at the opera had been her death-blow—but the poor girl knew it nevertheless; and this knowledge increased her agony. She wished that her mother had never cared for her—never sought her out and taken her home with her—since it had only destroyed herself.

The bright star had flitted from its sphere, but it left not a vacant place; the new candidate for public favor had glided quietly in, and "Mrs. Walton," the beautiful, the adored, was scarcely missed. The theatre was again filled with bright and blooming faces—with rank, and beauty, and splendor; again the walls resounded with the enthusiasm of a delighted multitude; the new favorite came forward, brilliant and smiling—the former idol languished on a bed of sickness.

The room was dark and close; through the gloom Duncan Clavers distinguished at length the outline of a reclining figure upon the heavy couch, while a slight, youthful form was almost concealed by the thick falling curtains that shaded the window.

"Minna," murmured a languid voice.

The young girl glided quickly to the couch, and bent over close to the speaker.

"Sit down, Minna, close beside me—I wish to talk to you. I ask your forgiveness, dear one, for bringing you to this—for taking you from one who not only loved you, but had the power of rendering your life happy, to share my unsettled fortunes. The thought has often weighed heavily upon me, and I feel that I have done wrong; even my love was selfish, for instead of seeking the good of its object, I devoted myself only to my own gratification; and now that I am dying, Minna—"

"Oh, mother! mother!" sobbed the poor girl, in uncontrollable agony, "do not drive me distracted! I cannot listen to these dreadful words—cannot believe them!"

Mrs. Clavers was faint and exhausted, almost terrified by the violence of her daughter's grief; but she felt that the time had now come when all illusion must be swept away—she had done with the stage and its mimic pageantry, and now looked steadily forward to the truth and the right.

"You cannot remain here in a city of strangers," she continued, "and although it has been an effort for my pride, I have written a letter to your father—to my husband—entreating him to receive and cherish his child—explaining to him that the fault was entirely my own, for I it was who took you from your home; I alone am to blame."

"No, mother," replied Minna, in a tone of decision, "I am to blame, if it was wrong to leave a father who had treated you so shamefully—driven you from your home and your child! Let me cast the letter into the flames: for I had rather earn my daily bread than appeal to the mercy of a father who has so outraged and insulted you!"

How the heart of Duncan Clavers throbbed within his bosom as these words fell upon his ear! He trembled from head to foot, and even the silken drapery became agitated by his emotion. To hear his conduct condemned by the lips of the child whom he had idolized—whose life he had endeavored to make a dream of brightness; struck him with all the force and reality of truth. He could not be influenced by any selfish feelings; and for the first time the proud man experienced a pang of remorse.

"Minna, Minna!" said her mother, earnestly, "do not speak so, I entreat you! Feelings such as yours have brought me to this; have placed me upon a couch of sickness, from which I shall never again rise—and made my child a wanderer and an outcast. I sought revenge and I obtained it—but I have sacrificed my own life and my child's happiness in the struggle. Oh, why was I ever born with such intensity of feeling? But it was hard though to see the love which I had given him in all its strength and freshness thrown aside and trampled upon as a worthless thing—to hear the taunts and revilings, feel the petty, stinging mortifications which were heaped upon me because the wealth for which he sought me had passed into other hands! I have sinned deeply, but I was not the aggressor; even on that fatal night when I tore myself from my child and all that bound me to home, a single word or look of love—even a softened tone would have turned me from my purpose!"

He could not remain there longer; a new light was breaking upon him—and standing suddenly by the couch, with a face pale and ghastly with conflicting emotions, he said in a tone of intense earnestness, "Minna Clavers, is this true? Assure me on the solemn word of a dying woman, as you hope for forgiveness hereafter, that it was really love which prompted you to marry me—that it was the want of this which drove you to commit an act that will ever be reflected on me and on your child!"

So sudden and startling had been his appearance that Minna stood gazing vacantly at him, unable to speak or move; but Mrs. Clavers was too exhausted to be surprised; she answered as quietly as though they had not been parted for years—as though there had been no hate between them—no feelings save those of love and friendship.

"I have spoken, as you say, upon a dying bed, and my answer now is but to repeat what I have just said. I thought that you *knew* this—thought that you deliberately trampled upon feelings of whose depths you was well aware."

"I never even suspected them; I thought that you had only married me for my wealth, and why should I waste love in return for such affection?"

There was a silence; a new light had come upon both, and they remained communing with their own thoughts. The stern man stood there, to all appearance immovable; but a conflict was raging in his bosom—a conflict between pride and duty. It would have been easier for him to sweep by handfuls his wealth into the sea—to bear unflinchingly any infliction of bodily torture—even to come down from his high estate in the eyes of men—but he did it at last.

The flood-gates of pride and anger were overflowed—the strong man was subdued; and sinking down by the bedside, he murmured, "Minna, forgive me!"

A wan, emaciated hand gently parted the hair from his brow, and leaning forward with a smile of perfect sweetness, Mrs. Clavers pressed a kiss of love upon his pallid face, as she whispered, "Duncan—my husband!"

The next moment he gazed upon the face of the dead.

CHAPTER VI.

WALTER LYNDZ sat in his solitary studio, dwelling mournfully upon the past. Pictures and statues gleamed out amid the space, each one of which told its own mournful story. How many hopes had sprung to life as these chiseled limbs assumed a being and a shape beneath his skillful hand—how many bright fancies had glided into his mind with the beaming skies that glowed upon the canvases—how many cheering fires had been kindled over each successive production, by the dust and ashes of whose expiring embers he now sat mourning in sadness of spirit.

Thoughts of the old school-house, and his dry, chilling life there came over him and wrapt him in a cloud of bitter fancies; he must return to it—must become again the wearied drudge, and toil beneath a darkened sky where no glimpses of sunshine ever penetrated. He gazed at his pictures as though they had been the production of another, placed them in every advantageous

light—and then examined and criticised his statues, read over his poems, and wished that he had been the world to reward the young artist as he deserved. Then he thought of that beautiful face which had cheered so many lonely hours, and, turning to the picture, he uncovered it, and stood wrapt in a blissful dream.

But then he remembered the events of the day; he thought of his visitor, and the unpleasant idea flashed upon him that he must give up the portrait! He had no right to keep it—to paint it at all, and of course no father would allow his daughter's picture to remain in the studio of a strange young man. He began to wonder how the adventure would turn out; if the beautiful actress would die and what then would become of her daughter? Her father would probably take her to some other scene and land, and he would never behold her again! What would he have given to be again restored to the pleasant home from which he had been so summarily expelled—to plead his love to the haughty-looking father as the heir of the wealthy East Indian, and not as the poor young artist. But then he almost smiled at his castle-building as he remembered that the beautiful Minna herself was probably not even aware of his existence.

The shades had deepened into twilight, and our artist was so much given to dreaming and leaving his door unfastened, that it was fortunate for him that none but friends ever felt a disposition to enter. His dream was now suddenly broken by an old, familiar voice, which exclaimed in hearty tones, "come, Walter, my boy, shall we go to the theatre?"

He started and rubbed his eyes, and then peered into the gloom, where he at length distinguished the well-known figure of his uncle, who again addressed him as though they had been separated but a few hours. "What, not dressed yet? Why, what does the fellow mean?"

Walter sprang from his seat, and in another moment had seized the old man with a grasp that well attested the strength of his affection. "Oh, uncle! can I really believe my own eyes and ears, or is this only a delusion to torment me?"

"*Delusion*, indeed!" repeated the old man, in a tone meant to be gay, though the tears were rolling down his cheeks, "your grasp, young man, does not appear to me in the least delusive. Do, pray, take your hands off of me, and we will leave this dismal den."

But Walter, although delighted at the prospect of a re-conciliation, was not so easily thrown off and on from mere capriciousness; and his tone may have had something of pride in it, as he said, "I am glad to see you, sir, and feel deeply grateful for your former kindness, but until I am

assured that you have laid aside your former unjust suspicions I cannot enter your house."

"So—you are standing upon your dignity, are you?" replied his uncle, while a certain feeling of satisfaction arose within him at this manifestation of spirit. "Well, suppose now," he continued, "that I was to invite you into my library in place of this dingy hole, to hear an explanation of my 'unjust suspicions,' and then leave you the choice of going or staying—would you refuse?"

The artist left his dreams and his studies, and soon found himself within the spacious mansion which had been the scene of so many happy hours. The library looked like an old friend with its wax lights and glowing fire; and in obedience to his uncle's request, he sank into a luxurious seat, and awaited his explanation.

"Walter," said the old man, suddenly, "you are a noble fellow. Many a nephew in your situation would have meanly cringed to my insults—would have sacrificed truth, honor, and self-respect to regain my forfeited favor—and endured every species of slight and degradation I chose to heap upon him. You have acted differently—you have shown yourself worthy of my confidence, and you shall have it. This has been in part a trial of your real sentiments; for although at first I experienced some real anger, as was natural in a hot-tempered old fellow like me, it was by no means fanned into such a flame as I represented it to be. I spent many years in a foreign land, away from home and friends; I went there a penniless boy—I came back a wealthy man—but I left much behind me that wealth can never restore. I left the pure freshness of youth, the confiding trust in others, the unconsciousness of deceit and guile which are the attributes of happy boyhood—and received in exchange my first lessons of worldly wisdom. I loved one who proved false to me—I trusted in a friend who deceived me—I bestowed favors on those who cheated and wronged me. I came back a sour, crabbed, mistrustful old man, a stranger in the home of my boyhood, with no friend or relative in the land of my birth; till at length I found my sister's child, dragging out a weary existence in the confining limits of a country school. I loved you, Walter, from the first moment that I glanced upon your face; but I had become wise now: I had heard of young, dashing nephews who considered rich, old uncles an encumbrance, a restraint upon their enjoyment, and I resolved to be upon my guard. Your thoughtless words, which were probably exaggerated by the disinterested friends who repeated them, roused this feeling in my bosom, and for some time I gave vent to it in no amiable manner; but even then your perfect frankness and freedom from suspicion had their effect upon me. I

resolved to try you still further, and saw you depart in pretended anger; but I took good care to learn your destination, I have not since lost sight of you, and endeavored to prevent you from starving on your poetry and pictures. Now, Walter, say that you forgive me; dinner waits for us, not an article in your room has been removed, your old uncle is the same as ever—will you go or stay?"

What poet, painter, or sculptor could resist so many combined allurements? It was unromantic, unpoetical; but Walter acknowledged to himself as he entered the comfortable dining-room, that luxurious common-place was really better in the substance than unsatisfactory romance. That night a fair young face mingled in his dreams, and he wondered if he should again behold his strange visitor.

Duncan Clavers remained beside his dead wife absorbed in many painful reminiscences. He gazed upon the woe before him, and then the bright, joyous face of Minna Clarke rose up in its young loveliness, and reproached him for his conduct. Such feelings were quite new to him, they had long been strangers to his bosom, and brought up before him his early love and Anne Winoot. *His two victims!* The victims of his pride, and selfishness, and love of gold, seemed gazing up at him with their pallid features.

That hour in the chamber of the dead was a solitary one. It held up before his eyes as with a mirror the many scenes of his former life, and threw out in strong relief his own unworthiness. He had almost forgotten his daughter, till a convulsive sob fell upon his ear; and turning he beheld Minna standing motionless at the foot of the couch. He held out his arm, saying, "you will not now spurn your father from you, Minna? The dead have forgiven—should the living be less merciful?"

Minna cast one glance on the still, beautiful features that reposed in their calm unconsciousness, and then sunk into her father's arms. A compact was entered into between the two in that chamber of death, and father and daughter were nearer to each other than they had ever been before.

The young painter went daily to his studio, in hopes of again meeting his visitor; but still he came not, while the portrait remained in its old place. The newspapers announced the death of the beautiful actress; and he feared that the

father had departed to another land, and taken his daughter with him.

Sometime passed; but at length a gentleman, one day entered his studio, accompanied by a lady dressed in deep mourning, whose features were almost concealed by a thick veil. It was his former visitor; and Walter, at his request, uncovered the picture.

"See, Minna," said her father, with a smile, "I have had a portrait taken of you without your knowledge. Are not the features and expression perfect?"

Minna threw aside her veil, and though the face was very pale, Walter immediately recognized the beautiful features that had floated through his dreams. A deep blush rose to her cheek as she gazed in surprise at the portrait, and then turned to the painter.

"How did you paint this?" she exclaimed, "I have never sat for my portrait since I came to England."

"I painted it from memory," was the reply.

The young girl was agitated with a painful emotion. He could never have seen her except on that fearful night, and the remembrance filled her with sadness. Duncan Clavers noticed his daughter's agitation, and closed the interview as soon as possible. The picture was placed in his possession; and the young artist received permission to call upon them soon.

It would occupy too much time to follow them through the whole process of courtship, betrothal and marriage. Suffice it to say that although Walter gave up the picture, he gained the bright original; but he accompanied them to America before the ceremony was performed, for Minna could not bear to make new ties where everything reminded her so forcibly of the departed one. During the last two years she had passed through a new existence; suffering and care had taken from her spirits their childlike tone, and a tinge of melancholy ever rested upon them, even in her brightest moments. The old East Indian soon followed them; for as he said, "he was now a stranger everywhere, and it made not much difference in what place he took up his abode."

Duncan Clavers never became a perfect man. His old failings were habitual to him—his sternness still clung to him, although somewhat softened down by the lesson he had received; but before many years he too passed to the spirit land.

THE WHITE MICE.

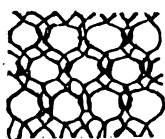
FAR from Italian shores away,
Wanders an orphan lad;
No cheerful home, no parents kind
Consoled his exile sad.

A few white mice he bears about,
And shows them for his bread.
All friendless else, when they shall die
The boy too will be dead. B. F. T.

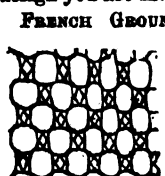
DIRECTIONS FOR NETTING.—NO. II.

BY MLLR. DEFOUR.

GRECIAN NETTING.—This is beautiful, and should be worked with fine silk, and with two meshes, No. 9 and 18; one plain row is to be netted with the large mesh, and then in the next



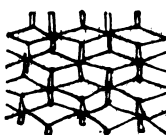
row employ the small one. The silk is twisted round the fingers as in plain netting, and the needle must pass through the finger loop into the first stitch, and thence into the second. Then let the second be drawn through the first, and the first through the second, finishing the stitch by releasing your fingers and pulling the material tight. The succeeding stitch is a small loop, that appears to cross the stitches twisted together. These three kinds of stitches form the pattern, and are to be repeated until the work is completed. Grecian netting may be employed for a variety of purposes, and you can, of course, vary both the material and the meshes as best accords with the design you are intending to accomplish.



FRENCH GROUND NET.—You must have an even number of loops on the foundation, then proceed. First row, plain stitches and long loops, alternately; second row plain; make a loose stitch, and repeat. Begin the fourth with a loose stitch; net one plain, repeat to the end; commence the fifth row by netting one plain loop, make a long loop, and the little loop as in the third row; in coming after the last long loop, the little loop must be exchanged for a plain stitch.

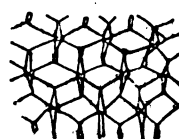
ANOTHER KIND OF HONEYCOMB NETTING.—Use a mesh No. 17, and set on an even number of stitches. Net the first row plain, having the silk round the mesh twice. For the second row you put the silk once round the mesh and net the second loop, having previously half twisted it. Then net the first loop plain, net the fourth as the second, again net a stitch plain, and thus proceed with plain and half-twisted stitches, alternately. The third row is the same as the first, and the fourth as the second. These kinds of netting are very pretty for purses, bags, &c., and may be done in different colors if the purse is worked in four or five rows of plain, and the same number of honeycomb netting.

HONEYCOMB NETTING.—You are to make an even number of loops, putting the silk twice round a



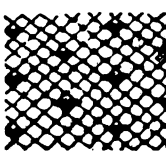
No. 18 mesh, for the second row net with the silk once round the mesh, and put the first stitch through the second at the back, and net it; then the second stitch is pulled through the middle of the first and netted: you do the same with each two of the other stitches, and must be careful not to burst them. For the third row, the silk is put twice round the mesh, and the netting is plain. You proceed thus in alternate rows until the work is done.

HONEYCOMB NETTING, WITH TWO MESHES.—



The meshes proper are No. 9 and 16. Cast on an even number of stitches, and net the first row plain, with the No. 9 mesh. With mesh No. 16 net the second row, working the second stitch first and the first second, and so proceed netting the fourth stitch, and then the third, and so on to the end. Work the third row with No. 9 as before, and the fourth row as the second, only netting the first loop plain, and then taking, first the third, and then the second, and so on to the end, finishing with a loop in plain netting. The next row is done plain with No. 9, the next with No. 16, exactly as the first twisted row. The odd stitch netted plain, only occurs at the commencement of each alternate row of netting done with No. 16. This kind of netting is proper for a veil.

LEAF NETTING.—This is pretty when executed properly. You should work with cotton, and No. 14



mesh. Five loops are required for each pattern. Commence the first row by netting two plain loops for the edge, then net three plain, in the next loop increase four, and repeat this operation to the end of the row; finish with two plain loops. Begin the second row as before, and collect all the loops increased in each of the twice four loops formed in the last row, into one; then net four loops plain; repeat this to the end of the

row, and-net two plain as before. The third row is plain netting. The fourth row has two loops netted plain, then two more plain; you then increase four on each of the next two loops, net one plain, and repeat the operation to the end of the row; finish by netting two stitches plain. Fifth row, commence as before, net one plain loop, collect the increased loops as the second row, net three plain, and so repeat; net two plain to finish the row. The next row is netted plain. Repeat these rows as often as your work requires it to be done.

NET WITH POINTS.—This is done by making a foundation of, say, ninety stitches. Net on this foundation with any color you please. Net fifty stitches and return back again, proceed as before, only decreasing ten stitches and so go on, until the required point is gained. Two colors are required.

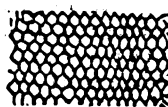
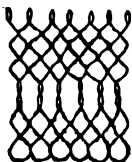
MALTESE NETTING, IN SPOTS.—This is neat and elegant: it is done as follows. The first two rows are netted plain: you commence the third row by netting seven stitches; the silk is then to be passed round the mesh, and the needle brought under the knot in the second row, but without netting it; that is between the stitch you last netted and the one you are about to net. A loop is then made, which is not to be matted separately, as that would increase a stitch in the next row; but it is to be taken up with the last of the seven stitches previously matted. If you

desire the spots to appear very distinct and prominent, let the silk pass twice round the mesh, and afterward through the loop, and repeat the operation to the end. You may do this spotting, either as it appears in the pattern, or in almost any form you please.

PLAIN OPEN NETTING.—This is pretty, and easy of execution. The operation is performed by netting three rows plain, then a row of loop stitches, then three rows plain, and a row of loops as before. You may net to any length you please. The direction here given is all that is necessary, and if

duly attended to will enable any young lady to attain proficiency.

ROUND NETTING.—You commence making the loops, as in common netting, by twisting the silk round the fingers, then pass the needle and the silk through the finger-loop, and bring it up on the back side of the mesh, between it and the fore finger; the fingers and loop are still to be kept on them as before; the middle is then to be reversed, and brought down through the first loop, (on the foundation) and taking a slanting direction over the mesh. Having drawn it entirely through, you withdraw your finger from the loop, as in ordinary netting. You fit every succeeding loop in the same way.



THE SUMMER OF THE HEART.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

There is no sorrow in my heart—
No shadow on my brow—

A thousand glad and happy thoughts
Are thronging round me now.

Like flowers—the bright and fragrant flowers
Of Summer's earliest bloom,
They rise in beauty round my way,
And breathe their sweet perfume.

What tho' 'tis but a Winter's day,
And clouds are in the sky,
And damp and chilling are the winds
Which rudely pass me by;
Bright flowers are blooming in my heart—
Are twining sweetly there
In fragrant and unfading wreaths
Of beauty rich and rare.

Sweet thoughts in tuneful melody,
Like strains of merry birds,
Are pouring forth in joyous tones
The music of their words.
Not one discordant sound is heard
To mar the gentle notes,
But with enchanting melody
Each merry cadence floats.

There is no Winter in my heart—
No blighted flowers are there—
Sweet buds of bright, unchanging hopes
Are blooming everywhere.
No rude and chilling winds are felt,
But zephyrs bland and still
Play gently o'er Aeolian chords,
And bring sweet sounds at will.

THE SACRIFICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53.

VI.

AND now Anne addressed herself to her self-imposed task. The management and rule of a large family is difficult, even for a mother, then how much more for a young, inexperienced girl!

But a few weeks before, and Anne had been the playmate of her younger brothers and sisters; now she was to become their monitor. She felt the delicate ground on which she stood. To cease to be the sister would be to lose their affection, yet not to act, in a measure, as a parent would dissolve all discipline. She saw she would have to check and control, where formerly she had yielded. She knew she would frequently be considered harsh, and perhaps sometimes secretly compared unfavorably with the lost mother. But she determined to act as she thought was right, and to leave the rest to God.

It happened as Anne had foreboded. The children seemed to think that a larger license than formerly was now their right, and when Anne interposed her authority they pouted, sometimes even resisted, and once or twice appealed to her father. But the stern tone in which he rebuked them, discountenanced any such resort for the future, and they contented themselves with a sullen obedience to her commands.

Understand us, it was not always so. Anne wished to rule by love, and generally succeeded. But there are things necessary for children to do, sometimes, of which they cannot perceive the reason, and which consequently they resist, if in a mischievous or wilful mood. In such cases obedience must be enforced, or discipline is lost; and with discipline, the character, often the destiny of both for this world and for the world to come.

Anne knew this. Young as she was, she had seen an indulged daughter grow up to be a thorn in a mother's happiness, a spoiled son become the disgrace of his family.

The youngest sister of Anne was a child of but four years old, a beautiful little girl, whose flaxen curls, laughing blue eyes, and winning manner won the heart of every one. Her beauty, which made her such a favorite, threatened, however, to render her selfish: this was the one great evil tendency of her character; and this Anne felt it her duty to endeavor to check.

One day little Ellen had a plate of strawberries, and was eating the delicious fruit, when her brother, a lad of six years, came in and asked for some.

The petted little princess fancied she had just enough for herself and poutingly refused. The strawberries were the first of the season, and she had no idea of sharing them. But it was for their very scarcity that her brother desired a portion.

"You might give me one or two, Ellen," he said, coaxingly, coming close up to her and looking wistfully at the plate.

She stopped eating, threw her arms around the saucer, and began to whine.

"Go 'way, you bad boy," she said, between her cries. "Ellen wants all the strawberries herself—you shan't have none—so you shan't."

"Ah! just a taste?" pleaded the boy, drawing nearer.

But at this Ellen set up a shriek, which brought Anne into the room, frightened, for she thought the child was hurt.

When she heard the cause of the uproar, she reproved Ellen for her selfishness, and told her to divide her strawberries with her brother. But the little girl pouted and refused, whereupon Anne took the plate and gave a portion of the fruit to the boy.

At this the petted beauty screamed outright again, pushed the plate angrily from her, threw herself on the floor, and began violently kicking. Anne endeavored to touch her heart by kind words, but the little girl was now in a passion of selfish rage, and she shrieked the louder at Anne's expostulations. At last punishment became necessary, but the rebel would not yield, and it was only when physically exhausted that she gave in. But her sobs, even then, were terrible, for a nervous paroxysm had succeeded, the consequence of the protracted struggle, and the child really appeared, for a time, about to die. The tears rained from Anne's eyes, as sob after sob, seeming to rend the little frame of Ellen, broke on her ears. But she had only done her duty. "How else could I have acted?" she said.

Herself unnerved by the protracted struggle, she was less able than usual to reconcile herself to her lot. That night, therefore, when she

retired to her pillow, and reflected there that she had sacrificed her best affections for these children, I am afraid that, for a few moments, she almost regretted her decision. She thought of Frederick, and his anger at her: and her heart melting, she forgave his injustice.

Her distress had been increased by a few words from her father, who, on coming home and finding the condition of his little favorite Ellen, had unwisely censured Anne for undue harshness. He meant to do right, but he it was who spoiled the child with petting her: and Anne felt his double injustice. She now had no one to take her side. She thought, with tears, that if she had not cast Frederick off, she would have had at least one friend! And she fell asleep, sobbing almost as wildly as her sister.

VII.

THE following morning, Anne, to whose spirits a night of slumber had restored the tone, was alarmed by the nurse saying,

"I don't think little Ellen is well. She seems to have a fever."

Anne immediately repaired to the nursery, where, at a glance, she saw that the nurse was correct in her fears. The child's cheek was flushed, her eyes looked heavy, and the skin of her little hand was burning hot.

"She moaned in her sleep all night," said the nurse.

"We will wait until afternoon, when, if she is no better, we will send for the physician," said Anne. "Meantime I will give her some slight medicine myself."

By afternoon, however, the little girl was evidently worse. She refused to play, but sat in Anne's lap, her head resting against her elder sister's bosom; and she could, with difficulty, be roused from the stupor into which she continually fell.

"I fear she is going to be very sick, nurse," said Anne, as the child lay thus senseless in her arms.

"Poor dear!" replied the nurse.

When Mr. Malcolm came home, at night, and heard how ill Ellen was, he showed much alarm. He took the little girl, and tried to rouse her by showing her his watch, which heretofore had always highly gratified her; but now she merely looked at it once, smiled a faint smile, and then laid her head wearily down.

Anne, who was already torn by anxiety for her sister, had her troubles increased by happening to overhear a conversation about the child, between her father and the nurse.

"Dear little angel," said the nurse, "I expected this. I knew when Miss Anne punished her last night, and she nearly broke her heart

with sobs, that she would be sick in consequence. I only hope she may get over it."

The nurse was prejudiced and weak toward the child; besides she was jealous that Anne, instead of herself, had been left in charge of the household.

"Don't talk of such a terrible thing as the death of Ellen," said Mr. Malcolm, fondly pushing the hair back from the forehead of the child, and gazing lovingly upon her face. "Anne, I know, was too harsh. This little dear is weak in health, and ought to be indulged."

Anne's hand was on the lock of the door when the nurse began to speak. Her limbs, weakened by the speaker's words, refused to carry her away, and so she heard also her father's censure. She burst into tears, staggered from the door, and crept to her own room.

"Oh! Father in heaven," she cried, falling on her knees, "thou knowest that I have striven to do aright. Make me conscious of my error, if these censures are just, and forgive me. And if I have done no wrong, if these words of blame are cruel, give me strength to bear them, and to do my duty through all. But save this dear child's life—" here sobs choked her utterance—"spare my sister, and do not break my father's heart entirely."

To hear her thus pray, seeking mercy for the parent who had been so unjust to her, oh! it was beautiful.

She descended to the nursery with a calmer spirit. Mr. Malcolm still held the little sufferer, nor would he part with her. In both his demeanor and that of the nurse, Anne saw a smothered indignation against her as the cause of the child's illness; and she was treated consequently as one unworthy to minister to the invalid's comfort.

She bore it all meekly; for she knew she had only done her duty. To be misjudged thus was, she felt, a part of her sacrifice.

VIII.

THE child grew worse.

The physician had pronounced the illness a disease of the brain.

All that night, all the next day, and all the ensuing night the little sufferer continued to show more fatal symptoms.

She woke frequently with a sharp cry, looked around, and cried for her mother. Anne would tenderly lift her up, for the dear girl had insisted on taking the child to her own spacious room, and endeavor to soothe her by carrying, but Ellen could not be thus quieted.

"I want my mamma," she cried. "Mamma, mamma!"

And then she would stretch out her little

arms, pronouncing "mamma" so piteously that it would have been a heart of rock not to have melted to tears. Anne's own tears flowed plentifully.

The next day the delirium of the sufferer assumed another aspect. She lay generally in a stupor, from which occasionally she started with that same piercing cry, but now it was Anne for whom she asked. But when Anne came forward, and extended her arms to take her, the child would turn away, unsatisfied.

"Take me to Anne," she would say. "I want Anne. Anne, Anne!"

"I am Anne," her weeping sister would reply. "Don't you know me? Come, Ella." And she would again stretch out her arms.

The child would, perhaps, look at her, but vacantly, and turning away would resume her touching plaint.

"I want Anne. I want Anne. Take me to Anne."

This suffering, which was from a delirious imagination, and which could not, therefore, be alleviated, smote the hearts of the spectators with inexpressible pain. Sometimes the nurse would come forward and call herself Anne, and, once or twice, the child went to her, as if deceived; but soon she would shriek out again, her plaintive cry would be resumed, and her little arms would be outstretched as her dim eyes traversed the room in all directions.

"Take me to Anne. I want sister Anne. Anne, Anne, Anne," she would exclaim.

Oh! it was terrible to hear her. The hearts of all were agonized, but none like Anne's. I have beheld many things to wring tears from the eyes, but never anything like this strange delusion of that suffering child.

The third day little Ellen was still worse. She now lay, all the time, in a state of stupor, her head going from side to side continually.

The neighbors would come in, look a minute at the invalid, and shake their heads ominously. One or two, who had lost children by this terrible disease, shed tears, the terrible spectacle reminded them so of the sufferings of their own lost babes.

"Poor little dear," said one, scarcely able to speak for emotion, "you'll soon be an angel in heaven. When they turn their head from side to side that way, Miss Anne, it is all over."

That night, when the physician came, Anne, controlling her great grief, addressed him calmly, and begged to know the real condition of the child.

"I can't give you much hope," said the venerable practitioner, "but I will not bid you entirely despair. It is impossible to tell whether the brain is chronically diseased, or not, for the

symptoms throughout are nearly the same. If the former, the child will die, and it will be better for it, too," he added, kindly, "for even if it could recover its physical health, it would be an idiot for life. If the latter, which God grant, your little sister may recover."

"May recover, you say. Then even that is doubtful?"

"Quite."

"Have you ever known one so ill as Ellen to get well?"

The physician mused, looked pityingly on the speaker, and answered,

"But one."

Anne clasped her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven. Notwithstanding her efforts at composure, the big tears streamed down her cheek. The heart of the grey-haired practitioner was inexpressibly affected.

"Courage, my daughter," he said, laying his hand on her young head, as if thus silently invoking a blessing on her. "God is merciful, and while there is life there is hope."

But she still wept on. She was thinking that, if the child died, the entire family would regard her as its murderer, and though she had a sweet consciousness of innocence, yet that those she loved should think her in fault, was more than she could bear. The physician, who knew and esteemed her at her true worth, as her deceased mother had, divined her feelings, for he was in the family secrets; and said,

"Do not censure yourself, Anne, my child, for you have done right, not wrong, and whatever may be the issue, you will have nothing for which to reproach yourself. You have been a second mother to this little sufferer, not only since her illness, but before, and God will reward you. Even now your sainted parent looks down from heaven on you, smiling approvingly."

"Oh! I wish I could think so," ejaculated Anne.

"You will think so. The Almighty will not suffer you to go un comforted," said the old man, solemnly, and as if imbued with the spirit of prophecy. "And as for the child, whether it lives or dies, all will be for the best."

He blessed her and went his way. And Anne, cheered by his words, and fired with a portion of his faith, half believed that, around his departing figure, clung a halo of celestial light. For, in truth, the angels are all around us, not indeed in shining wings, but in the guise of the good and kind.

That night when Anne slept, for a few hours, while the nurse relieved her at the sick child's couch, she dreamed that she saw the heavens opened, and her mother, at the head of a band of radiant beings, advancing toward her. A harp

was in that dear one's hands; and white garments, from which emanated a dawning light, flowed about her; she came to the very edge of the celestial battlements, and smiling sweetly, said,

"Be of good cheer, daughter; for you have acted rightly through all; and, for your sake, the child's life shall be spared."

IX.

THE dream was realized. Little Ellen recovered.

Oh! what bliss was in the house when it was seen that the sufferer was getting better.

From the night of her dream Anne persevered in declaring that the child would not die. When others desponded, she was cheerful. The nurse, her father, her other sister, and even some of the neighbors who had assisted them in watching, all gave out, worn down physically and mentally by ten days of incessant anxiety, but Anne, as if sustained by some unseen power, endured all, and continued vigorous and hopeful to the last.

"She is a miracle," said Mr. Malcolm, to the physician, one day. "She sustains all our hopes, besides nursing Ellen day and night."

"She is an angel," was the reply.

When the little sufferer first opened its eyes, when she took notice of her father's watch-seals, and when she spoke faint words and asked for food, at all of these glad events, though days apart, what exultation was there in that family! The different members looked at each other lovingly, through happy tears; and all blessed Anne.

Yes! no one thought any more of her supposed cruelty to the child; but each felt that Anne had been right, and the rest wrong.

If it is a hard thing sometimes to walk in the path of duty at first, it is at last always a blessing and a triumph. So Anne recognized it now. And in her transcendent joy, she almost forgot her sacrifice.

Oh! how much nobler, how infinitely more wise to go forward in the way where duty calls, meeting the dust and turmoil of life even, if such be our destiny, than to sit by the road-side and shed vain tears over misfortunes that are inevitable, over disappointments that honor and religion alike command us to bear heroically.

X.

THE life of Anne was a series of similar trials. With so many young children in the family, it was impossible for her to leave them even for a week, and, therefore, relaxation was unknown to her. She saw her female friends of her own age visiting the city, for a month or even more, each winter; she heard their descriptions

of the concerts, operas, balls, parties, and other entertainments there; but she could only sigh, and then blame herself for even sighing. Anne was not without the tastes of her age. By temperament, too, she was gay and sociable; but she knew it was her duty to remain, and she bravely checked every repining.

This total immuring from society would not have been so hard to one elder in years, to one who had lost the taste for company; but it seemed cruel that one fitted like Anne especially to shine in society, and to enjoy it with a zest, should be shut out from it entirely. But there she remained, month after month, and year after year, in that solitary country-house, as much tied down to the duties of a household as if she had been married for twenty years.

Sometimes, when she thought of Frederick she could not restrain the sigh, that at other times she checked. For, though they had parted in anger, she still secretly trusted they would meet again, when all would be forgiven and forgotten. They might never indeed hold their old relation to each other; but, in her solitary musings, Anne conjured up a picture of their being the best of friends again, of her thinking of him as a dear brother, and of his coming to see her occasionally at the lonely country-house. Perhaps, now and then, as she lay on her pillow, she fancied a time when her charge would be over, and when she yet might be Frederick's wife; but, if she did, she never breathed it to herself in the bright light of day, but kept the illusion for the dreamy hours of night.

Does this appear strange? I think not. Even when Anne had so heroically refused to let Frederick wait for her, she had entertained a full conviction that, in spite of all she said, he would wait. His angry parting had, at first, destroyed this opinion; but as time wore on, the secret belief grew again. Anne was of a hopeful, sunny nature. Amid every trial she constantly repeated that "all was for the best." And she now, in the half dreamy reveries that preceded her sleep at night, allowed her heart to whisper to her that Frederick would yet return, years hence indeed, but nevertheless return.

Daylight, however, which destroys so many illusions, generally banished this. The recollection of his anger at parting, and the fact that he had never been down since, generally sufficed, before she had half finished her toilet, to convince her that her hopes had conquered her reason; and, blushing at her own weakness, she would descend to go through with the duties of the day.

Meantime she frequently heard, in an indirect way, of Frederick. He was well, and rising in

his profession. But no one ever told her that he asked after herself, and she had not the heart to inquire.

Her father, engrossed in business, as we have said, gave her little assistance in the task of forming the minds of her sisters and brothers. He was, indeed, frequently hasty and unjust, as in the case of Ellen. But, on the whole, he was well-meaning: valued, respected, and even loved her dearly: only he gave her no sympathy, because it was not in his nature.

But the children! With all their waywardness, their occasional peevishness, and the other faults incident to their age, they loved Anne, loved her at least as they had never loved their mother: and, in the consciousness of the profound affection she had awakened in them, and in knowing that she was doing her duty, consisted her greatest pleasure.

XI.

ABOUT three years after her mother's death, Anne was relieved, in part, from her charge, by her elder sister becoming a widow and returning to the homestead to live.

Of all the family, this sister best understood Anne. She knew the sacrifice which our heroine had made, and she did justice to the steadfastness with which her duty had been discharged. She now found, in her own sorrow, something

of consolation, by reflecting that her widowhood would enable her to take Anne's place, and thus release our heroine from her promise.

She took an early day to inform Anne, delicately, of her intention.

The vision of unexpected felicity, which this opened to Anne was, at first, too bright almost for belief. Now that the great obstacle which had marred her life's happiness was removed, she regarded all others as of little account. The fear of Frederick's continued anger disappeared. She judged him by herself, and, as she had been faithful, felt assured that he was also. She had faith, too, that in some way they would soon meet, when all would be explained.

She was no longer the same being she had been. Not that she had been morose, or even unhappy before; on the contrary she had been ever calm, agreeable and contented. But her happiness now was of a positive, and no longer of a merely negative character. She went singing about the house in the very excess of her joy. Her heart overflowed in gladness toward every person, and even every inanimate thing. Nature, though it was now summer, appeared to her a perpetual spring. Some of our readers, perhaps, have felt a similar ecstasy at some period of their lives; and, if so, they know her state of mind better than we can describe it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VOICES OF THE SUMMER AIR.

BY GEORGE E. SENSSENEY.

Voices of the Summer air,
Wooing me from heavy care,
Tell me—whither do ye roam
Through the blue, unclouded dome?

Hither? thither?

Tell me whither;
Also, lo, your mossy home!

Now ye stop awhile to sip
Sweetness from the rose's lip,
Now ye court the violet,
Now ye sport in leafy net;

Never staying,

Ever straying;

Like a prattling rivallet.

Hide ye in the forest deep,
Where the sultry noon-times sleep?
Rest ye in the ocean caves,
Where the starlight gems the waves?

Do ye listen,
While they glisten
On the chapel architraves?

Lo! I own your gentle sway,
Let me hear your pleasant lay,
Let me hear ye—for I fain
Would become a boy again,
In the meadows,
Where soft shadows
Play along the golden grain.

Voices of the Summer air,
Roving vaguely elsewhere,
Weave me from your hidden store
Songs of ancientry and yore,
For your measure
Wakes a pleasure
That departeth nevermore.

THE MINISTER'S DEATH-BED; OR, A REMINISCENCE OF A PHYSICIAN.

BY O. C. GIBBS, M. D.

PERHAPS no vocation in life brings a man into so near proximity with his fellow man as that of a physician. In the discharge of his various duties, an opportunity presents itself for reading the thoughts, the feelings, and emotions of the souls of those, into the bosoms of whose families he is admitted as a monitor in health, and a ministering angel in periods of suffering and disease.

On a beautiful May morning, in the year 184—, it was my fortune to be summoned to the bedside of the Rev. Mr. —; a stranger to the community in which he then chanced to be stopping.

I found my patient laboring under a severe attack of enteretis. The wiry and intermitting pulse and ghastly features told too well that death had laid siege to the citadel of life—had entered within the sacred inclosure and seized upon his victim with a grasp that could not be shaken off; that his soul would, probably, soon quit its mortal tenement to join the majestic throng beyond the grave.

My prescription made and directions given, I was about to leave my unfortunate patient, with a promise to return at four in the afternoon, when he interrupted me by saying, "you will please give me your opinion, doctor, relative to the prospects of my recovery. Fear not to unnerve me by a disclosure of your worst fears. If recovery is possible, it is well; if death is inevitable, I am far from unhappy. Such intelligence would be received with composure, if not almost hailed with delight."

"Your recovery," said I, "is indeed doubtful; the results, however, of medication, rest upon higher than human power. But why detest life? Has time's pathway been thus rugged and steep, or dark and flowerless, that you are willing to quit claim upon the pleasing vicissitudes of earth, and penetrate the veil that overhangs the sombre of the tomb?"

With eyes moist with the dews from a sensitive soul, and a countenance which bespoke the remembrance of long past agony, he replied, "when you call at four, if life is mine, and strength permit, I will give you a chapter in my history, which will answer your inquiry, and relieve what curiosity a stranger may have awakened."

At the appointed hour, I returned and found that disease had been faithfully serving his master, death, into whose arms the victim was rapidly sinking.

"You have come in time," said he, "to witness my death; you may think it strange, but indeed I long for the hour. I promised," he continued, "to tell you why earth has no joys for me, and this will be its first and last recital.

"The city of Philadelphia is the place of my nativity. I was the only son of a merchant, in comfortable circumstances; was early sent to school, and continued at some institution of learning until the spring of 1832, when I bade farewell to college halls, with the honors of Master of Arts and Doctor of Medicine.

"I had scarce numbered eighteen summers, when a fortuitous circumstance brought me into social intimacy with one of the angels of earth. I need not tell you how that intimacy, on my part, ripened into love, nor how that love was reciprocated, with all the depth, and fullness, and fervency of a refined and sensitive woman's nature. I need not tell you of the new hopes that inspired my bosom, of the new energies awakened, or of the renewed vigor with which I prosecuted my studious task. I need not tell you of the many hours that I was then privileged to enjoy, nor of my mistake in supposing this world to be one wide scene of universal sunlight and joyousness; nor need I tell you of the thousand pictures of connubial happiness and future domestic felicity which fancy conjured up; forgetting that time was silently working its changes, and that death was seeking victims alike regardless of human weal or woe. These are pictures that your own fancy must draw: suffice it to say, that I was married soon after my return from college, to her to whom my soul had been for years bound by the strongest ties of affection.

"I entered immediately upon the duties of my vocation, and, ere the summer was spent, cholera hung a veil of gloom over the land, and its simoom breath carried death, desolation, and woe to many a household hearth. All ages, and ranks, and conditions were alike subject to the destroying pestilence; its withering blight and mildew touch painted the hue of death upon many a rosy cheek, dimmed many a sparkling

eye, and robed many a hale and lovely form in the pale and ghastly habiliments of the tomb. In its onward march of death and devastation it did not pass my small, but sacred circle of relationship entirely by. I had prayed that my home might not be visited by such an unwelcome guest; that my household idols might remain unbroken. But my prayer proved futile. My father sank with scarce a moment's warning, and on the following day my mother was a corpse. Death laughed at the shivered and almost powerless weapons employed by the practical votaries of our art, and continued effectually dealing its blows, which none of us had the power to withstand.

"I need not describe to you the pangs, that accompanied the poison-barbed arrow of affliction, that pierced my heart when my parents passed to their final resting-place. But, after that event, my affections were fixed, if possible, with greater concentration upon her who was alone left to comfort me in my grief. Nor need I tell you of the agonizing fear that harassed my bosom, lest the plague should invade my own fireside—lest the wide-spreading pestilence should fix its fatal kiss upon the rosy cheek, and seal the melancholy doom of her that formed the only connecting link that bound me to earth: these are mere outlines of a picture which your imagination can fill up.

"The last sad and mournful rites which I was unexpectedly called upon to discharge toward the lifeless remains of my parents were scarce performed, or the tears of mourning dried, ere I felt the cold fingers of the devastating plague feeling round my own heart for the slender threads of life; the death-worm was gnawing at the very citadel of my existence; cold drops of sweat bedewed my ghastly features, and an impenetrable mist closed tight around and enveloped me in its murky folds. I felt the icy grasp of death approach the waning fountain of life, and knew my hour was come, but cared not, save for her who bent like a ministering spirit over me, wiping the cold dews of death from my paling brow, and momentarily breaking the misty cloud that surrounded my vision by a kiss that sent a thrill of joy to the very depths of my soul, even in this hour of agony. Never till then did I know the depths of woman's love, or the power and influence of sweet words of endearment. The thoughts of the pent-up emotions that were bursting her sensitive heart; the utter loneliness, and woe, and grief that would soon be hers; the fountain of happiness that would soon be congealed at its very source; and the dews of affection that would be converted into a hoar-frost of despair around her soul, came rushing, like a wild tornado of agony, over

my mind, and thought and memory ceased to perform their office.

"But my time was not yet come. I awoke at length to consciousness and life, robed in the pale habiliments of the grave, to which I was soon to have been consigned. I felt like a mass of insensate matter—like a lump of ice suddenly endowed with the power of thought. A feeble fluttering of the heart at length evinced that the fountain of life was awakening from its fridity, and soon the crimson current broke the fetters of congelation, and went slowly and feebly coursing through every vein. The haze that had beclouded my vision was gone; and my eyes opened upon a spectacle which God grant you may never see nor I again. My wife—oh! that look of despair is imaged upon my memory never to be effaced—was kneeling by my side, and the very fountains of her soul were welling up in broken accents of inconsolable agony to the ears of pitying heaven. The object upon which her earthly affections rested, and around which they were entwined, she supposed, had passed away: the sweet images of love and happiness she cherished were stricken from her heart, and she mourned in bitter anguish over her broken idols; but bowed in sad submission to the decrees of heaven, and prayed with clasped hands and quick gaspings, as though body and soul were parting. Wild sobs came up from her bleeding heart, while her eyes were baptised in burning tears.

"Could I then have looked down the dim vista of futurity and marked the sorrows gathering in my path; the wreck of the heart's idols; the crushing of every earthly hope; the blighting of that bosom whose every throb beat with a deeper, truer, stronger, hollier love; the lonely footsteps winding downward through a life of woe and weariness, to a death amid strangers in a strange land, my spirit would never have re-animated this stiffened frame; but would have burst its fetters and plumed its wings for heaven.

"The incidents of my slow and tedious recovery I need not relate. Suffice it to say, that a loving, gentle, confiding being, in whose pure heart my happiness was placed, was ever present to anticipate and minister to my wants, and beguile tedious hours of mourning and pain with the sweet antidotes of sympathy and holy affection.

"The vain and heartless may look upon the smiling coquetry of the devotee of fashion as the highest of female perfection. Others may extol the witchery of woman's loveliness, as, arrayed in gossamer attire, she moves sylph-like through the mazes of the dance. But it is not here that her highest charms are made known, or her noblest mission revealed. It is in cooling the parched tongue, calming the aching brow, and

pouring the balm of consolation into the sorrow-stricken heart, that woman seems most allied to angels, and consequently inspires the deepest emotions of love and reverence.

"The cloud of gloom which had hung like an incubus over the land, at length passed away; but not till many a thunderbolt had reached its victim, and left its marks in scathed trunks of widowhood and seared leaves of orphan infancy. Tears of mourning and grief, in a measure, gave way to the rejoicings of deliverance; and prayers of thankfulness went up from many a burthened heart. Autumn brought its rich harvests as though nothing had happened; winter came and went with its accustomed rigor; spring blossomed with its wonted loveliness, and many a soul seemed budding with affection and ripening with its golden harvest of happiness. But ere long the clarion notes of alarm were sounded, which boomed over hill and valley, over lake and river, giving to the cheek of health and joyousness all the pallor and sadness of fear. The terrific messenger of death had retired but to grind its weapons and whet its vulture fangs, and now returned with ghastlier mien, and bolder, firmer tread.

"Standing aloof from the scene of conflict, and marking the gradual advance of the deadly enemy, unarrested by human efforts, and disregarding the feeble barriers which were raised against it, one might have supposed that the messenger of an offended God had poured into the air the viol of wrath and chastisement for human error. Having drunk deep of the cup of sorrow at his last annual visitation, I had hoped the plague would spend its rage elsewhere; but imagine if you can my horror, when, on returning from a successful conflict with the hydra monster

at the residence of a friend, I found, in retaliation, he had made an onslaught in my own household. The idol of my home had received, deep in her bosom, far beyond the power of extraction, the arrow of death.

"If you have seen the dearest and last loved one of earth sicken; if you have beheld her frame racked with tortures—have seen her cheek put on the hue of death, and her loved eyes grow dim, without the power to succor in this hour of distress; if you have heard the trembling voice breathe its last farewell, its dying prayer to heaven for you when she were gone; if you have felt the last impassioned kiss from the cold and quivering lips of the dearest of earth; if you have looked upon the glassy fixedness of the eye foreshadowing death—have watched the last expiring agonies, and felt your utter loneliness and grief, you may imagine my feelings when I beheld that sweet smile upon her lovely face, and heard her command my soul to heaven as her own pure spirit quitted its tenement here, and winged its way far beyond the confines of time and through the ebon gates of Paradise.

"The stroke came home to my feelings like a thunderbolt, dried up the fast flowing fountain of my tears, and went scathing down to the very depths of my over-burthened and breaking heart. The remembrance of pleasures forever past was but a light to reveal my present loneliness; with no friend with whom to sympathize and love, I wandered in loneliness among strangers, striving to prepare my soul and the souls of others to meet the loved in heaven."

Here the dying man finished his recital, and ere the morrow's dawn awoke in loveliness he slept in death; his soul had sped to revive its old affections in the Paradise of God.

AUGUST.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

On! for the mountains and the cooling streams,
Where 'neath the shade of the thick-leaved trees,
Whose branches woo the kisses of the breeze;
The oriole, with its golden plumage gleams,
And sports, and flashes, like the radiant beams,
That on the breast of the rock-margined river,
Fanned by the Summer's zephyr, dance and quiver.
Sweet melody is round us, like the dreams
That we have fashioned from some fairy tale;
The woodland walk, and Druid-haunted bowers,
Where the sun's footsteps wake no sleeping flowers,
But silence sits upon the gentle gale—
So still and quiet that the very air
Seems trembling in the arms of spirits there.

Beauty is throned upon the dark-eyed night,
And music echoes from the moonlit lake,
So soft and wild that the full soul may slake
From out this fountain of the pure and bright,
Its thirst for peery—and dream each Eden light
Is here again, as thousand gem-like stars,
Smile down upon us through their skyey bars,
And whisper with their voices of delight
The secrets of that far-off happy clime,
Where sunny Summer finds no early tomb,
And bright-hued flowers ever fadeless bloom,
To deck the brow of never-dying time—
Such are the dreams that night and romance bring,
And such the songs that Summer minstrels sing.

MARRIAGE AND MISERY.

BY JAMES L. FUTHRY.

It would be well for those who contemplate entering into the marriage relation, to ponder well the old adage, "look before you leap." It is certain that by so doing many a luckless union would be averted—many a shattered heart preserved—and many of the troubles that afflict life in this world be unexperienced and unknown. Unnatural marriages are most likely to cause the deepest misery and suffering that the world is capable of engendering. It is opposed to nature that two persons differently educated—dissimilar in their thoughts, feelings, and disposition should dwell together in peace, love and quiet. Domestic bickerings must soon arise, and the once gay and cheerful heart be racked by incessant turmoil and contention. Matrimonial alliances should never be completed in violation of reason. Our passions are blind—incapable, themselves, of acting rightly; and they should, therefore, be, at all times, under the guidance of the moral and intellectual faculties.

Philip Harmen was the father of two as beautiful daughters as ever tripped the earth, or breathed the free air of heaven. The light of their sunny faces could disperse the gloom of the dreariest heart, and force smiles to rest upon the most stoical countenance. Few ever gazed upon them but felt happier by the sight; few were ever gazed upon by them, but a thrill of delight, such as they seldom felt, gave increased buoyancy to their spirit—a new delight to their being. The "admired of all admirers," it may readily be imagined that their lovers were neither "few nor far between." The father felt a noble pride as he walked through his mansion, the brightest ornaments of which were his two ever cheerful daughters, and a youthful feeling stole through his aged limbs as he watched them flitting, fairy-like, about in the discharge of their ordinary duties. Their mother had died when they were quite young, but she had already commenced instilling into their minds virtuous principles, and charged her husband in her dying hour not to forget their moral and religious training.

Time passed on. Her children grew up as lovely as they were virtuous—indeed, their virtues gave additional loveliness to their characters. Beauty is ever more beautiful when religion lights up the soul and sheds a hallowed illumination over the face. They received an excellent education—an education that fitted them to perform the various

duties of their sex skilfully and intelligently. When they had completed their studies and returned home ready to act their part upon life's eventful stage, their father deemed it a fit occasion to offer them some advice.

"You have now, my daughters," he said, "passed through the easiest portion of your life. Your path thus far has been strewn with roses. Hereafter you must expect to find thorns intermingled therewith. The cares of the world may press heavily upon your hearts, and put your patience and forbearance to the severest trial. But never despair. In adversity as well as in prosperity let all your actions be on the side of virtue. Show to the world that in all you do, you are actuated by a pure sense of right, and you will ever win the homage of the good. Forget not the holy lessons you were taught in your childhood, and remember that the last prayers of a fond mother were that her children might grow up virtuous and happy. Should you ever be disposed to marry, be careful above all things on whom you bestow your affections. Once united, you are united till death, and a wrong step taken in marriage cannot easily be retraced. Spurn the hand of every one whom you have the least suspicion of being tainted with vice, and let no feeling of love, however ardent, urge you on with recklessness in such a matter. You have been the joy of my life thus far, and I trust while it shall please heaven to permit me to dwell upon earth, I shall never be made miserable by seeing you unhappy."

We have already said the sisters were in no want of lovers. Beauty will win suitors even where there is not the additional attraction of virtue and wealth. Sarah, the younger, only laughed at her admirers; but Alice had a more sensitive heart. Her affections soon began to centre on a single object. One by one her lovers vanished, and William Welmar, for such was the name of the fortunate individual, had the whole field to himself without a rival.

Welmar was little worthy of Alice. He was deceitful and dishonest in the extreme. In his heart lurked all the bad passions of our nature. Yet he possessed an uncommon tact of veiling his ill qualities whenever it suited his purpose. Having been but for a short time a resident in the neighborhood where Alice dwelt, he was of course not perfectly known. His conversation

was graceful, and in the presence of Alice at all times of a moral caste; his demeanor courteous and elegant; and indeed he seemed in all things to possess the requisites of a kind, virtuous and affectionate husband. A few of Alice's friends (and all who knew her were such) who had casually noticed something of his true disposition, when informed of the match gave an ominous shake of the head, while others asserted that the day of her marriage would be a transition from bliss to woe; but none ventured the delicate task of remonstrating with her.

Mr. Harneg, however, watched with intense anxiety this play of love, and was extremely apprehensive lest Alice should give herself up to a man whose true character he seemed confident was not fully exhibited, and on whom he had ever cast a suspicious gaze. Alice judged by his movements at times he was deeply concerned about something, but little suspected it was she who troubled his feelings. But her love for Welmar was already too strongly fixed to be broken off by the entreaties of friends, or beseechings of a father—indeed she fairly adored him. Bright and glorious visions of the future floated before her imagination, and dreams of bliss higher than she had ever enjoyed sweetened her repose.

Not expecting any opposition in her matrimonial projects, she one day broached the subject to her father. His features, usually betokening inward joy, changed into an expression of anguish when he heard it, and he paced his room for a long time before he could find it in his power to speak. He said, at last, with evident emotion,

"Alice, you little know the pain your words have given me. I had feared you might fall a victim to the wiles of this man, and yet I hoped your good sense, your love of virtue, your desire to live happy in the world would restrain you from linking yourself to one who carries, at least, a doubtful character, and whose honeyed words may be but the promptings of a deceitful heart. By the love you bear your father—by your high respect for Christian principles—by your hope of future bliss, I conjure you to countenance him no longer."

"I have already vowed I would be his," was her calm reply.

"And now you expect my consent to the marriage. If you deemed it necessary to the contract why did you not consult me beforehand?" answered he, somewhat sternly.

"I had not looked for opposition, and am now surprised to find it. I have seen nothing that would justify me in discarding him, and no vague suspicion shall be permitted to snap the cord that binds me to him. Surely you place a wrong estimate upon him."

"No, I cannot; he is yet, as it were, a stranger

in the neighborhood—your acquaintance with him has been short, far too short to form that connexion with him you desire; and though he may have shown off a good character in your presence, he has exhibited a different one elsewhere. I have lately heard of some of his doings."

"From whom, pray?" was the sudden reply; "disappointed rivals have plotted some foul tale, and tattling lips, I fear, have borne it to your ears, and you have believed it. No! no; I am not to be deterred from marrying the man of my choice because the breath of calumny is blown on him from such a source—it only binds me the stronger to him." While there was something of indignation in her words, there was a touch of sadness in her voice as she spoke.

"Speak not thus, my child," was the father's answer; "tongues that would not causelessly denounce him have spoken it, and there is too much reason to fear that the half is not yet known. You have fallen in love with him at first sight; his prepossessing appearance has charmed you; you have given way to your feelings without calling in the aid of your judgment, and he found your heart a prize easily taken. He may prove a good husband, but you have no means of determining that he will. His acts are unknown, or where known, they decide against him."

"Is it thus that he is judged? No, I cannot believe that deceit could dwell in his bosom—that he could do anything wrong. If dark crimes had ever sullied his heart, his countenance could not wear so pure and peaceful an expression. Surely you will grant your consent," and her voice assumed a pleading tone.

"For you to marry this Welmar? Never! I do not wish to see you miserable. It is for your own good I withhold my consent. If you judge of one's character always by their outward actions and appearances, you have yet an important lesson to learn in the study of human nature. Remember now; my determination is fixed and I will not alter it—if you become wedded to him, and wretchedness be your lot thereafter, you may look to me for pity, but to heaven for forgiveness. It is a rash step you are about to take, and I have dutifully pre-admonished you."

She saw in his reply an inflexibility that it was useless to attempt to overcome, and resorted to no more pleadings, merely answering him thus:

"What then am I to do? Would you have me break a solemn promise?"

"You should not have plighted yourself thus unconditionally before seeking my advice. Better still to break your promise than live with a broken heart hereafter."

"Had I expected such an issue I would. But I have solemnly affirmed I would be his wife, and

I must abide by it. Never let it be said of me that my lips breathed a vow—that I gave assurances of attachment that an after course disregarded. Come weal or come woe, I am willing to make the trial."

Her father manifesting no disposition to reply, she soon after left the room. Much as it pained her to differ with him, her love was too substantially fixed on its object to be easily removed. Alas! for her delusion. Alas! alas! her disobedience.

When Alice next met her lover, she described to him the result of the interview; repeating, however, the strong attachment she still entertained for him. It was undesirable news for him, but bent on achieving his purposes, and supposing she would be prevented from wedding him in her own residence, he proposed an elopement, hoping, as is often the case, that a parental re-conciliation would take place a year or so thereafter; but her heart rebelled against such a proposition.

"No, that will not do," said she; "though his assent cannot be obtained, he will yet permit our marriage to take place in his own dwelling. I am free to act as I choose; and though my desires may not be in accordance with his, he will not, for that reason, completely frustrate them. In a few years you can live down the ill reports that malignant tongues have circulated against you, and those who now despise you will be forced to acknowledge your worth."

"But how unpleasant it is to dwell in a place where false tales have injured one's character. It checks one's aspiration to rise in the world, and deadens that vigor of action which might else mark one's course, were only regarded with favor."

"Oh! let it not be so with you, dear William," was her fervent answer, "these calumnies will soon disappear before an upright course of conduct; you can be prosperous here in your business; here dwell all the friends and relations I have on earth, I do not wish to leave them."

Finding her impregnable on this point, he carried the subject no further. Had William Welnar possessed human sensibilities he would have colored with complete abashment, he would have felt the stings of conscience tormenting him unceasingly at the sight of such a noble-hearted, unsophisticated being reposing implicit confidence in his veracity, disbelieving the tales that had been sped abroad derogatory to his character, when he knew in his very heart they were founded in truth, and yet with a painter's skill gilded them over with the speciousness of purity and goodness. But "love is a credulous passion." A stranger would discover sad defects in a child, that the mother's affection would cause her to overlook; and so truly ardent lovers

are apt to be blind to the vices of their beloved, while their virtues ever stand out in grand conspicuousness.

A day was set apart for their espousals, and though but a short way in the future, time in the opinion of the two lovers never moved so tardily as then. Alice was correct when she said her father would permit it to take place in his own lovely abode. But it was a sad day to him, no joyous feeling bounded within his breast; no smiles rested on his furrowed cheeks. She, too, though a bride, occasionally appeared sorrowful, and a keen observer at one time might have noticed a tear-drop coursing down her glossy cheeks, an emblem of imperfect bliss. Why was this? Because she was acting in opposition to her father's wishes: and she knew the painful feelings it occasioned him. But she had no power to act otherwise. Love, deep and strong, had taken possession of her heart, and nothing short of death could have parted her from him in whom her holiest affections were enmeshed.

We will now pass over a few years, during which the true and natural disposition of Welnar became gradually unfolded, followed by as gradual a lapsing into grief on the part of Alice. Let us take a view of her as she now appears in her own dwelling. Oh! mark the change in her countenance! How sorrowful she looks! Smiles no longer deck her face—the mark of anguish is there: and though that countenance once rivalled the sun in brightness, it has lost its gayness, and now more resembles the paleness of the moon; yet unlike it, whatever of brightness it possesses is not borrowed, but rises from her own soul long purified by religion, which ever gives to the human visage that holy light—that serenity and calm submissiveness in trial so comfortable with its nature. Anon, she casts a sorrowful look upon the infant in her arms, and then perchance weeps. Her heaving breast at times sends forth sighs loud and heavy; and that voice once so cheerful, has now a wailful sound. It is the darkness of night and she is alone—alone with a babe upon her breast, and a little boy playing by her side. Growing weary with his sport, he looks up, and in earnest tone says, "when will papa be home?"—that question stirs afresh the sad feelings of her heart and deepens her anguish. She comforts him with the reply that he will be home directly, but alas! the hour of midnight may pass and find her still alone. Where is he, and what can he be doing?

From what has already been said the reader will surmise the answer. We will, however, fully unmask Welnar's course of life, and openly expose to view, and the indignity of all the villain, that arrayed in the garb of virtue, wrecked a

noble heart, and blasted forever the bliss that so pure a being deserved. He is a gambler—a drunkard—a profligate. Go to some tavern, or gaming den, and you will find him; these are his places of resort, of pleasure. There you will see him, reeling about a senseless wretch, or shuffling cards, while horrid oaths drop incessantly from his lips. The tongue that had once with apparent sincerity uttered vows of eternal fidelity to his still faithful, but unfortunate companion—that had once whispered in her ears sentiments of pure and unchanging love in words that seemed to have been caught from angel lips—now discourses in the language of fiends, and impiously connects the Almighty's name with curses that spring from an infuriated heart.

Yet he had a love for Alice; not the strong, pure, self-sacrificing love of a true husband, but that light, evanescent affection, that beauty and a graceful deportment is apt simply to inspire; while in the wealth she appeared to have at her command he foresaw a valuable aid in the dark undertakings he might afterward engage in. It was not her integrity of character—her high regard for truth and virtue—qualities that constituted her in these respects a pattern to her sex—that most enchanted him, for it would have been more fitting his disposition had she lacked in these, but it was those qualities which time hath power to destroy, but which long ere they were destroyed had ceased to exert their wonted influence over him, as his actions testified.

Alienated, however, from his old companions in iniquity, it had the effect of smothering for awhile the ill-desires of his mind, yet his old habits returned with all their original force as soon as he had found out new comrades fitted like himself for evil. Step by step he plunged deeper into that dread abyss that leads to eternal ruin. Do you wonder now at the misery of his unfortunate consort? The earnestness with which she beseeched him to abandon his wicked course—the tearful eye—the sorrowful, yet loving gaze into his face, as she plead with all the fervor of a woman's heart for his reform, would have drawn tears even

“From eyes unused to weep.”
We will attempt briefly to depict one of these scenes; it will suffice to show the general tenor of them all.

Returning home one evening earlier than he was accustomed to, and in a calmer mood than usual, she embraced the occasion as a fitting one to impress on his mind a consciousness of the evil he was committing.

“William,” said she, “a few years ago when we exchanged vows at the altar, I deemed you sincere in making them. Have you forgotten those sacred promises?”

“Have I departed from them?” he replied, coldly. “Have you not a good home?—have you ever been afflicted with hunger?—has your body been pierced by cold for want of sufficient clothing?—have these children ever suffered for want of any of the necessaries of life? Indeed I think you are surrounded with all the comforts you could wish.”

“Comforts! speak not that word if you would not deepen the wound you have already inflicted upon my heart. What comfort can I have when sitting here alone in the still night, when the thought of where you are, and what you are engaged in, comes rushing with heart-breaking force upon my memory. True, I have never suffered with hunger or cold, but not to you do I owe entire exemption from these; but the agony of mind I have been compelled to endure because of you, is far heavier to bear than any mere bodily ill. And these children suffer too. The lessons of goodness they should learn from your lips are wanting, and I tremble for their fate when I see so bad an example set by their father.”

“Why, Alice, I am often detained on matters of business, and what if I do meet at times in a social gathering with a few warm friends, do you think me worthy of condemnation on that account?”

“Do not attempt to deceive me,” she answered in a mild, but firm voice. “Your ill-conduct oft-times when you have returned home, testifies that you have been where no husband who regards his family, where no mortal who fears his God would ever dare enter. Faithfully have I endeavored to render you happy and comfortable in the world, but, strange as it appears, my devotions have awakened no corresponding affection in your heart. Heaven only knows what miseries the future may unfold to us if you persist in your course.”

“Come, come,” said he, in a somewhat harsh tone, “you must not indulge yourself in such thoughts. You have brooded over some little neglect I may have unintentionally shown toward you, till you have magnified it into an enormous crime. My actions are not half so evil as you imagine them to be.”

“Would to heaven,” was her fervent answer, “they were free from it altogether! I would then know something of peace; this sorrowing heart would then feel what it was to be happy again. But, oh! William, you gamble—you are addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks, and they are fast driving you on to ruin. The sad fate of others who pursued the same course should act as a fearful warning to your soul, and cause you to forsake the path wherein they trod. If not for my sake, for the sake of these

dear children, I implore you to desist from these practices. So full of wrath have you come home, at times, that now when your footsteps are heard by the door, little Horace runs and clings trembling to my side, hiding through fear of his own father; and even the babe I hold seems to cling closer to my breast, while every remark you utter is so tinged with profanity that they pierce my very soul like arrows. Little did I think when I became your wife that such would be your course. When reports defamatory to your reputation were then circulated I turned from them with loathing, and faithfully believed that time would prove them false. But, oh! how have I been deceived. You have proved a bane to me instead of a blessing, and were it not for these children I would woo the peace of the grave. If you entertain any kindly feelings toward me, show it by a change in your conduct. If you deem my life to you of any worth, let me not drink too deep of the cup of sorrow."

Appeals like these would somewhat touch his feelings, and he would make a slight promise to act better. A ray of hope would then beam in upon her soul; a few days he would preserve his promise; then again he would relapse into his old habits, and sorrow heavier than before would settle upon her heart. In fact, the passion of Welnar for liquor and gambling was so strong it was impossible for him to desist. It had become fastened upon his soul in early youth, and there, leech-like, it clung, so firm that a woman's tears—a woman's prayers—a woman's beseechings—the most powerful incentives to reform there are on earth—could not free him from it.

Friends, whose regard for Alice was strong, and who perceived the agony she was compelled to endure on his account, often approached him and remonstrated against his conduct, but their words only called forth curses. One, a near neighbor, who greatly pitied Alice in her distress, and whose heart was filled with just indignation at the course Welnar was pursuing, sought out his midnight haunts, hoping by confronting him there, and by stirring up in his mind a remembrance of his neglected family, to arouse a sense of guilt within his breast. He was found in a disreputable tavern. The friend approached, and in a stern voice accosted him thus:

"William, you have a wife that is entitled to your care, your protection, and your regard; you have children that should find in your life an example worthy of imitation; and here you are, distant from them at a time when you should be with them, bringing degradation upon yourself and disgrace upon them. If you were not devoid of sensibility the blush of shame would crimson your cheeks, if one manly feeling

pervaded your soul—if one generous emotion thrilled your bosom, you would go home and ask the pardon of her you have so deeply wronged, and live a better life hereafter."

"Who gave you authority," was his angry reply, "to inquire into, and censure my conduct? I know how to conduct myself without the advice of such conceited simpletons as yourself."

"You know how to conduct yourself like a demon," warmly answered his reprover, "and had the advice that has oft-times been given you been heeded, you would not only have been a better man yourself, but you would have lightened the griefs you have inflicted upon your family."

"Cease your impertinent gabbling! I will let you know that I possess a spirit that will brook the chiding of no mean puppy like yourself," and a fiend-like laugh ran through the room, while the speaker's cheeks reddened with rage.

It was useless to waste words on such a being. Remonstrances against his deeds coming from persons whom he disliked invariably excited his ire, and urged him on with renewed fury in his career of crime.

But the end was not far off. He was in a gambling-room pursuing, as usual, his avocation; the stakes at issue were immense—the interest centered in the game strong—a dispute arose—angry speeches were quickly exchanged—a desperate fight ensued, and ere it ended William Welnar lay a senseless mortal on the floor. He was taken home. The application of proper medicines partially restored him. He could perceive his weeping Alice gazing upon him with a countenance full of affectionate tenderness, and using every endeavor to ease his sufferings; he could hear the sobbings of his eldest child who was sensible something fearful had befallen him, and doubtless he longed to speak. But death came too hastily upon him, and ere he had power to ask the forgiveness of her he had so greatly injured on earth, his spirit had taken its eternal flight.

When the day of interment arrived, and the people who designed witnessing his burial had assembled, an aged minister—the same venerable man that had years ago, when Alice lay like a smiling cherub in the arms of an affectionate mother, baptised her—the same minister that had joined them together in the holy bonds of matrimony, arose, and in a feeling manner addressed the assembly. He spoke of the life the deceased had lived—the terrible death he died; portrayed in thrilling language the awful effects of sin; and endeavored alleviate the anguish of the widowed mother by the blessed promises of the Saviour, and pointed her to that book that

contains a balm for every wounded heart—a consolation for every stricken soul.

Again Alice returned to the home of her father, but alas! not as she left it. Then she was a bright and happy being—all smiles—all cheerfulness, with a spirit as light and joyous as heaven ever deigned to an earthly mortal; but though the rose had nearly faded from her cheeks, and her eyes were dimmed in their brilliancy, there was a beauty about her still, and the Christian-like resignation that lay upon her countenance gave her the appearance of an angel smitten with grief. She had looked forward to the enjoyment of years of increased bliss, but had reaped in its stead harvests of disappointment and woe. Truly

has it been said, "we know not what a day may bring forth."

What does our story prove? That the purest and holiest beings on earth will sometimes err in the bestowal of their affections. They give way too suddenly to the first feelings of the heart, and permit the passion of love to carry them whither it may.

Love is a pure and holy feeling, yet needs reason as a pilot to steer it aright, but how frequently is that pilot discarded, and thus the frail bark of humanity is tossed impetuously on the rough sea of life, and, perhaps, shattered upon the rocks that folly has planted therein!

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

BY EMILY HERMANN.

An aged man, with hoary hair,
Went forth at eventide
To meditate beside a stream
Among the meadows wide.

Small birds were folding up their wings
Within their downy nest:
And, likewise, pleasant thoughts flew home,
With singing, to his breast;

And, eagle-like, they bore his soul
Above the gathering gloom,
It woke in prayer as evening's breath
Awakes the primrose bloom.

Blessings he asks for every one,
Free as the forest bird,
And much for him, whose fields he treads,
And straight his prayer is heard,

In Heaven and earth. He knows not near
His path the yeoman lies,
Crouched in the hedge, below yon stile—
He all good things defies.

Yet to his spirit, like a shower
On thirsty fields, it came
That prayer. He knows not why nor how,
Life does not seem the same.

Love fills the place where hate has been,
A flood of tenderness
Breaks o'er the rocky haunts of sin,
In his heart's wilderness.

He bends him to his pastor down
And tells, with starting tears,
How that one little murmured prayer
Swept off remorseful fears;

"I came, well-armed to work my will
Of hate to thee, this even;
I did not deem that thou for me
Wast praying God in Heaven.

For blessings on my harvest sheaves,
He, only, can bestow—
And see! the germs of better things
Are bursting for me now!"

THE HARVEST HOME.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

The harvest is gathered,
The labor is o'er:
Pile high the rich treasure,
Wide throw the barn-door.
With shouting and singing
The glad reapers come:
At his gate stands the farmer
To welcome them home.

Mysterious the order
Of sunshine and rain:
With rich, teeming harvests
It covers the plain.
Heav'n kindly to all men
Gives increase of store.
The wealthy it smiles on,
And blesses the poor.

EDITORS' TABLE.

CHIT-CHAT WITH READERS.

MRS. STEPHENS' LETTERS.—The fatigue consequent upon travel, and the engrossing nature of her social engagements have prevented Mrs. Stephens beginning as yet her contemplated "Letters from abroad." She is still in England. Though with no present leisure to write, she is storing her memory for future occasions, so that her friends on this side of the Atlantic may rely on having many a rich intellectual treat in preparation for them. Our subscribers will hear, with pleasure, that she enjoys excellent health, and is delighted with her travels.

OUR FASHIONS.—We ask a comparison between the fashions, as engraved and reported for this periodical, and those given in the other monthlies. In the present number, for instance, we give a new equestrian costume, an entirely new style of bodice, and much fresh and valuable information respecting the latest changes in the mode. Our articles, on this subject, instead of being prepared by inexperienced persons and at second hand, are compiled by a lady conversant with every fluctuation in the world of fashion, both here and abroad; and can always be relied on as a month in advance of any cotemporary.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Shoulder Knot; or, Sketches of the Three-fold Life of Man. A Story of the Seventeenth Century. By B. F. Tefft. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a new American novel, founded on the well known story of the diamond tags which were casually given to the Duke of Buckingham by Anne of Austria, and which Richelieu caused to be cut from the duke's dress at a court-ball in London, in order to show them to the king and thus juggle the latter into the belief that his innocent wife had been guilty of infidelity. The duke, discovering the loss, and suspecting the cause, laid an embargo, as prime-minister, on all ships about to leave England; and in the meantime made his jeweler re-place the tags, which being sent immediately to Anne of Austria, reached her before the original ones reached Richelieu, the latter tags not leaving England till the embargo was raised. With this historical story, which is but indifferently told, Mr. Tefft has mixed up a philosophical disquisition on the three-fold nature of man, as a physical, intellectual and spiritual being. This part of the volume is exceedingly well written, and rises indeed to quite a pitch of eloquence. But it is most inartistically interwoven with the tale, with which it has really nothing to do; and it is placed in the mouth of Bacon as a reply to inquiries on the part of Buckingham, a most improbable supposition when the trifling, dissolute character of the

duke is considered. On the whole, Mr. Tefft succeeds better in the didactic, than in the narrative style; and we advise him, therefore, to stick to rhetoric and leave fiction alone.

Adventures in Africa. By Major W. Cornwallis Harris. 2 vols. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The author of these volumes, Major Harris, was attached to an embassy, sent from England to Abyssinia in 1846. He remained in the country two years, penetrated nearly all the provinces of the empire, and was held in great favor at the court of the reigning monarch. In the present work we have the result of his observations. The book is full of romantic personal incidents and of legendary Abyssinian lore, as well as of valuable statistical information respecting a country of which but little has hitherto been authentically known. We can confidently recommend it as most excellent reading. Mr. Peterson has issued it in two large, thick volumes, at fifty cents per volume, so that it is as cheap as it is meritorious.

The Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution. By B. J. Lossing. Nos. 3 and 4. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This elegant and patriotic serial shows no diminution in merit, but rather an increase. The engravings are unrivalled in elegance, and the text is evidently compiled with care. The author has now traversed, with pen and pencil, the battle-fields of New York and Canada, and will next, we presume, visit Boston and its vicinity, after which the historic spots of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia and the Carolinas will come in for their share of attention. Really no family should be without this book. Its price is but twenty-five cents per number, and the numbers will not exceed twenty, so that the work will come within the reach of all, and the price being paid in instalments the purchase will scarcely be felt.

Mahommed, the Arabian Prophet. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By George H. Miles. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—This is the tragedy for which Forrest, the tragedian, paid a thousand dollars. He advertised, it will be remembered, that sum as a prize for the best acting play sent to him within a certain time. Numerous tragedies were received in consequence, of which the present was considered the best, and took the prize, though Forrest declines acting it on account of its want of merit. In this judgment we fear we must coincide. With many fine poetical passages the tragedy is wanting in dramatic interest. Mr. Miles takes the modern view of Mahomet's character, and considers him, not as an intentional impostor, but as himself deluded. The play is elegantly printed.

Milman's Gibbons' Rome. Vols. V. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—There is no falling off in the paper or printing of this edition; but each successive volume is fully equal to the specimen one.

The National Cook Book. By a Lady of Philadelphia, a Practical Housewife. 1 vol. Philada: Robert C. Peterson, N. W. corner of Fifth and Arch streets, 1850.—We regard this Cook Book as the most practical one yet offered to the American public. The fault generally of works of this class is the expensive character of the receipts, which places the dishes of course beyond the reach of ordinary housewives. In the present work this error is carefully avoided. The receipts are exceedingly economical, yet excellent, many of them having been tried by a female friend for the purpose of testing them. We are ignorant of the author of the treatise, but she announces herself as a practical housewife, and we have every reason to believe, from the experiments alluded to, that she is all she claims to be. We recommend the work as one that will fill a void long felt by American housewives.

The Professor's Lady. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Mary Howitt. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Here is a most charming book. The pictures of peasant life in Germany, which the volume presents, are really delightful, and make one quite in love with the simplicity, honesty, and worth of the good Germans. The heroine, Lorie, is a lovely creature, indeed a thousand times too good for Reinhard, musician, painter, and poet as he is. His neglect of his sweet wife, after they remove to the capital, makes us heartily despise him, and confines our sympathies entirely to the patient suffering of Lorie. The volume is illustrated with spirited wood-cuts.

Shakspeare's Dramatic Works. Nos. 18 and 19. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—We acknowledge the receipt of these two volumes of what is called, *par excellence*, the "Boston Shakspeare." The first of the two is embellished with a peculiarly beautiful engraving: the subject "The Queen of Richard the Second." It should be remembered that this superb edition is only twenty-five cents per number.

Railway Economy. By Dr. Lardner. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A re-print of a work on Railways, by Dr. Lardner, a gentleman well known in this country as a successful lecturer on science. Every person who intends investing in railway stock, or who is at all interested in the great railway movement should buy this book.

Milman's Gibbons' Rome. Vols. 2 and 3. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The first edition of Gibbon printed in America was in eight volumes, and sold for two dollars a volume, yet it was inferior in every respect to this edition, which is in six volumes at forty cents a volume. When will the march of improvement cease?

Hints toward Reform. By Horace Greeley. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mr. Greeley is a forcible, logical and often eloquent writer, as even those who differ in opinion with him are ready to admit. The present volume is a collection of some of his best lectures, essays and occasional pieces. It is handsomely printed.

The Landscape Drawing Book. By J. T. E. Hilten. No. 1. Philada: Uriah Hunt & Son.—This is a semi-monthly periodical. Each number contains four plates, and is sold for eighteen and three-quarter cents, so that the work is within the reach of all. It displays much taste, and is really highly instructive. We understand it may be had at all the different booksellers of this city.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—AN EQUESTRIAN COSTUME, the habit of which consists of dark blue merino, with the skirt made very full, which is detached from the body. Corsage plain, with a lappel to button over at discretion, and ornamented with gilt buttons—a small, loose collar, and sleeves plain, with Louis Quatres cuffs, finished by a small linen cuff; a vandyked linen collar. Cap of black cloth, with a blue gauze veil.

FIG. II.—A DRESS OF NANKEN COLORED DE LAINE; skirt full, and corsage plain, and trimmed up the front with folds of the same material as the dress and fancy buttons: cuffs of the sleeves to match, and finished with three ruffles. Head-dress of black velvet ribbon, arranged in loops and long ends.

FIGS. III AND IV.—These corsages are quite new and exceedingly becoming to the figure. The corsage is made on a plan which will be found exceedingly convenient, as it enables the dress to be worn either high or low, as occasion may require. The corsage, as may be seen in our engraving, is laid in a multitude of small folds both at the back and in front. It is open behind, where the folds are made to unite with so much neatness that the fastening is almost imperceptible. The upper part of the corsage is made detached from the lower part, to which it is affixed by means of a few stitches concealed under the plaits when it is desired to wear the dress high. To form the low corsage not more than four folds are left on the shoulders, and the point at the back is filled by a plain piece of silk tacked lightly in. The point in front may be filled up either by a piece of silk or by a white chemisette. Round the waist there is a small basquine, cut with one large scallop at the back, a small one at each side, and then, again, two large ones in front. The sleeves are in a new style called the Marie Stuart. They are cut loose to the arms; and at the shoulders there are four slashes, or slits, cut perpendicularly, into which are inserted full puffs of silk. The lower part of the sleeve, from the elbow to the wrist, is cut in three or four slashes horizontally, and on the outside of the arm only. These openings may be filled up like those on the shoulders, with puffings of silk or of white tulle, a broad lace falling over the lower one.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is nothing new except the plaited corsage, which we have just described, and some riding costumes. A very pretty riding-habit has just been received from Paris. It is composed of dark green cloth, the skirt very full, and the corsage richly ornamented with passementerie.



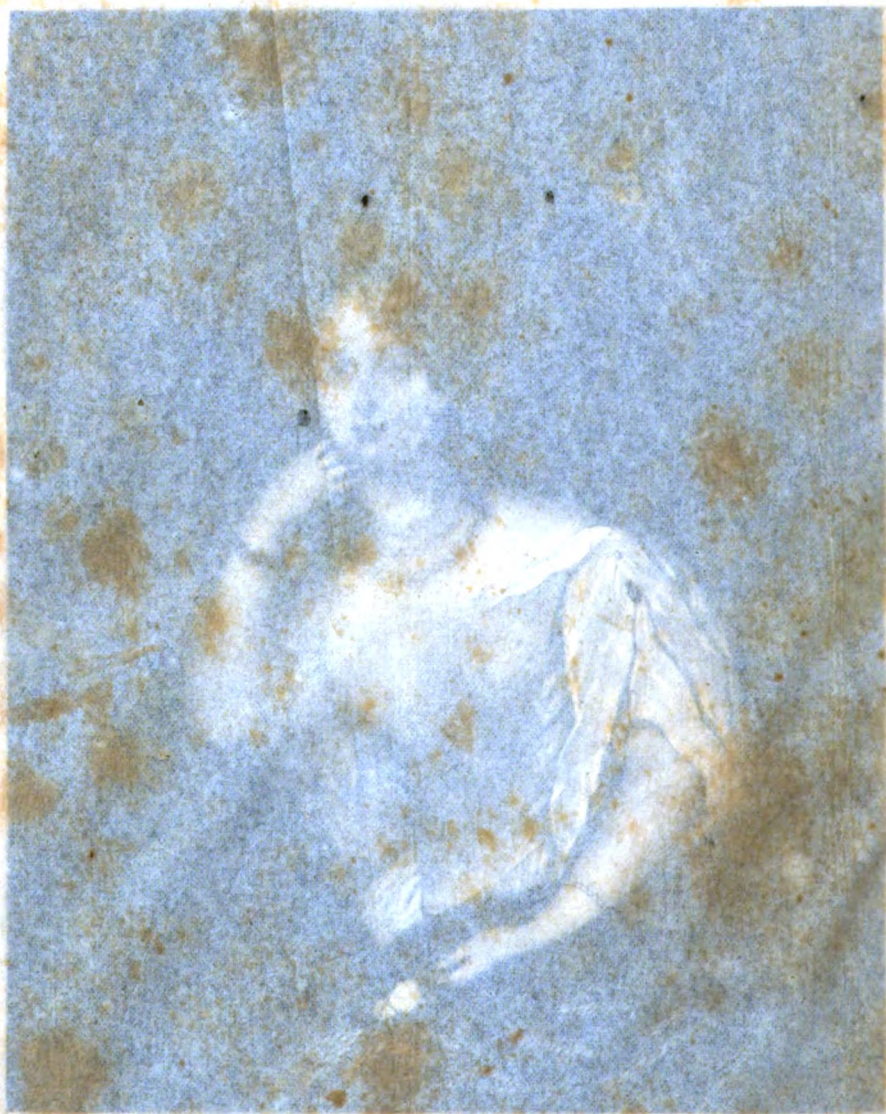
The equestrian costume of which this habit forms a part is completed by the addition of a grey beaver hat, the brim turned up on each side and ornamented with a twisted ostrich feather, black Spanish leather boots, with revers of Russia leather, and Swedish gloves. The under-sleeves and small collar to be worn with this habit are of cambric, very stiffly starched, and the small neck-tie is chequered in red and green.

Another costume, which is quite new, is much more elaborate. The habit is composed of light drab colored cashmere or merino; the skirt (as is usual) made separate from the corsage or jacket. The latter is very open on the bosom, the fronts and collar being turned back, the former in the style of lappels. The basquine or polka to this jacket is made quite deep, and to fit the figure over the hips, but very open and rounding in front. The sleeves are tight to the arms, and slit open at the lower part sufficiently to show under-sleeves of white cambric, which are in slight fulness gathered on wristbands of needle-work. The jacket is edged all round with a double row of flat silk braid, of the same color as the habit, but a shade darker. Under the jacket is worn a vest of white pique, the fronts of which likewise turn back. The vest descends in front of the waist, where it is shaped so as to form two small points. The chemisette is of cambric, ornamented with rich needle-work, and fastened up the front by a row of small buttons of wrought gold. The collar turns over a neck-tie of black satin, embroidered with flowers in various colors. The hair is waved, and arranged in very full bandeaux at each side of

the face, and descending low at the ears. A round riding-hat, and a veil of pale blue gauze. Swedish leather gloves. Under the habit is worn a skirt of white cambric, edged with narrow vandyked needle-work. Boots of black cashmere, tipped with glazed leather.

This riding-dress has been made for an English lady, but the tastes of Americans are, generally, for plainer equestrian costumes. A merino habit, of dark green, mulberry, or Mazarine blue, with a corsage plain, and buttoned up tight to the chin, or at the most slightly opened, exposing a linen plaited bosom, a plain linen collar and cuffs, with gauntlets or riding-gloves buttoned on the outside of the wrist and nearly half way to the elbow; a small riding-hat of black beaver, slightly turned up on one side with a floating plume, generally completes the riding costume of an American lady. Of course this is subject to variations, but the effect is always good. For summer a broad brimmed straw hat, trimmed with white ribbon or feather, is mostly worn. The pocket of a riding-dress should always be on the *left side*, for it cannot be placed high enough to be free of the saddle on the right. A nankeen skirt, or anything that is light is very unsuitable for a riding-dress, it will be apt to fill with wind, even with the best rider, and with those who have not a good seat in the saddle, they are unbearably troublesome. The gauntlet is not only a beautiful addition to the costume, but they preserve the wrist from tanning. Not the slightest particle of jewelry should be seen on a lady, whilst on horseback, except a plain brooch, but a neat ribbon or neck-tie is preferable.







ANGLING.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1850.

No. 3.

KATE MANLEY.

BY LOUISE MAY.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, well, for my part I cannot think why poor girls want fine books and bouquets of flowers to be sent to them; for they can have but little time after their day's work to amuse themselves with such things. I should think it would take all the leisure time to mend their clothes, so as to look respectable. But when it comes to going to the opera, what is more ridiculous!"

This was said by Caroline Morton, as she sat braiding her beautiful hair to make her best appearance at the opera that evening. Her mother was busily engaged tacking roses in a head-dress, and was too full of her own and daughter's happiness to hear or see anything beyond it. But her brother, who had been reading, looked up and said, somewhat sarcastically,

"Some young ladies are so fond of perusing the last new novel, and doing a little fancy work now and then, that they are very apt to forget they have any clothes to mend; and if it was not for their foolish and indulgent mothers, would, I think, robbed of their fine over-dress, make rather a ragged appearance."

It was now Caroline's turn to blush. She knew there was truth in her brother's remark; and plainly saw she had hurt his feelings. While she was thinking of an answer he hastily left the room. The harsh closing of the door caused Mrs. Morton to look up. What was her surprise at seeing her daughter in tears!

"Why, what on earth is the matter, my child?" she said. "I thought to find you ready to try on this beautiful head-dress. I hope it will be becoming, for you know, Caddy, there will be a great many snares thrown out for this handsome stranger, and as you received the first invitation from him, he certainly must admire you most. So quit your crying: it makes your eyes so red, and you will need all your good looks to-night,

for it will be very mortifying to me for any of the girls to take him from you."

"I hope it will not be brother's beautiful school-teacher that will do it," said Caroline, with a sneer. "I will pay him for his cutting remarks to me to-day; it is come to something I think, one can scarce dare to think in his presence since he has made the acquaintance of this Kate Manley, or whatever her name is. I cannot bear the name of Kate, I think it vulgar, and I expect she is just as vulgar as her name. Brother," she added, "is very ungrateful, after my consenting to be seen in her company this evening. What excuse can I make to Mr. Clayton, if he should by chance find out who she is? A school-teacher indeed, and a poverty-stricken one at that. I really think Brother Harry is going crazy."

"Oh! no, my dear, your brother is young," replied her mother, "by the time he is as old, and has seen as much of the world as Mr. Clayton, he will, I know, exercise as good judgment. Besides Miss Manley is no doubt a passable looking girl: and you are not obliged to tell who and what she is; and if she is vulgar-looking as you think, it will make your refined and fashionable appearance show to better advantage. But come, come, do more and talk less. It is almost time for your admirer to be here, and your brother has been gone some time. There is the bell now, and you not half ready. I will send Nancy to assist you while I entertain Mr. Clayton; time seems so long when one is waiting, and perhaps I can quiz him a little. I would like to know who he is, and all about him; he must be rich, or he would not be at Stanleys; for they never keep company with any but wealthy people."

When Mrs. Morton opened the parlor door Mr. Clayton bowed, and said he had been admiring the drawings on the centre-table.

"Oh, bless you, sir," she answered, "them's nothing to what my Caddy can do. Have you seen them she gave to Mrs. Stanley?"

"No, madam, I really have not; fine people the Stanleys."

"Yes, very. Are you from England, sir?"

"No, madam."

"You look so much like a count that was here some time ago; he married an acquaintance of my daughter's; but he turned out to be a dreadful bad man."

"What did you say his name was?" inquired Mr. Clayton.

"I forgot his name; Mrs. Stanley can tell you. He was in this country a year, and in his absence, some one robbed him of his title and fortune, at least that was his story, but for my part I doubt whether he ever had any, I am rather inclined to think he had not."

"May I ask where he is now?"

"I really cannot tell you, but you need not be afraid of ever meeting him here; my daughter is very particular about her company. She is afraid of getting taken in herself," at the same time giving him a quizzical glance.

I cannot tell what would have followed, but Nancy opening the door, said Miss Morton was ready. Mr. Clayton looked quite pleased at the intelligence. Mrs. Morton, slamming the door, declared she never saw such a man in her life, there was no getting anything out of him.

CHAPTER II.

"Mr dear, if you are going to the opera to-night, it is time for you to think of getting ready," said Mrs. Manley to her daughter, "but indeed, you look so pale and dejected after sitting up last night, that I do not think I shall allow you to do it again."

"Oh, say not so, dear mother," replied the daughter, "if you only knew how happy your own dear Kate was as she sat listening to the ravings of her favorite pupil. Oh! how she prayed for God to bless her teacher, and then she would cry for drink, drink, and if any one save me would offer her what she wished, she would look at them for an instant, shake her head, and turn silently, but sadly away. But when I came and said, 'take it for me,' she would stare, look beautiful, but wild, as though my voice alone had brought her to recollection, and clasping her arms around my neck, would say, 'oh! yes, yes, I will take anything from you, you are my teacher.' Oh, mother, I would not have exchanged my place last night to have been mistress of a fortune; it is not this that makes me sad. I will tell you plainly. The addresses of Mr. Morton have become disagreeable to me. There is something in him so cold—a

something which plainly says, 'Kate, I love you, but I could love you better, more openly if you were anything else but a poor school-teacher.'"

This made Mrs. Manley start with some emotion, for she had vainly hoped to see her daughter united to Mr. Morton. But she had too much love for her only child to offer any opposition, but smiling said,

"Kate, that I think is all fancy; you know his sister is to be there to-night on purpose to make your acquaintance. That looks like anything but pride."

"Ah! mother, people in this world are not always what they seem. Mr. Morton, like many others, may have hid within his own bosom what he would not like either you or me to know; but I will try and think that it is all my fancy."

Poor Kate, could you have been a listener in Caroline Morton's room, your fancies would have turned to stern reality.

"But come, my dear," said Mrs. Manley, "you have no time to lose. What dress and ornaments are you going to wear? Will you wear the pink dress that was sent you by your uncle?"

"No, mother, I will wear my plain white dress and the pearl ornaments, the last gift of my departed father. Those I think will be most becoming to one like me."

And in truth the attire was becoming. Her long, dark ringlets bound here and there with a string of pearls; her flowing sleeves looped up with a single ornament of the same; and her necklace and bracelets put on, Kate's toilet was complete, and as her mother threw a dark cloak around her, she saw her face looked sad, but though in the pride of her heart she never saw her child more lovely.

The carriage having arrived, Kate took her little bouquet and sorrowfully departed. When they arrived the seats that had been taken were as yet unoccupied.

"Just as I thought," said Harry, "Caroline would not for the world come until the piece is half over, for that would not be fashionable. However, first come first served." So seating Kate in what he thought the most comfortable place, he placed himself beside her.

Kate sat looking and admiring, for the opera was new to her. Still that sad expression continued on her face, and the tears started in spite of all. When the curtain rose, and the music sent forth its sweet and plaintive notes, its charm was not lost on Kate. It brought to her face a lovely smile, and as she sat resting her cheek upon her small and well-shaped hand, many were the inquiries made among that gay and fashionable crowd as to who she was.

When Caroline Morton arrived, Mr. Clayton's frequent glances toward Kate did not escape the

quick and jealous eye of his companion. Caroline tried with all the art she was mistress of to engross his whole attention, and though she partially succeeded, his thoughts were somewhere else. Caroline saw and felt that in Kate she had a rival; and from that moment she felt a hatred toward Miss Manley that knew no bounds. Caroline, too, had been angry from the first, for when they arrived she found that the first scene was nearly over; everybody was listening, and almost breathlessly to the beautiful music of Norma, so in place of making a grand *entree* and attracting every one's attention, she entered almost unnoticed.

Mr. Clayton, too, thinking it would be an annoyance to those who really loved music, to have him push forward in the middle of the scene, took the back seat as quietly as possible until the scene was ended.

"Never mind," thought Caroline, "it will give me time to think which way to proceed to get my revenge. She is a pale, ghostly-looking creature as ever I saw; she looks like a regular book-worm. What can she know of fashionable life? Am I to be put down by one like her? No, no, I will try her power of conversation, and when Mr. Clayton sees the difference, I know he has too much judgment to be taken by that pale, know-nothing face." And she smiled a bitter smile, as though she was ready to put into execution what she had been thinking.

The curtain fell amidst loud shouts of applause from every part of the house, and where a few minutes previous all was order, now all was noise and confusion. Ladies rose to see and be seen. Gentlemen left their seats, Harry Morton among the rest, and not until then was he aware that his sister and Mr. Clayton had made their appearance. He apologized, and, turning to Kate, gave the promised introduction.

Miss Manley looked the haughty beauty in the face for a moment, then bowing gracefully, she said she was most happy to make her acquaintance, at the same time offering her hand, which Miss Morton coolly took, and turning to Mr. Clayton, laughingly said,

"You see Miss Manley is one of the old school. This shaking hands has been some time out of date with us."

"Yes, and the practice of kissing introduced in its place," he quietly replied, "but, for my part, I must say I like the old-fashioned way the best."

Caroline feigned not to notice this rebuff, but passing to her seat commenced a lively conversation, not forgetting a hint at Kate as often as she could. Kate felt it all, and wished herself at home again. Her pale face and quivering lip was not unnoticed by Mr. Clayton, who invited

her to stand a little while, which she refused; but turning to Mr. Morton, requested they should leave. This, as his situation was anything but pleasant, he was very glad to consent to do.

Kate drew her cloak around her, bade them good evening, and was about to leave, when Caroline said, "oh, Miss Manley, I came very near forgetting my politeness," then drawing forth a showy card-case, and presenting her coolly with a card, she said, "you must call and see me."

Kate took it with a trembling hand.

"Why, what is the matter, child?" said Caroline, "you must be nervous you tremble so, put it in your pocket or you will lose it; and I am no way ambitious to have my name so common as to be picked up by anybody."

"I can assure Miss Morton she need not feel the least alarmed," said Kate, her bosom heaving with emotion, but drawing forth a neat and beautiful case, she said, "you see, I will put it in a more appropriate place, at the same time allow me to return the compliment," and she presented her card, "my time is occupied until five o'clock, but after that hour, should Miss Morton feel like paying me a friendly visit, I should be happy to see her."

"Is the same invitation extended to me?" inquired Mr. Clayton. Kate bowed gracefully: and they separated. The one thinking, "she will not want any more of my society," and the other, "can this be what the world calls the pleasures of a fashionable life? If so, I want no more. This night has learned me a lesson never to be forgotten. Let them aspire to show and fashion that will, my motto shall be happiness."

CHAPTER III.

"WELL, Edward, how did you enjoy yourself last night?" said Mrs. Stanley to her nephew, Mr. Clayton, "you seem to be rather dull this morning, I thought to have seen you so lively and talkative that you would have entertained me the whole day with your admiration of Miss Morton. She is, I believe, counted the belle of the season."

"She may be by some, aunt; but not by me, I assure you. I think her anything but pretty—anything but sensible."

"You are rather severe on Miss Morton, but, however, it will give some of the other young ladies a chance. Here you are, with good looks in your favor, plenty of money, and all you want now is a nice little wife to help you spend it."

"Well, aunt, should I marry Miss Morton, I should be at no loss for some one to do that, for with her mother's help I think they would soon lighten my purse. The old lady seems very fond of knowing who and what one is. May I ask who she is? People that are so very inquisitive

should never be offended with others who like to return the compliment."

"Edward, you know I am one of these kind of people that hear and see all, and say but little. Mrs. Morton arose from nothing, and is a true believer in the don't-tell-me-what-I-was-once, but-what-I-am-now doctrine. This is all you can know from me."

"That is enough," replied Edward, laughing. "that was just the opinion I formed of the old lady myself. But, aunt, let us change the subject. Are you a believer in love at first sight?"

"That is a strange question, Edward. Why do you ask?"

"Because I am."

"How long since? I hope you will not marry in haste and repent at your leisure."

"I do not think it possible that I should ever repent in marrying a young lady like Miss Manley," replied he, seriously.

"Manley!" said Mrs. Stanley, "I once knew a family of that name; but it cannot be them. I remember well hearing Mrs. Manley say, at her husband's death, 'we are the only two now remaining.'"

"What two, aunt?"

"Herself and daughter, who I think then was about thirteen years of age."

"Should this be the same family, do you know anything against them, with the exception of their being poor?"

"No, Edward, they were a family to grace any society. Mr. Manley was a minister, and died as he had lived, beloved by all who knew him; nothing, I assure you, would give me greater pleasure than to renew the acquaintance. But why do I talk thus? It cannot be the same. I have been in the city five years, and I left them at the old homestead, where I was under the impression they would end their days."

"Will you make me one promise?"

"Well, Edward, name it."

"I have already sent a note to Miss Manley, telling her I shall pay her and her mother a visit to-morrow afternoon. Promise to go with me."

"That I will do with pleasure."

"Should you recognize your old friend in Mrs. Manley," he said.

But his aunt playfully interrupted him, "and you your little wife (that is to be) in Kate, we shall both be equally gratified."

Clayton laughed. "Well," he said, "remember, aunt, this must all be kept a secret."

"Oh, certainly, did you ever know a woman, old or young, that was not fond of a little romance?"

"No—nor one that could keep a secret?"

"Very well, sir, it is good for you that you have

made your escape, it is already eleven o'clock, and not one visit paid; and there is poor Mrs. Smith waiting patiently for my order to get necessities for her little family."

CHAPTER IV.

THE season for balls and parties was nearly over. All the young ladies were wondering who would be the winner of Mrs. Stanley's nephew. In spite of all the manœuvring, no offer had been made that any one knew of. It had been whispered, indeed, that there was a house building for him, so he certainly must intend settling in Philadelphia.

If some of the young ladies or their manœuvring mammas had been present when Edward and his aunt paid the promised visit to Kate, they would have known who this house was for. Mrs. Stanley had found in Mrs. Manley her old friend. Circumstances had greatly changed since they had parted. When the new minister took charge of the little church so well known to them, Kate Manley thought she would rather be a school-teacher in a strange city, than receive their living as an act of charity. Accordingly to the city she came.

From the hour of this interview, Edward became inseparable to Kate. He had loved her with a pure, disinterested love from their first meeting; and every day only increased his passion, by developing more the charms of her mind. Nor was Kate insensible to his merit. She learned to watch for his footsteps, to hang upon his every word; and when finally he ventured to whisper his love, she hid her face on his shoulder, and acknowledged that the feeling was returned.

As we have said, the season was over for parties. One only now remained, and as that was to be given by Mrs. Stanley, none doubted its being a splendid affair.

The night arrived, and Caroline Morton had nearly completed her toilet. Suddenly she sat down in a peevish manner, and said, "I never saw anything like it."

"What is the matter now?" inquired her mother.

"I never try my best to look well," said Caroline, "but what I am disappointed; nothing seems to go right with me, to-night. Harry promised to bring my bouquet, at least an hour ago, I expect that will be wrong too when it comes."

She had not finished the last sentence, when her brother entered with the promised bouquet.

"What are you laughing at?" said Harry, "I am glad to see you in such good spirits."

"Why, I never see a bouquet of flowers but I think of your Kate Manley. What has become

of her? Have you ever seen her since the night of the opera?"

"Yes, once," said Harry, with a sigh, "and that was to be dismissed forever from the house; and you will confer a favor on me by never mentioning her name to me again."

"Poor fellow," said Caroline, sarcastically, "you speak as though your heart was nearly broken, I hope you will see some young lady that will break it for you quite to-night."

"Ditto, sister," replied Harry, tartly, "I hope you will see something to bring down your haughty pride."

With this very pleasing conversation they left for Mrs. Stanley's. When they arrived the guests had all assembled: everything was going on pleasantly and in good taste. But where was Mr. Clayton? All wondered, but none liked to ask.

Finally he made his appearance. But who was that beautiful and modest-looking girl that reclined so gracefully on his arm? "She must be a stranger," was whispered through the room. Many were the introductions, but still there was a mystery that none could solve; none except Caroline Morton; she well knew that face again, and in bitterness thought "Harry wished I might see something to-night that would humble my pride, it is done; but he shall not have the satisfaction of knowing it."

Actions, however, speak louder than words. Both spoke loud enough the next morning, when Harry Morton, looking over the paper, read,

"Married, at the residence of Mrs. Stanley, by the Rev. —, Edward Clayton, Esq., to Miss Kate Manley, daughter of the late Rev. John Manley."

THE GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.

In the lonely church-yard sleeping
In thy low and narrow bed;
Thou thy dreamless rest art keeping,
Where the Summer dews are steeping;
The green sod above thy head!
While thine orphan child is weeping
O'er earth's dearest treasure fled.

Hark! I hear a whisper telling,
Angel mother—thou art near—
Swift life's purple rill is welling
Through my heart, its pulses swelling
With a sense of love and fear!
Till I share thy dreamless dwelling;
Guardian spirit, linger near.

Songs of birds, the sunlight gleaming,
Passing shades, a breath of air,
Ever bring the swift revealing
With a chastened, holy feeling
Of thy presence everywhere—
For my grief there is no healing
Till thy dreamless rest I share!

Sainted spirit linger near me,
I would hush this sorrow wild!
Fearing lest my tears might grieve thee,
Thou, whose love hath ne'er deceived me,
Guard me yet, a little while!
Till thy gentle arms receive me,
Bless, oh! bless thine orphan child!

"LOVE ME EVER."

BY CLARA MORETON.

"Love me ever—love me always,"
Said a soft voice low and sweet;
"Love me ever—love me always,"
Memory doth the words repeat.
While in fancy still beside me
Is her fair and graceful form;
And I hear those murmured love-words
Gushing from her heart so warm.
From her heart, subdued by sorrow,
In its fond and trusting youth;
Till she trembles lest the morrow
Rob some idol of its truth.

"Love me ever—love me always"—
Could she dream that love like mine,
Would as years roll by burn fainter
On its holy temple shrine?
No, she could not thus have doubted
What my lips so often told,
"I shall love thee, love forever,
Till this heart in death is cold."
Even then my love may linger
In some unseen spirit form,
Blessing her in sunshine brightness,
Soothing her when beats the storm.

JULIA WARREN.

A SEQUEL TO PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64.

CHAPTER X.

ADELINE LEICESTER had scarcely gained her apartment, when Jacob Strong entered it. He came in with a tread so heavy that it made itself heard even through the turf-like swell of the carpet. She looked up at him wearily, yet with surprise. Jacob, so phlegmatic, so sturdy in all other cases, never was self-possessed with his mistress; one glance of those beautiful eyes, one wave of that soft hand was enough to confuse his brain, and make the strong heart flutter in his bosom like the wings of a wild bird.

"Madam," he stammered, shifting his huge feet unsteadily to and fro on the carpet, "there is a woman below who wants to see you."

"I can see no one this morning; send her away!"

"I tried that, madam, but she answers that her business is important, and in short that she will see you."

Adeline opened her eyes wide, and half turned in her chair: this insolent message aroused her somewhat.

"Indeed, what does she look like? Who can it be?"

"She is a very common-looking person, handsome enough, but unpleasant."

"You never saw her before then?"

"No, never!"

"Let her come up, I cannot well give the next ten minutes to anything more miserable than myself," said Adeline: "let her come up!"

Jacob left the room, and Adeline, aroused to some little interest in the person who had so peremptorily demanded admission to her presence, threw off something of her languor as she saw the door swing open to admit her singular guest.

A woman entered with a haughty, almost rude air, her dress was clean, but of cheap material, and put on with an effort at tidiness, as if in correction of some long-acquired habits of carelessness which she had found it difficult to fling off. A black hood lined with faded crimson silk, was thrown back from her face, revealing large

Roman features, fierce dark eyes, and a mouth, that in its heavy fullness struck the beholder more unpleasantly even than the ferocious brightness of those large eyes.

This woman looked around her as she entered the dressing-room, and a faint sneer curled her lip as she took in, with a contemptuous glance, all the elegant luxury of that little room. Adeline would not for an instant have dreamed of inviting a creature so unprepossessing to sit down in the room so exquisitely fitted up for her own enjoyment; but the woman waited for no indication of the kind. She cast one keen glance on the surprised and somewhat startled face turned upon her as she entered, another around the room which contained only two chairs beside the one occupied by its mistress, and seizing one, a frail thing of carved ebony cushioned with the most delicate embroidery on white satin, she took possession of it.

At another time Adeline would have rung the bell and ordered the woman to be put from the room—but now there was a sort of fascination in this audacious coolness that aroused a reckless feeling in her own heart. She allowed the woman to seat herself, therefore, without a word, nay, a slight smile quivered about her lip as she heard the fragile ebony crack, as if about to give way beneath the heavy burden cast so roughly upon it.

The strange being sat in silence for some moments, examining Adeline with a bold, searching glance, that, spite of herself, brought the blood to that haughty woman's cheek. After her fierce black eyes had roved up and down two or three times from the pretty lace cap to the embroidered slipper, that began to beat somewhat angrily against the cushion which it had before so languidly pressed, the woman at last condescended to speak.

"You are rich, madam, people say so, and all this looks like it. They say, too, that you are generous, good to the poor, that you give away money by handfuls. I want a little of this money!"

Adeline looked hard at the woman, who returned the glance almost fiercely.

"You need not search my face so sharply," she said, "I don't want the money for myself. One gets along on a little in New York, and I can always have that little without begging of rich women. I would scrub anybody's kitchen floor from morning till night, rather than ask you or any other proud aristocrat for a red cent! It isn't for myself I've come, but for a fellow prisoner, or rather one that was a fellow prisoner, for I'm out of the cage just now. It's for an old man I want the money, a good old man that the night-hawks have taken up for murder." Adeline started, but the woman did not observe it, and went on with increasing warmth. "The old fellow is a saint on earth—a holy saint, if such things ever are. I know what crime is. I can find guilt in a man's eye, let it be buried back ever so deep; but this old man is not guilty, a summer morning is not more serene than his face! Men who murder from malice or accident do not sit so peacefully in their cells, with that sort of prayerful tenderness brooding over the countenance."

"Of whom are you speaking, woman? Who is this old man?" demanded Adeline, sharply. "What is his innocence or his guilt to me?"

"What is his innocence or guilt to you? Are you a woman?—have you a heart and ask that question? As for me I *might* ask it—I who know what crime is, and who should feel most for the criminal! But you, pampered in wealth, beautiful, loving, worshipped, who never had even a temptation to sin—it is for you to feel for a man unjustly accused, the innocent for the innocent—the guilty for the guilty. Sympathy should run thus if it does not!"

"This is an outrage, mockery!" said Adeline, starting from her chair. "Who sent you here, woman?—how dare you talk to me of these things?—I know nothing of the old man you are raving about: wish to know less. If you want money say so, but do not talk of him, of crime, of—of murder!"

She sank back to her chair again, pale and breathing heavily. Her strange visitor stood up, evidently surprised by a degree of agitation that seemed to her without adequate cause.

"So the rich can feel," she said, "but this is not compassion. My presence annoys you—the close mention of sin makes you shudder. You look, yes, you do look like that angel child when I first laid my hand upon her shoulder."

"What child?—of whom do you speak?" questioned Adeline, faintly, for the woman was bending over her, and she was fascinated by the power of those wild eyes.

"It is the grandchild of that old man—the old

murderer they call him—the old saint I call him, it is his grandchild that your look reminded me of a moment ago: it is gone now, but I shall always love you for having seemed like her only for a minute!"

"Her name, what is her name?" cried Adeline, impelled to the question by some intuitive impulse that she neither comprehended nor cared to conceal. "What is the child's name, I say?"

"Julia—Julia Warren."

"A fair, gentle girl, with an eye that seems to crave affection as violets open their leaves for the dew when they are thirsty; a frail, delicate little creature toiling under a burden of flowers! I have seen a young creature like this more than once. She haunts me—her name itself haunts me—and why, why! she is nothing to me—I am nothing to her!"

Adeline spoke in low tones communing with herself; and the woman looked on, wondering at the words as they dropped so unconsciously from those beautiful lips.

"It is the same girl, I am sure of it," said the woman, at last. "She had no flowers when I saw her tottering with her poor wet eyes into the prison, but her sweet face might have been bathed in nothing but their perfume it was so full of sweetness. It was so—so holy I was near saying, but the word is a strange one for me. Well, madam, this young girl has been in prison with me, and the like of me!"

"She must come out, she shall not remain there an hour!" said Adeline, searching eagerly among the folds of her dress for a purse which was not to be found. "It is not here, I will ring for Jacob, you want money to get this young girl out of prison, that is kind, very kind, you shall have it: oh, heavens! the thought suffocates me—that angel child—that beautiful flower spirit in prison! Woman, why did you not come to me before?"

"I was in prison myself—the officers don't let us out so easily. We are not exactly expected to make calls besides. How should I know any thing about you, except as one of those proud women who gather up their silken garments when we come near, as if it were contagion to breathe the same atmosphere with us."

"But how is it that you come to me at last?"

"She told me about you!"

"*She* sent you to me then?" questioned Adeline, with sparkling eyes; "bless her, she sent you!"

"No, she told me about you. I come of my own accord."

Adeline's countenance fell: she was silent for a moment, subdued by a strange feeling of disappointment.

"But she is in that horrid place; no matter

how you came, not another hour must she remain in prison if money or influence can release her."

"But she is not in prison now!" said the woman.

"Not in prison!—how is this? What can you desire of me if she is not in prison?"

"But her grandfather—the good old man, he is in prison helpless as a babe—innocent as a babe. It is the old man who is in prison now."

"Why am I tormented with this old man? Do not mention him to me again, his crime is fearful; I am not the one to save him, the murderer of—of—"

"He is the young girl's grandfather!"

Adeline had started from her chair, and was pacing rapidly up and down the room, her arms folded tightly under the loose sleeves of her dressing-gown, and the silken tassels swaying to and fro with the impetuosity of her movements. There seemed to be a venomous fascination in that old man's name that stung her whole being into action. She had not comprehended before that it was connected with that of the flower girl, but the words "he is the young girl's grandfather!" arrested her like the shaft from a bow. Her lips grew white, she stood motionless gazing almost fiercely upon the woman who had uttered these words.

"That girl the grandchild of Edward Leicester's murderer!" she exclaimed. "Why the very flowers I tread on turn to serpents beneath my feet!"

"The old man did not kill this Leicester," answered the woman, and her rude face grew white also; "or if he did, it was but as the instrument of God's vengeance on a monster—a hideous, vile monster, who crawled over every thing good in his way, crushing it as he went. If he *had* killed him—if I believed it, no Catholic saint was ever idolized as I would worship that old man!"

"Woman, woman, what had Leicester ever done to you that you should thus revile him in his grave?"

A cloud of inexplicable passion swept over the woman's face. She drew close to Adeline, and as she answered, her breath, feverish with the dregs of intoxication, and laden with words that stung like reptiles, sickened the wretched woman to the heart's core. She had no strength to check the fierce torrent that rushed over her, but folded her white arms closer and closer over her heart, as if to shield it somewhat from the storm of bitter eloquence her question had provoked.

"What has Leicester done to me?" said the woman. "Look, look at me, I am his work from head to foot, body and soul, all of his fashioning!"

"How? Did *you* love him also?"

A glow of fierce disgust broke over the woman's features, gleaming in her eye and curling her lip.

"Love him, I never sank so low as that; he scarcely touched the froth upon my heart, the wine below was not for him. Had I loved him, he might have been content with my ruin only, as it was, madam, madam, it is a short story, very short, you shall have it—but I'll have drink after."

"Compose yourself, do not be so violent," said Adeline, shrinking from the storm she had raised, with that sensitiveness which makes the wounded bird shield its bosom from a threatened arrow. "I do not wish to give you pain!"

"Pain!" exclaimed the woman, with a wild sneer, "I am beyond that. No one need know pain while the drug stops are open! You ask what Leicester has ever done to me—you knew him, perhaps—no matter, you are not the first woman whose face has lost its color at the sound of his name; but he will do no more mischief, the blood is wrung from his heart now."

Adeline sunk back in her chair, holding up both hands with the palms outward, as if warding off a blow. But the woman had become fierce in her passion, and would not be checked.

"You ask if I loved him, I who worshipped my own husband, my noble, beautiful, young husband with a worship strong as death, holy as religion. Leicester, this fiend, who is now doing a fiend's penance in torment—this demon was my husband's friend, he was my friend too, for I loved everything that brightened the eye, or brought smiles to the lip of my husband—a husband whom I worshipped as a devotee lavishes homage on a saint—loved as a woman loves when her whole life is centered in one object. I was never good like him—but I loved him—I loved him! You look at me in astonishment—you cannot understand the love that turns to such fierce madness when it is but a past thing—that drugs itself with opium, drowns itself in brandy!"

Adeline answered with a faint sob, and her eyes grew wild as the great black orbs flashing upon her. The woman saw this, and took compassion on what she believed to be purely terror at her own violence. She made a strong effort and spoke more calmly, but still with a suppressed, husky voice that was like the hush of a storm.

"We were poor, madam. I kept a little school; my husband was a clerk, at very low pay, with very hard labor. It was a toilsome life, but oh, how happy we were! I don't know where James first saw Mr. Leicester, but they came home together one evening, and I remember we had a little supper, with wine and some game that Leicester had ordered on the way. If you have never seen that man, nothing can convey to you

the power, the fascination of his presence. Soft, persuasive, gentle as an angel in seeming: deep, crafty, cruel as a fiend in reality—if you had a foible or a weakness he was sure to detect it with a glance, and sure to use it, though it might be to your own destruction. I was young, vain, new to the world, and not altogether without beauty. I doubt if Leicester ever saw a woman without calculating her weaknesses, and playing upon them if it were only for mere amusement, or in the wanton test of his own diabolical powers.

"I was strong, for heart and soul I loved my husband; he saw this and it provoked his pride, else in my humility I might have escaped his pursuit, but I was vain, capricious, passionate. A little time he obtained some influence over me, for his subtle flattery, his artful play upon every bad feeling of my nature had its effect. But the woman who loves one man with her whole strength has a firm anchorage. My vanity was gratified by this man's homage, nothing more—still he attained all that he worked for, a firmer influence over my husband. Had I been his enemy he could not have wormed himself around that simple, honest nature. I helped him, I was a dupe, a tool, used for the ruin of my own husband. It is this thought that brandy is not strong enough to drown, or morphine to kill!

"He was our benefactor—you understand—without himself directly appearing in the business except to us upon whom his agency was impressed, a place, with much higher salary, was procured for my husband. We were very grateful, and looked upon Leicester as a guardian angel. Very well—a few months went on, still binding us closer to the man who had benefited us so much. One day he stood by my husband's desk. It was a rich firm that he served, and James had charge of the funds. It was just before the hour of deposite, ten thousand dollars lay beneath the bank-book. Leicester seemed in haste; he had need of a large sum of money that day, which he could easily re-place in the morning, five thousand, something had gone wrong in his financial matters, and he proposed that James should lend that sum from the amount before him.

"My husband hesitated, and at length refused. Leicester did not urge it, but went away apparently grieved. By that time it was too late for the bank, and James brought the money home, thinking to deposite it early the next day. Leicester came in while we were at dinner, he looked sad and greatly distressed. I insisted upon knowing the cause, and at last he told me of his embarrassment, dwelling with gentle reproach on the refusal of my husband to aid him. I was never a woman of firm principle, the holiest feeling known to me was the love I bore my

husband, all else was passion, impulse, generous or unjust as circumstances warranted. I did not understand the rectitude of my husband's conduct. To me it seemed ingratitude, my influence over him was fatal. When Leicester left the house five thousand dollars—not ours nor his—went with him.

"The next day we did not see him. My poor husband grew nervous, but it was not till a week had passed that I could force myself to believe that the money would not be promptly re-paid. Then James inquired for Leicester at his hotel. He had gone south.

"My husband had embezzled his employers money. He was tried, found guilty, sentenced to the states' prison for seven years. I—I had done it! When he went up to Sing Sing, linked wrist to wrist with a band of the lowest felons, I followed to the wharf, and my little boy, his child and mine, only a few weeks old, lay crying against my bosom. I watched the boat through the burning tears that seemed to search my eyes, and when it was lost I turned away still as the grave, but the most desolate wretch that ever trod the earth. Seven years, it was an eternity to me! I had no moral strength—I was mad. But his child was there, and I struggled for that!"

The woman paused. Her voice, full of rude strength before, grew soft with mournful desolation.

"I went often to see him; I struggled for a pardon, it was his first offence, but he must stay a year or two in prison, there was no hope before then—I have told you how innocent he really was. But a sense of shame, the hard fare, the toil, he drooped under these things! Every visit I found him thinner; his smile more sad; his brow more pallid. One day I went to see him with the child, and they told me to go home, for my husband was dead. I went home quietly as a lamb that has been numbed by the frost. That night I drank laudanum, intending to be nearer my husband before morning, but there was not enough. It threw me into a sleep, profound as death, except that I could not find him in it. The potion did not kill, but it taught me where to seek for relief, how to chain sleep. It was my slave then, we have changed places since."

Adeline sat cowering in her chair while the woman went on with her narrative. It seemed as if she herself were the person who had inflicted the great wrong to which she had listened, as if the fierce anger, the just reproaches of that woman were leveled at her own conscience.

"What atonement can be made? What can be done for you?" she faltered, weaving her pale fingers together, and lifting her eyes beseechingly to the woman's face, which was bent down and haggard with exhausted anguish.

"What atonement can be made?" cried the woman, throwing back her head till the crimson hood fell half away from her black tresses. "He is making atonement now—now—ha! ha!"

The laugh which followed this speech made Adeline cower as if a mortal hand had fallen upon her heart. She looked piteously at the woman, and after a faint struggle to speak, fell back in her chair quite insensible.

This utter prostration, this deathly helplessness touched the still living heart of the woman. She could not understand why her terrible story had taken such effect upon a person, lifted as it seemed so far above all sympathy for one of her wretched cast, but she was a woman, had suffered and could still feel for the sufferings of others. A gush of gentle compassion broke up through the blackness and rubbish which had almost choked up the pure waters of her heart, harmonizing her countenance, and awaking her womanhood once more.

She stole into the bed-chamber, and taking a crystal flask full of water from a marble slab, dashed a portion of its contents over the pale face still lying so deathly white against the damask cushions.

This, however, had no effect. She now took the cold hands in her's, chafing them tenderly, removed the dainty cap and scattered water-drops over the pale lips and forehead. With a degree of tact that no one would have expected from her, she refrained from calling the household, and continued her own efforts till life came slowly back to the bosom that a moment before seemed as marble.

Adeline opened her eyes languidly, and closed them again with a shudder when she saw the woman bending over her.

"Go!" she said, still pressing her long eyelashes together; "leave word where you live, and I will send you money."

"For the old man?"

"No; for yourself, not for *his* murderer!"

"I did not ask money for myself," answered the woman, sullenly. "If you give it, I shall pay the lawyers to save him!"

"Then go, I have nothing for you or him—go," answered Adeline, faintly, but in a voice that admitted no dispute; and, rising from her chair, she went into the bed-room and closed the door.

The woman looked after her with some anger and more astonishment; then drawing down her hood she tied it deliberately, and strode into the boudoir, down the stairs, and so out of the house without deigning to notice the servants, who took no pains to conceal their astonishment that a creature of her appearance should be admitted to the presence of their mistress.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. GRAY found more difficulty in performing her benevolent intentions with regard to the Warrens than she had ever before encountered. Ignorant as a child of all legal proceedings, she found no aid either in the old prisoner, his wife, or his grandchild, who were more uninformed and far less hopeful than herself. Her brother Jacob, on whom she had depended for aid and counsel, much to her surprise not only refused to take any responsibility in her kind efforts, but looked coldly upon the whole affair.

It was not in Jacob Strong's nature to shrink from a kind action; for his rude exterior covered a heart true and warm as ever beat, but the part he had already taken in those events that led to Edward Leicester's death, the almost insane fear that haunted his mistress lest the murderer should escape punishment, the taunts that had wrung his strong heart to the core, but which she had so ruthlessly heaped upon him, all these things conspired in rendering him more than indifferent to the fate of a man whom he had never seen, and whom he wished to find guilty. He received his good sister's entreaties for counsel, therefore, with reproof, and a stern admonition not to meddle with affairs beyond her knowledge.

Thus thrown upon her own resources, the good woman, by no means daunted, resolved to conduct the affair after her own fashion. Robert, it is true, had volunteered to aid her, and had already applied to an eminent lawyer to conduct old Mr. Warren's defence, but the retainer demanded, and the large sum of money expected, when laid before the good huckster woman, quite horrified her. The amount seemed enormous to one who had gathered up a fortune in pennies and shillings. She had heard of the extortions of legal gentlemen, of their rapacity and heartlessness, and resolved to convince them that one woman, at least, had her wisdom teeth in excellent condition.

So Mrs. Gray quietly refused all aid from Robert, and went into the legal market as she would have boarded a North River craft laden with poultry and vegetables. Many a grave lawyer did she astonish by her shrewd efforts to strike a bargain for the amount of eloquence necessary to save her old friend. Again and again did her double chin quiver with indignation at the hard-heartedness and rapacity of the profession.

Thus time wore on, the day of trial approached, and with all her good intentions Mrs. Gray had only done a great deal of talking, which by no means promised to regenerate the legal profession, and the prisoner was still without better counsel than herself.

One day, the good huckster woman was

passing down the steps of the City Prison, for she invariably accompanied Mrs. Warren to her husband's cell every morning, though it interested greatly with her harvest hour in the market. She was slowly descending the prison steps, as I have said, when a man whom she had passed leaning gloomily against one of the pillars in the vestibule, followed and addressed her.

On hearing her name pronounced, Mrs. Gray turned and encountered a man, perhaps thirty-five or forty years of age, with fine but unhealthy features, and eyes, black and keen, that seemed capable of reading your soul at a glance, but too weary with study or dissipation for the effort.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, lifting his hat with a degree of graceful deference that quite charmed the old lady. "I believe you are Mrs. Gray, the benevolent friend of that poor man lodged up yonder on a charge of murder. My young man informed me that a lady, it must have been you, none other could have so beautifully answered the description, had called at my office in search of counsel. I regretted so much not being in. This is a peculiar case, madam, one that enlists all the sympathies. You look surprised—I know that feeling is not usual in our profession, but there are hearts, madam—hearts so tender originally that they resist the hard grindstone of the law. It is this that has kept me poor, when my brother lawyers are all growing rich around me."

"Sir," answered Mrs. Gray—her face all in a glow of delight—reaching forth her plump hand with which she grasped and shook that of her new acquaintance, which certainly trembled in her grasp, but from other causes than the sympathy for which she gave him credit. "Sir, I am happy to see you—very happy to find one lawyer that has a heart. I don't remember calling at your office without finding you in, though I certainly have found a good many other lawyers out."

Here the blessed old lady gave a mellow chuckle over what she considered a marvelous play upon words, which was echoed by the lawyer, who held one hand to his side, as if absolutely compelled thus to restrain the mirth excited by her facetiousness.

"And now, my dear lady, let us to business. The most exquisite wit, you know, must give place to the calls of humanity. My young man informed me of your noble intentions with regard to this unhappy prisoner. That out of your wealth so honorably won, you were determined to wrest justice from the law. I am here with my legal armor on ready to aid in the good cause. If I were rich now—if I had not exhausted my life in attempting to aid humanity, nothing would give me so much pleasure as to go hand-in-hand

to his rescue without money and without price; as it is, my dear madam—as it is 'the laborer is worthy of his hire.'"

This quotation quite won the already vacillating heart of poor Mrs. Gray. She shook the lawyer's thin hand again with increased cordiality, and answered,

"True enough—true enough, my dear sir. I declare it is refreshing to hear Bible words in the mouth of a lawyer. It's what I didn't expect."

"Ah, madam," cried the lawyer, drawing a white handkerchief from a side pocket, and returning it as if he had determined to suppress his emotions at any cost—"ah, madam, do not apply a general rule too closely. Our profession is bad enough, I do not defend it. What man with a conscience void of offence could make the attempt? But there exist exceptions—honorable exceptions. Permit me to hope that your clear mind can distinguish between the sharper and the man who sacrifices the world's goods for conscience sake. Believe me, dear lady, there are such things as honest lawyers, as pious men in the profession!"

"Well, I must say the idea never struck me before," answered Mrs. Gray, with honest simplicity.

"Permit me to hope that from this hour you will no longer doubt it," answered the lawyer, gently passing one hand over the place which anatomists allot to the human heart. "And now, madam, suppose we walk to my office and settle the preliminaries of our engagement. A cool head and warm heart, that is what you want; fortunately such things may be found. Pray allow me to help you, the steps are a little damp, accidents frequently happen up this avenue; my office is close at hand; many a poor unfortunate has learned to bless the way there—take my arm!"

Mrs. Gray hesitated, a blush swept over her comely cheek at the thought of walking arm-in-arm with so perfect a gentleman, and that in the open streets of New York. It was a thing she had not dreamed of since the death of poor Mr. Gray. But there was a lever of feminine vanity still left in the good woman's nature. The shrewd swindler who stood there so gracefully presenting his arm, had not altogether miscalculated the effect of his flattery, and he clenched it adroitly with this act of personal attention.

Mrs. Gray hesitated, blushed, drew on her glove a little tighter, and then placed her substantial arm through the comparatively fragile limb of the lawyer, softly as if she quite appreciated the danger of bearing him down with her weight. Thus the blessed old woman was borne along, sweeping half the pavement with her massive person, and crowding the poor lawyer

unconsciously out to the curb-stone every other minute.

He, exemplary man, bore it all with gentle complacency, cautioned her against every little impediment that came in her way, and consoled himself for the somewhat remarkable figure he made in the eyes of the police-officers that haunt that neighborhood, by a significant twirl of his disengaged hand in the direction of his own face, and a quick drooping of the left eye-lid, by which they all understood that the Tombs lawyer had brought down his game handsomely that morning.

Mrs. Gray was certainly somewhat disappointed in the style of the lawyer's office into which she was ushered with so much ceremony. A rasty old leathern chair; a table with the green baize half worn off, with a bundle or two of dusty papers upon it; a standish full of dry ink, and a steel pen rusted down to the nib, all veiled thickly with dust, did not entirely meet her ideas of the prosperous business she had anticipated. The lawyer saw this, and hastened to sweep away all unfavorable impressions from her mind.

"This is my work-shop, you see, madam, the tread-mill in which I grind out my humble bread and my blessed charities, no foppery, no carpets, nothing but the barest necessities of the profession. I leave easy-chairs, &c., for those who have the conscience to wring them from needy clients. You comprehend, dear lady. Oh! it is pleasant to feel that now and then in this cold world a good life meets with appreciation. John, bring me another chair!"

"My young man," whom the lawyer had mentioned so ostentatiously, came forward in the shape of a lank Irish lad, taller than his master by three inches, which might be accurately measured by the space visible between the knee of his nether garments and the top of his gaiter boots. The closet door from which he issued revealed a lurking encampment of dusty bottles, a broken washstand, and two enormous demijohns,

the wicker-work suspiciously moist, and with a stopper of blue glass chained to the neck.

The lawyer made a quiet motion with his hand, which sent the Irish boy in haste to close the door. Then taking the unstable chair which the lad had disinterred from the closet, he sat down cautiously as a cat steals to the lap of her mistress whose temper is somewhat doubtful, and glided into the business on hand. The Irish boy stood meekly by, profiting by the scene with a knowing look, which deepened into a grin of delight as he saw Mrs. Gray draw forth her pocket-book, and place bank-notes of considerable amount into the lawyer's hand. When the good woman had thus deposited half the sum which the lawyer assured her would save old Mr. Warren's life, she arose with a sigh of profound satisfaction, shook out her voluminous skirts, and left the office fully satisfied with the whole transaction.

The lawyer and "his man" followed her to the door. When she had disappeared down the street, the lawyer turned briskly, and in the joy of his heart seized the Irish boy by the collar that had lately graced his own neck, and gave him a vigorous shake. "What are you grinning at, you dog? How dare you laugh at my clients? There now, get along; take that and fill both the demijohns; buy a clean pack of cards, and a new supply of everything. Do you hear?"

The Irish boy shook himself back into his coat, and seizing the money plunged into the street, resolved not to return a shilling of change without first securing the month's wages, for which his master was, as usual, in arrears.

The lawyer threw himself into the leathern chair which Mrs. Gray had just left, stretched forth his limbs, half closed his eyes, and rubbing his palms softly together, sat thus full ten minutes caressing himself, and chuckling over the morning's business.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LEAVES FROM MY LADY'S ALBUM.—NO. I.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

To the gentle thoughts and kindly words
Which often true the world affords,
In spite of the few pretended,
To the pleasant wishes and words of truth
By manhood given to woman's youth,
Be our opening book commended.

To the few whose faces all the while
Have blest its owner with a smile,
And her path with their love attended,

To the many who yet may take their place,
And gladden or sadden her changing face,
Be our opening book commended.

Unsullied and pure be its thought to each,
That no harsh word, no impure speech
It may show when its record is ended,
So that to Heaven's all-seeing eye,
Full of feeling kind, and purpose high,
Our book may be commended.

ISABELLE ARLINGTON.

BY EDITH BUTLER.

In a comfortable farm-house, in one of our inland counties, lived the Arlingtons, a family which had once been rich, but which now had a hard struggle to keep up appearances. Mr. Arlington was improvident in his habits and tyrannical at home. The wife was a weak woman, who had married her husband for his beauty, and who had long since subsided into a mere household drudge, without energy to redeem the family, and scarcely patience enough to endure her lot.

Indeed, but for her eldest child, Isabelle, Mrs. Arlington would have sunk under her burdens. But this daughter, from her very childhood, had been taught to assist her mother; and day after day poor Isabelle sewed on, helping to make up garments for the six younger children, and doing other things needful in a large household. Her pleasures were few and her sorrows many. But she was fortunately fond of reading, and over a new book, or periodical, whenever she could get one, she found some relief for her lot. Naturally of a romantic turn, and unacquainted with real life, she solaced herself by imagining herself the heroine of some story; and she often dreamed, in vague reveries, as she sat at her work, that, at some future day, a handsome and noble-hearted lover would redeem her, by marriage, from her thralldom.

Isabelle had frequently been invited by her relations to pass some time with them in the town where they resided. These invitations her father had never allowed her to accept, but one day to her great surprise, when she was about sixteen, he announced his intention of permitting her to spend some weeks with this family, and as he was shortly to visit the city on business, he proposed that she should accompany him. Those only who have been confined to an uncomfortable home for many years can form an idea of Isabelle's delight.

Arrived at her destination, kind friends greeted her with affection she had been little used to experience; and she found herself at once a member of a large, delightful, happy family. The acquaintances of her relatives called on her; she was invited out, admired and sought after. Her existence was totally changed. From a gloomy, joyless home, where discord reigned supreme, this cheerful, happy life appeared like a vision of Paradise. She mingled in society, and seized

with avidity every pleasure presented, because all was so new, so delightful.

Among her new acquaintances was one superior to all, in intellect at least. His personal appearance was pleasing and interesting, though not remarkably striking; and not the least like the beau ideal which had so long haunted Isabelle's imagination. He had neither dark hair nor eyes, nor was he remarkably tall. He did not mingle in the glittering throng around her, but stood aloof, and when others flattered he did not even compliment. When surrounded by frivolity and gaiety, he quietly withdrew; but when the summer evenings came, he would persuade her to accompany him along the banks of that beautiful river, over those lovely hills, and talk to her of everything but love. Isabelle soon learned to regard him as a friend, and felt no fear of any warmer feeling. She thought it all very pleasant; and sighed when she remembered how soon it must end, and she return to that dark, gloomy home, now ten times darker, gloomier than ever, from the joyous contrast.

The mandate came; she must go, must leave all that was bright and pleasant, all the kind friends she had learned to love so well, the balls, the concerts, the morning rides, the social evening gatherings, and last not least, *Henry Stanley*. The last evening arrived, her friends gathered around her to say farewell, but Stanley was not among them. Isabelle's eye was not so bright, nor her manner quite so brilliant and sparkling as usual, but that was very natural, and her friends thought it quite flattering to their vanity. Yes, Isabelle, the timid, quiet Isabelle, when released from the chain that bound her spirit down, had become a striking and a brilliant woman.

She returned home dull and dispirited once more, under that stern eye to resume her homely duties; but with recollections of the past, instead of dreams of the future to occupy her mind. Which was the most dangerous?

Months passed away. One Sunday Isabelle went as usual to church. What was her surprise, among some strangers recently settled in the neighborhood, to recognize Stanley. I do not think Isabelle was attentive as usual to her devotions that day. After church, she was accosted by him and informed that the persons he was staying with were old friends and relatives, who had persuaded him to spend some time with

them at the place they had recently purchased in that parish. Isabelle's delight on seeing him was extreme. It had been so long since she had met a friend, or seen any one to laugh and chat with; and then he reminded her of that delightful visit, that one oasis in the dark desert of her life! She greeted him with unalloyed pleasure, and asked a thousand questions about her friends in B——.

Stanley was a reserved man, remarkably cold and grave in his manners. There were few indeed who knew him, few to whom he ever relaxed from that stern, immovable manner; and now as he spoke to her, no answering pleasure shone in that cold, grey eye; but then there was a something in his manner, something kind yet grave, which made Isabelle's heart beat quicker. She walked home and appeared as usual, but her heart was in a wild tumult, she knew not why, and cared not to analyze the feeling. She had certainly abandoned all idea of ever meeting Stanley again when she left B——, and though the idea gave her pain, no dream of marriage with him had ever entered her mind. Yet she had not, never could, *forget* him.

Week after week passed away, and Stanley came again and again. Isabelle soon learned to love him with all the intensity, the adoration of a woman's first love. The love of an isolated heart which none *had ever*; none *could ever* share. His was the first voice which had waked an answering echo in her bosom, the first whose tones her heart had bounded to hear.

Well, they were married. He took her to his home, a large farm in an adjoining county; and Isabelle thought life had smiled on her at last. Her husband loved her sincerely, and if the truest, tenderest devotion on her part could have made them happy, Isabelle would have been so; but there are very many causes, unseen by the world, which operate to disturb happiness. Many a canker lies deep in the heart of a tree, never suspected until the leaves fade, and the boughs die one after another; and then the stump is rooted up and the cause at last discovered, but what avails it? Isabelle sought to make her home happy and cheerful, but she soon discovered that Stanley did not like society, nor gaiety of any kind. Had she not loved so blindly, she might have found that out before. He did not like conversation. He liked to sit and brood over some fancied sorrow, wrap himself in what he considered a "pleasing melancholy," and allow the world around him to pursue its own way, so it let him alone. Sometimes he would absent himself for days together, when called to the city to attend to indispensable business. He never took Isabelle with him on these occasions. He thought little of the young and gentle heart

which looked to him as to the "god of its idolatry," and measured all her humors and every thought by his wayward moods. His eyes were her only mirror, and assiduously did she consult them to know if her attire pleased him or was becoming: vain hope, he never looked nor cared. The tones of his voice, the expression of his face was the only gage by which she weighed every look, word, and action. But *He* who had deemed her would not permit such idolatry as this, therefore was it turned into gall and bitterness, *He* was leading her by a way which she knew not to the fountains of light and life.

As Stanley did not like society, Isabelle cheerfully relinquished it, and devoted herself to him alone. How many lonely hours was she condemned to, while he was absent or shut up in his study, where he did not permit her to intrude on him. Her sensitive heart would often torment itself with a thousand fears of what was filling her husband's mind. Sometimes she imagined he was regretting his marriage with herself, because it brought no worldly advantage with it. Then again she would fancy he was dissatisfied with something she had done or said, and for hours she would sit, retracing every word and action of her own during the time he had been with her, and wondering which of them it was that had displeased him. Could she but have known he thought not of her, but only of himself, it would hardly have made her happier. But when he was once more by her side, one kind word or smile would make her supremely happy, and she thought of nothing, asked for nothing else. The many peculiarities in her position did not strike her as they would have done most women in the same situation. Accustomed to seeing her mother treated as an inferior, and denied all those privileges usually accorded to a wife and the mother of a family, her own want of many advantages she might justly have claimed as the wife of a man of family and fortune, did not occur to her mind, and when alluded to by others only wounded her feelings, as she considered them a reflection on her beloved Stanley.

There are always plenty of officious friends in this world to tell us what we ought to have. Indeed I think our friends generally know what we "ought to have," and what our circumstances are, much better than we do ourselves.

So passed a few years, and the smiles of a little daughter brightened the home of Isabelle Stanley. Her husband had wished for a son, but he seemed so happy when his little daughter was laid in his arms, that Isabelle did not regret the disappointment so much as she had feared. "And now," thought she, "we will be happier. This new tie must draw us more together, and he will surely love me the better." Vain, foolish

thought. He loved her already as much as he could love, but he *could* not love her as well as he did *himself*.

Isabelle recovered very slowly. The child was a lovely likeness of himself, and when she saw the fond father smiling on the prattling cherub by her side, no thought of self intervened to break the spell of perfect happiness thrown around her. Stanley too, absorbed in his child, did not mark the faded cheek, the languid eye, the feeble step. The summer passed away, and another winter came with its piercing blasts and stormy days of snow, and sleet, and rain. Isabelle found herself confined to her chamber; but they thought it only a slight cold, a trifling indisposition. When Stanley could steal a moment from dreamy indolence, or thoughts of worldly aggrandizement, between which his time was wholly passed, he would sit by the side of his wife, and tell her she must cheer up, that the spring would soon come in, and that then they must ride together, and walk together, and that he would take her to the Springs, a promise, by-the-bye, he had no intention of ever keeping. But poor Isabelle felt that this world, with all its pleasures, all its sorrows, was fast fading from before her eyes. Something within her told her it could not be long, that she had little more to suffer in that world which had to her been a short and weary pilgrimage. Still it was hard to resign all hope. To know that we must part with all we love, and be forgotten in that cold, dark grave; to know in a few more months, perhaps days, we shall be hid forever under that green sod, and those loved beings by our side will pass coldly by, without perhaps "one thought, whose relics there recline." Oh, it is hard for the aged and those who have none to care for them, how hard then for the young and lovely mother, who knows and feels she might be beloved. And those tender buds around her which derived their life from hers; if she might only live until they could learn to know and love her as she feels she deserves to be loved.

Spring came. Isabelle grew better, and hope once more revived in her breast. Sometimes better, sometimes worse, she passed feebly through the summer, but the snows of the succeeding February fell on her grave. Before she died she saw a little son laid in his father's arms. Then selfish as Stanley was, he awakened to a sense of her danger. Then he would almost have purchased her life with that of the long coveted son, born to inherit his proudly cherished family name, but then it *was too late*. I know not that any care could have saved her, for when consumption has set its seal upon his victims, I am not one of those who can be brought to believe they can be rescued from his grasp; but if mental

uneasiness can hasten its strides, then surely the life of Isabelle might have been greatly prolonged. She held her husband's hand until the chill of death loosened her hold. Her last words were to him, her last look one of love. It was a bitter pang to part from her little Mildred, and many a tear the suffering mother shed over that fair head as she thought of her own melancholy childhood, and prayed that her child's might not resemble hers. Once as her husband sat by her, she could not help saying, "oh, Stanley, dear Stanley, will you not sometimes remember this dear child may want something beyond food and clothing? She will be young and gay, and will have no mother to think and plead for her. She will want sympathy, consideration for her feelings. She will want society, amusement." Isabelle could get no further. Exhausted with emotion, which the sad retrospect of her own cheerless life excited as much as the sight of her innocent child, she sank almost fainting, and Stanley promised. Poor Isabelle gave one bitter sigh, she was accustomed to his promises. Yet he was sincere. And as he looked at his lovely unconscious children, he promised to himself to be all that man could be to them; but he did not know himself. He had not learned even the first rudiments of self-knowledge.

For a few weeks after following poor Isabelle to her last resting-place he watched over his children most anxiously, then gradually other things attracted his attention. First his pride bade him erect a splendid monument to the memory of Isabelle, wife of the "Hon. Henry Stanley," and then followed an eulogium, containing a list of virtues which the poor, humble Isabelle would have been truly thankful, truly grateful could she at any time in her life have known he attributed to her, for Stanley never praised. Could poor Isabelle have known when she first saw him, that this very trait she so much admired in him, the absence of all disposition to flatter or compliment, which in her eyes so distinguished him from the common herd, was but another phase of the deep selfishness of the heart of man, much of her sorrow and suffering might have been spared. But she is now at rest. There in that quiet country church-yard a beautiful willow waves over her tomb, and the hands of her little children often strew flowers on the green turf around.

Two years after, Stanley led another bride to that church, a proud and haughty woman, who neither thought of his feelings, nor cared for them. She asked for what she chose, and when she did not find her wishes gratified, procured it herself. She was not unkind to her step-children, for she did not trouble herself very much about them. Her own children occupied much

of her time and attention, and her own precious self still more; and Stanley loved and admired her more than he had done Isabelle, for such is the heart of man. To him who hath much he will give more, but to those who have not, will he take away even that which he hath.

THE PATH OF THE ARMY.

BY GEORGE E. SENSENEY.

Down in the valley
Of emerald green,
Cruel and reckless,
The army hath been;
Where stood the village
So white and serene,
Nothing but ruins
Are now to be seen.

Down in the valley
So fair to the sight,
Many a cottage
Rose up to the light;
Sadly! the army
That went in its might,
Left them in darkness
As deep as the night.

Down in the valley,
On many a morn,
Visions of beauty
From labor were born;

Ah! that an army
Should trample to scorn,
Brightness that labor
Hath lov'd to adorn.

Down in the valley,
The forge and the mill,
Waken'd the echoes
That slept in the hill;
Forgeman and miller
Who stood on the sill,
Slumber in shadows—
The echoes are still.

Down in that valley
Shut in from the world,
But for the army,
No bolt had been hurl'd;
Marring the beauty
Man's toil had impearl'd;
Father in Heaven,
Let peace be unfurl'd!

SONG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR LILLIE."

STAY the burning words—breathe never
Aught of passion's tale to me;
Now, this hour, we part forever,
And I dare not dream of thee.
Oh, I felt that thou did'st love me
When thy strong heart throbb'd to mine;
But a stronger sits above me,
And I never can be thine!

I have heard that far in Heaven,
Where the beating heart hath birth,
There's to each a helper given
For the toil and strife of earth.
They may meet—or each may ever
Lonely bear a vacant shrine;
Mine—a shadow fills it—never—
Oh, I never can be thine.

Ever broods a dimness o'er me,
And a hush upon the air;
In the silence, stands before me,
One with grave-dust on the hair,
Telling sternly life is ended.
True, the warm hand ne'er clasped mine,
Never once our life-paths blended,
Yet I never can be thine!

In the silence—changing never,
With the grave-dust on the hair,
And the earth-pulse stilled forever,
Stands the lone one meekly there.
With a pale hand raised to Heaven,
And a pleading eye on mine,
Firm he clasps the heart-chain riven,
And I never can be thine!

HOWARD STANHOPE.

A TALE OF LIFE.

BY WELL CUNNINGHAM.

CHAPTER I.

NEAR the close of a beautiful day, in the year 18—, a large and elegant carriage containing a gentleman and lady, was slowly moving along a road that winds among the mountains of one of the western states. The country was wild and rugged, and so distinguished-looking a travelling party, perhaps, had never before passed through this rude and sparsely settled district. The occupants of the carriage were Colonel Denham, a wealthy, aristocratic old gentleman of Washington city, and his accomplished daughter—an exquisitely beautiful creature of seventeen summers. Ten months of travel in the Mississippi valley had restored health and vigor to the enfeebled frame of the city-bred old gentleman—and he was now returning to his home—to which his heart clung with the fondness of many tender, though melancholy associations. It was there he had known life's beginning, its energy, and its toils. There he had first learned to feel the noble impulses of generous manhood—to love a bright, pure being who had shone on his heart as sunshine on the young grass of spring—but the sunshine was gone, and the grass was withering. His life-mate had died one little year from their bridal morn, leaving him a beautiful babe to solace his loneliness—which he reared with the most tender solicitude, but his heart was buried in the grave of his early love. He was, at the moment of his introduction to the reader, indulging in a reverie, half-pleasing, half-mournful, when the sudden halting of the vehicle put an end to his reflections. Looking up he met the eyes of his affectionate child resting confidently on his somewhat grave and melancholy countenance. "What detains us, my little pet?" said he, kindly, but before she had time to reply the ebony-hued coachman made his appearance at the window, and stated that he only paused to give his horses a moment's rest before undertaking to climb the steep hill before them. "Quite right, George," said his master. "It has been often said that 'a merciful man is merciful to his beast,' and you are an example of the truth of the remark. By-the-bye, you may let me out—I shall walk up the hill."

George, much complimented by his master's allusion to his merciful disposition, with a pleased

smile opened the door, and having assisted him to alight, re-adjusted the steps, closed the door, and mounting his box, drove on.

Isabel Denham was now the sole occupant of the carriage as it wound its way up the eminence. She was a sunny-haired, dove-eyed, spring-hearted being, of a form faultlessly symmetrical, and a face fair, and pure, and joyous as a dream of happy childhood. Around her hung a nameless grace—an indescribable charm—a spell of enchanting witchery. Her feelings were deep, ardent and tender, and her soul, though bright and sparkling as the waters of the flashing sea, was sensitive almost to a fault. The sensitive plant was a very type of her delicate spirit. And oh, could you hear her laugh—her silvery laugh, that ringing echo of her spirit's joyousness, it was like the glad, free carol of the wild-bird, like the musical shout of a mountain stream, with an innate love of the beautiful stirring her soul to admiration at the works of the Great Architect, none the less powerful that her life hitherto had been spent immured in a great city, where the beauty of God's creation were made to give place and precedence to those of man—the maiden's heart was oft-times made to tremble at the *grandeur of nature* in the *west*, and bow overwhelmed with sublimity at the visible foot-prints—the gorgeous tracery of the unseen power. In response to this sentiment was it, that having attained the summit of the hill, she leaned forward upon the coach-door, and gazed upon the picturesque scenery of her present romantic locality. It was a Kentucky landscape upon which the light of her diamond eyes so admiringly fell. Kentucky! the chivalric and the free! the home of the generous-hearted; the peerless daughter of the glorious "Old Dominion;" the cradle of heroes and their graves. *Kain-tuck-ee*—the land of early tragedy—the "dark and bloody ground," in whose soil mingled the dust of the pale-face and his red brother—grown stainless and pure in death-redeemed brotherhood. She thought of the time when the war-cry was heard, and the dying shrieks of women and children mingled in the startling battle-whoop of a merciless foe, and she questioned her heart "were the savage monsters human?" She thought again of the

time when the "sons of the wood" with a proud and dauntless tread had roamed this bright land, countless as the leaves of their own untracked forests, bowing the knee of thankfulness to the Great Spirit for the good hunting-grounds, living in peaceful possession of the rich domain, laving their dusky forms in the limpid waters of their mountain streams, or following the swift-footed stag—little less fleet themselves than he. But where were they now? Gone! gone! The white brother had come, and before his insidious encroachments "the Indian from the forest and the roebuck from the glen" had faded like the mist of morning. And now not one was left to recount the deeds of their warriors, or point out the graves of their sachems—not one permitted to linger near the bones of his ancestors. And the maiden asked her heart, "was this justice?"

At length her reverie was interrupted by her eyes falling upon a delicate and singular wild flower, which, as if planted by the "ace of the rainbow-wing" as a place for their moonlit revels, had sprung up in the wilderness, and was blooming in beauty on the barren rock. The old coachman was despatched to obtain it, which he had succeeded in doing, and his mistress had just received it from his hands, when becoming suddenly frightened the horses attached to the carriage commenced rearing and plunging violently, and ere the terrified servant could seize upon the reins, madly bounded away.

Horror of horrors, with what fearful rapidity they drag the heavy vehicle and its lovely burden along. The road is a steep, winding descent, and certain destruction must result from that headlong flight. The dismayed old servant can only stand and shout, and swear, and swear and shout, while his white eye-balls seem starting from their sockets with dread. But he shouts in vain, the maddened beasts heed not his voice. At the moment the perilous flight had its inception, Colonel Denham, exhausted by his long and wearisome walk, had reached the summit of the hill, and was approaching the carriage from behind.

What were his feelings of agony when he saw the only being he loved or lived for, hurried to a speedy and horrid death. She was his precious, his only daughter, the last earthly link betwixt him and his buried Mary. And as an angle of the road suddenly hid the fated vehicle from view, with a mad cry he bounded forward with almost incredible speed. Rapid as was the pace of his heart-stricken master, the faithful servant kept close in his rear.

Isabel Denham felt herself at the mercy of the infuriated beasts, dragged she knew not where, and she roused the slumbering energies of her woman's heart to meet death in his most terrific form. "My doom is sealed," thought she, and

her pale lips tremulously murmuring, "there is no deliverance," she closed her eyes, and her insensible form glided from the seat to the floor. But the scroll of her fate was yet unwritten. The arm of the mighty was there to shield her from the embrace of the destroying angel.

A handsome and manly youth, in the garb of a hunter, was the means of her deliverance. At a glance comprehending the aspect of things, he, though standing some distance from the road, quickly leveled his unerring rifle, and ere its sharp echo had died away on the air, the leader was seen to shorten his sweeping gallop. A moment more, and the youth lifts from the carriage the inanimate form of the beautiful maiden, and tenderly bears it to a little rivulet that comes trickling down the mountain side. As he deposits the lovely girl upon the earth, the tiny flower falls from the folds of her rich travelling dress, and picking it up he has only time to secure it in his bosom, ere the parent and servant arrives. These two had witnessed Isabel's rescue, and their hearts were almost bursting with gratitude for the maiden's deliverance. "My noble young man," said the grateful father, his eyes glistening with tears of happiness, "how shall I ever repay your heroism? I am your debtor for life. But let me take your place," continued he, kneeling by the youth's side, who had commenced bathing the young girl's temples to restore her to animation. At this request, however, he resumed his feet, gave one lingering glance of admiration at the death-like features of the beautiful girl, and then with a light, quick step, unperceived by Colonel Denham, entered the forest and disappeared, not before, however, he had learned from the coachman the name of the being whose life he had saved.

Soon after the disappearance of the stranger youth, Isabel was restored to consciousness, and Colonel Denham, upon looking around to thank the preserver of his daughter's life, was surprised to find him gone. Ascertaining from George that the horse's fore-leg was fractured, he and Isabel left the old coachman in charge of the vehicle and baggage, and proceeded on foot to the nearest house, which proved to be a rough country inn, about half a mile from the scene of the evening's adventure, from whom assistance was despatched to George. The happy father, during their walk, recounted to his daughter every incident of her fortunate preservation—but upon arriving at the inn was unable to learn anything of the youth—not even his name—and much to his regret was compelled to proceed upon his journey, the subsequent day, without having obtained any information whereby he might hereafter recognize him. Isabel, who was of a romantic disposition, could not but think

that the flower (which having missed, and made George search for in the carriage, but which could not be found) would in some way reveal to her her preserver at some future period. *How* she could not tell—but her woman's heart told her the flower had been taken as a *token*—the thought was food for *dreams*. A few weeks elapsed, and Isabel Denham, like a fairy sprite, was floating through the gilded saloons of her father's lordly mansion.

The lofty Alleghanies raised their towering forms betwixt the rescuer and the rescued.

CHAPTER II.

A GIFTED one has said that time brings healing on its wings. Be it so, Howard Stanhope was an exception to the rule.

From the moment his ardent soul drank in the loveliness of the fair being he had rescued, his heart had not known content. It could not be said that he loved her. He did not love in the common acceptance of the term, he rather worshipped her as a being of another sphere. She had come to fill that void in his inner being, and to answer those strange and earnest longings which the gifted and the high-souled ever experience at one period of life: and he set apart a chamber in his heart where naught else might intrude to pollute the sacred presence of her image. For one like him it sufficed once to have breathed the same air, one brief moment to have held her to his bosom—to have been the preserver of her life. To many this may seem strange—but in it, perhaps, a few will recognize a kindred spirit.

Two years and a half had glided by on rapid wing since the poor hunter youth had rescued the proud daughter of wealth—years of change to *all*, to *none* more than him. Then he was an unknown country-boy—poverty-stricken, and an orphan—aimless, yet content. Now deserting his wild, western life, he was a lawyer, located at Washington city, and by his talents and energy fast gaining a most enviable reputation. At times he felt like repining, but anon such emotions would give place to nobler impulses, and then he would feel a proud consciousness of power—and visions of a life of future usefulness and greatness would float before his enraptured soul-gaze, till his brain would well-nigh reel with the intoxication—the mad intoxication of fame in the future.

And why, forsooth, might not he indulge such delirious fancies? They were born and nurtured in his brain, and their fulfilment was his birth-right. He was a man of mind, mind in its highest signification, its loftiest environment. His was an intellect that would dare the unattained, and dare it too confident of success. Little caring for

the grovellers about him, the seal of imperishable thought was set upon his broad, high brow, and he dwelt in a region loftier than the eagle's flying. His soul was the seat of every noble impulse. Ever mindful of the feelings of others, he would neither brook nor offer an insult: and he possessed that rare excellence in man of being as pure in conduct as in thought. Gentle and retiring in disposition as a woman—he was yet daring as the cleft cradled son of the Alps in pursuit of the bounding chamois—and under the seeming of a lamb slept the heart of the lion. Such, gentle reader, is Howard Stanhope, the poverty-stricken orphan, as he takes his place in the ranks of the favored sons of wealth just starting out on the great race of life. Do we not wish him success?

Howard Stanhope had now been in Washington about ten months. His career thus far had been fortunate. The second case he had at the bar was one of a poor, but honest man, with a large family, charged with a foul crime. Having undertaken the poor fellow's defence, Stanhope soon felt a conviction in his own mind of his client's entire guiltlessness, and his philanthropic heart becoming enlisted in behalf of justice and innocence, he labored energetically in the preparation of his defence. At length the day appointed for the trial came on. The strongest men of the bar had been retained for the prosecution, and thinking to gain an easy victory over their youthful, inexperienced opponent, had not paid that attention to the case which a successful prosecution of it demanded. On the other hand, the young lawyer had entered the court with a thorough knowledge of the case. He knew the evidence that each witness would give, and the consequence was, that after a skilful cross-examination of the witnesses for the prosecution, and a clear, pointed, yet eloquent address to the jury, that body returned a verdict for the defendant without retiring from the box. From this time our young counsellor rapidly rose into notice and favor: and previous to his present introduction had, on one or two occasions, evinced such magic powers of eloquence as to have been made the subject of special remark in some of the city journals. Thus he had acquired somewhat of notoriety, when one morning a handsome, fashionably dressed young man entered his office, and seating himself with easy familiarity, thus addressed him,

"Kentuck at study, as usual, hey? Well, there's no accounting for tastes. But now, my dear fellow, I must insist that you lay aside that dry, musty volume for a moment, and entertain a petition which I have to offer to your honor."

"The court will hear it," said Stanhope, with

a good-humored smile, chiming readily in with the playful mood of his friend.

"Here is the petition," said the latter, handing Stanhope a neat little envelope containing a card, upon which was beautifully lithographed the following:

"Mrs. Belmont's compliments to Mr. Stanhope for Thursday evening, the fifteenth, at nine o'clock."

"Really, Mortimer," began the young counsellor, "I fear I shall be compelled——"

"To accept," said Mortimer, "that you will. It will be decidedly the most brilliant soiree of the season. Everybody will be there, and it is high time you had made your *debut* in our delightful society."

"But," again began Stanhope, in an objecting tone.

"But me no buts," interrupted the gay votary of fashion, "I will have none of them. I even went so far as to pledge my word to my charming Mrs. Belmont, who is a great admirer of your state, that you would attend. So if you continue to oppose my plea with your *rebutters* and *rejoinders*, I must even proceed by writ of *attachment*, and force your attendance."

"Enough, I yield," said Howard, "I perceive you have planned and plotted for my destruction, and shall make no further resistance."

A gay assemblage of wealth and fashion had congregated in the chaste drawing-rooms of Mrs. Belmont, when Charlie Mortimer conducted Stanhope to where the elegant and accomplished hostess stood replying courteously to the salutations of her guests.

"Right welcome art thou, Mr. Stanhope, to the poor hospitalities of my house. I once had the pleasure of visiting your state," said she, frankly, "and my doors are ever open to her children." The kind, cordial manner of the lady's welcome, and her allusion to his native state, touched the young man's heart, and he responded,

"Some one has said that the truly noble never forget a kindness: if hereafter I err in giving to the sentiment my unlimited sanction, it will be a sin for which Mrs. Belmont must answer."

"My gallant chevalier," said Mortimer to him, as they moved on, "I had thought to give you some instructions in the sublime art of complimenting, but, by my faith, your speech to my lady hostess smacks somewhat of the days of knight-errantry—and the bow with which it was accompanied was perfectly inimitable—it was by Jove! Ah! there comes Harry Irvine," he continued, "he is perfectly unexceptionable, I assure you. Well-bred—seen much of the world—travelled in Europe, and all that. He'll be happy of your acquaintance—and I'll introduce you—and then leave you for a moment, while I shall

find what star is in the ascendant to-night." Here he was interrupted by the approach of Irvine, whom he introduced to Stanhope, and with some gay jest left them together. Mr. Irvine was a very handsome young man, but it soon became apparent to the former that to him, at least, he was an uncongenial companion. He was critical, sneering, supercilious, and imperiously selfish, yet withal polished, and evidently possessed of a good native mind. Still there was no sympathy between them; and Stanhope, fearful that his companion might feel constrained to keep him company until Mortimer's return, after a few moments conversation courteously separated himself from him.

Soon after this, in gazing about the room, his eyes fell upon a fair, sweet, joyous face he had seen once before in life, and his heart thrilled with a strange delight at being once more near her. He knew her name—that was all he knew, but he *felt* that she was no common being. While gazing upon her, unperceived, his mind naturally reverted to the time and scene of her rescue, and remembering how he had hung, in dreams, over her witching loveliness, a rush of wild emotions swept over his heart-strings like the echo of boyhood's dreams, or "birds of spring returning from afar," causing them to vibrate tones of thrilling, yet mournful sweetness. The maiden looked much as he remembered her, but there was an expression upon her face which had not rested there when he bathed her temples in the mountain rivulet—it was a look of majestic, queenly pride—perhaps the pride of the high-born—perhaps that of a haughty indifference to the throng of suitors that fluttered around her. But whatever its origin, it gave place to a warm, glowing blush of interest at the approach of a graceful, manly form—and as he perceived it, Stanhope's heart almost ceased to beat. A moment more and the face of the stranger, whose flattering reception he had just witnessed, was turned toward him, and he recognized the handsome features of—Henry Irvine.

Half an hour after he was found by Mortimer with head bent down and folded arms, pacing the balcony attached to Mrs. Belmont's mansion. "Howard, why did you play me truant? I have been seeking you a weary time. Come, let's return to the drawing-room."

"No," answered Stanhope, moodily, "I think I shall return to my office."

"Are you possessed man? Are you possessed, that you talk of returning to that narrow, little, low cell? Fie, fie, away with the 'azure demons.' Away with them, and let us, at least, be merry to-night! Out upon such stuff!"

"Mortimer," said his friend, pausing, and gazing in his companion's face, and his tone

bespoke something of bitterness, and his clear, manly voice rang out on the night air with a strange, but musical energy. "Why should I return to that glare of show," pointing in the direction of the revellers, "where gilded pomp and fashion's false tinsel pass for sterling gold? Believe me, I would but darken the brightness of your own glad heart, my friend, by the shadow of a spirit which is gloomy to-night—and lightly as I esteem the pleasures—the enticements of society, and its heart-lightening pastimes, I would not willingly place a cloud in the 'heaven of so fair a scene'—I have not been used to scenes like these. My youth and my manhood, alike strangers to them, were spent in a romantic, sequestered spot, where the song of the wild-bird and the murmuring of the mountain stream filled the soul with a delicious flood of melody, far sweeter than the siren song of fashion; and my spirit is bound to my far-off mountain home with a chain, whose links were wrought by a communion with nature and the Mighty Invisible. My heart, ignorant of the wiles of selfish deceit, and imagining the world to be pure as its image mirrored in my own untutored soul, I loved my kind with a deep, intense passion. I read books—books of history and poetry, and the cunning lore of antique times, and my soul held commune with the spirits of the air, and I learned to dream. Thus—thus might I have continued to dwell in the enchanted regions of the lofty spirit-life, peopled by bright creations of my own ideal nature; thus might have roamed over my own green-clad hills, content to live secluded and unknown, far from the turmoil and the strife—but that a something—a strange, indescribable, resistless something told me I *must away*—away to the conflict and the stern battle of life. I waited no second bidding, but at once bade adieu to the haunts of my boyhood. I looked through dimmed eyes on the stream and the wood, the companions of my youth, and my heart bears their image yet. In answer to the *power* I felt struggling within me, I launched my bark on the sea of *chance*, and have cast anchor in this proud city teeming with its busy thousands. I came to fulfil my destiny, to tread the path marked out for me among men. Life is too short to yield it all to mere sensual gratification—too precious to be wasted in idle dalliances with fashion's charms. While reason is spared me, 'tis my purpose to live for my country and my kind. Unaided and alone I shall toil for the great goal before me, and these dreams that haunt me with the scorching brilliancy of their fiery grandeur, shall be the beacon lights that lead me on to triumph, or the blazing funeral pyre of the hopes they have engendered."

While Stanhope was speaking his listener stood, as it were, spell-bound, by the fire and pathos of

his language, and when his accents died away he seemed unwilling to break the silence.

"One thing else," said Howard, "and I am done. In my western home I was the blessed instrument, in the hands of Providence, by which the life of a beautiful maiden was preserved. My nature is deep and ardent, and I worshipped the being I saved. She knows neither my person nor my name, and I had yielded all expectation of ever again beholding her, when to-night, in yon banquet-hall, she suddenly appeared before me, arrayed in all her former loveliness. My brain was on fire. The mad blood in my veins was as a lava-tide, and I sought solitude and found it on this moonlit balcony."

"By heavens! Stanhope," said Mortimer, "I see naught in what you have said about the maiden to cast a shadow on your spirit. Methinks were I you, I would rather go delirious with joy than speak in such mournful tones."

"You forget," answered Howard, "there's a difference, a wide difference, as the world makes it, between my sphere of life and her's. I am poor—she, from the splendor of her attire to-night, I doubt not is the heiress of fortune."

"Who is she, my friend, this paragon of perfection? Her name, Howard—her name?"

"Denham—Isabel Denham!"

"Ah!" said Mortimer, "I wonder no longer at your enthusiasm. She is the most beautiful, fascinating being I have ever known—a little romantic and visionary, perhaps a little haughty, and rumor says that the polished and *recherche* Henry Irvine is to make her his bride in the spring, but I hope for your sake this is not so. Allow me to suggest a course for your adoption, and my life on it you will be successful."

"Name it," said Stanhope, with animation.

"Well then," answered Mortimer. "First dismiss that gloomy shadow from your brow—recall the fire to your eyes that beamed so brightly there a moment since—renew your acquaintance with the witching beauty—inform her under what circumstances you formerly met, and 'write knave on my brow' if gratitude do not soon give place to a warmer sentiment."

"No! I would scorn to inform her of my identity with that of her unknown preserver," said Stanhope, proudly, "and I shall require from you a pledge to the same effect ere I receive an introduction to her."

The pledge was given reluctantly on the part of Mortimer: and then turning to the revel, our hero was formally presented to Miss Denham, the rescuer and the rescued once again had met.

CHAPTER III.

At the time of Stanhope's presentation, Irvine had succeeded in monopolising her attention to

himself, in exclusion of half a dozen others who seemed content to gloat on Miss Denham's extraordinary loveliness in silence. The phase of the coterie was changed by the young counselor's introduction. Conversation became general, and all engaged in it with interest save Irvine, who had become unusually grave. The latter gentleman had imbibed a dislike for Howard Stanhope, during the few minutes spent in his society in the early part of the evening. He had felt that Stanhope had looked *into his heart*—had seen its utter selfishness, and with a malignant envy he hated—yes, hated him for it.

"Why so grave, Mr. Irvine?" said the sparkling beauty. "I would wage my brightest diamonds that you are pining for the society of those charming Castilian maidens, with whom you spent last summer. For aught we know to the contrary, gentlemen, this knight of the gloomy brow may yet woo for his bride some warm-blooded senorita of glorious old Spain. Ah! me," continued she, with a pretended sigh, "we rude girls of this young republic—we 'cold Americans' cannot inspire even a passing fancy in the bosom of those foreign-taught, fastidious gentlemen, who, like Mr. Irvine, have drunk in the beauty of other lands, and bent the knee of knightly homage to loveliness 'neath summer skies."

"Nay, Miss Denham, you are severe, I did not mean that you should so misunderstand any thing which may have fallen from my lips respecting the superior society of the transatlantics," responded Irvine, smiling. "What I said related rather to general regulations than the drawing of any invidious comparisons to society and not to individuals. And though it may not be at least yet, I for one would gladly see the same appropriate system of regulating the different classes of society as are there in vogue, adopted in place of our own loose and undefined rules. Then in society one would feel safe from the contact of those rude and unrefined parvenues—those miller boys and mechanics daughters with which, lamentable to say, our home society at present is so overstocked. What say you, gentlemen? Ah, I was sure you would think with me," said he, with a satisfied air, as a smile of assent spread over the faces of some of the whiskered, aping things that passed for men. From various causes it seemed that the gauntlet of discussion thrown down by the young man was not to be picked up. Some feared an encounter of a personal nature as the result of a discussion with one so fearless in the annunciation of his anti-republican sentiments. Some dreaded a tilt in the tournament of debate with so accomplished a conversationist and traveller as Irvine—while others still approved of his opinions. In that gay coterie, however, there was one proud heart

that had no sympathy with them. Calm and dignified in his bearing, Stanhope had awaited for some other to respond to Irvine, and perceiving their silence with regret, his chivalric spirit ever musical with patriotism prompted a reply.

"I feel assured," said he, courteously, "that Mr. Irvine will pardon me for expressing my dissent to the opinions he has so forcibly offered; but the school in which I have been taught recognize no difference among men, save that which has its origin in superior wisdom or more exalted virtue. These, and these only should constitute the basis of distinction in a government like ours, whether the view be confined to the limits of mere social organization, or extended to those of a more enlarged and political nature."

"Ho! a Daniel come to judgment!" sneeringly responded Irvine, incensed at the deference paid to the young stranger by the beautiful Isabel, who seemed to have been fascinated by his manner, and still regarded him with a look of admiration plainly visible. He was now determined to administer a rebuke which Stanhope should feel, and he continued in a contemptuous, sarcastic tone, evidently intended to insult his opponent—"if I mistake not Mr. Stanhope has a *personal* interest in advocating the doctrine of equal rights and privileges. Has it occurred to you, Miss Denham, that per possibility he belongs to that class of citizens which would reap the *sole benefit* from a practical illustration of his argument. No! let a line of distinction be drawn between the parvenue and the millionaire; in the very portals of refined and elegant society let there be placed, and at once, an impassable barrier to the entrance of vulgar tradesmen's sons, and low-born mechanics' wives and daughters, and, my word for it, henceforth distinguished foreigners in visiting our beautiful land will have no cause to complain as now, of the vulgarity of American manners."

As he ceased, all eyes were turned to the young advocate—some thinking as Irvine did that he was completely vanished. Little knew they the lion heart, and the towering, fearless, masterly intellect that was now fully aroused by his adversary's allusion to his humble origin, and foully charging him with base and selfish motives in the advocacy of his opinions. In a tone of lofty independence, yet with a courteousness of manner which gave an additional and indefinable charm to his appearance, and gained for him the respect of all who saw him, he responded:

"To the gentleman's exceedingly polite allusions to myself I deign no reply, further than they tend to impugn the motives by which I was prompted to defend the institutions of my country. If I have hitherto labored under the

mistaken opinion that every native-born son of this broad, free land, with his childhood's breath inhaled the pure air of liberty, and learned to venerate as little less than holy those sterling principles of justice, upon which our great republic is founded, I am happy to know that it is to Mr. Irvine alone I am indebted for my enlightenment. Incited by a disinterested sentiment of patriotism, I said, and I now repeat it fearlessly and proudly, that the true criterion of distinction in every free government does, and should depend exclusively upon considerations of individual merit. No matter how humble its origin in this country, merit must and will win its way to eminence. You cannot so bar the doors of society that it will not find an entrance. To it the false pride of birth, and the glittering pageantry of wealth are as 'tinkling cymbals and sounding brass,' neither offering inducements to pander to their *folies*, nor raising up obstacles to check *its progress*. Other than those imposed by integrity and intellect, freedom recognizes no distinctions among her host of worshippers. Like the grave it is a universal leveller. Far be it from me to say aught calculated to interrupt the harmony existing between my own and any foreign land, yet earnestly and sincerely do I deprecate introducing into our social organization any of those unjust and impolitic distinctions which exist in nearly all European nations. I deprecate it because it would be giving tone to a free institution utterly antagonistic to the spirit of our free institutions, which have their foundation in the eternal principles of right, and truth, and justice; because it would be to sanction an encroachment upon the equal privileges quarantied by the social compact to the humblest individual of this great confederacy. And defiant of the power of tyranny, or the base-born minions," and here his fiery eye rested on Irvine—"the base-born minions that pander to its lusts, I pronounce that he who would deny the doctrine of equal rights to all—the tenant in his hut, and the landlord in his palace, is not only a traitor to the blood of his ancestors, but unworthy the glorious heritage of liberty he enjoys, and unworthy the proud name of an American freeman."

"Villain!" hissed the infuriate Irvine, "your heart's base blood shall atone for this insult." A smile of haughty contempt, accompanied by a gentle inclination of the head, was the only reply Stanhope made to this passionate speech. And turning to Miss Denham with a low bow, in an earnest, yet most respectful manner, solicited her to grant him the honor of her company in a promenade. With this request she readily complied, and taking his proffered arm glided to another part of the saloon.

Time flew past on silken wing to the rapt soul

of Howard Stanhope, while pouring floods of eloquence into the charmed ear of his not unwilling listener. Like a spirit of light on the wings of sympathy she floated into the inner sanctuary of his spirit's temple. Yielding to the magic charm of congeniality, they roamed in a far-off imaginary world amid the exquisite creations of their own spiritual essences, each to the other a beacon and support. Strange seemed it, their thoughts had been one from childhood. They had built the same towering castles; yearned with the same insatiate longings, and were buoyed by the same half prophetic convictions of the future. Is it matter of wonder then that the heart of the maiden fled to its own ere even she felt the plucking of its wings?

"So, Ned, we are to lose the beautiful belle, Miss Denham, this spring," said a gentleman, to his friend, near by where Stanhope was standing alone just about the close of the evening.

"Yes," was the reply. "What a 'lucky dog' is Harry Irvine; if I possessed a 'cool million' I would part with it all to 'stand in his shoes.'"

Howard's heart sank within him. It was then true she was the affianced of his adversary. The thought was maddening, and at this very moment, as if directed by fate, to *heap up* the load of agony already weighing heavily on his heart, the two beings who were uppermost in his thoughts passed close by him. They were slowly promenading, and there was no mistaking the pleading look of the maiden, and "do not fight with him, dear Mr. Irvine," was uttered in a melodious voice. It fell upon the heart of the proud youth like the funeral dirge of happiness. The lips of the speaker quivered as she spoke, and there was love in the tone.

Howard Stanhope was once again in his office. He closed his eyes, but he could not shut out misery. Drops of agony rolled down his pale, colorless cheeks—and ere the moon went down, that livelong night a low moan as of breaking heart-strings, sounded through that narrow cell. The pale gleam of morning's light shone on his face calm as the serene sky of summer, but its expression was mournful as the grave of buried hopes.

While the pale student in his dim, lone abode was wrenching the hopes from out his heart with the giant hand of woe, beauty's ministering angel bent tenderly over the matchless form of a maiden of exquisite loveliness, as she tossed to and fro on her luxuriant couch, gently murmuring in her dream-haunted slumber, "he shall not slay thee! No! no! he shall not slay thee—thou canst not, shall not die." The entreating tones of Isabel Denham died away in soft echoes of liquid melody, and the white-winged angel fled.

"His doom is sealed, the base-born upstart!"

muttered Henry Irvine, as he stretched his hand—some form to repose.

CHAPTER IV.

"I ACCEPT," said Stanhope, cheerfully, to Bracton, who had been the bearer of a challenge to him from Irvine, the morning succeeding the brilliant party at Mrs. Belmont's. "The time I would appoint at ten in the morning—weapons rifles at forty paces—but of these Mortimer will confer with you."

"All right! the sooner the affair is over the better," responded Bracton, professionally—and bidding a polite good morning to Stanhope, he departed.

An hour after and Charlie Mortimer was sitting in the "little cell," as he called it, in close conversation with our hero. "In the event that you fall, Howard, is there nothing I can do for you? Perhaps you have some message of kindness to send to your kindred?"

"Thank you," feelingly answered his companion, whose heart seemed melted by Mortimer's genuine sympathy, "I have no kindred. Like Logan 'not a drop of my blood runs in any human veins;' and if I fall, there are none left to mourn the stormy closing of my brief career. Yet I have one boon to ask. In that trunk to the left you will find a copy of Shelley, in whose leaves is a pressed flower. When this body shall batten on my flesh, now vigorous with life and instinct with energy; when the sepulchre shall hold this heart and the proud hopes it has cherished, take that flower—bear it to Miss Denham, and tell her it is the dying legacy of one who found her too soon, or—*too late*."

"I will," said Charlie, in a low tone, and soon after took his leave to prepare for the morrow. On his return home from Stanhope's office he called upon Mrs. Belmont, with whom he was quite a favorite.

"I heard this morning," said she, "that a duel is anticipated between Harry Irvine and the young Kentuckian. Is it so?" Now Mortimer was in honor bound to keep his friend's secret, and was on the point of stammering out some awkward answer which the lady perceiving; with the shrewdness of her sex divined its cause, and continued, "if, as I fear, those two young men design to engage in mortal combat—in case your friend Stanhope is wounded, I wish you to promise me that you will bring him here and allow me to be his nurse. Do you promise?" and she looked anxiously in his face.

"Stanhope is so proud," said he, "that I fear he will refuse aid from any one—but if necessary and possible it shall be as you desire," and they parted.

The hour appointed for the meeting found Stanhope, Mortimer, Irvine, Bracton, and a couple of surgeons on the ground ready for the work of destruction. The seconds had arranged every thing—such as measuring the distance, choosing stations for their principals, &c., and it only remained to "toss up" for the word. It is difficult to imagine a more interesting and thrilling scene than that which now presented itself. The seconds were "tossing up" for the word; the surgeons, with grave, serious countenances, looking toward the expectant combatants, stood a few paces off beneath a shady oak. And Irvine and Stanhope had "taken their places," and were leaning upon their rifles, awaiting the signal for action. Irvine's face looked pale, his brow was black with hate and lowering, and his eyes flashed like burning coals—yet at times his thin, white lips trembled and quivered convulsively. His antagonist's bearing was lofty, calm and commanding, expressing neither fear, nor hate, nor triumph. For a moment he was observed to look full at Irvine, and then withdrawing his gaze, he took a slip of paper and pencil from his pocket, wrote a few lines, and as Mortimer advanced and bade him God speed, handed it to him, with an injunction not to read it until after the duel was over. It had fallen to Bracton's lot to give the word. Having asked each of the parties if he was ready, and the answers of both being in the affirmative, a silence as of death for a moment succeeded. Then with a slow, distinct utterance came the words, "fire—one—two—" ere he had pronounced the word three a simultaneous report was heard from the two guns, and Irvine fell heavily forward. A moment more and Howard Stanhope sank slowly to the earth.

At first all thought Irvine was dead, but before his second and surgeon reached him he rose to his feet. The only damage he had sustained was a stung shock from his adversary's bullet—first striking the small silver buckle of his hat band, and then scraping his skull. But no so with Stanhope. He had received a severe wound in the side, and it was so long before the bleeding could be staunched that he fainted from exhaustion, and when he recovered consciousness it was only for a moment, and he became delirious. In this state he was removed to Mrs. Belmont's.

Before leaving the ground Mortimer, remembering the slip of paper he had received from Stanhope, took it from his pocket, and having perused it, handed it in silence to the surgeons. It contained these words:

"I could take his life, Mortimer, but for Miss Denham's sake I spare him. Examine the *buckle* upon his hat—I could strike his heart as easy."

"Noble fellow! generous-hearted man!" were the expressions that succeeded the perusal of

this proof of the wounded man's magnanimity in sparing the life of one whose whole heart seemed bent on depriving him of his.

A mother could not have been kinder to her own child, more considerate of his wants, nor devoted to his welfare than was the kind-hearted Mrs. Belmont to Howard Stanhope during the long weeks of suffering that elapsed ere he was able to leave his room. As soon as he became convalescent—with many expressions of gratitude to his motherly hostess—he expressed a desire no longer to intrude upon her hospitalities—but he was quickly silenced by that excellent lady who would not listen to such a proposal, and thence he began to be looked upon as one of the family. In the meantime his noble conduct in the duel had given him great eclat, and he bade fair to be made quite a lion of upon his recovery.

One day, while accompanying Mrs. Belmont in a ride, though he was yet quite feeble and thin, that lady ordered the coachman to set them down at a friend's house, as she wished to make a call. And Stanhope, not hearing the name, was ushered ere he was aware of it into the presence of Miss Denham. The shock was too great for his nerves in their present enervated condition, and he sank, staggering, into a chair. The ladies thought, at least Miss Denham, that it was only a sudden fainting spell, occasioned by over exertion; but Mrs. Belmont held to a different opinion. Howard soon recovered, and the morning passed rapidly and pleasantly away. Mrs. Belmont was delighted with Stanhope's unaffected, natural manner of uttering his thoughts; and Isabel once again yielded to the charmed influence of a mind that she could not but feel was the more powerful, yet nevertheless a counterpart to her own. As to Isabel, if Stanhope before had thought her irresistible, his opinion was now confirmed beyond a doubt. An air of grace—of purity breathed around her. The rude, foul breath of the world had left undisturbed the freshness of her spirit—and she seemed a perfect blending of simplicity and refinement. She was a *child* and yet a *woman*—though Howard verily thought her more angel than either. The day subsequent to this, Mrs. Belmont and Howard sat alone in the drawing-room of that lady's elegant mansion. "You are gloomy, Mr. Stanhope," said she.

"I have not the courtesy to deny it," was his polite, though mournful response.

"Well, let me see, if I have heard any news to-day!" said the lady, in a cheerful tone, "perhaps I can dispel your sadness."

"I fear not, madam!"

"Have you heard," said she, "of Miss Denham's dismissing Irvine?" Stanhope started, and the blood rushed to his face, but his hostess continued, "I have no doubt its true. He took

his departure yesterday for Europe, I suppose to conceal his disappointment and heal the wound."

As the lady imparted this information to her companion his emotion was plainly visible—and in a few moments he retired to his room. Howard's love for Isabel Denham was no secret from Mrs. Belmont. She had heard him mutter her name in his delirium in terms of the most passionate endearment—and feeling an interest in his success, had given Miss Denham a detailed account of the duel, &c., and as may be supposed the generous-hearted girl did not fail to admire his noble conduct. With the news of his rival's dismissal came fresh, young hopes budding in the noble soul of Howard Stanhope. With a palpitating but manly heart he entered the lists, and ere the lapse of a month from the date of Irvine's departure, he had won from Isabel, the peerless queen of his soul, the blushing acknowledgment that to him was confided the first pure love of her maiden's heart.

"I have nought to offer her," said he, to Col. Denham, some weeks subsequent to the above, in asking his approbation to a union with his daughter—"I have nought to offer her but a heart that has never cherished a dishonorable emotion—and a name that it shall be my ambition to render dear to the hearts of my countrymen."

"These are enough," was that gentleman's response, "they are better than *riches* or the *pride of birth*. I perceive you have an *honest ambition*, and love *your country*—and though the world calls me wealthy and you *poor*—being a man of principle and a patriot you are my *equal*, and I am proud to know that my daughter has chosen so wisely." And Col. Denham shook Howard's hand with honest sincerity.

Thus was Stanhope with a heart singing its own wild notes of happiness, treading on roses, and his thirsty soul drinking deep draughts of bliss from love's exhaustless goblet. The tones of gladness now were sounding a joyous echo to the mournful wail that erst while had gone out from his writhing spirit. Fair flowers were springing up in the garden of his heart—and the sparkling fountains of requited affection were watering them into more than earthly beauty. But how sudden are the changes of life—of the human heart, which is life. A moment the morning twilight spreads its misty mantle—another brings the warm sunshine dazzling in splendor. Yet speedy as the lightning's flash, and then all is enshrouded in the impenetrable folds of night's sable garments. At early dawn the young fledgeling hope creeps with timid, feeble fluttering to the top of its nest—but soon frightened and still weak, clings in trembling doubt upon the edge of its narrow abode, longing yet fearful; but time brings power, and high noon sees the nestling

fearless and free, a full, fledged bird, soaring on wing unconfined and tireless, bathing its gorgeous plumage in the flashing sunlight of heaven, like a freed spirit mantling in the light of immortality. Anon, evening comes, and the proud flight is done—the springing pinion is drooping and weary—the “soaring eagle is struck”—and the dust of earth soils the plumage that but now so brightly flashed in the gleaming floods of heaven’s sunlight.

The arrow that struck Howard Stanhope’s proud bird of hope to the heart, was the following note received by him one evening, while sitting quietly musing in his office:

“Mr. Stanhope—The heart you would have betrayed has discovered your baseness, happily in time to profit by the knowledge. Seek not an interview with the writer, as your presence would be adding insult to injury—and with the hope of never again meeting you, you are forever discarded by
ISABEL DENHAM.”

Ha! what terrible mystery was this? to what baseness of his does she allude? Can it be that she is changed, that she has already repented the folly of loving the humble child of poverty?—perhaps so, at least so thought, so feared Howard Stanhope. He re-perused the note—his eyes did not deceive him—he was “forever discarded”—discarded too by Isabel. She to whom he had suffered his soul to bow as his kindred spirit—whom he had worshipped with little less than passionate idolatry, and whom he had fondly trusted was to have been his life-mate on earth, and—in heaven. With sudden energy he turned and addressed the bearer of the missive, “is your mistress—is Miss Denham at home?”

“No, sir,” politely responded the servant, who seemed to understand that something had gone wrong, “she and her father left the city, this morning, ‘to travel,’ they said, and expected to be absent a long time.”

“Did she leave any message for me except this note?”

“None, sir, she gave it to me as she was leaving, and she looked so concerned-like, so sorrowful that I thought at first there was something the matter with her—but when she took old master’s arm, and walked to the coach that was to convey them to the depot she looked quite cheerful, and I really believe she was glad to leave the city.”

Stanhope passed a shilling into the servant’s hand, who, after a profusion of bows and grins, finally made his exit, leaving the young lawyer alone—in his misery—alone in the wretchedness of *thwarted hopes, despised love*. The towering fabric of bliss in the future which he had builded on the platform of requited affection, was in one brief moment shattered to atoms by a shaft hurled from the thunderbolt of

disappointment—the simoom of *doubt or change* had turned the garden of his soul into a desolate waste, the gentle zephyr whispering delight to his life-boat on a calm and tranquil sea wooing it to a haven of bliss, was now the muttering of the storm—the tempest’s growl, the wail of the blast—the wild scream of the tornado as it drove his careering bark over the mad, wide waste of waters toward the maelstrom of destruction—and in the moment of his utter wretchedness Howard Stanhope cared not to avoid the whirlpool. He would even have *steered for it*. But there’s an essence of good in everything evil, an oasis in every desert. Yes, the war-cry of woe may be heard in the heart, and the dark vultures of despair on swooping wing scent from afar the blood of battle, but from out the terrible conflict that which is pure shall come purer and brighter, and that which is good shall come like gold from the furnace, yet more refined—and in the sight of men and of angels more lovely and more exalted. The mariner may lose his compass in an unknown ocean on the trackless deep, when the storm-king is abroad in his wrath, and the red thunderbolt pierce the bosom of the waters, and the angry waves leap aloft in the strife as if to put out the stars, and the torch of hope is extinguished in the hissing billow. Yet when the “anchor is cast on the arm of the ‘mighty to save,’” the winds will be lulled, the storm-king will sleep in billow-rocked tranquillity, and fair islands will spring up from the bosom of the deep, where the wrecked mariner may *repair his vessel, provide another compass, and re-light his torch of hope*. Even thus

“Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep, wide sea of misery.”

And happily for Howard Stanhope and those like him there are “many green isles.” Not one to waste life in vain repinings, believing that Isabel had either changed in her feelings toward him, and took this means to break the bond that united them, or that she had suffered herself to dismiss him, unheard, in consequence of a mere misapprehension, a false report, a malicious slander, he called pride to his aid, and with a compass pointing to “the steep where fame’s proud temple shines afar,” he steered on under the light of hope’s torch, once quenched in the cold waters of disappointed love, yet re-kindled at the scorching fires of ambition.

“Well,” said he, to himself, a few months subsequent to Isabel’s dismissal of him, and her departure from the city, “it was a bright, heavenly, gorgeous dream—too glorious perhaps for mortal destiny. Well for me that it ended so early. In the sunshine of love the wings of my ambitious spirit were fast scorching their brilliancy and wasting their power. Now that it is ended, to toil unremitting and sleepless energy shall be

given to those capacities which else would waste in despondency and gloom. There is a *power* within me whose *calls must be answered*. All are born for a *purpose*. The chirping wren fills his allotted sphere, as the proud eagle his, and wren or eagle while my pinions are free, I shall speed on to the fulfilment of mine."

CHAPTER V.

TURN we now, gentle reader, and retrace our steps in order to find, if possible, the clue by which to unravel the mysterious cause of Miss Denham's apparently cruel note to our hero. A wilful, weak-minded girl, niece to Mrs. Belmont, who lived with her aunt, becoming smitten with the interesting invalid during Howard's illness at the house of that excellent lady, and at length discovering his attachment to Miss Denham, determined to defeat their alliance if possible. Sometimes even to the evil-minded fate seems peculiarly propitious—at least so thought this young lady when, one morning, her maid handed her a bundle of letters, from which having unloosed one, she discovered it to be addressed to Mr. Stanhope, written in delicate, feminine character, and signed truly and devotedly yours, Mabel Howard." They were all of the same nature, and bearing the post-mark of Kentucky, and directed to Washington city, D. C. And be "Mabel Howard" whom she might, it was evident that her whole heart was given to Mr. Stanhope.

For the reader's enlightenment we will here state that these were letters written by Howard's mother, in her maiden days to her affianced husband, who had spent a few months in Washington previous to his marriage. Howard had preserved them as a sacred relic of his dead mother's affection, she having confided them at her death to his care. And it was after perusing them, that in attempting to place them in his pocket one morning while leaving his room at Mrs. Belmont's, they fell, unperceived, upon the floor—were picked up by the housemaid, and came to Miss Johnson's hands as before stated. That model of jealousy soon perceived that fortune had thus placed in her possession the very means by which she could accomplish her heartless design on the unsuspecting girl and her innocent lover—we say she readily perceived that she had the means, and she scrupled not to use them. It was but the work of a moment to alter the figures of the dates of two or three of the letters—the months already corresponded, so that it should seem that Stanhope had been playing false to Miss Denham, and then taking those she had altered and secreting the rest, with a distressed and anxious countenance called upon Isabel. Seemingly unaware of Stanhope's attention to the latter, she pretended to make her the confidant

of her woes—with well dissembled tears and sobs told her that the unfeeling wretch, alluding to Howard, after having paid her every delicate attention, had succeeded in obtaining her consent to become his wife, when the accident of this morning had revealed him in his true light. And here showing the dates of the letters to her soul-stricken auditor, she read aloud some endearing love passage in each—and only took her departure when the quivering of her companion's lips told too truly that her vile purpose had been accomplished.

Her heart wrung with agony while listening to the dark recital—it was with almost superhuman efforts that Isabel could command herself until her visitor was gone. Even then her proud soul rose in the majesty of injured innocence while she penned the note, which as has been already seen, Howard received. Having despatched it, for a time she yielded her haughty spirit to sorrow, her very heart seemed drowned in woe. That night she told her sympathizing father all—and, in compliance with her request to travel, the subsequent morning they bade adieu to their home. Isabel felt that her idol had been shaken, not shattered. She had loved Howard as all true women ever love—for what she *thought* him. He had deceived her, and she was again *heart whole*. It came not over her like a *chilling blight*. She felt that she *had been deceived*—but that *now* she was *free*—that instead of *losing a treasure* she had *escaped a calamity*—and she passed through the ordeal unharmed, purified, etherialized.

We have said that when Stanhope last kindled his torch of hope it was at the blaze of ambition's fire—and of a truth rapid was his flight to eminence. His was the untiring wing of the eagle. Washington the succeeding summer and winter again resounded with the praises of a gifted orator. Many thought he over-tasked his powers by too close confinement—many whispered that in the fiery, powerful, enthusiastic mind of the dark-eyed son of genius there lay concealed some hidden sorrow—some gnawing canker. But this was only surmise, suspicion. Society opened to him her bosom, but he sympathized not with her pleasures. Birth and wealth felt that within him was mirrored an aristocracy loftier than that which they claimed. Fashion, arrayed in the profusion of showy splendor, opened to him her garden of delights—but her tinsel flowers were passed unheeded by—and soon the lone orphan, with a warm heart full of the noblest and most generous impulses, was regarded as *cold, unfeeling, haughtily vain and proudly selfish*. Thus erred who considered him such—and thus often in error is the wise world's judgment. There's a keen and subtle susceptibility of temperament in the lordly heritage of *mind*, which added to feelings

of a nature delicately refined, and a sensitiveness whose threads are thinly spun as the spider's-web, oft-times renders the possessor impatient, lightning-like, eagerly impulsive, yet ever generous, ever sympathetic. Over this the cold calculating philosophy of those less gifted carelessly throws a freezing damp, and then forsooth, charges upon the hearts chilled by its own reckless folly mawkish delicacy, ridiculous eccentricity, or repulsive waywardness of temper. Thus is it that a *mark* is placed upon the gifted and the generous-hearted, and a line of distinction drawn between them and the *common*. Little think they who draw it, it is drawn *forever*. Well do I know that upon the former rests the charge of making the invidious distinction—nobly, meekly and in silence have they bore it. Still oh, how unjustly burthened such many a warm and tender heart, many a grand and lofty mind would tell in tones of mournful, yet truthful eloquence, could we but for one brief moment lift the veil that hides the inner sanctuary. But enough of this. Cold as he seemed, reserved as he really was, on went Howard Stanhope in the fulfilment of his duties, winning laurels as he progressed. He had a towering intellect—a grasp of thought—an originality of conception seldom equalled, but the secret of his success after all was his sleepless, giant-like unwearying energy. It never flagged, no matter how arduous the task—how difficult the obstacles, or how steep the eminence. He determined to triumph—to win the race for which he had entered—to work out good for his kind, and to make himself a beacon light to those who should follow in the track of his progress. These drove him on—resistlessly on. Oh, it is a grand and cheering sight to behold the human intellect battling with fate for the victory—successfully battling for the right. And proudly, eminently victorious was Howard Stanhope. He lived with an *aim*. He fought with a *purpose* and for an *end*, and success crowned his *efforts*. The down-trodden children of misfortune whom he sought out and relieved from oppression and wrong, rose up and blessed him; a life of active benevolence, and a consciousness of having well performed the duties of his calling, were well-springs of pleasure to him, as they are never rewardless—but was he *happy*? were his bright anticipations realized? Did the fame he had gained answer his soul-longings? Did he never ask himself the question, “what had become of the being whose spirit he had once felt was twin to his own?” Ah! he had called it a *gorgeous dream*, and said, “*it was ended*”—but was it so?

Summer came, and Stanhope's declining health had rendered change of air necessary, at least so said his medical advisers, and the height of the watering season found our young counsellor one

of many hundreds of Saratoga's summer-birds, very few of whom like himself were *invalids*—the rest being votaries of pleasure. Gay beauties were there—dashing city belles, some of whose debuts had marked the present season as society's brightest era—while others again resembled luna on the wane. Manœuvring mammas seeking establishments for their three charming daughters, with whom, when married, the lady mother and four other junior specimens of feminine grace were to reside until *they* in turn should be established—the wealthy merchant—the broken banker, reputed a millionaire—the foppish scion of an aristocratic house, discoursing in cockney phrase upon the points of his span of horses, inheriting his equestrian talent from his grandfather, who was a head hostler at a dirty country inn. The whiskered rouse of genteel dress, who lets fall proverbs of wisdom and morality to the man of leisure and jewelry with the gold-headed walking-cane—in the morning, forgetful that only the night previous, side by side, they fought the spotted tiger—they turned the wheel of fate and fortune, winning and losing dollars and cents in a gambling-hall. There was also the young hopeful taking sherry with the abandoned drunkard—arm-in-arm the parson and the profligate, the miser and the spendthrift, the rosy-cheeked youth and the hoary-headed licentiate. A strange incongruous mass—yet such an one oft-times may be seen at fashionable watering-places. Stanhope had been at Saratoga about a week. He had been introduced to the celebrated statesman H— C—, of Ashland, who with a small party of friends was spending a short time at the Springs. Having no other acquaintances, he joined himself to Mr. C—'s coterie at that gentleman's polite invitation, and was ever seen at the side of the lovely Miss W—, of Kentucky, whenever her fairy form made its appearance in public. Miss W— had many admirers—yet though constantly surrounded by suitors, it was evident that Stanhope was the favored one. If she rode, he was sure to be her gallant—in an evening promenade it was upon his arm she most frequently leaned—and when upon the balcony, beneath the tremulous light of the liquid moon, she sang love songs to the music of the harp—she ever unconsciously, as it were, turned to Stanhope's dark eyes for sympathy.

And yet, gentle reader, there was no love between the accomplished Julia W— and our hero. Each possessed the admiration and esteem of the other in the highest degree—but the lady was already affianced to a youth in her western home, and Stanhope was not one to erect a second altar to love ere the fires of a first were entirely consumed. Stanhope had been at Saratoga, as we before remarked, about a week, when one

evening he suffered himself induced to escort Miss Julia to the ball, which is a nightly entertainment at this place. Now in this there is nothing strange or worthy of special notice—or rather there would not be, but the present was quite an extraordinary affair, the ball being no less than a real downright masked one. Nay, friends, be not displeased at my introducing you to that much berated thing, a masked ball. I am sure it contains not those evils dire which pseudo moralists charge it with engendering. The fear is all in the name as is the *danger*—and neither are worthy of note. The one is a huge bugbear without reality—and the other, feeble morality frightened at its own lean shadow. Think what harm is there, what harm can there be in covering the so-called human face divine with a thin, bent painted pasteboard, which serves only as a means of concealing that which it so elegantly caricatures. You say it is *false*—remove it, and in how few cases is your opinion altered of the face its removal reveals. And not alone forsooth, in the crowded ball-room are false faces to be found. They dot the wide world over—and those who would remove them must not pause to examine the outward demeanor. The evil has a deeper root—and those who would seek a remedy must delve in the garden of the heart. All this by the way. In the meantime Howard Stanhope had become separated from his charming lady companion, and was standing in pensive attitude in a rather forsaken portion of the long apartment which was the scene of the festival, when he suddenly found himself surrounded by a troupe of laughing maidens, who besieged him most unmercifully. Some entitled him Jupiter, and humbly craved his generosity to instruct them in the dance of the stars—some claimed immortality for having discovered in him the lost pleiad—one begged that he would inhale the delicate odor of a posey, a late discovery in botanical science by Flora in the mountains of Peru—and in a moment he grasped at the top of his head, fearing that it would be a total loss so sudden and so powerful were the effects of a miniature bottle of hartshorne, which the fair tormentor applied to the orifices of his nasal organs—gracefully bent down to inhale the delicate odor of the Peruvian posey. Another, and yet another, yea, *all* had some weapon of *attack*—now lavish of praise—now punning maliciously at his expense. At length skilfully parrying with courteous, yet playful raillery the shafts of their wit, while apparently yielding to inglorious defeat, he suddenly seized a graceful, gazelle-like figure by the hand, (one too who had been conspicuous in her pungent satire above all her companions) and laughingly, yet with gentle violence bore her from the gay troupe and joined the throng of

dancers. In the spirited reel or the more elegant quadrille, Howard's companion moved with the same faultless grace. She danced elegantly and modestly with the most exquisite precision—and it seemed that her very soul floated on the waves of melody, and there was music in her every motion. So charmed was our hero, that when the fair masker, or rather to distinguish her from the rest, (for she wore a blue domino) when the blue domino grew weary of the dance he led her to an adjoining drawing-room, where were already a few other maskers paired off, and sought to learn more of her. It could not be denied, Stanhope was already on the confines of the blind god's kingdom.

We will not detail the conversation that passed between him and his companion of the blue domino. He found her gentle, yet dignified, frank, but not familiar, seemingly artless, yet perfectly refined. And when she spoke, Stanhope almost started at the low, liquid tones of her melodious voice, so like were they to those of her whom he had formerly loved—"but no, she could not be the same," thought he, and giving wing to his lofty imagination, he was soon roaming in the land of the high ideal, happy to have a sympathetic listener. But time wore on, and as the ball was drawing to a close, Stanhope, after a few minutes earnest pleading, obtained a reluctant consent from his companion to meet him on the morrow in the public drawing-room, the very room in which they now sat. They were each to wear a rose-bud as a means of recognizing the other—the lady's in her hair, the gentleman in the button-hole of his vest. It was stipulated that the lady, if sufficiently pleased with his appearance to honor him with her acquaintance, should signify it by taking the rose-bud from her hair and placing it in her bosom—if not, however, the gentleman was not to presume to speak to her, or seek an introduction—and thus they parted. In escorting the beautiful Miss W—from the festival, she pleasantly charged him with his devotion to the blue domino—and laughingly rallied him as at last a victim. "Ah! how your air castles will totter and crumble," said she, "when your fair incognita shall prove to be a venerable spinster in search of a husband and a home, or a staid matron who will send her liege lord to demand the meaning of your sentiments. Take care, Mr. Stanhope," and the light-hearted girl bade him good-night.

And take care, Mr. Stanhope, say we, with the fair Julia, for venerable spinster, sober matron or blooming maiden—of a verity did Howard Stanhope that night dream of *blue rose-buds*. There, reader, you have it, *sober, sensible, Howard Stanhope* dreamed, actually dreamed of *blue rose-buds*—what an anomaly! They were showered

around him, but he could not grasp them. They hung above him, but they were *beyond his reach*.

CHAPTER VI.

ABOUT eleven o'clock the next morning, attired in a plain white dress, which fitted her exquisite form to perfection, with no ornament save a tiny rose-bud in her luxuriant hair, sat a beautiful girl upon the very sofa occupied the night previous by the lady in the blue domino. The drawing-room was well filled with numerous ladies and their admirers. Anxious suitors were swarming around her, too, but her eyes were wandering in search of a counterpart to the flower in her hair. Suddenly they fell upon a rose-bud dangling to a gentleman's vest in a distant part of the room. She raised them to his face. He had already discovered her, and seemed to be gazing with eager interest toward her. Now was the propitious moment to transfer the tiny flower to her heaving bosom. But no! a smile of scorn spreads over her beautiful features, and with a slightly heightened color she turned away, and continued conversing with increased animation. And there stood Howard Stanhope with arms folded over a heart well nigh bursting with misery. He had not mistaken the low, sweet, silvery tone of the maiden. The blue domino and Isabel Denham were one. Strange coincidence! Fully convinced by the look of haughty contempt with which she had regarded him, that her heart no longer beat responsive to the music of the past, he turned and left the room, and in the solitude of his chamber sought communion with his torn and bleeding spirit. Ah! woe to the true-hearted who love on through chance and change the same. Stanhope had compared his love to a dream, and said, "it was ended"—to a fire, and thought it extinguished. But he was to be no longer deceived. Not extinguished, it had only slept—slept the sleep of the volcano. Once again aroused—it swept over his heart like the burning stream of a lava tide—the resistless sweep of the mad tornado. And come what would, he determined to seek an explanation from Isabel herself, if that were to be obtained—if not, from her father.

Certain despair were preferable to this suspense. Another week rolled on, and Stanhope had not yet been able to obtain an interview with Miss Denham. He wished it to appear the result of accident, and hitherto no fit opportunity had offered. In the meantime he was the constant companion of the fair Julia W—, and gossip had already announced him an accepted suitor.

And how was it with Isabel? Since her departure from Washington more than a year before, many worthy hearts had paid homage at the shrine of her witching levelness, and many love

tones had fallen upon her ear—but all were unheeded, all in vain. And now that she had again met with one whom she considered the betrayer of her affection and confidence, it was strange how her heart fluttered at his presence. What to her that he was so soon to claim Kentucky's fair daughter for his bride? Had she not the proofs of his guilt? and was he not unworthy even of a thought? But hush, a strange, curious thing is the human heart—who can know it? One evening, the evening before her expected departure for Washington, while sitting conversing with a few friends in the drawing-room, she caught the eyes of Stanhope fixed upon her with a look of the most tender, yet mournful interest, and she thought she heard him sigh as he passed slowly out. "What a handsome, noble-looking young man," said one of her female companions, "I wonder who he can be?" No reply was made, however, by any of the party, and the conversation was resumed.

Soon came the hour for the accustomed dance. Gayer, more brilliant than usual, the peerless Isabel floated through the saloon, making all hearts conquest by the magic of her smile. She was to bid adieu to-morrow—and profuse were the regrets offered at her expected departure. Elated by her success, and giving free scope to the buoyancy of her disposition, she shone more resplendently beautiful than ever, and bore off the palm from every competitor. "Oh, how happy, how joyous," was the mental ejaculation of those who watched her beaming face in the dance. And yet somehow that night it happened the fair beauty's pillow was wet with tears—shallow in the heart must be the fountain of sorrow that will not sometimes overflow. When she arose the next morning, upon her toilet lay a note addressed to her, in characters she but too well remembered. They were those of Stanhope. Hastily obeying the impulse of her ardent nature she opened it, and read. It was short, but oh, how pleading.

"Isabel—Why, why, did you leave me? Till the hour I met you here I deemed my love had faded away, but it is bright as in its early days. Since my separation from thee I have sought fame, and the sound of its trump filled the wide air around, but I looked into my heart and the void was still there—the void which you alone can fill. Believe me, you have labored under some woeful misapprehension to cause you to despise one whom you once blessed with your love. I am not unworthy—cast not unheeded from you a heart that is all your own—but say that I may come to thee, my bright, my beautiful—say that I may claim thee my own." Ere she finished reading, the blinding tears unrestrained coursed down her pale cheeks. Laying

aside the note, she perceived that the envelope was not yet empty, when giving it a gentle shake out fell a faded, pressed, withered flower. Ha! what miracles do seeming trifles work! Faded, withered, changed, yet still the same. Isabel Denham's trembling, beating heart at once recognized the wild flower of the mountain, to obtain which her life had been well nigh lost, and with the recognition came a host of mournful memories mingled with some of a brighter hue. Stanhope then once fondly loved, but now discarded, yet still pleading, and her unknown preserver were one. In it she deemed she saw the shaping of destiny—the hand of unseen power, and quick as the lightning's flash came the conviction never again to be shaken of her lover's innocence. Tears of joy like drops from the overflowing goblet of bliss, silently rolled down her lovely face, and while the angel of mercy fanned her heart with its white wings, she seized a pencil and wrote—

“Come, dear Howard, forgive, and come to
YOUR OWN.”

And thus did Howard Stanhope win his peerless bride. Isabel in due time learned the secret of the letters, which, through the baseness of an evil heart, had been the means of all her trouble, as they had been the cause of all her doubt. The intriguing Miss Johnson married a wealthy woolcander, who had too much love for his money to waste much of his precious affection on his wife, and too much admiration for the white and brown of his “rolls” to devote any extraordinary amount of it to the “pink and yellow” of her complexion, and so after a few months of wedded discomfort she died of jealousy and the phthisic. Harry Irvine, in returning from his second tour in Europe, with his head filled with ridiculous notions of high-bred aristocracy, and his heart cherishing a feeling of profound contempt for American conventionalism, was shipwrecked and lost. Charles Mortimer, like his friend Stanhope, has become the happiest of men, and has an elegant estab-

lishment in the fashionable portion of the capitol, over which his charming young wife presides with becoming dignity and grace, as we lately had the pleasure of testifying in person. Mrs. Belmont, heaven bless her, is Mrs. Belmont still, a true-hearted, perfect woman, and living in the same imposing mansion in which she so cordially welcomed our hero on the night of his debut. Her doors are still ever open to strangers of worth, though she yet maintains her wonted preference for Kentuckians.

All have their weaknesses—those of Julia W—— were vanity and avarice. She coquetted her young affianced for a wealthy, ugly, uninteresting man, whom she married the winter after leaving Saratoga, and removed to the east. But she found too late that gold does not bring happiness, and ten months from her cruel desertion of her former lover, they both slept broken-hearted in the narrow confines of the grave.

Lastly, Howard Stanhope, our hero, is still as eloquent and energetic as in the days of his early youth. Having risen from the humble walks of obscurity to a seat in the high places, he yet remains uncontaminated by the pride of exalted station, a true patriot, devoted to the interests of his country.

Some whose eyes shall fall upon this page may never have the fortune to meet with Howard Stanhope—yet in this broad land of republicanism there are many like him. Oh, that the lives of such may be devoted like his to noble aims, the welfare of their country, and the perpetuation of her free institutions. Let them arouse from the lethargy of indolence and arm for the conflict—let them work, and work with an aim—let them leap into the breach and battle manfully, battle for human freedom. The arena is world-wide, and the followers of tyranny are bound legions. Let them strike off the shackles—the shackles of ignorance, the tyrant—and redeemed, worship at the altars of wisdom, and freedom, and truth.

STANZAS.—TO ———.

BY MRS. ANNE F. LAW.

Oh, wake that blissful song no more,
Let not its glad notes thrill mine ear,
For they but echo scenes of yore,
And start to life the sealding tear!
Breathe from thy lute its saddest strain—
More meet to soothe my spirit's pain.

Fain would I quaff of Lethe's stream,
In its clear waters lose the past,
But memory, with its constant dream,

Its chain unbroken—binds me fast!
And earth, with its deceiving arts,
Doth yield no balm for troubled hearts.

But thou hast felt the blighting spell
Of stern affection's rigid power;
Let thy dear accents with me dwell,
To calm my soul in sorrow's hour—
And those sweet warbled notes shall bear
A solace to my bosom's care!

THE SACRIFICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84.

XII.

WINTER had come again, and now Anne was at liberty to accept the often repeated invitation, of her cousins in the city, to visit them.

It was not without a beating heart that she saw the lights of the great town glimmering in the distance, as she approached it toward the close of a December day. She knew that she would probably soon meet Frederick, when his manner would reveal at once whether he continued to love her or not. She had little doubt how it would be; but still there was some uncertainty, just enough to make her heart tremble, without filling it with fear.

Her consins met her at the door, almost smothering her with kisses. One carried off her boa, another untied the strings of her hat, a third stooped to remove her overshoes, and her uncle, making his way with good-humored violence into the crowd, fairly lifted her in his arms and bore her into the drawing-room. Anne was quite overpowered by the warmth of the welcome, and came near shedding tears. Her uncle saw her emotion, however, and prevented the outburst by a humorous sally that set all laughing.

"Come now," he said, at last, "don't devour Anne, but lets devour the supper, which is smoking hot in the dining-room. Anne must be both hungry and fatigued, yet you keep her from the table, and hang upon her as if she was as strong as Sampson. Take my arm, niece, and let us see whether your cousins can make coffee as well as work crotchet."

The supper was a good old-fashioned one, the very sort of meal for a famished traveller. A smoking beefsteak at the head of the board, coffee, hot cakes, and lighter food for those who chose it. Anne did justice to the steak, as did her uncle; but her less hungry cousins contented themselves with a cold relish. Soon the merry party adjourned again to the drawing-room, where, before a roaring grate-fire, they chatted away till ten o'clock. At that hour apples and nuts were introduced, and the whole group gathered around a round table to eat them.

"I like this way of finishing a winter evening," said her uncle, "it is a good old fashion, and should be kept up. I have no faith in your

modern trifles. Who wants ice-cream on a winter night, to send one to bed shivering?"

When Anne retired, she was shown to a warm, cozy-looking room, with curtains of red French chintz, and a bright fire blazing in the grate. One of her cousins attended her, assisted her to undress, and would have remained watching her until she fell asleep, had she not peremptorily refused to tax her kindness to this extent.

"Oh! we shall have such nice times this winter," said her elder cousin to her, on the following morning. "The opera will be here, the assemblies promise to be superior, and there will be no end to private balls, and musical parties, and other amusements. You deserve a good winter, papa says, to compensate you for your long imprisonment at home. You don't know how pa praises you: he says you are a perfect angel. I was extolling 'Jane Eyre' the other day, but he interrupted me, and said you had displayed more heroism than ever Jane did——"

"You must not tell me this," said Anne, playfully putting her hand on her cousin's mouth, "for it is only your father's partiality. Pray don't—I have self-esteem enough already—more would ruin me."

Cards without number were soon left for Anne, and more invitations than she could accept. The circle in which her cousins moved was large, and what was better for the *debutante* intelligent. The city of —, populous as it is, has still some sets left where neither ignorant wealth, nor impudent fashion has sway, but where good breeding, moral worth and intellectual cultivation hold the control: and the best of these sets, was the one in which Anne now found herself. Her sweetness of disposition and her well-informed mind made her speedily a favorite. The gentlemen almost universally liked her, and some even acknowledged to a warmer sentiment. But she avoided receiving any but the most ordinary courtesies from the younger ones, and was best pleased when her uncle, or some of his friends were conversing with her in one corner. She was not ashamed to decline dancing, because she did not know the Polka; and she won the esteem of a distinguished statesman, a mild-looking, grey-haired man, but one high in the councils of his country, by frankly declaring

that she did not wish to learn this then fashionable dance.

"That is right, my dear young lady," he said. "Manners make laws, as a great philosopher has said, and woe be to our laws when our manners become Parisian. A good old country dance has a hearty merriment in it consistent with the sterling character of our excellent ancestors. A quadrille, though more quiet, is alas! more conventional also; but a quadrille we could endure. The Polka, however, is so thoroughly alien to the American character that it never can take root here, except among mere fashionables and their empty imitators. I wish some one would write the history of these foreign dances, for then, I think, they would be less popular, at least with modest females. The origin of all of them is low, and few are danced in good society at home. We old men look at these things more seriously than young people generally, for we see deeper into them. The free manners introduced by the Polka have already quite changed the sober decorum of our social life, and instead of it we now have a false glare that is perfectly detestable to one familiar with the old order of things. But I tire you. Age, Miss —, is garrulous and didactic. You would rather be in this quadrille, which they are now forming."

Anne would rather have listened to "this old man eloquent" all night; and so she said; but a gentleman came up, at this moment, to whom she had promised her hand in a dance, and she was forced to leave the great and good senator.

XIII.

ANNE had now been in town a fortnight, and yet had heard nothing of her lover. Considering the circumstances under which they had parted, she could not announce her arrival by sending him a card, but must trust to accident to make him acquainted with her presence in the city. He did not mingle much in the set in which her cousins principally moved. He was acquainted with a few families in it, and generally attended their parties, but he did not care much for society, and, therefore, made no effort to extend his acquaintances. Anne's cousins had often met him, but had never been introduced to him. And since her arrival in town he had not been seen by them anywhere.

Only her uncle and his eldest daughter were aware of Anne's former engagement. When, therefore, the conversation turned, one day, on the young physician, her cousins spoke of him with a freedom which otherwise they would have avoided.

"Don't you think him handsome, Cousin Anne?" said one. "He came from your part of the country, and you must have seen him, at

church at least, if nowhere else. Oh! I declare he looks so interesting I could almost fall in love with him."

"That would be useless now, Mary," said another sister, "for rumor says he is engaged to Miss Warren, the daughter of the celebrated physician."

"When did you hear that?"

"At Mrs. B——'s, the other night. You know he visits her, and is always at her parties, for he is a great favorite with her. Well, she told me he had quite deserted her of late; that he was now always at the Warrens; and that it would be a three-fold speculation for him to marry the daughter, because she was not only a beauty and an heiress, but would bring to her husband eventually, if a physician, all her father's practice and position."

"But are you sure there is no mistake about this?" asked the other.

"I have heard of it since, and from several sources. I saw him driving Miss Warren out in a sleigh, the other day; and they looked just like lovers, I assure you. So, Mary dear, keep a sharp look out after that heart of yours, and don't fall in love with a man who is as good as married."

Had the speakers known a tithe of the anguish that racked Anne's heart during this conversation, they would have ceased long before. Our heroine now understood why she had not seen Frederick. For several days uneasy misgivings as to his faithfulness to her had tormented her mind. She knew that he still kept up a correspondence with numerous acquaintances in the country, who would not have failed to mention so unexpected an event as her widowed sister's return to the homestead and her own visit to the city. Aware of these facts, would he not, if he still loved her, seek to meet her in society, even if pride forbade his calling upon her? Once in her presence, even if accidentally, he could, if he wished, learn whether he was entirely forgotten; and, finding himself still remembered, could renew his engagement without sacrifice of feeling. So had reasoned, so had hoped our heroine. But the conversation to which she had just listened, had destroyed these illusions. She saw now that Frederick had forgotten her, that another possessed his love. Oh! the agony of that moment. She thought, for a moment, that she should die. The power of breathing seemed to abandon her; the room span around; she caught at the chair to keep herself from falling. But, rallying all her strength, for sorrow had taught her great self-command, she choked down her emotions, and rising, left the room, without her cousins having observed her agitation.

Once in her chamber, however, she gave way to

a passionate burst of grief. Though she had herself dismissed Frederick, though she had told herself often that he would cease to love her, the terrible reality that this had come to pass was almost more than she could bear. Her nature, as we have said, was one to love deeply, to love but once. In the solitude and sorrow of the three past years, she had clung to the hope that she and Frederick would yet be united, that Providence would not permit her sacrifice to be in vain. But this bright dream was now dissipated.

At first she had shook under her blow. Sobs, racking her frame, followed sobs; tears rolled, in great drops, over her cheeks; ejaculations, wrung unwillingly from her, told her fierce agony. But at last nature became exhausted. She fell asleep with the tears still on her eye-lashes like a child worn down with much weeping.

When she woke, she woke refreshed. She looked out of the window. The sun was shining on the bright snow; gay equipages were dashing past; and merry sleigh-bells filled the air with jocund music. Her heart caught something of the gaiety without. Hope once more took possession of her bosom.

"I will not despair," she said. "For three years have I waited for this time, and now that it has come I give up at a mere rumor. No, I will hope on, at least until I meet Frederick, and know from his own lips, or from what I see, that he loves another."

XIV.

BY-AND-BYE there was a knock at her door. She rose and opened it, when her elder cousin entered.

"You have not forgotten the opera to-night, Anne, have you?" she said. "I have been looking for you for an hour, to ask you what you intend to wear."

Anne, much as she liked the opera, had forgotten that she was engaged to go to it that evening; but now she turned her mind to it at once. She was not of those young ladies, who, when they do not know they are to meet a certain gentleman, are careless of their dress. On the contrary she was always, not only neat, but elegant in her attire. Yet it was not from vanity that she was thus particular in her personal appearance. The sense of the beautiful, that most glorious gift of heaven to mortal man, was strong within her, and it was exquisite pleasure for her to gratify it in herself, and behold the beautiful in others.

Lovely indeed did Anne look, that evening, as she took her seat in the opera box. She wore a Marie Stuart cap of velvet, trimmed with pearls; and a sacque of black cashmere, edged with white swan's-down. Her rounded arms were bare, but

without ornaments, unless a simple black velvet ribbon clasp the wrist may be called such. The pearly clearness of her complexion was set off to the best effect by this costume, which was also particularly appropriate, as she had worn half mourning since the death of her brother-in-law.

The opera was *Norma*, that grandest of lyrical dramas: and the part of the priestess was played by Truffi, who seems, in her majestic beauty, as if born solely for the role. Anne was an excellent Italian scholar, and followed the story with ease. She had never heard this opera before, and from the time when the opening chorus burst upon her, to that unequalled scene, in which *Norma*, after betraying her lover to his enemies, relents, she listened breathlessly. But when that terrible climax was reached, and *Norma*, torn with agony, began the duett, "*Qual cor tradisti*," Anne was transported with enthusiasm. Her fine artistic mind realized, with the most exquisite pleasure, the skill and genius which had made the entire drama to revolve, as it were, around this one scene, making it the grand central point, as well as crisis of the play. And yet, with all this artistic gratification, there was a feeling of terrible torture. Indeed the situation of *Norma* and of herself was too similar not to produce emotions of pain. As she saw the agony in *Norma's* face, and beheld the suffering betrayed by her voice, Anne acknowledged a kindred sorrow, and mechanically repeated to herself the wild expostulation of the priestess.

Just at this instant her eyes fell upon an opposite box for the first time. Her look rested upon its occupants at first abstractedly, but gradually a familiar form there arrested her attention, and she became aware that she saw Frederick at last before her. Nor was he alone. At his side sat a beautiful girl of nineteen, far more beautiful, Anne felt, than herself; and over this fair creature Frederick was bending, apparently with the greatest interest. The lady was evidently saying something in reference to the play, and, as she spoke, she turned her face up to Frederick's with a look of unmistakeable affection. A sharp pang shot through Anne's heart, especially as one of her cousins, noticing the direction of her eyes, whispered,

"That is Miss Warren of whom we were speaking this morning. Won't they make a handsome couple?"

Anne could not answer. She needed now no confirmation of the rumor that Frederick and the heiress were engaged; for her own eyes had seen enough. Her brain grew dizzy: the stage reeled around her; dim noises were in her ears. In vain she struggled to master her emotion.

She felt herself sinking from her seat, and uselessly clutching at the air as she found herself falling, she slid from her chair to the floor. The last sound she heard was the agonizing finale of the duett, ringing in her ears like the sound of the bewailing sea.

Thus, as the tragedy on the stage reached its climax, as great a one, in real life, was passing in the dress-circle. And as the priestess sank, in death, to the boards, a fair form, apparently lifeless, was borne through the lobby.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

A LITTLE tress of jetty hair
Wound in a graceful curl,
Was stirred by breath of Summer air
Within a box of pearl.
And stooping o'er the waving thing,
So fragile and so fair,
That to my heart seemed whispering
In softest music there.
I questioned of its history—
How the poor trembling curl
Came there, so silent and so lone,
Within that box of pearl.
"Ah, many years ago," it said,
"Ere thou had'st seen the light,
I grew upon a maiden's head,
With other ringlets bright;
And thou hast never known so fair
And beautiful a girl.
With step as light as Summer air,
And brow and cheek of pearl.
Her eye was deep and dark as night;
Yet lovingly and mild
It shed its soft and radiant light.
She was a gladsome child,
And ever from her gushing heart
The music strains would ring,
Mocking the liquid tones that start
From tuneful birds in Spring.
Yes—she was very fair and good—
Her bright life just begun;
Amid the countless multitude
The dear and worshipped one.
And there was one—a noble youth,
Who knelt before her shrine,
With eye of love and heart of truth,
And genius half divine.
And when within his gentle clasp
Her snowy fingers lay,
A rosy blush upon her cheek
And marble brow would play;
And when his voice so rich and deep
Across her heart-strings swept,
A thrill of joy and ecstasy
Into her full soul crept.
One Summer's day, when roses hung,
Festooning rock and hedge,
And lilies white their blossoms flung
Over the streamlet's edge—
When the warm air was heavy, 'neath
Its weight of fragrance sweet,
And blossoms gave their richest breath,
An offering glad and meet—
The maiden's eye grew dim in death;

Her voice was faint and fleet;
And one above her icy brow
In wildest anguish bowed,
As gentle words all soft and low
From her white, cold lips flowed.
If I might live a few brief years
To twine around thy path,
Amid earth's bitter sighs and tears,
Love's own unfading wreath—
If I might feel upon my heart
The magic of thy tone,
And bitter tear-drops never start
At joys forever gone;
Ah, it were sweet to linger here,
Beneath thy loving eye,
With thy dear hand to wipe each tear,
Thy voice to hush each sigh;
But Heaven hath called, and I obey—
Not long we part, my love:
Soon, soon we meet, forever blest,
In brighter realms above.
Take from my brow this flowing tress—
It is thy own pet curl—
And lay it in its loneliness,
Within yon box of pearl.
And do not weep when it shall speak
In language fond and true,
Of my pale brow and marble cheek,
My lip of pallid hue.
Dearest—farewell, we meet again
In realms more bright and fair—
The harp was broken—its last strain
Had trembled on the air,
They wrapped a snowy shroud around
The cold and lovely clay,
And laid her in the damp, dark ground
From mourning hearts away;
And daily for a time there passed
Above her throbless breast,
A stricken form—but he at last
Went gladly to his rest.
A smile was on his ashy lip,
And fond words lingered there,
As closely to his broken heart
He pressed the lock of hair.
They laid him by the lovely child,
And planted o'er the tombs
A climbing rose, that free and wild,
In Summer, buds and blooms;
And gentle fingers softly laid
The little trembling curl
Back from the cold and pulseless heart,
Within this box of pearl." D. E. G.

THE GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

BY ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

TAKING its way through green meadows thickly studded over with the blossoms of June, rippled a narrow stream. On its banks grew the tall reed-mace intermingled with flowers of the yellow iris; while, undisturbed by the current which flowed so peacefully down toward the valley, the white chalices of the water-lily, couched upon their broad green cradle of leaves, opened to the tender light of day, heedless whither or on what errand the waters took their way so steadily and noiselessly along between their green banks.

If the lilies cared not to mark how the waters flowed, there was one—a human flower, stainless yet as themselves, who did so; and marked them with a quickened spirit, and with a heart that throbbled to its own questioning.

This was a young girl whose years could not have numbered more than seventeen, yet upon whose cheek the rose already paled. Sickness of soul—weariness—falling hope—self-distrust—were all written visibly in the lines of that young face. As she gazed down upon the clear waters, though she said not a word, her looks expressed plainly enough:—"If ever I should be driven to cast myself yonder down among the small wavelets—whither, to what shore, would my soul be borne?"

That she had offended against some great law by even that brief passing thought, the girl seemed to feel. This was evident from the sudden lifting of her eyes upward toward—but not to the stars. Hers was a look which seemed striving to search—to pierce *beyond* them.

She was roused out of her reverie by the sound of a heavy step passing along the stile-way where the pasture land verged off in the direction of some thick woods.

The girl looked round. A young man's face met hers—and in a moment the shadow passed from her.

As he took her by the hand, and led her under the beech boughs the ripple of the water grew louder and louder. As it bubbled over the pebbles that shone bright far down in its clear bed—the sound it made was like the sound of sobbing. Perhaps tears were mingling with the waters. Far, far away, high up among some clefts of rock where the river took its rise—a winged creature stood, covering its face with pale hands through whose veins mortal blood seemed never to have flowed.

From between the veiled lips—colorless as the hands through which their utterance spoke disturbed and broken as the rippling sounds in the waters' bed—came the cry,

"Father! teach, oh! teach me how to save her?—I am but a reed in thy hand—make me as a strong staff to guide her erring feet!

"Whither shall I turn? Invisible to human sight, I must seek a habitation in the heart of man. When shall I find a temple meet for me?"

The scene is changed.

A young man sits alone. His face is not the same face as that which was seen looking into the eyes of the girl where the meadow sunlight was lost in the forest glade. This man is the brother of the maid. His head is bowed under the weight of her present folly—under the dread of her future shame. He does not see the spirit that passes before his very face. He feels only a sudden ray of sunshine; and, as the beam flashes upon him, closes his eyes before its brightness. As he does so, the guardian watcher passes into his soul.

In vain!

The spirit had chosen her habitation ill: the lodging was not pure enough for the dweller.

A whole year had run its round; and, as the steps of time fulfilled their circle, the same human steps came round to the same point of space again.

But what a change was here! The girl, although but a single year was added to her life, looked old and haggard. Her eyes were wild. A frantic gesture of irrepressible love, as she drew still closer and closer to her breast the child she sheltered there, alone evidenced the lingering of human affection amidst the almost utter absence of human reason. The mind was a wreck: the heart had yet one plank to which it might cling. The seas had not flowed over *all*.

Again, as of old, she bends over the stream. She stands irresolute for a moment—it is but for a moment; in the next, the child is withdrawn cautiously from her bosom—as she is careful not to wake it!—and laid it softly on the turf at her feet.

She disrobes:—what is she about to do? Is she alone, and unmarked? She looks round once more to be quite sure. All is well: she is alone.

It was moonlight now. A rustle, as of wings, filled the hushed air; and a soft flash, passing from among the quivering leaves of an aspen near, stole over the face of the child.

This time, had the Guardian Spirit chosen wisely? Here was an abiding-place pure enough for the purest!

The mother's foot was already plashing among the slimy reed-roots on the edge of the cold waters, when—her heart yearning to the babe—she turned her wan, gaunt face to take a last long look at the sinless thing to which it clove, even in its agony.

How forlorn it looked there! Should she take it with her down to the river's hard bed?

No.

Could she leave it there, where it lay, and the waters so close?

Not so, either.

She turned, and took it lightly in her arms—keeping her eyes fixed another way, lest her purpose should be shaken—and laid it down further off, in the middle of the path, where it would be found by some strange wayfarer on the morrow.

That done—oh, labor of mistaken love!—she

would have risen and hurried back to the river's brink, for she felt her purpose slackening. Some dawn of reason was returning. Fitful suggestions of better things visited her, flashing here and there through her clouded brain, like dancing lights upon a marsh. She could not accomplish it! Something held her back with a strange force. Two little arms—far too slight to have held together the filaments of a broken rose-stem—were strong enough *here* for the work they had to do.

As the child, weeping, clasped her neck, the heart of the mother softened. The truth broke upon her at last. It was a weak thing to die: a strong thing to live on, and battle with hunger and the world's scoff—poverty and shame—for the sake of the guiltless being that held her there in its strong coil of love!

As she passed homeward—the babe locked in her bosom—a chastened woman—homeward to a dull, ill-lighted, low-roofed garret in the great city's heart, her eye caught a soft flickering among the leaf-shadows on her way, where the moon shone most brightly. It was the passing of the Guardian Spirit. Her work was done.

ABOUT TWO LITTLE WORDS.

BY HENRY H. PAUL.

Two little words there are in use

Familiar as plain A. B. C.;

I say there are two little words,

And with me I'm sure you'll agree;

Now one of these we all call "No,"

The other you easily can guess;

A sweet, pretty, fairy-like word,

We all love to hear it—'tis "Yes."

How often when Hope whispered joy,

And banished from life every throe;

Has all in a moment been wrecked,

By hang it, that ill-natured, "No;"

And then as a charming reverse,

Another there comes now to bless;

Observe how it dimples the mouth,

'Tis spoken—I heard it—'twas "Yes."

At twilight when with some loved one,

Beside a blue streamlet we roam;

And chat over matters and things—

About the fond pleasures of home—

Mayhap if the question were asked,

We'd find which would cause us distress,

I've made up my mind 't would be "No"—

It couldn't be sweet little "Yes."

MORNING.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

Light on the mountain-morn has come again,

Light in the valley, on each flashing stream,

Burns the deep radiance of the orient beam,

While far away o'er flower-enamel'd plain

Sparkle a thousand drops of dewy rain;

Each wild rose trembles in the passing breeze,

And from the stillness of the forest trees

Is heard the song-bird's wild and plaintive strain,

Calling sweet echo from her caverned sleep;

Anon the hum of busy men is heard,

And the full tide of human life is stirred

With flow as ceaseless as the mighty deep,

Each one to leave some traces on the shore

To tell the wanderer he has been before.

EDITORS' TABLE.

CHIT-CHAT WITH READERS.

VENTILATION OF HOUSES.—A fertile cause of disease among children is the bad ventilation of their sleeping apartments, a circumstance to which we desire to call the attention of mothers. Generally the smallest room in the house is selected for a nursery; and when this is not done a chamber in a back-building, or in the upper story, where the ceiling is low, is chosen. Now young infants and growing children require pure air especially. Life as yet is young in them, and vitality comparatively deficient. Nourishing food is not more necessary to them than fresh air, without which the lungs acquire a morbid action, and weakness of constitution, if not positive disease is superinduced. Many an infant has lost its life in consequence of being kept in a badly ventilated apartment. The impure air has gradually undermined its vitality, making it pale and feeble, and when one of the disorders common to children has seized it, it has died, when had it breathed purer air, it would have possessed a more vigorous constitution, and, therefore, have successfully passed through the disease. Mothers are too afraid of giving their children cold by exposing them to fresh air. Accustom your offspring, from their earliest infancy, to pure air, avoiding draughts, and be assured not only will their health be better, but their constitution also.

OUR LITERARY SUPERIORITY.—In this, as in the last number, we give eight extra pages. We promised, at the beginning of the year, to make the magazine superior in literary excellence to what it had ever been before; and, we think, no one who has perused the numbers regularly will deny that we have kept our word. The universal testimony of the press is that we are not excelled, in the interest of our reading matter, by any even of the three dollar monthlies; while many of our exchanges unhesitatingly give us the palm of superiority and almost innumerable letters, from private sources, speak to the same effect. It is generally conceded—and in the absence of Mrs. Stephens we may repeat it here—that no other American monthly has ever issued a story equal to "Julia Warren;" while "The Valley Farm" is eulogized everywhere as, with that exception, the best story of the year. The Western Citizen, published at Chicago, speaks as follows:

"We regard this as the *reading* magazine. The exceedingly interesting tale, the "Valley Farm," is concluded in this number. We know not where we have seen an article in any monthly Magazine, of so high a character as this story. It is equal to any of Dickens' incomparable sketches. We predict a brilliant career of prosperity for this new contributor."

OUR EQUESTRIAN FASHIONS.—Our equestrian fashion-plate, last month, produced quite a sensation. Riding on horseback has become so popular of late

years, not only in this city, but all over the United States, that anything in reference to it is read with the greatest avidity. We shall hereafter devote considerable attention to this branch of the fashions, carefully noting every change in the styles of riding-dresses, and giving hints in general upon equestrian attire. This part of our fashion department will be under the charge of a practical horsewomen, as our usual fashion descriptions are under that of a well-known milliner and mantua-maker.

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—We call attention to the advertisement, on our cover, of a new literary journal under the editorship of T. S. Arthur. As Mr. A. is a man of his word, all he promises will be performed. Weekly papers are multiplying all around us, but not faster than they are required, we think; and Mr. A.'s will, we have no doubt, be one of the best. For three dollars we will furnish a copy of this magazine and the Home Gazette.

THE ANGLER.—We give, in the present number, another choice wood engraving, printed on stout paper, by a hand-press. The picture is most felicitous. The old mill, the calm water, the overhanging trees, and indeed all of the accessories are well managed, and give a picturesque beauty to the scene that rivets the gazer's eye.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

In Memoriam. By Alfred Tennyson. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.—These poems were written, at different intervals, through a series of years, in memory of a son of the historian Hallam, who was a personal friend of the poet, and, as we judge from intrinsic evidence, betrothed to Tennyson's sister, but who died prematurely. The poems exhibit the characteristic melody, sweetness, and lofty idealism of the author; but have something of monotony, in consequence of being all upon one theme. The theme, however, is merely suggestive, and innumerable fine thoughts, entirely diverse from the main subject, garnish the volume accordingly. Every admirer of Tennyson will experience high gratification in the perusal of "In Memoriam." The volume is printed in the usual neat style of Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

Lettice Arnold. By the author of "Two Old Men's Tales." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In this charming story of a young orphan girl Mrs. Marsh has almost exceeded herself. Lettice Arnold is a character to win our love at once, and that, in spite of her plain appearance: like Jeanie Deans her moral qualities make her a heroine notwithstanding her want of beauty. While novels like these continue to be written, works of fiction cannot be, as they once

were, indiscriminately condemned; but, on the contrary, those which have a moral tendency, and are true to life, will be recommended, by every wise parent, teacher, guardian, and friend, as invaluable assistants in the cause of virtue. The present fiction is one of the shortest written by Mrs. Marsh, and is re-printed at the low price of twelve and a half cents.

Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell. By William Beattie, M. D. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have not read, for a long time, a more interesting work than this. The career of the poet is traced, by Dr. Beattie, with a skill that makes us almost as familiar with Campbell as if we had personally known him. Thousands, who have admired the writings of the poet, will desire to peruse these volumes. The work is particularly rich in anecdotes of Campbell's boyhood and early struggles, and is far more interesting than three-fourths of the novels published and so generally read. The Harpers have issued these volumes in excellent style. A handsome engraving of the poet adorns the work.

Valentine Vox; or, the Somnambulist. By Henry Cockton. With Illustrations. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a new edition of a novel which has had more success than any one of its kind, with the exception, perhaps, of O'Malley. Nearly fifty thousand copies of the work have been sold, yet the demand continues as great as ever. Indeed, for genuine humor, "Valentine Vox" is unsurpassed. The person who could read the novel without incessant fits of laughter must be a perfect Cynic. Mr. Peterson issues the book in excellent style, with numerous spirited illustrations.

A Second Book in Greek; containing Syntax, with reading lessons in prose; Prosody and the Dialectics, with reading lessons in verse, forming a sufficient Greek Reader. With a Vocabulary. By John McClintock, D. D. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this work was but lately the professor of ancient languages in Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, and is, therefore, peculiarly competent for the task he has here undertaken. Our knowledge of Greek is somewhat rusted for want of use, but, so far as we can judge, Dr. McClintock's task has been admirably executed.

The Iron Mask. A Sequel to "Bragelonne," "Twenty Years After," and "The Three Guardsmen." By Alexander Dumas. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Here is a work destined to have an immense sale, for every person who has read the novels to which it is a sequel, and they are tens of thousands, will desire to peruse this. Of all the novelists of France, Dumas, as a historical writer, is the best; and this series of fictions is confessedly his master-piece; therefore no one can err in purchasing "The Iron Mask" and its predecessors. Mr. P. has issued the work in excellent style.

Later-Day Pamphlets. No. 8. *Hudson's Statue.* Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—We find many fine thoughts in this little pamphlet, obscured, however, by a vicious style, and placed in juxtaposition with many extravagant conceits.

The Night Side of Nature or Ghosts and Ghost Seers. By Catharine Crowe. New York: J. S. Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—A book on ghosts, apparitions, and strange noises, compiled from authentic sources, ancient and modern; and curious in the extreme. We learn here how folk heard queer sounds, from apparently unknown sources, long before the Rochester Knockings were invented. We have read the volume with great interest. It is handsomely printed and bound.

Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy. Delivered at the Royal Institute in the years of 1834-5 and '36. By the late Rev. Sydney Smith. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is not, by any means, the dry, dull work which the title imports. On the contrary the book is agreeable in the extreme, and though not written in the author's best vein, is still very much superior to the general run of such works. It is published in a handsome duodecimo, and neatly bound in cloth.

Frank Farleigh; or, Adventures in the Life of a Private Pupil. By the author of "Lewis Arundel." 1 vol. New York: H. Long & Brothers.—This is a new author, but a very agreeable one. He belongs to the same class of novelists as Lever, and Cockton, but with distinguishing traits of his own. Altogether "Frank Farleigh" is one of the most agreeable and humorous fictions we have lately read.

The Illustrated Shakespeare. Nos. 20 and 21. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—Each of these numbers is adorned with an unusually elegant engraving: that in No. 20, being "Lady Northumberland," and that in No. 21, "Queen Katharine of France." We again advise every person desiring a superb, yet comparatively cheap copy of Shakespeare, to purchase this edition.

Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey. Edited by Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have received from the publishers the fourth part of this extremely interesting correspondence. It will be completed in two more numbers, making a large and elegantly printed volume when bound.

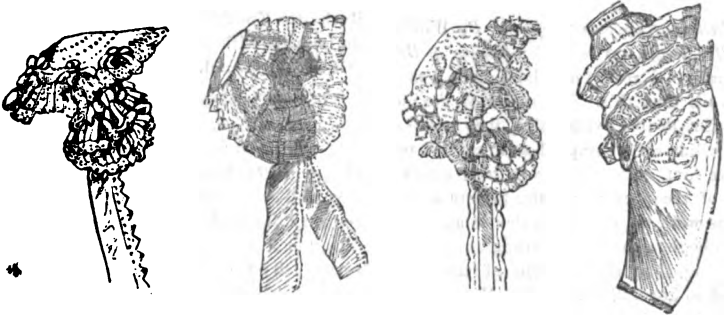
The Rebels. A Tale of the American Revolution. By the author of "Hobomok." 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—This is an early work of Mrs. Childs, now re-published. It will be read with interest by those who love natural pictures of life, and have not been spoiled by the exaggerated school of novelists.

The Initials. A Novel. 1 vol. Philada: A. Hart.—This is a novel of character, and really one of the best of its kind we have read for many years. The scene is laid in Germany, the domestic life of which is finely pictured. The author is a new hand, but we hope to hear from him again.

The Hyacinths. By Mrs. Gray. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a new novel, by one of the most popular female writers of fiction, and one who always inculcates principles of virtue. The book, we can recommend, as worthy, in every way, of her reputation.

Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution. No. V. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mr. Lossing continues this great national work with unabated interest: while the engravings increase in merit, where

that is possible, with every number. We have no doubt that, when this serial becomes better known, it will reach a circulation of one hundred thousand copies.



FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE COSTUME.—Dress of rich drab gros de tours; the skirt closed up the front by silk ornaments in the form of bows and tassels; the latter representing acorns. The corsage is high to the throat, and the sleeves loose at the ends, with under-sleeves of white muslin. Pardessus of glace silk; the color royal blue. The skirt or basquine of this pardessus, which is rather long, is trimmed with five rows of silk fringe, each surmounted by a triple row of braid. The sleeves are loose in the Chinese style, and trimmed with rows of fringe and braid corresponding with the basquine. Bonnet of crinoline, trimmed on the outside with white lace, having a deep vandyked edge. Under-trimming of small pink and white flowers.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF DARK GREEN BROCADE SILK.—Skirt trimmed at the side with three rows of fringe, with deep headings. Corsage high, and in the pelerine style, likewise trimmed with fringe. Sleeves rather short and wide, finished with fringe, with a full white under-sleeve. Bonnet of white silk, ornamented with three white marabout plumes.

FIG. III.—Is a little coquettish cap to be fixed on the top of the head, and it is exceedingly becoming to a pretty face with a piquant expression. It is made of a small round piece of net, round which is sewed a piece of insertion, round this is sewed three rows of quilling net, with rows of insertion between them; the whole being finished with a deep border of lace. There are puffs of lace and pink ribbon on each side, and strings hanging down; and little bows of pink ribbon are placed at intervals round the crown.

FIG. IV.—Is a lace cap for a lady of maturer age. It is made of figured net, and has a plain caul fitting close to the head, and is trimmed with a quilling of narrow lace taken in loops from the border to the border of the crown, on the sides and behind, where it is fastened with little bows of narrow yellow satin ribbon; the lace in front forming two rosettes with a bow in each, and a cluster of similar rosettes and bows on each side of the face.

FIG. V.—Is a muslin morning cap, with six rows of worked muslin round the crown, confined with strips of ribbon, and bordered with a deeper frill of worked muslin, trimmed with ribbon.

FIG. VI.—Is a pagoda sleeve of muslin, trimmed with lace, and finished with a bow of pink ribbon inside the arm. The under-sleeve is also of muslin, and is made full, but gathered into a worked band round the wrist, which is lined with pink ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is nothing particularly new in the mode of making dresses—every lady adopts a fashion of her own, provided it is becoming. Canton crapes, splendid brocades, and chameleon silks, have just been received for autumn wear.

The new Bonnets consist for the most part of fancy straw, and of white and black straw intermingled, and they are usually trimmed with a mixture of ribbon and velvet—the ribbon of some bright color, such as blue, pink, or light green, and the velvet either black or of some deep tint. A bonnet of black and white straw has been received from Paris. It is lined with pink silk, and trimmed, outside and in, with black ribbon and black velvet. Another straw bonnet, also imported from Paris, is trimmed with wheat-ears and with maroon and dark blue velvet ribbon intermingled. The same trimming ornaments the inside of the brim, and the strings are of velvet ribbon.

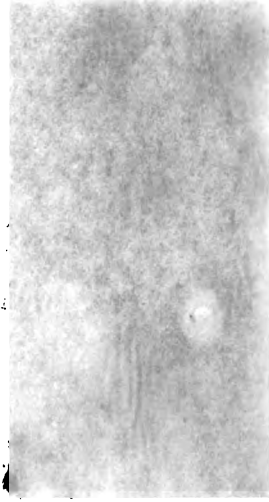
The ribbons are remarkably rich, and of every variety of color. Black and orange, black and crimson, and chameleon, are the newest.

The new head-dresses are very beautiful. One which we have seen is composed of loops of pink watered ribbon with a fancy edge, mingled with drooping strings of pearl; three steaming ends falling over each ear. This head-dress would be becoming to dark hair, and to a thin face, as it gives width.

Another is formed of a fancy ribbon with flowers instead of pearls. All the favorite head-dresses, whether of flowers, ribbons, or lace droop quite decidedly. This is an old fashion revived, but to most faces it is remarkably becoming.











THE VINTAGE.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1850.

No. 4.

THE MARTYRS OF THE COLISEUM.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

In the heart of Rome, surrounded by the ruins of the ancient city, stands a shattered amphitheatre, but vast and wierd, like a relic of the Antediluvian world. Majestic, even in its decay, the Coliseum takes firm hold of the imagination. When it was first erected Rome was yet mistress of the world, but though the Roman empire has been entombed a thousand years, the Coliseum still stands. The vicissitudes of ordinary nations are nothing to the changes it has witnessed. It has been a circus, a church, a quarry, and a prison. It has seen the Roman emperor in his purple; the conquering Goth with his long, fair hair; the labarum that was borne before Constantine; the hosts of the crusaders; the army of Bourbon; the pomp of Popes; the majesty of Napoleon. The same race that, when it was young, wandered wild in the forests of Britain, now comes, in all the glory of civilization, to gaze upon its ruins. The gods that were acknowledged over half the world, when first its vast circle was thrown open to receive the Roman populace, have not now a votary on the face of the globe. Alone, and in ruins, it survives; yet still majestic. As a young poet, but one destined to be great, has said, it stands

"dark

With thoughts of ages: like some mighty captive
Upon his death-bed in a Christian land,
And lying, through the chant of Psalm and Creed,
Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his brow,
And on his lips strange gods."

But there are associations of horror as well as of sublimity connected with the Coliseum. There wild beasts tore each other in the presence of a brutal populace; and there gladiators, ravaged from their distant homes, fought to amuse an idle people. Nor was this all. There Christian martyrs, refusing to abjure their faith, were exposed to savage lions; while a hundred thousand spectators, filling the vast amphitheatre of seats, exulted with shouts at the display. The names

of but six, who thus perished in the Coliseum, have come down to us; but if we could know the whole number, the terrible catalogue would appal us. During nine persecutions the Christian martyrs prayed and died in that bloody arena. During nearly three centuries, the massive walls of that amphitheatre shook to the applause of brutal thousands, echoed to the roar of wild beasts, and heard the last petition of dying saints.

Let us imagine a day in ancient Rome. From all parts of the city countless thousands pour toward the Coliseum, for there is to be a grand display of gladiators, and at the end a Christian is to suffer. The seats are soon filled, tiers of human heads rising one above the other, until the immense mass seems almost to reach the sky. A breathless silence succeeds, when the gladiatorial shows are over, for now the Christian is introduced. He is a venerable old man, whose only crime is that he refuses to sacrifice to the gods, but for this he is held an enemy of his race. As he enters the arena, he sinks on one knee to the sand, and raising his mild, benignant face to the sky, prays silently. At this there is a hoarse murmur of rage on the part of the populace, which the director of the games well understands, for he hastily gives a sign. A door, at one end of the amphitheatre is flung open, a savage roar is heard, and a lion bounds into the arena. Shaking his shaggy mane, the enraged beast looks around, discovers the kneeling man, and, crouching, springs, with another roar, upon his victim. The dark body of the lion is seen passing through the air; it covers the kneeling martyr; and all is over.

Another scene. It is a grand gala day, for a new emperor has just attained the purple, and, to purchase popularity, he has prepared an unusual display in the amphitheatre. Every known clime has been ransacked for savage beasts, and

all are to be turned loose together in the arena. With them, too, several Christians are to suffer. The Coliseum, as usual, is thronged. The various beasts are first introduced, their rage whetted by hunger, and when they have fought each other for awhile, and the spectacle grows tame and monotonous, the cruel order is given, and the persecuted Christians are introduced. They number all ages, and include both sexes. Venerable priests are there, noble matrons, beautiful virgins, men in the prime of life. They are told that, if they will sacrifice to Jupiter, they shall be saved. But one and all refuse, preferring to die, in that horrible battle of wild beasts, rather than abjure their Saviour. And they die, singing triumphant psalms, for God is with them in the hour of trial. By such martyrdoms, and others even more

terrible, was our faith vindicated. Men were sewn up in the skins of wild beasts, and thus thrown to the lions; women were exposed, in sacks, to be gored by wild bulls; and both were wrapped around with pitch, which was then set on fire, and the victims placed to illuminate the imperial gardens. But, notwithstanding these persecutions, Christianity continued to spread, until, within less than three centuries from the death of its founder, it became the religion of the land. And now, when nearly two thousand years have elapsed, and the Coliseum alone stands, of all the arenas that witnessed these martyrdoms, Christianity not only survives, but grows stronger daily, widening and deepening its influence among the nations, elevating, and refining, and civilizing men.

LEAVES FROM MY LADY'S ALBUM.—NO. II.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

Go love the world, oh, mighty sage,
With the white brow high and fair,
And write on many a deathless page
The good that a world may share:
And bear the plaudits nobly met
For the errand thou hast done,
And toil for the love of all, but yet
Give me the Love of One.

Go love the world, oh, libertine,
As toys for a playful hour,
And drink the foam from the flashing wine,
And the dew from every flower:

Go revel on in the changing flame
A thousand times begun;
But away, away with the trifler's name,
Give me the Love of One.

Go love the world for any meed,
Be loved by the world again,
But dark is your hope in the hour of need,
And weary is your chain;
Still woman's love is the better part
When all the course is run,
No phantom light from every heart,
But the full, free Love of One.

FLORENCE GRAY.

BY HENRY H. PAUL.

SWEET Florence Gray, 'twas in the Spring
When woodlands budded fair,
And roses twined with jessamine
Were braided in thy hair—
We met—'twas then—when daisy-gifts
Like gems were strewn around,
And blue forget-me-nots and moss
Just peeped above the ground.
'Twas then I breathed soft vows to thee,
I think of them to-day—
Those vows which bind me yet to thee—
My own sweet Florence Gray.

Last night in dreams I saw thee borne
Upon the streamlet's tide,
Where in our skiff we've watched the waves
So often side by side—
I thought you looked so beautiful—
Dressed all in simple white,
And wore a jewel in your breast
That sparkled in the light.
And then I woke—the vision fled—
For dreams wont always stay,
Yet ah! thy vision lingers still—
My own sweet Florence Gray.

A TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH.

BY JESSIE JESSAMINE.

"SHADE of Franklin protect us!" Surely, the knuckles of that placid old gentleman could not have received a greater shock, when trudging under a thunder cloud in the rosy month of June, one hundred years ago, he with his little iron-pointed, silken kite, enticed the lightnings down—than did my feelings when standing, brush in hand, on a bright May morning, 1850, I was handed the following "despatch:"

"TELEGRAPH OFFICE, Balt. May 6th.

DEAR COZ—I am escorting a female relative north—will take H—on my route—expect us to-morrow, early train, FRANK CURTIS."

"Shade of Franklin protect us!" I exclaimed, throwing it from me—"was there ever anything so provokingly unfortunate?"

There we were in the midst of house-cleaning"—superintendent of which I had been duly installed by my dear mother only a day or two before.

"For," said she, "young ladies cannot hope to make good housewives for others, unless they first serve an apprenticeship in their paternal homes."

And here was I—taking my first lesson—every carpet up—half the furniture sent off to the cabinet-maker to be varnished—blinds hauled down—bedsteads stripped—in short, everything "topsy turvy." All this confusion and a beau in prospect. What was to be done?

Frank was a far-off cousin of mother's—he had been here before, and I knew he loved to see everything in "apple-pie order"—and also that precious little work could be done when he was an inmate.

We had engaged but one assistant—and had intended taking it leisurely—but here was a damper.

I summoned the household—a grand consultation was held over the untimely note; and after exhausting every exclamation deprecatory of visitors in general, and this one in particular in house-cleaning times—we ended by declaring that Frank was a noble fellow with all his oddities.

"And I for one," said mother, "shall be right glad to see him."

"Oh, delighted," I chimed in, "only there is so much to do, and no time to do it in."

"But come he will." So calling Dinah from

her half-cooked dinner, and Jim from his work in the dining-room, I assigned them all their tasks—and everything went on right merrily.

By three in the afternoon we were ready for the carpets, and securing the aid of the man who brought them in, well-shaken, we laid and tacked them with the precision of an upholsterer.

This done, it needed but the arranging of the furniture and the disposing of some summer drapery about the windows, and over the large French mirrors, to make the appearance and comforts of the parlors complete.

When we came down to tea that evening, we announced that the "spare chambers" were in "perfect order," and upon comparing notes, we found that everything was in tolerable readiness for the expected arrival. And when we assembled in our spacious parlors that night, it was with light hearts and merry voices, all feeling that they had added their mite to the clean and cheerful comfort which reigned there.

And here let me say that those young ladies who eschew household affairs, and every domestic arrangement, know not the calm satisfaction and conscious pleasure that fills one's heart as one gathers around the tidy centre-table, or clusters with mamma and the little ones about the bright hearth-stone neatly swept by one's own hand.

But we will not stop to moralize, as we are all ready for Frank. And sure enough the next morning the omnibus drove to the door, and out jumped Frank, never looking around, though we were all impatient to greet him, but seeming wholly intent upon guiding the tiny feet and fairy form of the lady he had in charge.

A few moments and they were fairly emerged; and the hasty cousinly kiss being over, he introduced her as "Miss Barton," whose mother we had all seen; "as to this lady," said he, gaily, "I can only say it may take you sometime to understand her—but before very long you will, I dare say, acknowledge her in every way worthy of her maternity."

Frank, as I have said, had been with us before. Two summers ago he wrote on to mother, telling her that though he had never seen us, his mother assured him he would be kindly received for her sake. "And I am the more inclined to come at this time," he added, "as my dear mother has set her heart upon my marrying; and as I am

not one of the most energetic men in the world, I have thought one of your spirited, rosy-cheeked northern women would be the very thing."

"The very thing indeed!" I indignantly exclaimed, as I read the letter. "I wonder if he thinks our charming northern women are to be had for the asking?—or that they will waste their sweets upon a proud, indolent, conceited nabob?"

"Oh, you are too severe, my daughter," replied my mother, calmly, "Frank is, I have reason to believe, an excellent young man—and now I think of it," she continued, "there's my favorite niece, Lucy. She has signified her intention of visiting us at no distant day. Why not hasten her a little, that she and Frank may meet here? They would suit admirably."

My mother bent upon match-making! Ah, well, so be it. That very day I wrote to Lucy D—— to lose no time in joining us. After telling her of the gentleman's avowed motive in coming north, I concluded with—

"You cannot but admire my disinterestedness and magnanimity in inviting you here at this time—thus foregoing all chance of a conquest on my part—inasmuch as the gentleman is of exemplary morals—has unbounded wealth, and still a large expectancy from his mother."

Lucy came, and so did Frank Curtis—and never did mortal beings devise, plan, and manœuvre more to bring about the union of two hearts, than did one and all of us from the head of the house down to Sister Lizzie, who had just reached her teens.

Frank was just formed to captivate one of Lucy's disposition and temperament. He was quite tall in person—but by his broad shoulders and fine expansive chest, was relieved from every appearance of awkwardness, which so often mars the effect in very tall men.

He had moreover a pleasant countenance, a fine hazel eye, and black hair and whiskers—just enough of the latter to give him with his erect form a slightly martial air. And then such teeth! I have watched them often as with his bewitching, quiet smile he discoursed to us of his pleasant southern home, or descanted upon the fidelity of some favorite slave, and wondered how Lucy could resist him.

His manner was at times gay and dashing—ready for all sorts of fun—and again he would turn from it at a moment's warning, and hang for days over the sick cradle of our boy.

Indeed one could not but love him—yet there was something unsatisfactory and provoking about him too. I cannot describe it, nor explain myself better than by saying he was forever *disappointing* one.

Just as you had him wound up to the very

point desired, and you felt sure from his nodding assent to your premises—and his "ah! is it possible," "oh, certainly," &c., as you progressed in your argument, that he could not but agree with you in your conclusion—lo! he was off at a tangent, declaring that it might all sound very well, but his experience had taught him differently and so on. Indeed, I never have decided to this day, whether he does it for mischief, or whether contradiction is an innate defect.

Now Lucy was altogether the reverse of this—with a skin of remarkable clearness and purity of texture—and features almost perfect in their regularity—with a person of exquisite mould, and a grace of manner altogether winning, she had that frank, artless, open-hearted simplicity now so seldom found, but which our grand-dames tell us was quite the fashion in their day.

In truth, she seemed just the being to neutralize a character like that of Frank's.

She never for a moment concealed her admiration of "Mr. Curtis," and though she was not forward, showed her readiness to walk or ride with him as the case might be. Truth to tell, she was always assigned to him as a matter of course, and we never started off for a walk that Frank did not mechanically offer his arm, or saunter along at the side of Lucy.

Our town abounds in sweet walks and shady trees—hardly a day passed that we did not ramble off in some direction, and when I happened to lead the way, I never failed to hurry my companion with a most commendable zeal till we reached our place of destination.

Or if we chanced to fall behind, I saw a thousand beauties over which to linger in the gentle waves of the Susquehanna as they swept past us tinted with the rich sunset hue—or perchance I culled the wild flowers from its banks—or casting my eye to the opposite shore, would go off into raptures about the green hills which rise there with so cultivated an air; and so aristocratic withal that one would scarcely think we have still with us the "oldest inhabitant," who remembers when the beast of the forest had there his "den"—and when the Indian girl made her wild toilet in the waters that wash their base.

Anything and everything that Frank and Lucy might walk undisturbed. Often and often I have watched them in their quiet course—she with her head slightly inclined toward him—while his I fancied was bent eagerly down, drinking in her slightest accent.

The very night before Lucy went—I had as was my wont outwalked them—and as they approached the stile where we were seated I felt sure from the conscious blush upon her cheek, and the half-dubious, half-satisfied air of Frank that matters had come to a crisis—and with a

knowing look I said, "I trust your ramble has been a pleasant one?" "Oh! delightful," answered Lucy, in a moment, while Frank remained as I thought in silent embarrassment.

Well, Lucy went—Frank seeing her a few miles on her homeward journey. I was all anxiety you may be sure, besides had some pride in wishing to feel that my manœuvring was not all lost. So a day or two after, I was enumerating her many virtues, to each and all of which Frank only nodded his approval.

At length in despair of getting a direct opinion unasked, I abruptly said, "well, tell us now, Frank Curtis, what do you think of our sweet Cousin Lucy?"

"Oh! she's well enough," he answered, "but give me a girl that don't shriek at the buzz of a bee, nor faint at the sight of a harmless snake. Besides I never did like these beauties—especially your blonde beauties—they are too timid and amiable—and then they take your admiration so much as a matter of course; they expect it."

"Expect it!" I repeated, warmly—"Lucy Douglass never *expected* the admiration of any one."

"Oh! I was not thinking just at the instant of your cousin," he answered, with provoking coolness. "I was speaking in general terms."

"Ah! it seems to me, Frank," said I, reproachfully, "that you ought to think of no one else after all that has passed."

"After all that's passed—why, coz, you amaze me. It's not possible that Lucy for a moment supposed—I never dreamed—who would have thought." But I waited for no explanation, and swung out of the room with quite an air of indignation, and hurried to mother's room that she might condole with me on the failure of all our plans.

When did woman acknowledge herself vanquished? I began to think I had mistaken my man. "He is certainly a clever fellow," I said, "and Lucy though pretty, *was* too tame for him. If I could only get Grace Clarence to come over as if by accident," I thought. "She is the very antipodes of Lucy."

Tall, commanding figure—hair that falls in curling masses about her pale and rather melancholy cheek—and an eye dark as ebony, that looks out from a soul proud with exalted intellect and conscious superiority. "That will do exactly." And in less than three days Grace was sitting in our parlor side by side with Frank Curtis!

I felt that with her our movements must be much more adroit. In truth, that we dare not let her for a moment suppose that she was brought here with the expectation of making a conquest.

Grace was a girl of remarkable self-possession. Never under any circumstances did she lose that calm dignity and propriety of manner which is sure to characterize the well-bred and high-minded woman.

Indeed so much did her calm stateliness of manner, which was perfectly natural, differ from my own warm and impulsive temperament, which is quite as natural, that I was at a loss at first how to conduct my mode of attack.

I, however, set my wits to work to plan various excursions aquatic and equestrian, where I thought there was any possibility of the occurrence of any untoward circumstance—something just startling enough to bring into action Grace's habitual presence of mind. But boats would not upset, nor would our "gallant steeds" prove faithless to their riders.

At last a little incident took place in our own parlor divested of all romance to be sure—but which I was certain would fix matters at once.

Our dear little Tom, a sweet, rosy-cheeked boy of three years, had been quietly playing about, when suddenly he choked, coughed, and his face assumed a purple hue. We all jumped and screamed—while I snatched the child up, calling loudly, "mother—sister—come, quick, Tom is dying."

I say all—all but Grace. She seeing at once what was the matter, rushed after me and hastily taking the little fellow from me, thrust her fingers down his throat and drew out a large button!

"That was nobly done, Grace," said Frank, relieving her at the same time of the struggling boy. "You have by your uncommon nerve and admirable presence of mind saved the life of this sweet child." And then he added playfully, but I thought somewhat seriously, "Grace Clarence will be a prize for any man!"

"Fairly committed," thought I, and making an excuse to take Tom to mother, I left them alone.

All would not do. Another month rolled round. Grace and Frank were still here, but no proposal; and though he had mingled occasionally with the refined and polished society which adorns this inland town, he was summoned home at last with a heart apparently untouched, and a person free as air.

He bade us farewell in an assembled group—and if I except one short letter announcing his safe arrival at home, this was the last we had seen or heard of him.

Several little circumstances had occurred, however, to lead me to suspect that Grace had not been kept quite so much in ignorance of his movements as had we. And somehow when this "despatch" reached us, announcing his intention of diverging so greatly from the main route, I

could not but think that Grace had something to do with it.

However my digression is much more glaring, you will say, and not so easily forgiven, inasmuch as you are waiting to hear something of the "female relative."

Ah! she was a beauty—not one of "your blondes" neither, nor yet was she a brunette. But just enough of the rich, red northern blood tintured her downy cheek and ripened her pouting lips, to ~~to~~ away with a slight hue of what might otherwise have been called southern.

The color of her eyes too was most bewitchingly uncertain. Frank called them black, and for a moment one might agree with him, but the long, silken lashes threw them so in the shade, that just as you were declaring that they were a—a light hazel, you are stalked into the belief that they are coal black. Then again when she opened them full upon you, you were pleased to find them beautifully blue.

Any little distrait that might have lingered consequent upon the bustle of getting ready for them, vanished in an hour under her genial smiles and pleasant volubility. Long before dinner she was familiarized with the whole household from "grandma" down. All loved her.

After dinner we girls stole off for an hour's *siesta*, and at six tea was served—upon rising from the table Frank said, "now for a walk—one of our old-fashioned walks, coz, along the mossy bank, or away to some shady grove—any where our fancy leads us."

No sooner said than done, and after an hour's ramble we found ourselves on the grass-skirted and clean graveled walks of "Capitol Hill."

Feeling somewhat weary, we seated ourselves on the stately stone-steps of one of the "departments," where the thick extending branches from a clump of lofty trees near by, twine their rich green foliage in and around the massive pillars, making a delicious, quiet retreat in which to pass the twilight hour.

Here we remained long and pleasantly, each one relating in turn some amusing incident of "by-gone days." I among the rest telling Miss B— of Frank's sad and cavalier treatment of our two sweet cousins, warning her to beware of him, for I pronounced him a complete *male coquette*!

"Talking of cousins," said Frank, laughing it off—"talking of cousins reminds me of a passage in my 'love's history,' though I don't know that it's worth while to tell it, as cousinly affection seems to be exhausted in this circle."

"No such thing," said Lizzie, a sweet, blue-eyed girl, laying her hand coaxingly upon his shoulder. "I do love a story, and above all one of your stories, Cousin Frank."

"Well, then," began Frank, "you must know it was at my own home in the balmy south that this occurred, some, sometime ago (and a roguish smile played upon his face.) Our folks are hospitable in the true Virginian sense.

"They are always gathering around them some choice spirits; and Sister Kate, of whom you have often heard me speak, is forever scouring the country either in person or by some *mail proxy*, in search of some companion, somebody to come and stay with her.

"So one calm October morning, Kate came bounding into my room quite out of breath, with an open letter in her hand. 'Look here, Brother Frank; you know I wrote to New York for Cousin Mary to come and spend the winter with us; never dreaming she could be induced to leave the gaieties of that great metropolis for our dull home, but here it is—she's coming—she'll be here in a day or so.'

"I gave an impatient pshaw!—such a cousin. 'Why, Kate, I was at Uncle Sam's when she was ten or twelve years old, and an uglier little mortal I never laid my eyes on.'

"'Well,' said she, 'you'll lay your eyes on this self-same mortal very soon again. And I do beg now, Frank, if she should be somewhat plain or even ugly, that you will not put on that haughty, indifferent air of yours—but be polite for my sake.'

"'Or for the ladies *own* sake,' said the bland voice of my mother. We both started, and looking around there, leaning on the arm of my mother was—was a being. How shall I describe her?"

"Never mind the description," said Lizzie—"on with the story."

"Well, it was Cousin Mary! and after Kate had hugged and kissed her to her heart's content, my mother handed her over to me, and I assure you I welcomed her in the most approved cousinly manner.

"Days and weeks flew by. We walked and rode, and sailed together, till at last I began to suspect myself most desperately in love! over head and ears in love!

"Somehow, when Mary came about me with her sweet, endearing ways, it never pleased me half so well if she called me coz: that sweet, familiar word that I at first thought so bewitching, began to fall painfully upon my ear; and once or twice I said, 'oh! call me Frank; just plain Frank.'

"I think she half suspected me; for she looked archly into my face, and said, 'ah, then, Frank, don't you want me for a relation?' How I longed to fold her to my heart; and tell her how near and dear a tie, I hoped, would one day bind us.

"But Cousin Mary was changeful in her moods; one never knew how to take her. Sometimes she

was wild and playful, and this became her most. Often indeed, most often she would put on her sentimental city airs, as I called them, and wonder how we could be so unceremonious! 'Gentlemen in the south were so familiar,' &c. I also noticed that these remarks were introduced most inopportunately, just at the very time that I had mentally resolved to snatch the first moment of solitude with her to tell my tale of love—but these terrible sentimental fits of hers would set me all wrong again.

"And so the time came round when Mary was to leave us for a couple of weeks, on a visit to an uncle still further south, without my having committed myself in the slightest point.

"Mary was gone! I was inconsolable. How I did bless my abominable stupidity or bashfulness, and wonder I could let any feeling overcome the all-absorbing love which filled my soul.

"Write to her I would not; for sometimes Mary was a quix, and I feared she might serve up the precious *billet doux* for the edification of my fair cousins with whom she was staying.

"At length Mary came again. Kate had gone to spend a day or two with a neighbor; and as I lifted Mary from the carriage I ventured to say, 'oh! how glad I am to have you here once more!' then thinking I had said too much, 'Sister Kate will be so happy.'

"As we walked up the spacious hall we were alone, and I stooped to kiss her cheek. She raised her hand to interrupt it, saying, 'no, no, Mr. Frank! I am no longer on your list of cousins; pray be civil.' 'Oh! but let me beg you, Mary,' the drawing-room door opened, and my mother advanced with her warm welcome, and I was left with the confession lingering on my lips.

"After tea I found my cousin was in her sentimental mood, so I proposed a walk. She languidly consented, and we wandered forth.

"The night was splendid, and as I drew her arm in mine I felt, indeed, I think I may safely say, we both felt that 'moonlight hours are meet for love.'

"We'll take the little path to the lake,' said I; 'there is something so refreshing in its green banks, so calm and beautiful in its deep, still waters, that I think we shall both enjoy a walk in that direction.'

"You seem depressed to-night, coz,' she said, 'I beg pardon, Mr. Frank, I mean; are you ill, or how shall I account for the mood that's upon you?'

"Oh! never mind me, Mary. Why should you?' Then looking onward, 'I declare there's my favorite boat moored just by the willow. If Sambo was here what a delightful sail we might have.'

"That instant Sambo hove in sight. 'Why,

Sambo, where did you come from?' 'Oh! jis tought massa might want to go a boatin by de light ob de moon.' 'Very well, Sambo, bring the boat close into shore. Step carefully, Mary,' and in a moment we were floating quietly on the blue waters.

"The scene was enchanting; it was fairy-like. The Naiads of the stream might see the silvery fishes reposing by moonlight on its pebbly bottom; and myriads of stars danced upon its dimpled surface.

"Silently we moved along. My breath came thick and fast. I saw that Mary expected some word of love from me; perhaps hoped for it.

"At length I broke the painful silence by saying, 'Sambo, sing—sing us something low and plaintive.' I wanted something in accordance with the scene. 'Yes, massa,' and as his full clarion voice rose upon the air, I felt that now the propitious time had come."

Here we all clustered still closer to Frank breathless with attention.

"Mary! I said, and took her hand in mine. I saw the flush upon her brow; but putting on an air of careless gaiety, she answered, 'well, Cousin Frank.' 'Mary!' for a moment she raised her beaming, sparkling, speaking eyes of jet to mine, and anon her long, dark lashes swept her crimson cheek, 'Mary!' and pressing her hand still closer, I exclaimed, '*this is classic ground I do assure you!*'"

"How absurd!" said I, rising indignantly, "it was just like you, Frank. It is a way you have of raising expectations that are never to be realized."

"Not so very absurd after all," said Frank, laughing heartily, "for having got once more on terra-firma we threw romance aside; and talked of stern realities. In the course of which I asked the lady in plain terms if she would take me 'for weal or for woe?'—to which she answered modestly, but decidedly, '*yes!*'" Then rising and advancing toward Miss B——, "and I now introduce you to my wife, Miss Mary Curtis!"

Such expressions of amazement—such kisses and congratulations as followed the denouement I leave you to imagine.

Upon reaching the house my first impulse was to fly to mother's room, and be the first to tell her that after all our efforts Frank had succeeded in making his own match!

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis staid with us for a couple of weeks, serving only to confirm us in the wisdom of Frank's choice. When we parted, it was with mutual regrets and promises to continue a friendship formed under circumstances so amusing.

This morning I got a letter from Mary, dated, "My own home, New York city." In which she says, "Frank bids me tell you, that his friends

all think he makes a *point of disappointing*; and to retrieve his character in this respect he is determined to give me a view of that 'classic ground' he talked so eloquently of. For this purpose we have taken passage in the steamer 'Europa,' which sails in a couple of weeks.

After staying long enough in London to see the 'sights,' we shall cross over to the Continent—visit Paris and other places of note; and then luxuriate for a month or so in the rosy twilight of Italy."

OH! SING THAT SONG TO ME ONCE MORE.

BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.

On! sing that song to me once more,
My own sweet Isabel,
Whose witching cadence charmed mine ear,
As if some fairy spell
Had larked within its glowing chords;
Oh! sing that song to me,
'Twill charm awhile the dismal roar
Of the deep-sounding sea.

Fear not, my love, thou'rt safe from harm,
Tho' loud the billows roar,
And rudely dash their surging waves
Against this rocky shore;
With thy head pillowed on my breast,
Thou wilt as sweetly sleep
As when the downy pillow pressed
Thy soft and blooming cheek.

But sing that song to me once more,
My own sweet lady fair,
Whose echoes once so gaily rang
In the proud halls of thy sire,
Whose dark grey turrets cast their shade
Across the rolling Rhine;
How could'st thou, love, for me resign
That lordly home of thine?

But still thy step is light and free,
Thine eye as brightly beams
As when we first our love confessed
Beside thine own blue streams;
But cheer thee now, my bonny bride,
And sing that song to me;
The proud Earl welcomes back his child,
He now is seeking thee.

He missed thy gay and bird-like tones
Within his dwelling lone:
He bids thee now resume thy place
To cheer his hearth and home;
Nay, why that look of timid fear?
I too shall go with thee,
And wheresoe'er thou may'st abide,
Thy William there will be.

Thy haughty sire will not refuse
To own me for his son,
When he shall learn his child hath wed
The Earl of Clarendon;
And thou, my bride, wilt thou forgive
The ruse we played with thee,
Since 't was to win the faithful heart
That thou hast given me?

STANZAS.

BY O. C. WHITTLESSEY.

The sun is shining bright above;
No cloud is wand'ring thro' the sky;
Gay birds are warbling in the grove,
Right merrily, right merrily.

Nor brooks, nor streamlets silent lie,
Their dullest notes are flowing free;
And balmy winds are fluttering by,
Right merrily, right merrily.

All Nature pleasing thrift pervades,
No discord maims her harmony;

Flocks dance in the ambrosial shades
Right merrily, right merrily.

And why am I "perked up" in gloom,
When all so blandly smiles on me?
I'll bury care—dance on his tomb,
Right merrily, right merrily.

I'll rend the darkling woof of care,
And set my captive spirit free,
To float upon the peaceful air,
Right merrily, right merrily.

THE FIRE-FLY.

BY CAROLINE CHESBRO.

"Oh, not for wealth, or fame, or power,
Hath man's meek angel striven,
But, silent as the growing flower,
To make of earth a Heaven."—~~ERNEST~~ ELLIOTT.

"A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."—BIBLE.

"WHAT a beautiful bride," was the involuntary exclamation that broke from many a lip, as Mary Wraith, leaning on the arm of her young husband, William Werne, passed along the aisle of the village church to the carriage which stood in waiting.

The bride was certainly very beautiful, though now her face was very pale—it had none of that glow of health which it usually wore: but Mary was a mourner even on this her marriage day, and long watching and final bereavement had written a sad story on her sweet countenance. She was dressed in white, (but without the ornaments or tinsel, which we all know become the youthful bride so well) having for William's sake, rather than for her own, for she had none of superstition, merely laid aside for that day her mourning garments, to re-assume them on the morrow.

During the last week Mary had followed her father to the grave, and she was now an orphan. Long had that parent been the object of her constant care and devoted affection, for he was both father and mother to her, Mrs. Wraith having died in her own fair youth, while her child was an infant.

It seemed as though the hand of Providence had guided the hearts of these young beings toward each other, that they might in union support each other in the dark hour of misfortune.

Not many months since William Werne had come back to his native village, a ruined merchant. He had been gone from home but three years: after a sufficient experience in the employment of another, as his father imagined, it was thought advisable for the youth to go into business for himself—and he had such a bright and hopeful spirit, was so full of the energy and ambition of youth, that the old man who looked on him with pride and admiration could not doubt of his success.

But that very energy and ambition had carried William too far: it was not possible that he should long cope with rivals whose fortunes were established, who in the ranks of trade could stand unmoved by the most adverse winds. But a

shock came that threw all our young merchants' business into confusion so inextricable, that he saw no way but to act on his first impulse—he hastily retired to his father's house burdened with mortified pride, and the many debts whose pressing and binding nature he keenly felt.

Captain Werne was an aged, retired officer in the army, who for deeds of valor performed in his prime, had been granted a pension by government. He himself had counselled his son to a mercantile career, and to establish him in business had advanced the little fortune which he had accumulated in past years—and also he had used his influence with personal friends to obtain loans of money for his son. The failure, therefore, fell with heavy weight on the old man, and when too late he wondered at his own short-sightedness in calculating with such certainty on William's success in a path so hazardous.

It was a dark day when the old and the young man stood together in their home, looking over the dismal and perplexing business accounts. But neither of them hesitated in the course they should pursue. They were honorable men, and they resolved to give up all to their creditors at once, and then by renewed and ceaseless exertion to labor in order to liquidate these debts.

The lovely place which the captain had spent years of pleasant leisure in beautifying, was given up without a regretful word; though his heart was sorely torn that day when he left the home which had been so dear to him, and to the young daughter of his heart, who had lived and died there. And by his brave example the old man cheered his somewhat fainter-hearted son.

Captain Werne went then to lodge with his old friend Johnson Wraith, and Willie again left the village to accept a clerkship which had been offered to him in another town. When, some months afterward the young man went back to the village to attend to his father's funeral, when he listened to the comforting words which Mary spoke to him in his great affliction, and saw the tears which she wept for him, the thought which for years had hovered over his mind in dim shadow became suddenly glory-hued, and

he knew that he loved Mary Wraith; and his manhood rejoiced in that hour of enlightenment.

Two years after his father's burial he stood in turn the comforter of the orphaned Mary. It was while her father lay dead in the little parlor, prepared for burial, that Willie said to the sorrowing daughter in a tone of voice that betrayed no passion or worldliness, but calmly solemn, as was meet to be heard in the chamber of death,

"We whom God has sorely and often bereaved, who by His providence are now left without father or mother, brother or sister, or fortune, should we not be *all in all* to each other? We have no riches, and there is little prospect of worldly joys before us God knows. I foresee only a life of constant labor, and have scarcely more than one hope, to die freed from debt. The home I can offer you is a poor one, such as I never thought to offer any woman, but if a true and loving heart is anything to you at this moment I pray you accept mine, for I dearly love you, Mary."

If in the midst of her deep sorrow a ray of light penetrated the gloom of that bereaved woman's heart, forgive it, reader. If there was a sudden uplifting of the dreary cloud which showed the blue sky bathed in sunlight beyond, do not condemn; if there was an instantaneous realization of the command, "*Let there be light*" in her soul, pardon my gentle-hearted one, for it was God and not man who gave the consolation—it was Mercy that sent her peace and hope when she was drinking of the cup of bitterness. It was His loving kindness which joined those hearts together by the couch of the dead, in a bond that was to prove life-lasting.

And, certainly, it was in no spirit of indecent haste, that a few days after the funeral of Mr. Wraith, William Werne and Mary appeared before the parish minister to be married, and of all who looked upon them as they knelt at the altar, there was not one to utter, or even to think such a wrongful thought. In their poverty and bereavement all felt it to be well that they should stand together for life. Even the prudent ones, though they knew the deplorable state of Willie's affairs, said nought uncharitable when he took to himself the beautiful, destitute orphan; they felt indeed thankful for her, that so kind and dear a friend had been given to her in that day which had else been a day of utter desolation.

After their marriage the young couple left the village immediately for the town where Willie was employed—their future dwelling-place. They had no time for merry-making, even had the inclination not been entirely wanting. It was late in the night when the carriage which conveyed them to Greendale entered that town. All was darkness around them, there was neither moon nor stars visible, but such a multitude of fire-flies darted

to and fro in the distance, that one looking upon them had thought a city illuminated was near at hand.

As they drove up the street to their destination the bridegroom exclaimed, "I would to heaven, Mary, that I were conveying you to a better home. May God defend you from ever looking back with regret on the deed recorded this day of us. It almost seems as though it should be a day of fasting and prayer, when such as you and I are bound together. With those who have always looked want in the face, it is different. They are accustomed to it, and have been educated, so to speak, for it; but *you*, oh, Mary! But I love you, I love you, my dearest, and I will move heaven with my prayers to keep me always above temptation. I swear to be always worthy of you!" And he clasped her passionately, and with tears, which the wife saw not for the darkness, to his breast.

"Willie, Willie, darling, do not talk so! Worthy of me! oh, let us only live true to each other and to God, and He will always help us. You give me yourself—it is enough. I have never hoped for riches—I am able to work, and I shall be no drone in our little hive, believe me. Look, Willie! do you see those myriad fire-flies? they look like burning stars—they dash to and fro like meteors, they make light in the darkness. My husband, perhaps I over-rate my strength—I may never prove to you as steadfast and bright as the moonlight, I know I am weak and inefficient, but I will be your fire-fly, I will always try to make light in our house be the clouds above and around us ever so dark. Love is brave, and after all what is there in life so very terrible, if we only make truth our watchword—then if all earth forsakes us we shall find One who is more than earth for our friend—His smile is better than riches—His loving kindness better than light."

"Amen, my Mary!" was the husband's softly and cheerfully uttered response, as the carriage drew up before the humble lodging-house where he had engaged a room for himself and his bride.

On the succeeding morning Willie immediately entered on his duties in his employers warehouse, and Mary buried herself in arranging the few articles of furniture she had kept for their own use, after the sale which had taken place at "*Sunnyside*"—and by noon there was a cheerful home-look in the humble apartment, that made it at once dear and beautiful as a long-sought land of promise to Willie, when he went home at noon. The piano which had been her mother's Mary had kept, a precious keepsake of other days, as well as a means of help in their time of adversity. It was her plan to instruct in music, which she was amply capacitated to do, and in this way,

as also by her needle, she knew she would be able to pay her own way well.

And it was so.

There were never any household debts outstanding against young Werne, never any board-bills to be paid. It was the wife's ambition to have her husband's efforts unshackled, as they had been before he married her; that their dwelling together might prove a mutual encouragement and a solace in hours of relaxation from duty. Was not this a noble ambition?

For months all went on smoothly and well. The life of these two, thus far, had been it is true no summer dream—neither was it all a winter storm. They had each other, health and strength, and for reasonable beings that surely was enough.

There were many young men employed in the establishment where Willie was at work, who had not the saving and restraining power of a virtuous woman to influence them—they were gay youths, with whom to "eat, drink, and be merry" was all of life. Willie was high in favor with them all, and they admired and respected his beautiful and industrious young wife. They had no wish to lead him astray, they had no desire to tempt him; for they knew his poverty, his struggles and liabilities, and they honored him for the brave heart his wife had inspired in him.

But they tempted him once—though thoughtlessly—and that was a night of woe indeed! There had been all day a great press of business, and near midnight when the account-books were at last closed, and the warehouse about to be deserted, a glass of "strong stuff" was passed round to refresh the wearied workmen, and to brace them against the cold and storm without.

That single glass of unwonted stimulus was like fire in Willie's brain. After he had parted with his companions, but before he had accomplished half the homeward way, it had paralyzed him—he was utterly incapable of proceeding, and in the darkness and frost he fell upon the pavement, a pitiable object indeed. Through all that night Mary kept watch—anxiety and terror kept her wide awake, for of the real cause of his absence and long tarrying she had not one faint suspicion. Shortly after sunrise Willie appeared, leaning on the arm of a friend, unaffected then by the fatal contents of that single glass, but ruined in constitution from the long exposure!

There had been in him from his boyhood a tendency to rheumatism in its worst form, and this night had terribly developed it. During the remainder of the cold season he was almost entirely helpless—he could not venture beyond his door, nor in any way labor continuously or profitably. Then the place which he could no

longer fill in the counting-room was supplied with another hand, and it only remained for the young wife to renew her labors with increased courage—to enlarge their sphere: this she did, and her heart never failed her. But William became as a chained lion in those days of grievous trial. "This was a cross too hard for him to bear," he said—and it was not borne with patience. He still hoped much from the warm weather when it should come, but when the sun smiled at last graciously on the earth, it gave to him no restoring power—no healing influence.

Then Willie wept, for all along the thought of spring had been as a thought of heaven to him—he had prayed and panted for it, believing it would restore strength and vitality to his limbs, and alas! when summer came and passed away, it left him as it found him, a cripple still. Then vanished that thought of restoration, that blessed hope of labor and final freedom from all indebtedness to his fellow man.

And yet for all this misfortune, the Lord seemed in those days to have shed the light of His countenance on the soul of the striving wife. With her constant and laborious exertion Mary's strength increased, and was firmly established. The medical aid they were able to command, and much did Mary deny herself to secure this for her husband, was attended with no lasting benefit: all the remedies physicians could suggest were utterly beyond their reach. It is an awful union this of disease and poverty! Yet there was a thought constantly cherished in the wife's mind that was an unfailing source of joy. Slowly she was accumulating a little sum which would one day secure for her beloved a place in an establishment, where such diseases as his had in many cases met with cure little short of miraculous. Oh, how much there was in life for Mary Werne! How rich was she, living with an object to attain! Truly they who do not bitterly suffer, can never know the blessing of a great hope!

The care of Willie was in itself a great care; one from which many a woman would have shrunk—it demanded time that was most precious, and strength and patience—but Mary's heroism was of the most exalted character, and the all-beholding Spirit who saw her labors and her poor reward, knew that she had "well done," and in those days it was surely written of her, "she shall enter the joy of her Lord."

In the second winter after Willie's misfortune he had so much regained the use of his hands as to be able to hold a pen, and the wife had in several offices found for him occasional employment as a copyist—and finally she succeeded in making a permanent arrangement with a person who was touched by the simple story she told him of her husband's misfortune.

The "dew of youth"—that which is in itself youth—want of harsh experience, freedom from care, and pressing thought—that youth with which years have nought to do, had now faded from the brow of the husband and wife. They were both grown old.

It was ten years after their marriage that they sat one winter night resting from their labors, and talking of the past. William had now become reconciled by long deprivation to the loss of that freedom of limb which he had once known, and it did not now so afflict him as it once had. He had learned some admirable lessons from his wife in those years, and not the least of them was patience—holy patience—the power to "suffer and be strong"—to prove himself *thus* nobly and truly great, was now his destiny.

The hope Mary had long cherished of a final and complete cure in her husband's case, was somewhat daunted. The little she had been able to lay by in all those years for meeting the necessary expenses of one who goes abroad in search of health, was far from the sum she had mentally proposed to furnish him; and when at last she mentioned the subject to William, he put it at once away, saying they would "learn to labor and to wait," for other things pressed more heavily upon him than mere physical pain. *First*, he would be freed from the bondage of debt, then it would be time to shake off the bonds of sickness.

That night in winter when they sat together, conversing about the years that were gone, was Christmas Eve. They were comparing the record that it gave them with the past troublous times, when a letter was brought in for "Mrs. Mary Werne." It was opened with wondering interest and perused, shall I say how? Very little correspondence had been kept up by William and Mary with any of their old friends or neighbors, and of the communications addressed to them, very few had more favorable contents than a stern, "pay me that thou owest." But this letter! it was a gospel indeed to that striving pair; its contents were surely "glad tidings of great joy!"

Shortly after, William had been so sorely smitten by disease, an aged man who had lost much by his failure, called upon the debtor in no very amiable mood, in order to receive from him some surety of the debt; his heart was touched by the suffering which met his eyes, and by the firm, brave spirit which the wife revealed. Still he would insist on a surety of payment, and William had given him a "promise to pay," due six years from date; to which Mary, also astonished and outraged by the old man's conduct, insisted on affixing her signature, that in case her husband should be *unable* to pay the debt, it might be held

against her! It was six years ago this very night that this thing happened, and now the money promised was beside them on the table—they had saved it dollar by dollar, and heaven knows how it had been earned and saved; on the morrow they were to forward it to the old man, and proud and glad were they to assist in increasing his already boundless store of wealth.

But that old man was dead, and the letter was from the lawyer who had drawn the will. Enclosed was the note now due, with the blest intelligence that the creditor had in his death resigned the claim, and, in admiration for the wife of William Werne, had left to her a farm in another portion of the state, which was in itself a fortune—being extensive, unincumbered, and in a high state of cultivation!

Now was the earthly recompense indeed come to those long-striving ones, and for the dead old man, that deed of charity he wrought must indeed prove sufficient to cover "a multitude of sins."

To Willie and Mary Werne this was a reward so entirely unlooked for, un hoped for—it brought such joy to their hearts which had grown humble and patient under the chastisement of the Lord, that their astonishment would have given way to incredulity, had not the proof indisputable of the fact of their prosperity been given in the papers before them. And now this night, thoughts, some thoughts that for long they had not dared to cherish, stood up in a full and glorified light, and no more fervent prayers were heard in heaven, than those that went up from Mary's heart as she knelt beside her husband's chair, and while his arm embraced her, poured forth her soul in thankfulness and in glorious faith. Often-times had her voice gone up from that room in which they had lived since their marriage day, and always had his arm thus encircled her as her petitions were offered, but never till now had he joined so heartily in the petitions to which her soul and her faith had too often given the whole human efficacy.

Early in the spring-time they removed from their humble lodgings to their new home, which was situated in one of the richest agricultural districts of New York state. Had they ever aspired in thought to such a home, they had been guilty of a wild dream indeed—more, infinitely more than they had dared to hope was assured them. True, Willie was a cripple still, but now the *ability* to try that wondrous "water cure" was given, and not many months passed after they had entered into possession of their new estate, ere the husband and wife were on their way to Brattleboro'.

But if there was joy in this ability to seek for aid, there was somewhat of sorrow in it also, for it occasioned the first separation that the two

had known since their union. Apart from one another they could live only half a life, and more than can be written they missed each others presence, aid, and conversation while they were dis-severed. However, the one year of absence would pass away swiftly, as after all had stern ten years of hardship and trial they had shared together; then Willie would be home again, crippled, helpless no longer, so all assured them.

And it was true. Twelve months passed, and at the end of June, (it was a year that very day since he parted with Mary) William alighted from the coach in which he had come up from —, while yet at a distance from home, that he might approach the cottage through the fields. It was in the evening, long after sunset, and the moon had risen when he moved through the beautiful walks, bordered with roses in full and glorious bloom that led to the cottage door. Oh, how full of gratitude was his heart as he stood, bound by sickness no longer, in his own halls—how hastily and joyfully he sought her for whose smile and whose kindness he had never, never looked in vain! With a noiseless step he entered the room where they had passed so many happy hours in those months before he went away. She was not there, but something that brought tears to his eyes flitted by him, a brilliant fire-fly—he could have kissed it for her sake, oh, to

him she had been more than that to which she once likened herself in her beautiful humility. The door of this apartment led to another, the pretty parlor, which, happy as young children with a play-house, they had decorated and furnished together, and—*she was there!*

There stood a couch in the centre of the room shrouded in white, and something lay therein that was *motionless!* Faint and trembling with the conviction of all that had fallen upon him, Willie approached and bowed himself beside the bed. To him, in the moments that followed, it was as though an age had passed away since that sight first burst upon him, but still he knelt there, he dared not uncover that hidden face—he could not rise and go away.

Yet that he *did* look upon it at last, they who found him with the lifeless form of Mary folded in his arms, needed not to be told. When with trembling hands he laid aside the veil the moonlight fell on her face, and it seemed to him as though she smiled again, tenderly and sweetly as of old, upon him.

So had Mary Werne's mission on earth been fulfilled; so was her husband brought to say in deep humility and perfect truthfulness, in remembrance of all that was past, and all that was now come upon him, "it is the Lord. Let Him do as seemeth to Him good."

THE NEWS OF THE BATTLE.

BY GEORGE E. SENSENET.

I REMEMBER, aye! I remember the day

When the news of the battle came,
A time was set for a grand display,
As it were with one acclaim:
They told of the hero who led the van,
Where the odds were ten to one,
And they rear'd a triumphal arch to the man
Who was second in fame to none.

But I watch'd the post-boy as he bent
His steps by a lowly door,
An aged mother came out as he went,
To get of the news he bore:
"A victory!" Ah, her eyes shone glad
While so eagerly she read,
But soon her heart grew heavy and mad—
Her son was among the dead!

Banners were streaming all over the town,
And martial music was heard,
The victor rode with a fitting frown
For the one who never fear'd:

Anon and ever a shout went up
As they circled the hero's car,
And his name was pledg'd in the reeking cup;
His name and the glory of war.

Slowly and mournfully up the street,
And down by the quiet lane,
Wound a sorrowing throng that shunn'd to meet
The bright triumphal train:
Up in the church-yard old and dim—
Made dim by many a leaf—
They laid her to rest, and they chaunted a hymn
For the mother who died of grief.

The victor's praise will be sung in rhyme,
And his name is history's own,
But who shall remember the fearful crime
That left the aged alone?
Like the gleams and dreams of golden youth,
By men it is soon forgot;
'Tis best for the hero's fame, forsooth,
That his shield displays no blot.

AGNES PERCIVAL; OR, TRUE LOVE'S DEVOTION.

BY HENRY MAY.

CHAPTER I.

It was one of the pleasant days of the season—early May—and the busy world of mighty London poured forth its tens of thousands on the sparkling flag-stones; the air was fresh and balmy, and as it floated through the close, pent-up streets, many an aching heart and weary head felt its holy power.

In a low tenement, situate in a bye-street of the great metropolis, where seldom the sound of lordly equipages was heard, and where aristocratic feet never trod the rude pavements, sat a young man of some five-and-twenty summers, busily engaged at a painting placed before him on an easel. The countenance was partially averted, but even the classic profile exposed to view, gave one an idea of nobleness of spirit and consciousness of superiority which artificial show will fail to produce. High and broad was the massive forehead, with veins of thought interwoven with the few lines which care had wrought there; dark and piercing were the lustrous eyes; and a profusion of dark, wavy hair fell around the perfectly developed head; while the regularity of the strictly beautiful features, and the proud curl of the nether lip, gave him a singularly commanding, refined and high-born appearance.

The mean apartment in which he sat, and which was evidently an artist's studio, was sadly out of repair. The room was very low and very small, and the discolored ceiling and stained walls announced that the rain had penetrated them recently. There were but two windows, one of which commanded a view of the narrow street, and the other looking into a small back yard, where a few hollies and one or two other shrubs were just unfolding their leaves. All the prospect which was commanded from either casement was stacks of chimneys, a few back windows, clouds of smoke, and the neighboring church spire.

The interior of the apartment was similar to any painter's studio, being embellished with various articles of *virtu* scattered on every hand. Madonna heads after the old masters, most gloriously beautiful; pieces of chaste and elegant statuary; life-like and graceful Hebes; and bewitching Venuses were the principal features of the room;

while a few instruments of music—a guitar and harp—occupied their respective places.

Suddenly the artist tossed back his head from the work wearily, and half closed his eyes; while a low sigh escaped involuntarily from the open lips.

"It is strange," he said to himself, in low and broken accents—"it is strange how the fair face of Agnes will haunt me so! I cannot paint a picture but what some feature of hers will appear upon the canvass; and here, in this new painting, I have combined all her unrivalled charms; and the rare loveliness of her heavenly face seems even now beaming upon me."

It was a picture of a beautiful Greek girl which he had been employed upon, and to which he had reference. Fair, indeed, was that angelic face limned upon the canvass with soft, pearly cheeks, carmine-tinted lips, and eyes most darkly, deeply blue; with many an auburn wave of gemmed and braided hair, and a high, marble brow which seemed almost transparent so fair and white was the polished skin. The attitude of the figure was one of infinite grace. The hands, so small and fair, were clasped together upon the full and graceful bosom, while the pure face and spiritual eyes were raised meekly above, and so innocent and angelic was the expression on that beautiful countenance, that it seemed rather the features of some beautiful spirit than one of earthly mould.

For some time the young man remained in the position he had first taken, not a muscle of his countenance moving, and the quick breath coming and going distinctly. But at length he started to his feet, and glancing at a clock in the room which told with a fretting distinctness every moment which passed away, turned impatiently to the window.

"Ten o'clock, and yet she comes not!" he soliloquized, in a somewhat bitter tone—"what should keep her away? I am sure she might have been here!" and with an anxious and expected expression upon his pallid countenance, he commenced pacing the apartment with heavy strides, glancing from time to time at the clock, and muttering to himself.

At last, he heard a light footstep upon the stairs, and in a moment more a low, musical voice uttered his name without.

"Ernest, Ernest! are you here?"

The young man sprang to the door, a radiant smile breaking over his face, and the dark eyes flashing with joy, and the next instant ushered in a young and beautiful girl of some seventeen summers.

"Agnes—dear Agnes!" murmured the artist, as he bent to kiss the fair creature who stood trembling before him; "I was afraid you would not come—I have been waiting impatiently this long while."

"I came as soon as I could escape from the prying eyes of Lady Evelyn," was the quiet reply of the fair girl, as she sank to a seat by the artist's side; "it is so difficult to get a moment's respite from her Argus-like watchfulness, dear Ernest, that you will pardon my want of punctuality!"

"Oh, willingly, Agnes!" was the quick rejoinder, and many a fond and love-like word succeeded, as Ernest, with one arm thrown around the form of the gentle Agnes, and her head bent forward upon his bosom, sat there, in a trance of deep delight.

The portrait of the Greek girl, before alluded to, was, in truth, the very "pictured semblance" of sweet Agnes Percival; yet there was a something lacking about it; the lively and playful vivacity was not there; and there was but one expression to the countenance, while to Agnes every new incident, every phase of life, gave a different appearance to the beautiful features. Seldom has a brighter sylph appeared in this nether world of ours, or a more glowing vision glanced across the cheerless earth, than fair Agnes; and Ernest—proud Ernest Grahame—knew it, and was happy that the gentle heart which throbbed within that polished casket beat for him—and him alone!

Many an hour glided swiftly by, and yet the lovers sat there, communing with their own hearts, weaving bright hopes for the future, and forgetting the past—that past which had been so cruel to them. The deep knell of the clock of old St. Paul's striking the hour of two, at length aroused them from their delicious *tele-a-tote*, and admonished Agnes to seek her home.

Gathering the ample folds of her rich shawl around her graceful form, she turned toward the door. One kiss from Ernest was impressed on her yielding lips, one glance from his dark, fascinating eyes rested upon her for an instant, and the next moment, with a low farewell upon her lips, she passed down the creaking stairs of the humble domicile, and, emerging into the narrow street, turned her footsteps in the direction of the elegant mansion of Lady Evelyn Beresford.

Ernest gazed long and vacantly after her fast receding form; and when it disappeared from his view he sank into a seat, and buried his face in his hands convulsively.

CHAPTER II.

ERNEST GRAHAME had first met sweet Agnes Percival at her father's princely mansion in the country, where he had been employed by old Sir Mordaunt Percival to paint the portraits of the family. The Lady Emilia, the mother of Agnes, stately and beautiful, with a proud, stern face and carriage, had been first transferred to the canvass, and all who saw it—even the lady herself—had united in pronouncing it perfect. The majestic head—the peerless features, pale and cold—the commanding feud of the pure alabaster neck—and even the very expression of the immobile countenance, so queenly and beautiful—were pictured to the very life by the faultless hand of Ernest.

Sir Mordaunt sat next, and the proprietor of Percival Hall, with his stern, noble countenance and noble form, was limned upon the easel of Grahame—the erect counterpart of the proud nobleman. But now a more difficult task was Ernest's, to sit day after day and gaze at the rare beauty of the lovely Agnes, and then to transfer the lineaments of that fair face to the easel before him. We say *difficult*—it seemed so indeed to the heart of Ernest, for so radiantly beautiful was Agnes in her purity and innocence, that it seemed almost impossible to catch the heavenly expression which played upon her features like a soft cloudlet upon a June sky, enhancing the beauty of each by the mingling of light and shade.

But at length the ordeal was no longer dreaded. Agnes had not sat but a few times, ere Ernest became strangely interested in the work. He would watch for hours abstractedly, and in a strange mood, for her coming; and when she came to his studio at last radiant smiles would break over his face, and a new and holy light beam in his deep, lustrous eyes. Each sitting was delayed as long as possible, and no perceptible progress was made with the portrait. He would gaze at Agnes for hours, and in a dreamy state, would scarcely touch his pencil to the work; while Agnes—fair Agnes, so sweet and so modest—would blush and look disconcerted, and tremble when he addressed her with his thrilling voice.

Thus week succeeded week, and still each morning found Agnes by the side of Ernest, listening to his manly voice as it murmured soft words, or gazing upon his face, so noble and so beautiful, all-unconscious of its effect upon her young and susceptible heart. But this course of things could not always continue, however much, by two, at least, it might be desired. Lord Percival began to look distrustfully upon Ernest and Agnes as they conversed together in low and tender tones, and to gaze at Grahame searchingly with his dark, piercing eyes; and once, when Ernest was alone in his studio, he had sought him, evidently

with something struggling in his heart to impart to him; but the young man looked so honest and so noble that his heart failed him—and with one glance at the unfinished likeness of his darling and beautiful Agnes, he left the apartment with a troubled expression upon his usually open countenance.

At length the portrait was finished; yet words cannot convey an adequate idea of all the angelic loveliness of that countenance. No pen can depict the matchless grace and beauty of Agnes Percival!

And Ernest, all nobleness and truth, and possessing a soul pure and good, began to feel new and strange emotions kindling in his heart for the gentle Agnes. He would watch for hours each movement of her graceful form, would observe the varying expression which flitted across that fair and tell-tale face until—spell-bound and fascinated—he was overpowered by a vague, delicious faintness, the effect of overwrought feeling.

Agnes had noticed his deportment toward her; now cold, calm and stately, anon, wild and fitful, full of extravagant fancies and morbid dreamings, or with refined and polished bearing, anticipating her slightest wish. And Agnes was not blind to his many attractions, to the accomplishments a good education had procured, and to the real nobility of the character and spirit of the poor, but proud Grahame. Her heart had gone out of her own keeping before she was aware of it.

Was it strange that two such beings as Ernest and Agnes, full of intellect, purity of thought, and similarity of feeling, situated as they were, and thrown into each other's society altogether, should become one in heart and soul.

Ernest Grahame was a scion of a reduced family, once as proud and noble as old England could boast. Gentle blood flowed in his veins—blood which had given strength to the sinews of mighty warriors, or languidly coursed through the arteries of fair and lovely dames. His ancestors could be traced back many centuries—to the wars of the red and white Roses—and still further back to more troublous times. Still it was not this which gave him the proud carriage so habitual to him; it was the self-consciousness of his own noble and upright spirit, and his own superiority over the "common herd."

Half a century past, and the noble mansion of the Grahames had echoed to merry sounds and gay voices: it was then in the full tide of prosperity: but, alas! a ruinous fire razed it to the ground, and left only a few blackened and smouldering remains to tell the tale of complete destruction; a dark and heavy blight fell upon the fields of the broad domain; the noble forest was hewn down; and it seemed as if some dreadful curse rested upon the manor, for everything went

to a slow but sure destruction. From this time forth the family of the Grahames kept slowly on the wane, decreasing in prosperity and numbers; until at last but two remained—Ernest, who, seeking to procure a livelihood, had exerted his fine talents in an artist's life—and Gerald, an older brother of Ernest, who had sought to repair his broken fortunes in that golden land—the Indies.

Years flew by, and we have narrated the meeting of Ernest with Agnes Percival, of the pure, confiding love which followed; and of their stolen interviews in mighty London. Ernest had asked of Sir Mordaunt Percival the hand of Agnes in marriage; but with many a fierce invective on his head, and many a cruel and galling epithet, he bade the poor and unknown artist leave his presence, and never again mention his love for Agnes.

The bitterness of death was on the unfortunate young man; he could have felled Sir Mordaunt to the floor, but he was the father of her he loved, and he forbore. He felt stunned as if by some mighty and terrible blow; mortification, anger, and sorrow mingled confusedly together; the past was like a deceptive dream—the future swam indistinctly before him. The first object that aroused him was the form of the haughty old lord passing up and down the lofty apartment. Ernest made a strong effort, gave one glance, full of melancholy pride, at the arrogant and heartless Percival, and left the old library with tottering steps.

That night he parted with the weeping Agnes under the old trysting-tree, in the park adjoining the hall; and with one arm thrown about her drooping form, murmured many a soothing and encouraging word in her ear.

"I shall hover around you, dear Agnes! I shall be your guardian angel—my sweet one!" and Ernest hushed the choking sobs and the heart's wild throbbings, by assuring her of his eternal and deathless love for her. They parted with solemn adjurations from on High to assist them in their true and holy affection, and with pledges of mutual love, Agnes to return to her now desolate home, and Ernest to enter again the fickle world, firm in the power of his devoted love for Agnes to resist its temptations.

But now a new fear agitated the hearts of Lord and Lady Percival. Their only child—their sweet Agnes—became daily more pale and thin, and her step less buoyant than of yore. No smiles played now over her countenance, or "wreathed her pallid lips"—no merry warble broke from her throat; but each day she grew more languid and emaciated. At first they were alarmed, fearing it was the hereditary disease of the family—consumption; but at length Lady

Emilia gleaned the secret from her daughter's lips. Agnes loved—yes, loved! passionately, wildly; and the object of that affection was Ernest Grahame!

About this time, a sister of Lady Emilia, requested the company of Agnes in the metropolis that season. For a long time the parents hesitated; but a change of scene, new faces, and the dazzling brilliance of court might, they thought, be beneficial in erasing her love for Grahame, and restoring to her her blooming cheek and buoyant step. In a few weeks Agnes was launched forth into the "world" of fashionable society, under the strict charge and guidance of Lady Evelyn Beresford; who, true to her character of a watchful and jealous duenna, guarded well the footsteps of her young and beautiful protegee.

CHAPTER III.

LATE in the afternoon, Agnes ran up the steps of the mansion of Lady Evelyn Beresford, situated in the most fashionable quarter of the "West End." It was early in the morning that she had left the house, "to make a few calls," she said; and for once Lady Evelyn did not insist upon accompanying her. Since then what had transpired! She had seen Ernest, and many a long and rapturous hour had glided away with him. They had renewed their vows of love and constancy—and hope, bright hope again animated her bosom.

Worn and fatigued by her long walk, she entered the great hall of the stately house. The dinner hour was past, and Agnes immediately sought her own apartment, where she threw herself into a voluptuous *fauteuil*, and gave way to a delightful reverie. But even this pleasure was soon denied her. Lady Beresford, aware that she had returned from her call-giving, soon despatched her *femme de chambre* to the room of Miss Percival, with the request that she would come to her boudoir.

Agnes bowed assent to the woman; and, rising from her recumbent position, bathed her glowing cheek and burning brow with some medicated essence which stood by her side in a glittering vial—"I can meet her now with composure, I trust," she said, to herself, as with a beating heart she left her room to seek the presence of her aunt.

She found the Lady Evelyn awaiting her appearance in a boudoir fitted up with infinite taste and lavish expenditure. There were ornaments of *buhl* and *marquetry*, and *Levres* china; statuary elegant and beautiful filled the niches; and cabinet pictures of chaste and exquisite design covered the walls. Lady Beresford herself was in one of her sternest moods, sitting

upright in a large arm-chair drawn before an *escritoire* of polished rose-wood.

As the trembling Agnes entered the apartment she bowed with the utmost coolness and *hauteur*, and motioned her ward to a seat. Agnes sat down—her heart dreading that which was to follow. A gloomy silence of some moments succeeded, which was broken at last by her ladyship in a deep, inflexible tone of voice.

"Miss Percival," she said, in stern tones, which sounded inexpressibly harsh to the ears of her niece, "Miss Percival, I have reason to believe that you have made but few calls to-day—and yet you have been gone a long time. Has your time passed pleasantly?"

Indignant at the humbling words of Lady Evelyn, Agnes drew up her form to its utmost height, and cast on the unamiable, supercilious woman a look of ineffable contempt. Lady Beresford, however, did not seem to observe it, and proceeded in a more cutting and *nonchalant* tone, "tell me, Agnes, where have you been? It is my duty to you and your parents to keep a watchful eye upon your movements!"

Astonished, yet too proud and too honest to prevaricate, Agnes remained silent; but the next moment she burst into a violent flood of tears, and sank upon her knees by the side of the arrogant Lady Evelyn.

"I will tell you all," she said, in a voice broken with sobs; and, in a husky tone, she informed Lady Beresford of her love for Ernest Grahame, and the interview which had occurred that day. But she found no sympathy in the hard and stony heart of the lady who listened to her words with compressed lips and lowering brow.

Before she had concluded her story, Lady Evelyn commanded her to arise and seek her own apartment, as she had no sympathy with love affairs. Agnes did as she was bid, and as she again entered her chamber she sank heavily upon the softly carpeted floor.

The ensuing day Lady Beresford wrote to Sir Mordaunt concerning the interview of Ernest and Agnes, and giving free vent to her own spiteful nature. "It is beyond forbearance," she wrote. "And I cannot permit any lady of *my* household to so far forget her maidenly reserve and dignity as to traverse entire London for the sake of a *te-te-a-te-te* with a gentleman."

The rage of Lord Percival upon receiving this missive knew no bounds; and even the usually cold and passionless Lady Emilia felt a glow of anger and shame mount to her cheek, that her daughter should have so far left behind her womanly pride, as to again hold converse with one who had been rejected by Sir Mordaunt as a husband for his only child.

A few days afterward, the princely equipage

of Lord Mordaunt Percival entered London, and drew up before the palace-like residence of Lady Beresford. Lady Emilia alighted, and was assisted up the steps by an aged servant; and Lady Evelyn met her at the door with extended hand. The meeting between the sisters was cool and constrained; in youth they had been rivals for the hand of Lord Percival, and in age they were barely friends.

But it was the interview with Agnes which was the most painful to the mother's heart. She had resolved to upbraid her—then to expostulate with her; but when she met Agnes she could only sob, "my child—my child!" and clasp her in her arms. Weak from excessive emotion, that proud woman, usually so stately and dignified, half-fainted upon the shoulder of her daughter.

Lady Percival remained in London several days; and when she returned to Percival Hall, Agnes accompanied her. The shades of the evening were closing around as the carriage rolled up the avenue to the mansion; and Agnes gave a faint start as it swept past a huge tree whose overhanging boughs touched the coach. It was the old trysting-tree where she had so often met Ernest.

At length the carriage stopped before the gates of the park, and Lady Emilia alighted: a strong hand was laid on the arm of Agnes, and she was taken quickly from the coach by her father.

"*Girl!*" he muttered fiercely through his compressed lips. "*Girl!* Disgrace to your family! Is it thus you would repay the affection bestowed on you?"

Agnes trembled, and would have fallen to the ground had it not been for the arm of her mother which stole around her waist and supported her. Summoning all her energies, she resolutely advanced, and was soon standing in the entrance-hall of her dear old home.

In the solitude of her own chamber that night Agnes wept long and bitterly; in vain did she endeavor to gain some composure by reflecting on the true, undying love of Ernest, and the promises which he had made; but the grey light of the morning struggled through the closed shutters of the window ere sleep visited her tearful eyelids.

When she descended to the breakfast-room the succeeding morning, she found her parents awaiting her appearance. The repast was eaten in profound silence, and when it was concluded, Sir Mordaunt requested the presence of his daughter in the library. With tottering limbs Agnes followed him into the gloomy apartment, and hushing the wild beating of her full heart, seated herself by his side.

Long and earnest was the conversation which

ensued, and the concluding words were from the lips of Lord Percival.

"Go, now, Agnes," he said; "in a few weeks you must be on your way. In the meantime I shall be preparing everything for your departure."

Agnes was to go to Italy!—delightful, sunny Italy—

"Whose very name hath power to wake
A vision of delight!"

An old nurse was to accompany her, and when they arrived there, Lord Percival had an intimate friend—an opulent nobleman of high standing—in whose house Agnes was to make her home while she sojourned in Florence.

Sir Mordaunt pleaded to his daughter of her really ill-health—her fragile constitution—the necessity of a change of scene—and the benefit of the sunny skies and balmy breezes of the sweet clime of Italia; and Agnes consented to go, as it was the earnest wish of her revered father.

CHAPTER IV.

A BRIGHT summer morning in Florence—fair Florence, the city of marble palaces, of storied renown, of poet's song, and everything beautiful and loving; a bright summer morning, and the cool, dewy breezes of sweet Italy floating lazily between the double lines of stately palaces which adorned the streets of the fair city, and quickening into life as they wandered over the gardens and spicy orange groves which fringed the suburbs of peerless Florence.

Before one of the most magnificent of the marble palazzos of the Strada Novata, a splendid equipage, embellished with a coat of arms, and decorated with costly hangings of bullion and velvet, was drawn up. Presently the door to the princely mansion was opened, and an elderly man and a fair young girl descended the marble steps. They advanced to the carriage—and, as the footmen threw open the door, the gentleman assisted a young and beautiful lady to alight. An older female followed her, and after one embrace of fair Agnes Percival, the daughter of his old friend, the gentleman preceded them up the steps, and ushered them into the lofty hall of the palazzo.

A few moments later, Agnes found herself in one of the most elegant and *recherche* rooms she had ever seen, adorned with costly pictures and rich mouldings, and all those little *et ceteras* with which a person of refined and judicious taste fits up a boudoir. Throwing off her simple travelling hat and shawl, she turned to a casement which commanded a delightful view of lovely Florence.

For an instant all the combined beauty of that glorious scene, with its gardens, its fountains, its

majestic palaces sparkling in the sun, its dewy groves, its lovely villas, and its grand churches and cathedrals, almost overpowered her.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" broke from her lips, at length, as she clasped her hands together, and remained in a dreamy state contemplating the marvelous beauty of the fairest city of earth. Long did she gaze, completely absorbed in the rare loveliness of the view; and when at last she turned away from the casement, a yet more fervent exclamation of delight trembled on her lips.

In a few days, Agnes had become completely domiciliated in the house of Lord Paolo de Guodini; and almost happy, indeed, was she, as she each day found herself by the side of the good old nobleman, conversing with him on the many topics so interesting to young and old, or singing to him some pensive song in her soft, liquid tones.

For Lilliore de Guodini, the young and charming daughter of her host, Agnes began to feel all the love of a sister, so fair and guileless was the young creature. She was but sixteen, a gay and light-hearted girl, and beautiful withal, who seemed scarcely to enjoy life except in the gay *fete*, the brilliant revel, or the lively *soiree*. Gaiety was her idol, and on its shrine she lavished all her choicest offerings.

How different was Agnes—sweet Agnes, who could enjoy of a quiet morning an agreeable conversation with Signor de Guodini, or amuse him by reading by his side out of some old volume hour after hour. There was an air of home quietude in the pensive manner of the young girl, for the usual buoyancy of youth had been subdued by the deep sorrow which had been her lot.

Time passed away since Agnes first entered the palace of Lord Paolo; and still was she the same, yet spiritually beautiful, she seemed like some gentle being too pure for earth. It was a pleasant twilight, and she and Lilliore were seated in a delightful arbor in the lovely garden attached to the palazzo, the murmur of soft fountains, and the low sighing of the voluptuous breeze greeting their ears.

Agnes was thinking of times long past—of the manly form of one who was her very ideal, as he seemed again to bend upon her deep, soul-thrilling gaze; and dreaming over again those sweet fancies so dear to her pure, young heart. Her imagination wandered afar off—to the trysting-tree in the home-park—to the low apartment in London where so many happy interviews had been passed, and then to her present situation. Ah, how that gentle girl's heart ached as she thought of Ernest—he who so loved her—so adored her, and who, even then, might be mourning for fear she no longer loved him. Poor Agnes!

Lilliore, the merry yet tender-hearted Lilliore,

had noticed the sad reverie of Agnes, and with the instinctive delicacy of a true woman, had drawn the hand of Agnes within her arm, and led her away down the dewy avenue where the sunbeams kissed the sleepy blossoms, and the zephyrs swayed the sighing shrubs.

"Dear Agnes," murmured the fair girl, as she kissed the pale cheek of her companion, "tell me what sorrow oppresses thee? Am I not a true friend to thee, Agnes—my more than sister?"

For a moment all the long pent-up emotions in the heart of Agnes came struggling to her throat for utterance; but the next instant a weary faintness crept over her, and she could only gasp, "not now—not now, dear Lillie!" and sink heavily into the arms of Lilliore de Guodini.

CHAPTER V.

EACH day stood Ernest Grahame at the window of his studio, gazing anxiously into the street to discern the graceful figure of Agnes approaching his humble home; and each day he again became disappointed, and awaited with impatience the coming of the morrow. The morrow would come at last, but no sweet Agnes Percival with it to cheer his dreary way. Thus days passed, and weeks followed; he began to grow sick at heart—and the fear that Agnes was ill or something had happened to her, would thrust itself upon his mind.

"I will ascertain if my fears are well founded," he said, to himself, at length; and he passed forth into the street, and turned his footsteps toward the mansion of Lady Evelyn Beresford. A vague fear agitated his heart as he arrived in front of the princely residence; but casting off the undefined oppression, he ascended the marble steps with alacrity.

"Was Miss Percival in?" he inquired of the liveried-servant who obeyed the ring at the door.

The lacquey shook his head negatively, and turned to depart; but Ernest detained him for a moment, and slipped a golden guinea in his hand. "Could he inform him where Miss Percival was? Was she ill, or had she returned home?"

"She had returned to Percival Hall," he believed. "The Lady Emilia, her mother, had come after her, and taken her with her on her return. Something of importance had evidently transpired; for Lady Evelyn looked sternly at the weeping Agnes, and Lady Percival appeared exceedingly mortified and angry as she handed her daughter into the coach."

Such was the purport of the news imparted by the garrulous footman; and when the door to the mansion was closed upon the stupefied Ernest, he could almost have fallen to the ground, so stunning and unexpected were the tidings. He

had no doubt they had discovered where Agnes had passed the interval of her absence, and had resolved upon some course of punishing the unfortunate girl. The thought that she was to suffer for the pleasure bestowed on him, by gratifying him with an interview, was agonizing; he almost cursed the day he was born; and had the form of the cruel old Sir Mordaunt Percival appeared in his path homeward, he would have wreaked his vengeance upon the proud parent.

But time, the assuager of all griefs, be they ever so violent, gradually left only the memory of that bitter sorrow, and consoled him by the hope of a future meeting with her he loved so well.

"Few save the poor feel for the poor." Ernest had probed the truth of the proverb but too well! Had he but been rich—rich in this world's goods—how gladly—how willingly would Lord Percival have conferred on him the hand of Agnes; but poverty, that most bitter curse to the high-minded, that disgrace—in the eyes of the heartless world—to even the most elevated and intellectual of God's creatures, had set its seal on Ernest Grahame; and the contumely and slight ever consequent was his portion.

But young Grahame was not one to pine and murmur at his lot; nor was he one to submit to a morbid sentimentality, and let its undermining influence sap away his very life. He resolved to seek some other land—some country where talent and nobility of spirit would be appreciated, and true worth as well as wealth be the criterion by which man should be judged and assisted.

Gathering up his little all, proud Ernest Grahame, with scarcely one natural regret at leaving England, save that it was his native land and the home of her he loved, embarked on board a ship, to go—he knew not, cared not whither, save that it bore him away from the shores of old Albion.

Many a long and weary, weary day passed on the dark blue ocean, and Ernest, in a sort of lethargic insensibility, thought not of the future, cared not for what fate held in reserve for him; he only thought of the past—that past which had been so fair in appearance and bitter in reality, to him and the young creature who seemed a part of his very existence.

It was a lovely Italian day when the bark entered a small seaport town in Italy, and cast anchor. Mechanically Ernest left the ship and strayed into the villa. His luggage followed him, and he took lodgings that night in a mean hostel near the shore. The next day he proceeded to Florence, which lay some leagues beyond; and just as the last mellow beams of the setting sun was glistening the spires and domes of the beautiful city, the unknown and poor artist first entered its peerless streets.

Ernest Grahame took apartments in a humble part of the city at first; but gradually, as his fine talents became noised abroad, the obscure painter became more ambitious. He engaged a beautiful studio in one of the finest streets; he labored assiduously, night and day, to become yet more proficient and distinguished in his art; and though many a line of care and thought wrinkled his glorious brow, success and a new ambition gave him, if possible, a yet more noble and manly appearance.

He was known no longer as Ernest Grahame; he had cast off all old titles and affections save one, and he resolved to keep no souvenir of former times. As Clarence Lyndon, the talented and accomplished artist, he found the full tide of prosperity setting in upon him, and he resisted not its impulse.

"Circumstances are the making of some men;" how true, how true did it seem so in this case!

When Ernest first entered Florence he had, by some casual circumstance which seemed trivial to him at the time, rendered great assistance to a young and somewhat dissipated nobleman of the city. Lord Alberto Camacci was not one to forget a favor done him; and with all the generosity of a noble heart true to all the good impulses of nature, he had well requited the debt of gratitude he owed to Ernest. He spoke favorably to all the aristocracy of his native city concerning the talents and versatility of young Grahame; he assisted him in a kind, inoffensive way, from his own well-filled purse; and from that time henceforth the worldly prospects of poor Grahame grew brighter and fairer.

His studio became the resort of all Florence. *Connoisseurs* and *amateurs*, young and old, affluent and poor, patrician and plebeian, alike visited the rooms of the elegant and gentlemanly Lyndon, and the same consideration was shown to all. Paintings of rare beauty and exquisite design decorated the walls; graceful statuary and costly mouldings filled the niches; while many a gorgeous and magnificent work of art embellished the splendid apartments.

Lord Alberto became the bosom friend of Clarence Lyndon; and the refined manners and noble spirit of the artist exerted a pure and good influence upon the young nobleman. His course of life became more chaste and pure; his morals, which had been somewhat contaminated by contact with the dissolute and vicious, assumed a better tone; and he blessed the day he first met with Ernest Grahame.

In turn, Camacci introduced his friend Lyndon to the *elite* of fair Florence. Clarence "took" well; all his sayings were accounted as witty, and repeated as such; his refined and accomplished bearing in society made a deep impression on the

hearts of the lovely dames; he was courted and fêted beyond measure; and Signor Camacci had the happiness of seeing his *protegee*, the young English artist, exceedingly popular!

CHAPTER VI.

At a brilliant ball given at the palazzo of the English ambassador at Florence, Clarence Lyndon first met the giddy and fascinating Lilliore de Guodini. All the emotions of his heart seemed blended together, as he concentrated them in ardent admiration of the fair though coquettish girl; and, although his own heart reproached him for his inconstancy, he could hardly absent himself a moment from the side of the charming and beautiful maiden.

It is strange how those of strong minds, high aspirations, and loftiness of intellect, will sometimes be fascinated by a volatile coquette, or a gay and light-hearted girl. Ernest could hardly comprehend the power she exercised over him, himself; but so engrossed was he in her varied charms, so bewitched (if we may thus express it) was he by her manner, her nameless and piquant brilliancy, that to him she seemed not only the "Cythenea of an hour," but a Siren to whose rippling and melodious tones he could listen forever.

Lilliore saw her conquest, and triumphed in it. The beauty and gallantry of young Lyndon was the theme of every tongue; and, to be able to captivate the heart and enlist the feelings of so lofty and noble a personage, seemed to her young and giddy heart the height of pleasure.

The charming Signora de Guodini was, at this time, the reigning belle of Florence; and, perhaps, also to Ernest, the same feelings which influenced Lilliore might have been at work in his heart; he might have gloried that he had made a conquest of the capricious beauty, while Lilliore might have exulted that she had captivated the handsome though somewhat ambitious artist.

Lilliore was charming and beautiful; the brunette and the blondine mingled together to perfection in her exterior charms, while the winning grace of her mien made a yet deeper impression on the heart of the isolated and lonely Lyndon. She had smiles for the silent and diffident, badinage for the gay, silence for the noble and elevated, poetry for the poetic, prose for the monotonous and wearisome, and the eloquence of conscious loveliness for all. It was not strange that the form of gentle Agnes Percival was erased temporarily from the susceptible heart of Ernest, when we contemplate all the wondrous grace of fair Lilliore de Guodini!

Night after night he met her in the crowded *saloon*, or the quiet drawing-room, where she was

the "cynosure of all eyes;" and at each meeting the chains of fascination which the sprightly girl had thrown around him, seemed yet more closely riveted. She always met him with a frank, affable manner, a gay word, or a naive and piquant remark, and sometimes with the *nonchalance* of a confirmed coquette; and yet Lyndon was neither disgusted or displeased at what would have been either folly or superciliousness in another; but would only smile the more on the thoughtless maiden, and seem the more absorbed in her many graces of person.

But Ernest could not entirely forget Agnes, although Lilliore was now the most in his thoughts. In the solitude of his own chamber—in the silent watches of the midnight, when the pale starlight bathed his soul in its holy and celestial radiance—in his studio, communing with the works his own genius had wrought—the pure and mild spirit of the gentle Agnes would visit him, sometimes murmuring reproachful words to his ear, or anon whispering of the eternal and sanctified love she bore him.

And often—how often!—when sleep closed his heavy eyelids did her graceful and spiritual form appear by his bedside, and soothe his weary heart by many a fond, endearing word, or invoke blessings, with clasped hands and eyes raised meekly upward, upon the head of him she so loved; and ever after such sweet dreams would Ernest arise from his couch to go forth into the cold world, with more of holy happiness and fortitude of soul than visions of mere worldly prosperity could give.

It was not after such reflections and such dreams that he could be charmed by the fair Lilliore; but it was when wearied by the monotonous events of the day, exhausted by his assiduity to his easel, and disgusted by the heartless follies and unfeeling arrogance of the world, he turned to Lilliore for relief from his undisguised contempt of all human things.

They met; they parted; they met again; and after every such meeting did each await impatiently the time for another interview, although it were in the crowded rooms of affluence and fashion.

CHAPTER VII.

AND where was Agnes Percival all this time—while the vacillating Ernest was half bending his knee at the shrine of Lilliore de Guodini?

In the mansion of the kind and fatherly Lord Paolo she had made her home; and, while the daughter of Signor de Guodini attended the gay *fete* or the brilliant festival, Agnes would sit by his side for hours in the grand old library, and read in her soft and pensive voice many a page of useful and entertaining love.

Thus week succeeded week, and months followed. The summer was nearly over, yet the soft breezes of the "beautiful clime" still fanned the pallid cheek of sweet Agnes. She had begun to think of returning to England, as her mother often urged her to in the missives which Agnes constantly received from her, when she was one day deeply surprised and pained by a conference with her kind old friend, Lord Paolo de Guodini.

Signor Alberto Camacci had ever been a welcome guest at de Guodini's. The sprightliness of his manners, the grace and refinement of his deportment, and the extraordinary beauty of his person, procured him instant access to the house of Lord Paolo; while the many graces of his mind, and the unmistakeable genius with which he was endowed, rendered him a peculiarly agreeable companion to the stately yet intellectual old nobleman.

Perhaps there was another charm which attracted Camacci to the palazzo of Lord Paolo, than the long conversation which invariably occurred when he visited the mansion. Lilliore had not then made her debut in fashionable society; and, as a matter of course, many of the coquettish and heartless habits which she had since learned, she was then entirely free from. She was a gentle being, all heart and all soul; a creature with whom good impulses took the place of sober thought; and Camacci often thought as he gazed with envious admiration on the gentle girl, that there was not another maiden in all Florence whom he would as soon take to his arms as a bride, as Lilliore de Guodini.

And Lilliore—sweet Lilliore—would tremble in his presence, and sometimes look abashed and frightened when he addressed her with his manly voice; or anon, be more than usually gay—laugh with her soft, childish voice, or sing some gleeful melody, accompanied by the rich voice of Alberto, or the harmonious strains of her lute.

In this manner the time glided swiftly away. Lord Alberto never breathed a syllable to either Signor de Guodini or his daughter of his feelings toward her; but the old nobleman was not slow to perceive the mutual interest felt in each other: and happy indeed was his heart at the thought, that the affection of his darling Lilliore toward one every worthy of it, was reciprocated. It was understood throughout all Florence that an engagement existed between them; but as yet it was only a tacit one.

It was about this time that Agnes Percival arrived in Florence, and that Lilliore made her debut in the fashionable world of the city. The charm of society, gilded and painted as it was, had an inexpressible fascination to the heart of the young Lilliore; and from this time henceforth she seemed scarcely contented in the quiet of

home, or happy in what had formerly been her greatest pleasure—in attending to her father's wants and anticipating his slightest wish; but in the brilliant hall, or the gay saloon all the elasticity of her buoyant spirits resumed their natural tone, and the spirited creature charmed and ravished all hearts by the naive wit which flowed from her tongue.

But to the heart of Alberto this change in Lilliore was far from agreeable. He had loved her for her quiet and gentle manner; for her tender and confiding heart; and for her guileless and affable bearing. But to see her the courted and admired belle, the proud and coquetted beauty, to whom all might bow alike and offer their homage and attentions, galled his sensitive spirit. He expostulated with her—but in vain; a new and glittering vista of pleasure was opened to the dazzled vision of the light-hearted girl, and she was not to be turned away from its golden gates; and with the first bitter word which had ever trembled on her lips, she bade him not to attempt to control her actions. The heart of Camacci was deeply wounded; and with a mournful smile on his handsome face, and a tremulous word of caution on his tongue, he turned from the presence of the already repentant Lilliore.

For a time life had no charms for him; he visited no places of amusement, he frequented not the drawing-rooms of opulence, where his presence was ever welcome; but he left fair Florence for a season, filled with a morbid contempt of all human affections. When he returned, the first place whither he turned his footsteps was to the palazzo of Signor de Guodini, for whom he felt almost the reverence due to a parent.

It was then and there, in the library with Lord Paolo, that he first met with fair Agnes Percival. Spell-bound, he gazed at that sweet and pensive face like one in a dream; nor was he aroused until the soft and liquid tones of her voice first fell upon his ear. Then did his admiration of Agnes find words, and he exerted himself to draw forth the modest and retiring girl.

Many a long and delicious hour passed in that magnificent study, and Camacci found himself perfectly entranced by the matchless yet unconscious loveliness of Agnes, and the deep, entertaining love of her mind. He forgot all his misanthropy, all his suffering in the graceful mien and accomplishments of Miss Percival; and not till a late hour did he leave the library of Lord Paolo.

As he passed out of the grand hall of the mansion he met the graceful Lilliore just returning from a route given at the palazzo of the Duc de F—. There was no reserve in that meeting; they cordially grasped each other's hands, and kindly words hovered on their lips.

Each returning day found Lord Alberto by the side of Agnes Percival, at the house of de Guodini, lingering near her, or listening to her low and gentle accents, in a manner which denoted his entire fascination. Gradually his words and deportment grew warmer, and his bearing toward her yet more constant and devoted; but Agnes was guileless and unsuspecting, and she did not once imagine that the proud Camacci felt for her more than a friendly attachment. True, she could see that his very being seemed to hang upon her breath, that he watched with intense eagerness each movement she made; but so devoted was she in her love for Ernest, so true to even the shadow of inconstancy or waywardness, that her pure mind could hardly suspect that she had inspired in another's heart the same emotions which Ernest experienced.

How grieved and how pained then was Agnes, when the kind old Lord Paolo, to whom Alberto had confided his love for her, and urged to forward his suit with the beautiful girl, informed her of the love of Camacci, and the desire of Alberto that they should be united! Stunned by the terrible tidings, and the ingratitude with which Camacci would inevitably regard her inexplicable conduct, in refusing the hand offered her in so considerate a manner, the poor girl could only gasp, "I will see him myself, my Lord!" and sink fainting upon a sofa near at hand.

Firmly yet kindly, did poor Agnes reject the proffered hand and heart of Alberto Camacci. She pleaded to him of a former attachment, of her love for another, and the impossibility of her bestowing her heart upon him, and he no longer urged her to be his. Sad indeed was his heart; but when he left the presence of the sobbing Agnes Percival he was a better, if not a happier man.

No word had been breathed to others of the unfortunate attachment of Alberto for Agnes; only those three persons so united together in friendship's holy tie, knew of the affection of Camacci for her: and for once the rejection of the hand of a suitor had not been bruited abroad.

After this Agnes often met him; but he regarded her only in the light of a very dear friend, Agnes did not shun his company; she was confident of her own purity and firmness in her devotion to the memory of the forgotten Ernest.

CHAPTER VIII.

LILLIORE had been quite ill for several days; and as the incoherent words and disjointed sentences fell from the lips of the sufferer, Agnes, who had watched over her with all a sister's tenderness and devotion, gleaned the fact that

the gay heart which beat within that fair bosom throbbed Alberto Camacci!

It was even so! Although none might suspect that the light heart of the beautiful girl was blighted or broken, a deep sorrow had fallen on her young spirit, caused by her own folly and waywardness; and when Alberto had bidden her adieu, as she thought *forever* on that eventful night, it seemed to her as if her heart would break beneath its weight of untold agony!

But Lilliore was proud as well as merry. She resolved to throw herself still more into society, to dissipate her sorrow. She plunged headlong into its vortex, little dreaming how dangerous were the deceitful waters; and while the laugh, and the song, and the jest trembled on her red lips, the heart of poor Lilliore was breaking!

When Lilliore recovered from her serious illness, the bonds of love were thrown yet closer around her and Agnes—for suffering seeks for sympathy in the hearts of those who know of sorrow. They confided everything in each other; Agnes, her love for Ernest, and its unhappy consequences—Lilliore, her affection for Camacci, and her misery caused by her own folly and obstinacy. Lilliore went not into society as much as formerly; her weakness had been opened to her eyes by the kindness of Agnes, and blessing the hand which tore away the tinselled veil from the world, she gradually drew herself away from her former haunts, and became happier in the quiet of hallowed home, and the society of Agnes and her father.

It was then that Lilliore felt a desire to visit the studio of Clarence Lyndon, her former admirer; for she yearned to see the works of art from his pencil so much noised abroad, and so much admired. She at length procured the consent of Agnes to accompany her; and one delicious afternoon, when the cool and spicy breezes of the clime of Italia went sighing over the city, the two young girls passed down the long and shady Strada wherein was the studio of young Lyndon, and paused before the doors to the rooms of the English artist.

The first thing on which the eyes of Agnes rested, when she entered the magnificent studio, was the picture of a beautiful Greek girl, whose cheek was tinted by the first blush of womanhood in an attitude of prayer, her large blue eyes raised meekly heavenward, and the small hands clasped upon the breast. Agnes started. She had certainly seen that picture before—or its very counterpart—in the apartment of Ernest Grames in London! The eyes of Lilliore followed those of Agnes', and a faint cry of astonishment broke from her lips.

"It is a picture of yourself, dear Agnes!" she whispered, as she pointed to the portrait which

seemed beaming with a loveliness not of this earth, a beauty almost divine.

Long and earnestly did those two fair beings gaze at that sweet picture, and when Agnes turned her eyes away they fell upon the form of one but too well remembered, who stood in a dreamy and unconscious attitude, gazing intently with his lustrous eyes on the form of her he loved!

"Agnes!" "Ernest!"

They were folded in each other's arms, while the astonished yet happy Lilliore gazed wonderingly on the meeting of Ernest Grahame and Agnes Percival!

When that rapturing embrace was over, mutual explanations followed, and Ernest could scarcely refrain from clasping that beloved being again and again to his heart, as she murmured many a soft, endearing word in his listening ear.

But even this happiness could not always last; and Ernest, pressing one warm kiss on the yielding lips of Agnes, and bestowing a kind word on the fair Lilliore, parted with them at the mansion of Lord Paolo.

How happy now were those two young and dreaming lovers! They met often at the palazzo of Signor de Guodini, and many a long and ecstatic hour passed in each other's society; while Alberto, who had returned to his first love, the now happy and lovely Lilliore, spent his time principally in the company of his former love and her father.

Time passed on, and the happy household of Lord Paolo as yet had experienced no change—although the union of Alberto and Lilliore was soon to take place. Lord Paolo was now in a state of enjoyment indeed; and as the trembling Agnes pleaded to him, one morning on her bended knee, to attempt to influence her father in favor of the suit of Ernest, he gladly and readily consented.

Grahame was now rich—very rich; for, added to his own large fortune acquired in Florence, was that of his brother, who had died in the Indies, and left to his only surviving kinsman the whole of his princely and almost boundless wealth.

Lord Paolo wrote at once to Sir Mordaunt favoring the suit of Grahame, and asking of the friend of his youth the permission for sweet Agnes, whom he loved as a daughter, to unite herself with one every way worthy of her—a young Englishman of great wealth, rare accomplishments, and good family, then staying in Florence. The name of the gentleman, he wrote, was *Clarence Lyndon*, and he trusted that Sir Mordaunt would give his consent without hesitation, for in every respect it was a desirable alliance.

And Lord Percival *did* give his consent; trusting implicitly in the good judgment of de Guodini to secure a good husband for his beloved child. Agnes and Ernest smiled when Lord Paolo read to them the letter of her father; yet Agnes trembled and almost wept, for she dreaded to impart the tidings to him that she was to be united to the detested Ernest Grahame. But Ernest soon soothed her troubled heart by whispering loving words to her; and Agnes wept in the excess of her joy upon the bosom of Ernest.

CHAPTER IX.

It was a gala night in fair Florence; and from the palazzo of Lord Paolo de Guodini streamed a flood of gorgeous and blazing light; while within those luminous halls a thousand gay and joyous hearts beat time to the quick gushes of harmony which echoed through the beautiful mansion. There was a flashing of jewels, soft voices floated upon the perfumed air, and in the subdued yet glowing brilliance many a fair form glided along, scarcely seeming to touch the floor so ethereal were the light and graceful figures!

It was the wedding night of Alberto and Lilliore, and Ernest and Agnes; and all the elite and noblesse of Florence had assembled to grace the bridal festival, whose eclat and pomp was the theme of every tongue.

Alberto Camacci and Lilliore de Guodini were united in the holy and hallowed bond of matrimony; and as the fervent responses to the holy words of the aged priest trembled on their lips, they turned away to give place to the noble and handsome Ernest Grahame and his fair bride, the trembling and beautiful Agnes Percival.

When the company had departed, and the festival was over, how happy were those two young and devoted beings! And though the blushing Agnes could hardly speak so great was her happiness, a world of sweet emotions in the bosom of Ernest found vent in words. "My own—my own!" he murmured, and the long and fervent embrace which followed was replete with unutterable bliss to the heart of each.

A few weeks after the marriage of Ernest and Agnes—amid the tears of the two young brides, and the adieu of Alberto and Lord Paolo, Ernest departed for his native land with his sweet wife. It was with deep regret that those two loving ones left the fair city of Florence; for to them it was linked with many pleasant and happy memories, and many endearing associations. But business matters required the presence of Ernest in London; and Agnes yearned to see again her beloved parents.

The yellow leaves of autumn had just begun to strew the ground, and the chilly wind sighed

mournfully among the huge trees, as an emblazoned coach rolled up the graveled avenue to the princely mansion of Lord Percival. Ernest and Agnes Grahame alighted from it; and passing up the marble steps, soon stood in the lofty entrance room of Percival Hall.

Sir Mordaunt and Lady Emilia met Agnes on the threshold; and after an affectionate embrace the nobleman turned to greet the husband of his child. The hand of Lord Percival was extended cordially, and a suavitous smile played upon his countenance as he welcomed the rich Ernest Grahame to the home of Agnes. Yet no word was spoken of the past—he never referred to the time he had rejected Ernest as a husband for his daughter because he was poor and unknown; but he ever treated him with esteem and affection, in which a tinge of natural pride was apparent.

For a time Ernest made his home in the house of Lord Percival; but at length the mansion which was razed to the ground on Grahame Manor was

re-built by him; the fields were once more cultivated and tilled; and in a few years a more lovely or delightful place could not be found in all England, than the broad domain which had belonged to Ernest's ancestors, and on which he had erected a stately and splendid mansion.

He also purchased a beautiful villa in the suburbs of Florence, on the green banks of the silvery Arno, and near the residence of his friend Camacci; and there, every year, he and Agnes sojourned to breathe the fresh, dewy air of that fair clime, and to sit under that azure sky so renowned in song and story.

Agnes and Lilliore were now as of yore bosom friends, as were there happy husbands, Ernest and Alberto; and though Agnes saw how supremely happy was the wife of Camacci, she never regretted that she had adhered to her first pure love, and thereby reaped the reward of TRUE LOVE'S DEVOTION!

THE STORM-BIRD.

BY EMILY HERMANN.

Roses have gone from their pleasant homes,
And leaves lie dead in their whitest tombs,
The young Spring violets closed their eyes
Long ago, under answering skies.

Bare and barren the prairie seems
As deserts I've read of, and seen, in dreams,
Where camels faint, and palm-trees die,
And travellers' eyes in the sockets dry

Ere skeleton caravans near their mart;
But here ice steals to the beating heart;

Undreaming slumber seals up the eye,
And wanderers, lost in a snow-drift, lie.

Yet here, even here, on a motionless sea
Where the pulses of life are stilled—with glee
To a dead tree's top does the storm-bird spring,
And shake the frost from his weary wing:

As haven-taught spirits, in desolate ways
Of dimness and death, pour songs of praise,
He sits and wings on the dry tree's limb,
And sings, in the desert, his morning hymn!

THE VINTAGE.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

UPON the hazy hill-sides
The grapes of Autumn glow,
And forth with merry laughter
The village vinters go.

Gay youths and rosy maidens,
The grandsire and his boy,
Each with an eager basket,
Each full of hope and joy.

And now the fruit is gathered,
The wine-press purple flows,

And back at early twilight
The happy company goes.

They reach the village common,
The harvest moon is bright,
And joining hands, to music
They dance away the night.

Oh! happy would all others
Take life as free as they;
Neglect no serious duty,
Yet still be glad and gay.

JULIA WARREN.
A SEQUEL TO PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108.

CHAPTER XI.

If those who think that happiness exists only in those external circumstances that surround a man, could have seen old Mr. Warren in his prison they would have been astonished at the placidity of his countenance, at the calm and holy atmosphere that had made his cell emphatically a home. His wife and grandchild haunted it with their love, and it seemed to him, so the old man said, that God had never been quite so near to him as since he entered these gloomy walls. He might die, the laws might sacrifice him, innocent as he was, but should this happen, he only knew that God permitted it for some wise purpose, that he might never know till the sacrifice was made.

True, life was sweet to the old man, for in his poverty and his trouble two souls had clung to him with a degree of love that would have made existence precious to any one—all that earth knows of heaven, strong, pure affection had always followed him. It is only when the soul looks back upon a waste of buried affection, a maze of broken ties, that it thirsts to die. Resignation is known to every good Christian, but the wild desire which makes men plunge madly toward eternity, comes of exhausted affections and an insane use of life. Good and wise men are seldom eager for death. They wait for it with a still, solemn trust in God, whose most august messenger it is.

There was nothing of bravado in the old man's heart: he made no theatrical exhibition of the solemn faith that was in him; but when visitors passed the open door of his cell—for being upon the third corridor there was little chance of escape—and saw him sitting there with that meek old woman at his feet, and an open Bible on his lap, a huge, worn book that had been his father's, they paused involuntarily with that intuitive homage which goodness always wins even from prejudice.

A few comforts had been added to his prison furniture, for Mrs. Gray was always bringing some cherished thing from her household stores.

A breadth of carpet lay before the bed; a swing shelf hung against the wall, upon which two cups and saucers of Mrs. Gray's most antique and precious china stood in rich relief; while a pot of roses struggled into bloom beneath the light which came through the narrow loop-hole cut through the deep, outer wall. Altogether that prison-cell had a home-like and pleasant look. The old man believed that it might prove the gate to death, but he was not one to turn gloomily from the humble flowers with which God scattered his way to the grave. He lifted his eyes gratefully to every sunbeam that came through the wall, and when darkness surrounded him, and that blessed old woman was forced to leave him alone, he would sit down upon his bed and murmur to himself, "oh! it is well God can hear in the dark!"

Thus, as I have said, the time of trial drew near. The prisoner was prepared and tranquil. The wife and grandchild were convinced of his innocence, and full of gentle faith that the laws could never put a guiltless man to death. Thus they partook somewhat of his own heavenly composure. Mrs. Gray was always ready to cheer them with her genial hopefulness; and Robert Otis was prompt at all times with such aid as his youth, his strength, and his fine, generous nature enabled him to give.

One morning, just after Mrs. Gray had left the cell—for she made a point of accompanying the timid old woman to the prison of her husband—Mr. Warren was disturbed by a visitor that he had never seen before. It was a quiet, demure sort of personage, clothed in black, and with an air half-clerical, half-dissipated, that mingled rather incongruously upon his person. He sat down by the prisoner, as a hired nurse might cajole a child into taking medicine, and after uttering a soft good-morning with his palm laid gently on the withered hand of the old man, he took a survey of the cell. Mrs. Warren stood in one corner, filling the old china cup from which her husband had just taken his breakfast, with water; two or three flowers, gathered from the

plants in Mrs. Gray's parlor windows, lay on the little table, whose gentle bloom this water was to keep fresh. To another man it might have been pleasant to observe with what care this old woman arranged the tints, and turned the cup that its brightest side might come opposite her husband. But the lawyer only saw that she was a woman, and reflected that the sex might always be found useful if properly managed. Instead of being struck by the womanly-sweetness of her character, and the affection so beautifully proved by her occupation, he began instantly to calculate upon the uses of which she might be capable.

"Rather a snug box this that they have got you in, my good friend," said the lawyer, turning his eyes with a sidelong glance on the old man's face, and keeping them fixed more steadily than was usual with him, for it was seldom a face like this met his scrutiny within the walls of a prison. "Trust that we shall get you out soon. Couldn't be in better hands, that fine old friend of yours, a woman in a thousand, isn't she? Confides you to my legal keeping entirely!"

"Did Mrs. Gray send you? Are you the gentleman she spoke to about my case?" inquired the old man, turning his calm eyes on the lawyer, while Mrs. Warren suspended her occupation and crept to the other side of her husband. "She wished me to talk with you, and I am glad you have come!"

"Well, my dear old friend, permit me to call you so—for if the lawyer who saves a man from the gallows isn't his friend, I should like to know who is. When shall we have a little quiet chat together?"

"Now; there will be no better time!"

"But this lady; in such cases one must have perfect confidence. Would she have the goodness just to step out while we talk a little?"

"She is my wife. I have nothing to say which she does not know!" answered the old man, turning an affectionate look upon the grateful eyes lifted with an imploring glance to his face.

"Your wife, ha!" cried the lawyer, rubbing his palms softly together, as was his habit when a gleam of villainy more exquisite than usual dawned upon him. "Perhaps not, we shall see; may want her for a witness! but we can tell better when the case is laid out. Now go on, remember that your lawyer is your physician; must have all the symptoms of a case, all its parts, all its capabilities. Now just consider me as your conscience: not exactly that, because one sometimes cheats conscience, you know—after all there is nothing better, think that I am your lawyer, that I have your life in my hands, that I must know the truth in order to save it—cheat conscience if you like, but never cheat the lawyer

who tries your case, or the doctor who feels your pulse."

"I have nothing to conceal. I am ready to tell you all," answered the old man.

The calmness with which this was said took the lawyer somewhat aback. He had expected that more of his cajoling eloquence would be necessary before his client would be won to speak frankly. His astonishment was greatly increased, therefore, when the old man in his grave and truthful way related everything connected with the death of Edward Leicester exactly as it had happened. Nothing could be more discouraging than this narrative as it presented itself to the lawyer. Had the man been absolutely guilty, his counsel would have found far less difficulty in arranging some grounds of defence: without some opening for legal chicanery the lawyer felt himself lost. Unprincipled as he was, there still existed in his mind some little feeling of interest in any case he undertook, independent of the money to be received. He loved the excitement, the trickery, the manœuvring of a desperate defence. He had a sort of fellow feeling for the clever criminal that sharpened his talent, and sent him into court with the spirit of an old gambler. But a case like this was something new. He did not for a moment doubt the old man's story; there was truth breathing in every word, and written in every line of that honest countenance. Indeed it was this very conviction that dampened the lawyer's ardor in the case. It seemed completely removed from his line of position. He had so long solemnly declared his belief in the innocence of men whom he knew to be steeped in guilt, that he felt how impossible it was for him to utter the truth before a jury with any kind of gravity. His only resource was to make this plain, solemn case as much like a falsehood as possible.

"And so you were entirely alone in the room?"

"Entirely."

The lawyer shook his head.

"You have no witnesses of his coming in, or the conversation, except this old lady and your grandchild?"

"None!"

"Your neighbors, how were you situated there? No kind fellow in the next casement who heard a noise, and looked through the key-hole, ha?"

The old man looked up gravely, but made no answer.

"I tell you," said the lawyer, sharply, for he was nettled by the old man's look, "yours is a desperate case!"

"I believe it is," was the gentle reply.

"A desperate case, to be cured only with desperate measures. Some person must be found who saw this man strike the blow himself."

"But who did see it, save God and myself?"

"Your wife there, she must have seen it. The door was not quite closed; she was curious—women always are; she looked through, saw the man seize the knife; you tried to arrest his hand; he was a strong man; you old and feeble. You saw all this, madam!"

The old woman was stooping forward, her thin fingers had locked themselves together while the lawyer was speaking, and her eyes were fixed on him, dilating like those of a bird when the serpent begins its charm. At first she waved her head very faintly, thus denying that she had witnessed what he described; then she began to lean forward, assenting, as it were, to the force and energy of his words, almost believing that she had actually looked through the door and saw all that the lawyer asserted.

"No, she did not see all this," answered the prisoner, quietly; "and if she had how would it be of use?"

"You did see it, madam!" persisted the lawyer, without removing his eyes from the old woman's face, but fascinating her, as it were, with his gaze—"you did see it!"

"I don't know. I—I, perhaps—yes, I think."

"But you did see it; your husband's life depends on the fact. Refresh your memory; his life, remember—his life!"

"Yes—yes. I—I saw!"

It was not a deliberate falsehood: the weak mind was held and moulded by a strong will. For the moment that old woman absolutely believed that she had witnessed the scene which had been so often impressed upon her fancy. The lawyer saw his power, and a faint smile stole over his lip, half undoing the work his craft had accomplished. The old woman began to shrink slowly back; she met the calm, sorrowful gaze of her husband, and her eyes sunk beneath the reproach it conveyed.

The lawyer saw all this, and without giving her time to retract, went on.

"By remembering this you have saved his life—saved him from the gallows—his name from dishonor—his body from being mangled at the medical college."

The old woman wove her wrinkled fingers together; the kerchief on her bosom quivered with the struggle of her breath.

"I saw it—I saw it all!" she cried, lifting up her clasped hands and dropping them heavily on her lap. "God forgive me, I saw it all!"

"Wife!" said the old man, in a voice so solemn that it made even the lawyer shrink. "Wife!"

She did not answer: her head drooped upon her bosom; these old hands unlocked and fell apart in her lap, but she muttered still, "God forgive me, I saw it all!"

It was a falsehood now, and as she uttered it the poor creature shrunk guiltily from her husband's side, and attempted to steal out of the cell.

"One moment," said the lawyer, beginning to kindle up in his unholy work. "Another thing is to be settled, and then you have the proud honor, the glorious reflection that it is to you this good, this innocent man owes his life. How long have you been married?"

The old woman looked at a gold ring on her finger worn almost to a thread, and answered, "It is near them years."

"Where?"

The old woman looked at her husband, but his eyes were bent sorrowfully downward, giving her neither encouragement or reproach, so she answered with some hesitation,

"We were married down East, in Maine!"

"So much the better. Is the marriage registered anywhere?"

"I don't know!"

"The witnesses, where are they?"

"All dead!"

The lawyer rubbed his hands with still greater energy.

"Very good, very good indeed; nothing could be better! Just tell me, could you prove the thing yourselves?"

"Prove what?" said Mrs. Warren, half in terror, while the prisoner remained motionless, paralyzed, as it seemed, by the wickedness of his wife.

"Prove, why that you were ever married. The truth is, madam, you could not have been married to the prisoner—never were the thing is impossible. It spoils you for a witness—do you understand?"

"No," said the old woman—"no, how should I? What does it mean?"

"Mean, you are not his wife!"

"Not his wife—not his wife. Why, didn't I tell you we had lived together above forty years?"

"Certainly; no objection to that, a beautiful reproof to the slander that there is no constancy in woman. Still you are not his wife—remember that!"

"But I *am* his wife. Look up, husband, and tell him if I am not your own lawfully married wife."

"Madam," said the lawyer, in a voice that he intended should reach her heart. "In order to save this man's life you must learn to forget as well as to remember. You saw Leicester kill himself, that is settled. I shall place you on the stand to prove the fact—a fact which saves your husband from the gallows. His *wife* would not be permitted to give this evidence, the laws forbid it—therefore you are not his wife. They cannot

prove that you are; probably you could not easily prove it yourself. I assert, and will maintain it, no marriage ever existed between you and the prisoner."

"But we have lived together forty years: more than forty years!" cried the old woman, and a blush crept slowly over her wrinkled features till it was lost in the soft grey of her hair. "What am I then?"

"What matters a name at your time of life. Besides, the moment he is clear you may prove your marriage before all the courts in America for aught I care; they can't put him on trial a second time."

"And you wish me to deny that we are married—to say that I am not his wife." The old woman, so weak, so frail, grew absolutely stern as she spoke; the blush fled from her face, leaving it almost sublime. The lawyer even felt the moral force of that look, and said half in apology,

"It is the only way to save his life!"

"Then let him die, I could bear it better than to say he is not my husband—I not his wife." She sunk to the floor as she spoke, and bowing her forehead to the old man's knee, sobbed out, "oh, husband—husband, say that I am right—did you hear—did you hear?"

The old man sat upright now. A holy glow came over his face, and his lips parted with a smile that was heavenly in its sweetness. He raised the feeble woman from his feet, and putting the grey hair gently back from her forehead, kissed it with tender reverence. Then holding her head to his bosom, he turned to the lawyer. "You may be satisfied, she does not think her husband's poor life worth that peril," he said. "Now leave us together."

The lawyer went out rebuked and crest-fallen, muttering to himself as he passed from one flight of steps to another, "well, let the stubborn old fellow hang, it will do him good; the prettiest case I ever laid out spoiled for an old woman's fancy. It was badly managed, I should have taken her alone! I verily believe the old wretch is innocent, but they will hang him high as Haman if the woman persists."

CHAPTER XII.

THE day of trial came at last. Such cases are frequent in New York, and, unless there is something in the position or history of the criminal to excite public attention, they pass off almost unnoticed. Still there is not a single case that does not sweep with it the very heart-strings of some person or family, linked either to the prisoner or his victim; there is not one that does not wring tears from some eyes and groans from some innocent bosom. We read a brief record of these things; we learn that a murderer has been

tried, convicted, sentenced; we shudder and turn away without being half conscious that the history thus briefly recorded embraces persons innocent as ourselves, who must endure more than the tortures of death for the sin that one man is doomed to expiate.

Old Mrs. Warren and her granddaughter stood at the prison doors early that morning. It was before the hour when visitors could be admitted, but they wandered up and down in sight of the entrance with that feverish unrest to which keen anxiety subjects one. All was busy life about the neighborhood. It was nothing to the multitude that passed up and down the steps, that a fellow being was that morning to be placed on trial for his life. A few remembered it, but with the exception of old Mrs. Gray and her nephew, it passed heavily upon the heart of no living being save those two helpless females. How strange all this seemed to them! With every thought and feeling occupied, they looked upon the indifferent throng with a pang; the smiling faces, the bustle, the cheerfulness, all seemed mocking the heaviness of their own hearts.

The hour came at last, and they entered the prison. Old Mr. Warren received them affectionately as usual: he exhibited no anxiety, and seemed even more cheerful than he had been for some days. The Bible lay open upon the bed, and there was an indentation near the pillow, as if his arms had rested heavily there while reading upon his knees.

He spent more than an hour conversing gently with his wife and granddaughter, striving to give them consolation rather than hope, for, from the first, he had believed and expressed a belief that the trial would go against him. With no faith in his counsel, and no evidence to sustain his innocence, how could he doubt it? Perhaps this very conviction created that holy composure, which seemed so remarkable in a man just to be placed on a trial of life and death.

When the officers came to conduct him to the City Hall, he followed them calmly, solemnly, as a good man might have gone up to a place of worship. It was a bright, frosty morning, and he had been some weeks in prison. Still his heart must have been wonderfully at ease when the clear air, and the busy life around could thus kindle up his eye and irradiate his face. A crowd gathered around the prison to see the old murderer come forth, but the people were disappointed. Instead of a fierce, haggard being, wild with the terrors of his situation, ready to dart away through any opening like a wild animal from its keepers, they saw only a meek old man, neatly clad, and walking guiltily between the officers with neither the bravado or the abject humility of guilt. The fresh air did him good,

you could see that in his face, and so grateful was he for this little blessing, that he almost forgot the gaze and wonder of the crowd.

"This is very beautiful," he observed, to one of the officers, and the man stared to see how simple and unaffected was this expression of enjoyment. "Had I never been in prison how could I have relished a morning like this?"

"You expect to be acquitted?" answered the man, unable to account for this strange composure in any other way.

"No," replied the old man, a little sadly—"no, I think they will find me guilty—I am almost sure they will!"

"You take it calmly, upon my honor—very calmly!" exclaimed the man. "Have you made up your mind then to plead guilty at once?"

"No, that would be false—they must do it—I will not help them. All in my power I must do to prevent the crime they will commit in condemning me. Not to do that would be suicide!"

There was something in this reply that struck the officer more than a thousand protestations could have done. Indeed the entire bearing of his charge surprised him not a little. Seldom had he conducted a man to trial that walked with so firm a step, or spoke so calmly.

"Have you no dread of the sentence—no fear of dying, that you speak so quietly?"

The old man turned his head and looked back. Two females were following him a little way off. They had gone across the street to avoid the crowd of men and boys that hung like a pack of hounds about the prisoner, but were gazing after him with anxious faces, that touched even the officer with pity as his eyes fell upon them. The old man saw where his eyes rested, and answered very mournfully,

"Yes, I have a dread of the sentence. It will reach them! Besides, it is a solemn thing to die—a very solemn thing to know that at a certain hour you will stand face to face with God!"

"Still I dare say you would meet death like a hero!"

"When death comes I will try and meet it like a Christian," was the mild answer.

As the old man spoke, they were crossing Chambers street to a corner of the Park, but their progress was checked by a carriage drawn by a pair of superb horses, and mounted by two footmen in livery that dashed by, scattering the crowd in every direction.

Mrs. Warren and her granddaughter were on the opposite side, and had just left Centre street to cross over. Julia uttered a faint scream, and attempted to draw her grandmother back, for the horses were dashing close upon them, and the old woman stood as if paralyzed in the middle of the street. She did not move; the horses plunged

by, and the wheels made her garments flutter with the air they scattered in passing. The old woman uttered a cry as the carriage disappeared, and ran forward a step or two as if impelled by some wild impulse to follow it, Julia darted forward and caught hold of her arm.

"Grandmother—grandmother, where are you going? What is the matter?"

"Did you see that?" said the old woman.

"What, grandmother?"

"That face—the lady in the carriage. Did you see it?"

"No, grandmother, I was looking at you. It seemed as if the horses would trample you down."

The old woman listened evidently without comprehending. Her eyes were wild, and her manner energetic.

"There is your grandfather, I must tell him. It was *her* face!"

"Whose face, grandmother?"

"Whose! Why, did you not see?" The old woman seemed all at once to recollect herself. "But how should you know—you, my poor child, who never had a mother!"

"Oh! grandmother, has trouble driven you wild?" cried the poor girl, struck with new terror, for there was something almost insane in the woman's look.

"No, I am not wild; but it was *her*—see how I tremble. Could anything else make me tremble so?"

"I have been trembling all the morning," said Julia.

"True enough, but not deep in the heart—not—oh! where is your grandfather? They have taken him off while we are standing here. Come, child, come—how could we lose sight of him?"

They hurried into the Park, and across to the City Hall, which they reached in time to secure a single glance of the prisoner as he was conducted up the staircase, still followed by the rabble.

The court-room became crowded immediately after the prisoner was led in, and it was with considerable difficulty that an officer forced a passage for the unhappy pair to the seats reserved for witnesses. Mrs. Gray was already in court, a little more serious than usual, but still so confident of her *protégée's* innocence, and filled with such reverence for the infallibility of the law, that she had almost religious faith in his acquittal. She smiled cheerily when Mrs. Warren and Julia came up, and her black silk gown rustled again as she moved her ponderous person that they might find room near her. Mrs. Warren was a good deal excited: she even made an effort to reach her husband as they were conducted through the court, but the crowd was too dense, and spite of herself she was borne forward

to the witnesses seats without obtaining an opportunity to whisper a word of what was passing in her heart. The judges were upon the bench; the lawyers took their places, and all the preliminaries of an important trial commenced. The prisoner remained calm as he had been all the morning, but there was nothing stupid or indifferent in his manner. When informed of his right of challenge to the jury, he examined each man as he came up with a searching glance, and two or three times gave a peremptory challenge. He listened with interest to the questions put by the court, and sunk back in his seat breathing deeply as if an important duty was over, when the jury were at length empaneled.

The district attorney opened his case with great ability. He was a keen, eloquent man, who pursued his course against any person unfortunate enough to be placed before him with the relentless zeal of a blood-hound, yielding nothing to compassion, feeling no weakness, and forgiving none. His duty was to convict—his reputation might be lessened or enhanced by the decision of a jury—that thought was ever in his mind—he was struggling for position, for forensic fame. The jury before him was to add a leaf to his yet green laurels, or tear one away. What was a human life in the balance with this thought!

To have watched this man one might have supposed that the feeble old prisoner who sat so meekly beneath the keen flashes of his eyes, and the keen lash of his eloquence, had been his bitterest enemy. Even in opening the case, where little of eloquence is expected, he could not forbear many a sharp taunt and cruel invective against the old man, who met it all with a sort of rebuking calmness that might have shamed the dastardly eloquence which was in no way necessary to justice.

You should have seen dear Mrs. Gray as the lawyer went on; no winter apple ever glowed more ruddily than her cheek; no star ever flashed more brightly than her fine eyes. The folds of her silken dress rustled with the indignation that kept her in constant unrest; and she would bend first to old Mrs. Warren, and then to Julia, whispering, "never mind, dears—never mind his impudence! Our lawyer will have a chance soon, then won't that fellow catch it! Don't mind what he says, its his business—the state pays him for it—more shame to the people. Our man will be on his feet soon. I ain't the state of New York, but then he's got a fee that ought to sharpen his tongue, and expects more when it's over. Only let him give that fellow his own again with interest—compound interest—and if I don't throw in an extra ten dollars, my name isn't Sarah Gray. Oh, if I could but give him a piece

of my mind now! There, there, Mrs. Warren, don't look so white! it's only talk. They won't convict him—it's only talk!"

Mrs. Gray was drawn from this good-natured attempt to cheer her friends by the proceedings of the court, that each moment became more and more impressive.

The prosecution brought forth its witnesses, those who had appeared in the preliminary trial, with many others hunted out by Adeline's indefatigable attorney. Never was a chain of evidence more complete—never did guilt appear so hideous or more firmly established. Every witness as he descended from the stand seemed to have thrown a darker stain of guilt upon that old man. The sharp cross-examinations of the prisoner's counsel only elucidated some new point against him. His acute wit and keen questioning brought nothing to light that did not operate against the cause a better man might have been excused for abandoning in despair. It seemed impossible that anything could overthrow all this weight of evidence: even the desperate plea of insanity would be of no avail. No one could look on the solemn, and yet serene face of that old man, without giving him credit for a steadiness of mind that no legal eloquence could distort.

Among the last witnesses brought up was Julia Warren. The determination not to give evidence which had just escaped legal censure on the examination, had been reasoned away by her grandfather, who believed himself that the laws should be obeyed in all things, leaving the result with God, had succeeded in convincing the mind of this young girl that her duty was obedience. She arose, therefore, when summoned to the stand, turned her eyes upon her grandfather as if to gather courage from his strength, and moved forward tremulously, it is true, but with more fortitude than might have been expected in a creature so young and so delicately sensitive. With her usual good sense, Mrs. Gray had taken care that her protegee should be neatly dressed, but spite of the little cottage bonnet with its rose colored lining, that face was colorless as a snow-drop. A thrill of sympathy passed through the crowd as this young girl stood up before them. She was known as the grandchild of the accused, and to possess knowledge that could but deepen the charges against him. This of itself was enough to enlist the generous impulses of a people more keenly alive than any on earth to the claims and dependencies of womanhood. But the shrinking modesty of her demeanor—the exquisite purity of her loveliness—her youth, the innate refinement that breathed about her like an atmosphere, all conspired to make her an object of generous pity. There was not a face present, even to the officers, that did not bare

some trace of this feeling when the first view of her features was obtained. The face in which this tender compassion beamed most eloquently was that of the old prisoner. For the first time that day tears came into his eyes, but when her glance was turned upon him with a look that pleaded for strength and for pardon, eloquently as eyes ever pleaded to a human soul; the grandfather answered it with a smile that kindled up her pale face as if an angel had passed by, which no one had the power to see save her and the old man.

She touched her lips to the sacred volume with a look of angelic obedience toward the judges;

and when the prosecuting attorney commenced his examination, she answered his questions with a degree of modest dignity that checked any desire he might have felt to excite or annoy her with useless interrogations. Nothing could be more absorbing than the attention paid to every word that dropped from her lips, by the court. She spoke low, and faltered a little now and then, but the tones of her voice were so sadly sweet; the tears seemed so close to her eyes without reaching them, that even the judges and the jury leaned forward to catch those tones, rather than break them by a request that she should speak louder.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAPPY HOURS.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

EARTH has a thousand happy hours
To cheer the darkest lot,
A thousand blissful memories
That will not be forgot;
They bloom around the wanderer's path
Where storms and tempests come,
Like those sweet flowers that cluster round
His childhood's happy home.

Our early home with all its joys,
The streamlet and the mill,
The old oak tree 'neath which we play'd,
The singing of the rill;
The glad tones of our sister's voice,
Pure as the Summer flowers,
Are with us still to make the earth
Full of those happy hours.

Earth's later scenes when time has sped,
And brought some loved one near,
The whispering of whose brightest word
Was happiness to hear;
The echo of whose footsteps nigh
Like Spring-time to the bowers;
Or bird and blossom to the tree
Fill'd earth with happy hours.

And then the mother's gladsome smile,
The Heaven within her eyes,
As seated in her vine-clad cot
The loveliest 'neath the skies—
She presses to her beating heart
The image of that one
Her heart has chosen for its home,
From all beneath the sun.

Eve brings a cheerful circle round—
The old familiar hearth,
And many a happy voice is heard
In melody and mirth;

No discord in that evening song,
No jarring in that strain,
For Heaven is bending down to bring
Earth's happy hours again.

Night is not dark, for love illumines
The cottage with its rays;
Watches beside the sleeper's couch,
Lists while the mother prays;
Constant as Hope it mingles in
The image of each dream,
And lights the sleeper's fancy with
Its richest, rosiest gleam.

Earth's happy hours upon life's tide
Fall with a kindling glow,
As those bright stars that from above
Fall on our path below;
A beacon fire amid the storms
To steer our barque aright,
And shed around the sinking heart
Their glory and their light.

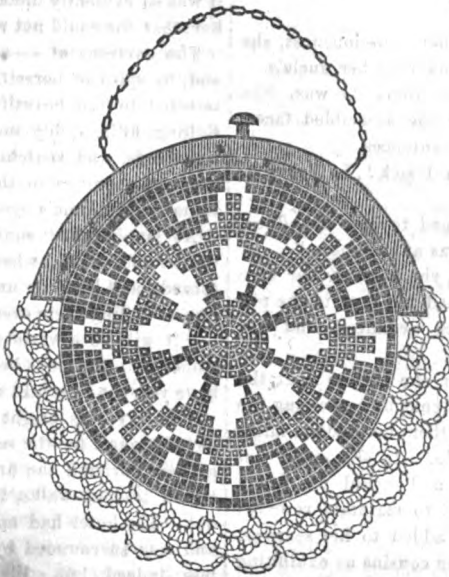
The past has many a happy hour
On which the pure heart dwells,
And draws its sweetness drop by drop
From memory's honied cells.
Thoughts of the loved, each look and word,
The cadence of each tone
Come back with happy, happy hours,
We never are alone!

Good deeds, bright thoughts on angel's wings
To make our spirits soar
Above the rust and dross of earth,
Above the tempest's roar;
Into a milder, purer sky,
Beneath a brighter sun,
And stars that shine in gladness down
On happy hours begun.

OUR WORK TABLE.

PURSE FOR GOLD PIECES.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.



MATERIALS.—Two skeins of blue, one ditto of white, crochet silk; one skein of fine gold twist, and a round gilt top; Penelope crochet No. 3.

With gold make a chin of six stitches, unite, and work three rounds, increasing in every stitch in the first and in every alternate in the second round. Continue throughout to increase in the same stitch.

3rd round (blue and gold.)—One blue, two gold; repeat seven more times.

4th round (blue and white.)—Two blue, two white; repeat.

5th round.—One blue, four white; repeat.

6th round (white and gold.)—Four white, two gold; repeat.

7th round.—Five white, three gold; repeat.

8th round.—Three white above the centre white stitches, five gold; repeat.

9th round.—One white above the centre stitch of white, ten gold; repeat.

10th round (gold, white, and blue.)—Four blue above the white, one white, six gold, one white; repeat.

11th round.—Six blue, one white above first stitch of gold, four gold, one white above last stitch of gold; repeat.

VOL. XVIII.—12

12th round.—Four blue, two gold, four blue, one white above first gold, two gold, one white above last gold; repeat.

13th round.—Four blue, two gold, four blue, one white above white, two gold, one white; repeat.

14th round.—Three white above gold, thirteen blue; repeat.

15th round.—All blue.

This completes one side. Work a second. Then crochet the two together, leaving sufficient for the top.

With gold work the following edge round the sides:—

1st round.—Seven chain, miss four; repeat.

2nd round.—One long, two chain in every stitch, missing the stitch which unites the seven chain to the edge and the adjoining stitches.

3rd round.—Nine chain. Make a circle by working a plain stitch in the fifth chain; four chain; unite to third long stitch; repeat. Sew on the top.

If preferred, gold or steel beads may be substituted for gold twist, and will look equally well.

For carrying gold dollars, quarter eagles, or half eagles, this purse is very convenient.

THE SACRIFICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 131.

XV.

WHEN Anne recovered her consciousness, she was lying in her own chamber, at her uncle's.

At first she did not know where she was. She looked wildly around, at the assembled faces, exclaiming, in disjointed sentences,

"What is all this? Am I sick? Is that you, cousin?"

Then, as memory returned to her, she added, "Ah! I recollect. I was at the opera."

And, with these words, she covered her eyes with her hands, and turned her face to the pillow. She recognized her weakness, and was ashamed to betray it.

As she became stronger she had to meet the thousand inquiries of her cousins respecting the causes of her illness. To them her sudden fainting was incomprehensible. As she could not acknowledge the truth, and would not tell a falsehood, she was forced to maintain reserve: a course of conduct that added to her sorrows, for it was regarded by her cousins as exhibiting a want of confidence in themselves. Her eldest cousin, however, who suspected the truth, did not join in the general injustice: and to her Anne's heart clung with redoubled love.

A week had now passed, yet still Anne, when asked to accompany her cousins out, had refused on the plea of ill health. In reality she felt no disposition for society. Could she have acted as she pleased, she would have returned home, but as half the term appointed for her visit yet remained, she could not leave her uncle without offence, unless by an explanation of the true cause of her departure, and this was impossible.

But she did what she could. She wrote to her sister, telling her she wished to return, and asking that a letter might be sent requesting her presence home.

XVI.

"COME, girls, despatch dinner in haste," said her uncle, one day, as he returned from his office. "Anne has had the dumps so long that I thought a ride would do her good, and accordingly have ordered a carriage to be here early in the afternoon. We will show her some of the beautiful rural spots about our city."

Anne felt in no spirits for the excursion, but

it was so evidently dictated by kindness toward her, that she could not refuse.

The environs of — are, indeed, beautiful; and, in spite of herself, Anne soon became interested in the beautiful scenery around her. Rolling hills, richly cultivated fields, majestic woodlands, and snatches of river scenery seen between openings in the landscape: these continually met Anne's eyes.

At last, toward sunset, they drew up at a fashionable hotel, where supper parties were served: and here her uncle announced his intention of taking their evening meal.

"It will be a variety," he said, "and cheer Anne up. She looks better already. Oh! we'll have you yet as bright as a rose-bud."

The day was bright and beautiful, and unusually warm for the season. While her cousins gathered around the fire, Anne, who was accustomed to long walks, in winter, rose and went out. The hotel had once been a country-seat, and was surrounded by thick woods, now leafless, indeed, but still majestic. A passion for forest trees had always distinguished Anne, and there were several magnificent ones within sight. She bent her steps to the wood, drawing her furs closer around her. The wild wailing of the wind among the bare branches was in unison with her thoughts. There was a sweet melancholy in the sound that was, in her then mood of mind, inexpressibly soothing to her. The sun shining brightly on the brown earth; the blue, clear, winter atmosphere above; the river rippling rough under the sharp breeze; and the columns of white smoke, from the surrounding houses, boldly defined against the sky; these formed a prospect which soon chained Anne's attention. She quickly forgot how long she had been absent from the hotel, and remained, under a giant old tree, watching the landscape, absorbed in her thoughts.

She reflected how much the winter desolation around her was like her own blighted prospects. But she also considered, and this was the beauty of her nature, that though stripped of its summer loveliness, the scene was still pleasing; for had it not bright sunshine, a cloudless sky, and a bracing air.

"So may it be with me," she said, half aloud.

"There are many things left to make even me happy. Why, then, should I sinfully repine?"

As she spoke, a deep sigh startled her. She remembered at once the indiscretion she had been guilty of, in speaking thus aloud; and, in some embarrassment, looked around for the intruder.

What was her astonishment to see Frederick standing near her, his eyes fixed sorrowfully on her face?

The surprise was so great that, for a moment, she was sensible only of it; but soon came the mortifying conviction that he must have overheard her. Now he, of all persons, was the one she least wished to betray herself before. Her shame so overpowered her that, in her weak and nervous state, she could not resist it; but sank to the ground.

XVII.

SHE did not, however, lose her consciousness. She saw Frederick spring to assist her, and this probably saved her from fainting; for, too proud to exhibit further weakness before him, she partially rallied, by a strong effort.

His arm was already supporting her; his face was full of tender concern; but she slid from his touch, saying, with quiet dignity,

"Thank you, sir. I can easily stand alone."

Frederick looked at her earnestly, as if to assure himself that she could thus coldly address him: then sighed, and turned away.

He had not gone more than a step, however, when he seemed to change his mind. He retraced that step, and confronted Anne, now trembling from the re-action.

"And is it thus we meet?"

He spoke, half reproachfully, half tenderly. In spite of the wrong he had done her, Anne was affected almost to tears. She looked down on the ground, but made no answer.

"And is it thus we meet, Anne?" he said.

Perceiving that she would be compelled to answer, Anne conquered her emotion, and said coldly,

"I am not aware, sir, that there is anything, in our meeting, peculiar." Then she added, as she saw he was about to speak,

"My friends are waiting for me at the hotel. and will wonder at my protracted absence. Suffer me to pass."

He drew aside, and raised his hat. But as she walked by, with whatever of proud unconcern she could assume, their eyes met; and the tender, reproachful look of his went to her heart, and followed her footsteps, accusing her.

She began to think she had been, perhaps, too cold and rude. If he did love another, was he censurable, for had she not long ago discharged him? He evidently bore a tender recollection of

the past, else his demeanor would not have been what it was. As she thus speculated, her footsteps insensibly grew slower.

Presently she heard a quick tread on the walk behind her, and, in a moment, Frederick was at her side.

His voice was hurried as he spoke.

"Pardon me, Anne," he said, "but I cannot part with you thus. It is years since we met. I have just learned that the causes which banished me are removed. I have heard that your widowed sister has returned home. Oh! Anne, I love you still; and yet you are cruel."

She began to quicken her pace. He eagerly continued,

"The hard fate that separates us is, then, to have no alleviation? Anne, pitiless Anne, you know not the misery you inflict. I have remembered you, only to find myself forgotten."

At first, as we have said, Anne had regretted her coldness. But language like this, from one engaged to another woman, struck her as a gratuitous insult. She faced the speaker indignantly.

"Sir," she said, "what do you mean? How dare you?"

He started back amazed. But gradually the color rose to his brow; and he, in turn, felt indignant. He, however, controlled himself, and resumed.

"I leave you," he said, "since my presence is so hateful. But you have destroyed all my hopes in life, and all my faith in womanhood. Farewell."

His words perplexed his hearer. Could he venture so far on her old affection, Anne asked herself, as thus to insult her with hypocritical professions, or had some misunderstanding between him and Miss Warren arisen, which had induced him to seek revenge on her by marrying Anne. The latter she thought most probable.

"You should have learned faith in womanhood from Miss Warren," she answered accordingly; and not without a touch of irony in her voice.

"Miss Warren!" replied he, in increased amazement, "what has she to do with me?"

This man, thought Anne, is strangely altered from when I knew him; for he is now the prince of dissimulators. She answered, therefore, with contempt,

"The world says Miss Warren is the betrothed of Dr. Vernon, and his own behavior, when in her society, verifies it. When, therefore, he dares to address the language of love to another woman, he sinks himself beneath scorn."

As she spoke she turned again, and, with a haughty step, moved toward the hotel.

But a hand was laid on her arm, forcibly

detaining her, and Frederick was speaking fast and eagerly.

"There is some terrible mistake here, Anne," he said. "I am not—I never was betrothed to Miss Warren—she has long been affianced to another. You speak of my conduct toward that lady as corroborating the impression that we are engaged; I do not know what you mean. Some one has been belying me. 'We are dear friends—almost brother and sister—but mostly more. No one who knew us could suppose differently. As heaven is my judge, I have never, for one instant, swerved in my fidelity to you. Oh! believe me, Anne, there is cruel slander here.'"

The breathless energy with which he spoke was a guarantee of his sincerity. Anne felt already half convinced that she had been laboring under a delusion.

"I heard but yesterday of your being in the city," he said, "and was speculating whether I dare venture to call on you, when accident threw us together here. Who is it that has been traducing me to you?"

Anne, blushing and agitated, faltered out, "I saw you and Miss Warren at the opera, about a week ago——"

"The night Norma was played," interposed he.

"That was the evening. And I am sure—at least I thought—indeed I was not singular in believing that your demeanor toward Miss Warren was peculiar—was marked——"

She could not go on. His clear, frank eye gazed right into her soul, and she felt that she had been jealous without cause. She looked down embarrassed and ashamed.

There was a silence of a moment, and then Frederick spoke.

"I can well believe, when I reflect on it myself, Anne," he said, "that my demeanor toward Miss Warren did seem to substantiate the report of our engagement, for we are the closest of friends, and, in the absence of her lover, who but yesterday returned from Europe, I have been her constant attendant. I never before, however, heard this absurd rumor. Lucy will laugh heartily at it. The idea alone never entered either of our heads, I am sure. Our hearts have both been pre-occupied from childhood. And now, dear Anne, are you still angry?"

He ventured to take her hand, as he spoke, a liberty not wholly without warrant; for, during his last explanation, he had met her eyes full of gentle entreaty.

What Anne would have replied we know not exactly; but she was spared the necessity of a direct answer by the appearance of her youngest cousin.

The merry girl came running from the hotel, exclaiming, "where are you, Anne? Supper is

ready. How can you stay out so long in the cold?"

But recognizing a gentleman in company with Anne, she stopped suddenly.

We said that Anne did not answer directly. But she replied quite as effectually as if she had, when she turned to her companion, exclaiming,

"Will you join our party, Frederick? I am sure my uncle will be glad to see you."

The sweet smile with which these words were uttered left no doubt of her meaning; and the invitation was at once accepted. Nor did two happier hearts ever beat than those of Anne and her lover, as they sat side by side at that winter-evening meal. Such a glorious supper they both thought it; and not without reason.

XVIII.

THE bloom soon came back to Anne's cheek, and the light to her eye. Her uncle vowed he had never known an excursion to work such wonders, and that henceforth he should regard an afternoon ride as the best of prescriptions. Anne smiled and blushed; for she knew the old man loved a jest; and she was too happy to be angry at being teased.

Frederick was now a daily visitor in — street. When snow came, he was the first with his sleigh; and many a pleasant hour the lovers spent whirling in the light machine over the frosty road. Anne now went less than ever into society, but from a different reason. She preferred to spend the evening with Frederick, in the quiet of her uncle's parlor, while the old man read the evening paper, chatting, at intervals, with his guests.

At Frederick's request, Miss Warren called with him, one morning, to make the acquaintance of Anne. Our heroine was charmed with her lover's friend, and the two soon became almost inseparable. Anne now learned that Miss Warren had been Frederick's confidant from the first; and when they were better acquainted, there was more than one harmless jest spoken in reference to Anne's jealousy.

As the marriage of Miss Warren was soon to take place, Frederick made it his plea that Anne would consent to be his on the same day. After some correspondence between Frederick and her father, it was finally arranged that it should be so; and that the wedding should be given at her uncle's, Mr. Malcolm coming up to the festivities.

In all these negotiations Anne affected no foolish coyness; but frankly told Frederick that as she had promised to be his, she would name whatever day her friends fixed for her.

Nature lent a cloudless sky for the marriage morning. Both brides drove to the same church,

and were united at the same altar. Never had Anne looked so lovely, and notwithstanding the nervousness of the hour, never had she been happier. She had implicit trust now in the man to whom she gave her hand, and what is more, the pleasing satisfaction of knowing she had, under trying circumstances, done her duty. Her husband, as they drove away, adverted to this.

"Do you know, dearest, he said, "that I love you a thousand times better for having discharged me, after your mother's death? You acted wisely and rightly under the then circumstances; but I bless God that circumstances have changed."

"Ah! Frederick," was her reply, as she looked fondly up into his face, "does not God make and unmake circumstances, and always for the best? If we do our duty, he will not desert us. I feel that I owe my present felicity to having made what, at the time, I thought a great sacrifice.

Had I acted otherwise, had I disregarded my mother, remorse would have haunted me forever."

"You were right," said Frederick, kissing her, "and I was wrong. Ah! Anne, you are an angel."

"Nay, not that—only a loving woman."

"But a woman in a thousand."

"Nor even that. A poor, weak creature, who strives to do her duty, and leaves the rest to God."

Frederick and Anne are still living, and still as happy as when first married. Not that they are without occasional troubles, for all, in this earthly sphere, must expect sorrow. But Frederick and Anne look on the cares of life as a gentle chastening, sent, by their Heavenly Father, to discipline them for a better world; and holding these sentiments, they do their duty uncomplainingly, and look forward with hope for their eternal reward.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~
 LINES TO ECHO.
 ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

BY CONSTANT BADEAU.

FAR roving spirit, nymph of sound,
 Who roams the earth's wide circuit round,
 Who soars above the mountain's crest,
 And where the wild-fowl builds her nest,
 Or side the river's rippling flow,
 Meander through the vales below,
 And ranges midst the solitude
 Of forests vast and caverns rude.

Now mocks the lion in the dell,
 And now the Indian's savage yell,
 The vultures cry, the hooting owl,
 The ravenous wolves terrific howl,
 Or bounding free o'er lake and glen,
 Thou hovers near the homes of men;
 Plays round their chiming Sabbath bells,
 Doubles each stroke the hammer tells,
 Resounds within their spacious halls,
 And flits along the naked walls,
 Through lofty domes and arches wide,
 Reverberates from side to side.

Now climbs the mighty cataract,
 Or follows in the lightning's tract,
 To grasp the deep-toned thunders loud,
 And hurl the peals from cloud to cloud;
 Then ere it ceases to rebound,
 Secures again the rumbling sound;
 Speeds o'er the wild deserted scene,
 Along the narrow deep ravine,
 Across the yawning dark abyss,
 And dashes 'gainst the precipice,
 'Till earth with the vibrations shake,
 And till the boundless Heavens quake.

But when soft melody awakes
 Thy voice upon the mountain lakes;
 When sweetly o'er the water floats
 The bugles rich and mellow notes;
 Then from the shelving rocky dell
 Where thou hast perched thy mossy cell,
 Thy mimic voice repeats the strain,
 And gently wafts it back again.

Or when the cannon's heavy roar
 Vibrates along the rugged shore,
 'Tis thee prolongs the booming sound,
 And bears it to the heights around,
 Then with a pause the valleys fill,
 And leaps across from hill to hill;
 Like glimmer of departing day,
 It in the distance dies away,
 Until the sound but now so near
 Is lost upon the list'ning ear.

Whatever cause the silence breaks,
 It thy unwearied voice awakes;
 The harshest sound or sweetest strain
 That shakes the hills or skims the plain,
 Thou imitates in self-same tone,
 And makes each passing sound thine own.

When friendship strikes the chords of love,
 Like Heavenly blessings from above,
 To sound and motion unconfin'd,
 Thou hovers near the pensive mind;
 In gentle tones new joys impart,
 And wakes an echo in the heart.

EDITORS' TABLE.

CHIT-CHAT WITH READERS.

DWARF PLANTS.—The lovers of flowers have recently been presented with a new attraction, in the shape of diminutive plants growing in pots no larger than a lady's thimble, yet apparently healthy and flourishing. Such nick-nacks seem made by fairy hands for the purpose of adorning some elfin conservatory or parterre; and this poetical association, combined with their own intrinsic prettiness, has made these dwarf plants to be much sought after. Those who tend their gardens and green-houses with their own hands, naturally wish themselves to manipulate these *mignonnes*, and we are willing to assist them to the extent of our power, and for this purpose copy, from Mrs. Laudon, the process to be pursued.

Choose the time when the tree is in flower, and select a branch, preferring that which is most fantastic and crooked. By two clean circular cuts, about an inch of bark is removed all round the stem, and earth is applied to the wound, and made to press upon it by a piece of cloth. This application is kept moistened until roots are formed at the incision, when the branch is removed, is potted, and thus becomes an independent tree. As the process is only a substitution of a part for the whole, it cannot properly be called *dwarfing*; great care and skill, however, are required for its successful accomplishment. In China, where the process originated, the trees most commonly thus treated are the *dimocarpus*, litchi, the favorite fruit of the country; the carambol, with its octagonal fruit; the longan, a kind of plum; the orange, apple, pear, &c.

The great rule to be observed is, to confine your operations to plants of a succulent nature, or, in other words, such as are least dependant upon soil and water. That we may be as popular as possible, we may mention cactuses and mesembryaceæ, or ice-plants, as illustrations of what we mean. Small shoots of different varieties of these and similar families of plants must be taken off and rooted in the usual way, and afterward removed to the small pots intended for them. It is evident that when the space is so small, great attention should be paid to the soil and drainage. The latter will be best secured by pottsherds broken to the size of a small pea, and placed to the depth of the third of an inch in the bottom of the pot. The soil should be porous, composed of white sand, leaf-mould, and a portion of pounded crocks, still finer than that used for the lower drainage. As growth is to be deprecated in these tiny specimens, no more moisture must be afforded than is sufficient to secure health.

SUNBURNS AND FRECKLES.—The fair correspondent, who inquires if a certain wash will remove sunburns or freckles, is informed that such disfigurements are irremediable by medical means. Ladies

liable to them should avoid being exposed to the sun, and should, therefore, never go out without a wide bonnet, or a parasol. They should not employ soap, but wash daily in cold water, drying with a coarse towel. The thousand and one washes, sold to beautify the skin, do more harm than good. We may add that, although warm water beautifies the complexion for a time, its permanent influence is injurious, and cold water should, in all cases, be preferred. The surest way to retain a good complexion, or improve a bad one, is to take plenty of exercise, and in the open air. Good health and good spirits are, in fact, the only effectual cosmetics, and exercise is indispensable to the possession of either. The redness of hands, to which our correspondent alludes, cannot be cured by sleeping in gloves; the expedient is one of those old-fashioned bits of nonsense, that has nothing to recommend it but antiquity: besides, it sometimes proves injurious, by stopping the perspiration, and producing slight paralysis. Frequent washings of the hands, by causing a healthy action of the skin, will cure the redness, if anything will. Some ladies wash in milk and water, as better than water alone.

JEWELLERY IN THE MORNING.—Ladies of good taste never wear jewellery in the morning, unless it is of the simplest and most unostentatious description. Nothing is more vulgar than to come down, to receive morning callers, overloaded with ornaments, especially with diamonds, if the lady is sufficiently wealthy to possess such articles. Indeed, simplicity in dress, during the morning, is one of the surest proofs of good breeding.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Confessions of an English Opium Eater. By Thomas De Quincey. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. —The public owe thanks to Messrs. Ticknor & Co. for this very beautiful edition of De Quincey's most celebrated work. These Confessions have a peculiar interest, because they are not only perfectly sincere, but show the effect of opium on a man of extraordinary intellectual gifts. De Quincey was one of the most accomplished scholars that ever left Oxford, as well as a writer in the English idiom of great eloquence and beauty. Early in life he began to take opium, in order to allay a chronic irritation of the stomach, a disease produced by suffering excessive hunger in youth, during an elopement from his guardians. The use of the drug grew upon him, until finally, like Coleridge, he became its slave. After many years he overcame his weakness, and renounced opium, but it left him with but the wreck of a mind. Yet, even in its ruin, his intellect is gigantic, leaving the world to regret the deplorable

error of his life. The Confessions originally appeared in 1821, and attracted universal attention, not less for the remarkable facts they detailed, than for the majestic flow of their eloquence. In 1845 a continuation to them appeared, under the head of "Suspria de Profundis." This article is also included in the present volume, which is issued in the peculiarly neat style, that distinguishes all the publications of Ticknor.

The Deserted Wife. By Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The author of this fiction is comparatively young as a novelist; but she already takes high rank. Mrs. Southworth has great dramatic power, and in this lies the secret of her popularity; but she intensifies too much; and, in describing character, and managing plots, she verges continually on the improbable. The present novel exhibits a very considerable deterioration, in this respect, from its predecessor, "Retribution." We should think Mrs. S. knew less of human nature from observation than from books, for she is more successful in picturing life in Maryland or Virginia, where she has always lived, than in picturing it elsewhere: indeed, the moment she leaves her native soil her incidents and characters become more and more unreal, until sometimes they almost put Mrs. Radcliff to the blush. Her descriptive powers, however, as well as her dramatic, are great. She can, if she will, become a writer of first-rate merit; and for her own sake, as well as that of American literature, we trust she will. We wish her eminent success, the more because she is a woman, and supports, we understand, a large family by her exertions.

Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. With Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The prince of egotists is Leigh Hunt, yet his egotism, withal, is delightful. We read, and re-read this autobiography, charmed equally by the style and by this egotism. Hunt positively makes a window in his heart, and asks all comers to gaze, yet he does it with such unaffected simplicity that no one can laugh at him for what would be folly in others. The volume, however, is not entirely confined to Hunt's affairs, but abounds with anecdotes of his contemporaries, so that altogether it is one of the most fascinating books that has lately issued from the press. The Autobiography is, in fact, a perfect store-house of the literary gossip of the past generation. Hazlitt, Byron, Coleridge, Shelly, Wordsworth, Southey, and other familiar names come in for more or less notice; and, what is particularly desirable, the anecdotes are mostly new. The book is handsomely got up, and illustrated with Hunt's portrait.

The Illustrated Shakspeare. Nos. 22, 23, 24. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—These three numbers are, in no respect, inferior to any of their predecessors. The engraving in No. 22, "Joan of Arc," is particularly beautiful. We again advise all who wish an elegant copy of Shakspeare to subscribe to this edition. Twenty-five cents a number, the price of the work, is remarkably cheap, each illustration, in itself, being worth that sum.

The Berber. A Tale of Morocco. By W. S. Mayo, M. D. 1 vol. New York: G. P. Putnam.—The author of this fiction first appeared as a writer, a few months ago, when he published "Kaloolah," a story of African life. The book was so original and racy, and the heroine was such a lovely creation, that Dr. Mayo at once established a reputation: he was considered to hold a medium place between Webber and Melville, with talents not inferior to either of those popular writers. The present work, though scarcely so fresh as "Kaloolah," and displaying nothing of originality in character or plot, is yet written with animation, and will be read with interest. Many of the incidents are described with a graphic force that entitles Dr. Mayo to a high place among narrative writers: we may instance, as among the best, the scene in which the Berber prince carries off the Sultan's child. The volume is handsomely printed.

Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey. By Aubrey de Vere. 1 vol. Philada: A. Hart.—Mr. de Vere is favorably known to the English public as a poet of much merit, though his poems, we believe, have never yet been re-printed in this country. The present volume is an effort in prose, and a most scholarly and gentlemanly-like one it is. It is rare that travellers so cultivated favor the public with their notes, and, therefore, we welcome the present work most heartily. It abounds with much that is really new, while the style is so chaste, that even what is old seems original. Mr. Hart has published the book in the neatest manner.

Illustrated Temperance Tales. By T. S. Arthur. With an Autobiography and a Portrait of the author. 1 vol. Philada: J. W. Bradley.—These tales are among the best of Mr. Arthur's fictions, and are published in a style worthy of their merits. Besides a portrait, in mezzotint, by the author, the volume contains eight illustrations in wood, executed with much spirit. We commend the work, alike for its moral tone, and for the truthfulness with which it is written. The Autobiography is in excellent taste, a rare thing in such cases.

History of Darius the Great. By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Here we have another of Abbott's admirable series of historical books, beautifully printed, as all its predecessors were, and ornamented with an illuminated title-page and numerous engravings. We always give these little volumes a select corner in our library, and the present deserves the promotion not less than those that went before.

The Pillars of Hercules. A Narrative of Travels in Spain and Morocco in 1848. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a somewhat pedantic, but nevertheless agreeable work. We learn from it, much that is new. It is issued in a very neat style.

Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution. No. VI. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This number contains no less than seventeen embellishments, all executed in Lossing's best style. The author loses none of his interest as he progresses.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—FULL EVENING DRESS.—This dress may be worn, if required, as a fancy costume. It is in the Italian style of the middle ages; whilst, at the same time, it is perfectly appropriate to the opera or an evening party. The robe, which is of rich ruby-colored velvet, is ornamented up one side of the skirt with a trimming of satin ribbon of the same color as the velvet. The ribbon is fastened in a small cockade on one side of the waist, then carried down in two links, and finished about half way down the skirt by another cockade with two flowing ends edged with fringe. A little lower down there is a similar cockade with long fringed ends, which descend nearly to the bottom of the skirt. The corsage is pointed at the waist, and has a trimming up the front, which in effect precisely resembles the old slashing, but, instead of real cuts (or slashes,) the effect is produced by puffings of white guipure lace, edged round with gold braid. A small berthe of guipure trims the top of the corsage. Demi-long sleeves, slightly gathered up at the inner part of the arm, where they are trimmed in the same manner as the front of the corsage. Full ruffles of guipure.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE TARLETANE, with double skirts, the lower one flounced, and the upper one gathered up on each side by loops of green velvet ribbon. Grecian corsage and sleeves trimmed with similar loops of ribbon and fastened with pearls. Necklace and bracelets of pearls. Hair in waved bandeaux in front, and a Grecian knot behind, with a head-dress of velvet loops and pearls, to correspond with the trimming of the dress.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The chene or chameleon silks are the newest goods of the season, and certainly the richest which have been introduced for many years. The patterns are chiefly in bouquets and vines of exquisite tints, the extreme gaiety of which is relieved by the shading of the silk. Poplins, watered silks, Canton crapes, cashmeres, and mousseline de laines are also crowding our windows. The two latter articles are generally of bright grounds, with vines over them. Some of the crimson and orange ones are very beautiful, the vines covering the material so as to leave only sufficient of the ground to be seen as will give it a very rich effect.

Morning and walking dresses are still worn open, with beautifully worked chemisettes of lace, muslin, or cambric. Flounces have lost none of their vogue, and are frequently manufactured to correspond with the dress, resembling in this case rich ribbons of different widths, but of texture and colors in perfect harmony with the robe. Silks, where there is but one color, such as Mazarine blue, dove, stone, &c., have a beautiful effect by being flounced with barege or silk tissue of the same shade as the dress.

For demi-toilet under-sleeves of lace are worn, open at the ends, so as to hang in the Chinese style; the upper sleeve hanging in the same form, and descending to about the middle of the lower arm, or merely to the turn of the elbow. With this style of sleeve bracelets worn on the arm are indispensable. Some of the prettiest among the plainer kinds of bracelets are those composed of coral, or simply of a

band of black or green velvet ribbon, fastened by a clasp. Some ladies wear coral and velvet bracelets together—that is to say, one of coral and one of velvet on the same arm. For an evening dress, the velvet bracelet may be fastened by a diamond or jeweled clasp, with floating ends of velvet. No lady who wears bracelets would omit the velvet one, if she knew how it added to the whiteness of the arm.

We have often much regretted to see ladies so easily contented with the set, stereotyped arrangement of their flowers, when the pose of a bouquet may really be eloquent of expression. Even a few garden flowers, magnetized together, as it were, by a woman of true artistic taste, may give a grace and finish to her costume, beyond the power of a costly jewel to effect. Generally, bouquets are worn in the dress, but less formally arranged than heretofore and with foliage drooping even over the skirt. Ladies who arrange their own flowers, and do not like the parsimonious trader, have recourse to wire, and sticks, will find it an excellent plan to wrap round the stems a strip of brown paper, saturated with cold water, and over it a slip of oil-skin; or if oil-skin be not at hand, thick glazed writing-paper is an excellent substitute. Outside may come, of course, the ornamental lace or paper; but the above plan preserves the perfect freshness and full odor of the flowers, and without the slightest inconvenience to the wearer, during a long evening. We have seen an evening dress of white India muslin exquisitely trimmed down each side of the skirt with natural flowers, which looked as well at the end of the evening as they did when brought from the green house. They were arranged in very small bouquets, gradually becoming less as they neared the waist. Each bouquet was tied with a piece of thread, the stems being cut of the same length, then dipped in sealing wax. A piece of white satin ribbon was then wrapped over the wax, and the flowers sewed on the dress. Small neck-handkerchiefs of chene silk are again in vogue, and threaten to take the place of small scarfs. Embroidered bags are even more beautiful than those of last year.

The latest novelty in trimming the fall bonnets, particularly Leghorn ones, consists in the strings being exceedingly long, and made of very broad ribbon, thus presenting almost the effect of a scarf tied under the chin. Sometimes these strings are sufficiently long to allow of their being fastened by a brooch to the waist, and the ends are left to hang down the front of the dress in the manner of a sash.

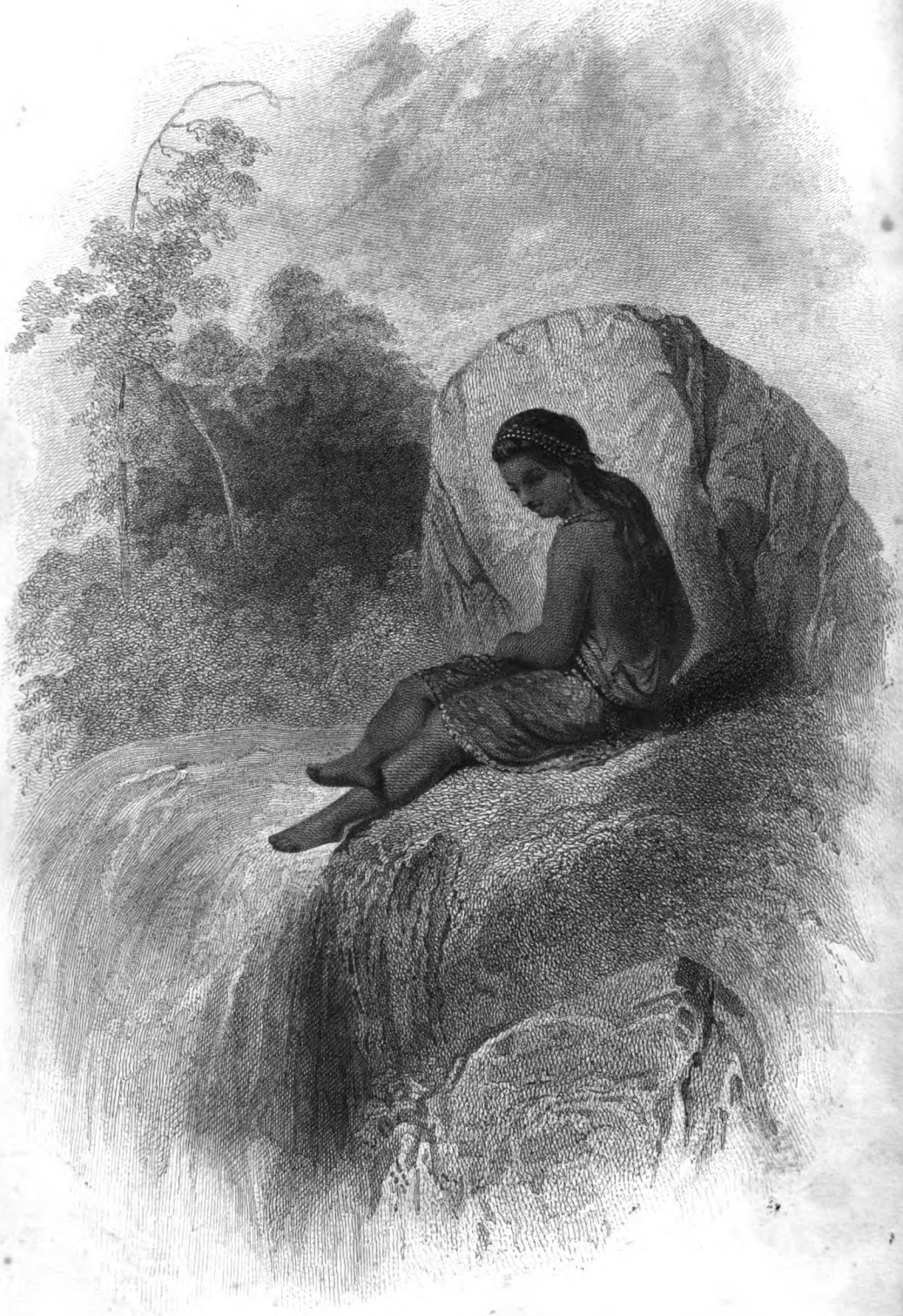
The manner of dressing the hair is much altered. The French Twist is now seldom seen except in morning costume. Of this we are very glad, as it is most unbecoming, and totally spoils the shape of a pretty head. The hair is now generally braided in a Grecian knot, but the variety is endless. For a youthful face with light complexion, the hair drawn entirely from the face and knotted behind, is remarkably becoming. Others look very well with the front hair rolled over a cushion, and a loose curl falling back of the ear.





Digitized by Google





THE FOREST QUEEN.

Painted by J. G. Chapman and Engraved expressly for the Ladies' National Magazine by S. A. Schoff

THE MOUNTAIN BRIDGE.





THE LADY OF THE LAMP

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1850.

No. 5.

CRAZY ELLEN.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DOER.

I HAD received a cordial invitation from the parents of Lizzie Elliot, to spend a few weeks with her in her pleasant home. I had not seen her since the day after examination, when we parted six months previous, and was by no means unwilling to comply with their request. One day's ride brought me to the quiet village where she resided; and when the panting steeds halted before a small white cottage, with a porch in front, extending the whole length of the building, and enclosed on either end with lattice work, over which a running rose and honeysuckle had been trained, both of which were in full bloom; while the thick shrubbery in the yard, and the tall trees whose branches hung droopingly over it, gave the little dwelling the appearance of a bird's-nest half-hidden by the green foliage, I thought I had never seen a lovelier spot. Sure enough it was a "bird's-nest," and there was the "bird" that dwelt in "the sheltering nest," in the shape of my sweet Lizzie, standing in the porch, and clapping her little hands as the long-looked-for vehicle drew up at the door.

The evening passed rapidly away, and at an early hour I retired fatigued with the day's journey. The next morning I arose refreshed, and quite ready to fall in with any or all of Lizzie's plans for amusement. We returned about sunset from a long ramble; and somewhat tired I threw myself upon a sofa, and commenced carelessly touching the strings of Lizzie's guitar; but soon started to my feet again as the tones of a voice singularly wild, yet clear and sweet, arose apparently from the shrubbery a short distance from the window.

"Oh! it is poor, Crazy Ellen," said little Alice, running to the door, "there she sits under that big tree in the corner. May I go and carry her some of these cherries, mamma?" And receiving the desired permission, the little sprite darted away on her errand of kindness. With my

curiosity strongly excited, I stepped out into the porch, in order to obtain a better view of the songstress.

She was a woman of apparently about middle age—but owing to the singularity of her general appearance, it was difficult to decide the question. Rather below than above the average height of woman, her figure was exquisitely proportioned, and every quick, wild motion was grace itself. Her hair, which was rich brown, had been cut off, and now clustered in short, glossy curls all over her head and around her face, giving it a child-like expression, that contrasted strangely with the deathly pallor of her cheek, and the deep, burning lustre of her large, restless eyes. She had thrown herself upon the grass, and was singing an air now soft and plaintive, and so replete with mournful tenderness, that you might have deemed it the last sad wail of a breaking heart; and anon, with a startling transition it would grow joyous as a wild-bird's note, and come gushing from her lips as if she were the very personification of mirth and gladness. Perceiving that she was observed she sprang suddenly to her feet, and was out of sight in an instant.

"Oh! mamma, and Sister Lizzie, and you too, Miss Jessie, see what a queer basket poor Ellen gave me when I offered her the cherries," said Alice, tripping into the parlor, her bright face beaming with happiness, "I suppose she made it herself."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Elliot, "that is one of her favorite occupations. You can find them just commenced—half-finished, and completed in all her haunts, and scattered through the forest wherever she has wandered. It is skillfully woven too," she added, as she took the curiously wrought fabric in her hand, "and she has displayed a good deal of ingenuity in its construction. You perceive it is formed of the slender

branches of the willow and of bark intricately woven together." Dropping her head she gazed long as if lost in thought upon the basket, then with a deep and long-drawn sigh she murmured, half unconsciously, "poor Ellen! Poor, poor Ellen!"

"She is a resident of your village then," I remarked; "do you know anything of her history, Lizzie? I cannot help fancying that there is a thread of romance running through her web of destiny."

"Where will you find one human being in whose history there is *not* some tale of romance? But there is a long story connected with poor Ellen, as we always call her. I remember hearing something of it when I was a little girl. Mother, you promised me a long time ago that you would tell me all the particulars. Will you do so now? I know Jessie would like to hear the story. Come, let me draw this large chair out in the porch, and little Ally will bring the foot-stool. Will you tell us the tale now, mother dear?"

Mrs. Elliot assented, and we were soon all comfortably arranged, Mrs. Elliot in the arm-chair, Lizzie and I with our work, and Alice seated at her mother's feet, with her curly pate resting on her knee.

"I do not profess to be much of a story-teller, my children," Mrs. Elliot commenced. "But——"

"Why, mamma," interrupted Ally, "I think you tell the prettiest stories of anybody." Bidding her be quiet, and smiling at the childish compliment, her mother proceeded—

"But if you wish to hear poor Ellen's history, I will endeavor to re-call the events as they occurred, and relate them to you as systematically as possible. I have known Ellen Howard from her infancy. Death had often entered the parsonage, and of all those whose footsteps were wont to echo through the halls, none remained save one old minister and his maiden sister. When the news came that William—the eldest son—who was a sailor, the pride and delight of his father's heart, had been shipwrecked in the Mediterranean, and that his widow and child were in New York, Mr. Howard, in spite of his years and infirmities, started immediately in pursuit of them. Prayers and blessings followed him; and when, after a few weeks, he returned, bringing with him a lovely little girl about two years old, (the young mother had joined her husband in the spirit land) there was not a single heart in the whole parish, that did not rejoice that the old man had again found 'something to love—something to cling to—something to clasp affection's tendrils round.'

"A sweeter child than Ellen Howard never gladdened any hearthstone, and the orphan girl was soon the pet and plaything of the whole

village. Her grandfather seemed to grow young again, now that the sound of merry voices and ringing laughter was heard as of yore in his dwelling; and as he joined in the little one's gambols, tossing her high in the air until she screamed aloud, half in delight and half in terror, or listened to her artless prattling, he half forgot that, one by one, he had laid all of his own children to sleep by their mother's side—all save one, and he—'he lay where pearls lie deep.'

"The years rolled on apace, and when the flowers of seventeen summers had sprang up in her pathway, Ellen Howard was by far the loveliest girl in the whole parish. She is now only the wreck of what she then was, but even yet there are traces left of the grace and beauty so lavishly bestowed upon her.

"Everybody loved her—she was so glad-hearted and affectionate—so pure-minded and confiding, and so gay and sprightly withal that no one could help loving her; not even old Dame Beewell, who had won for herself an unenviable notoriety by her fault-finding propensities, and who had never before been known to speak a kind word of any one.

"And if everybody loved, there was one who seemed to worship her. Edgar Stanley was the 'only son of his mother, and she a widow,' and they resided in that elegant mansion across the river. You can see it if you stand here, Jessie. There, look between that white rose-bush and the linden tree, and you can see the chimneys and part of the building—the rest is hidden by the trees.

"Edgar had played a brother's part in all her childish pleasures and pursuits, and had been her champion in all her childish difficulties. He left the village to complete his studies, and when he returned he found the little fairy from whom he had parted four years previous, transformed into a beautiful being, possessing all the purest and loveliest traits of woman's character, while she retained all the artlessness and simplicity of a child, and his heart yielded to the influences of a still stronger attachment.

"With all the characteristic ardor of his temperament he sought to win her love. The attempt was not a vain one, and, ere many months had passed, it was well known throughout the village that Ellen Howard was the affianced bride of Edgar Stanley.

"It was one of those very rare 'matches' with which even village gossips could find no fault. Both were young, both intelligent, the friends of the parties on either side were pleased; Stanley was, in country parlance, independantly rich, and they loved each other dearly. What more was wanting? Yet there were a few who looked below the surface of things—who feared that there was

in the young lover's character a want of that firmness of principle, of that fixed adherence to the right, and of that unwavering fidelity that could alone render him a fit companion for one so gentle and confiding as our Ellen.

"Oh! Mrs. Elliot," said Ellen, as with an open letter in her hand she entered my room one bright morning, (you were a babe then, Lizzie) 'I have such good news! You have heard of my Cousin Vernon, who lives in Georgia? I have just received a letter from her, in which she speaks of her intention to spend the summer in Sunnydale, if Uncle Howard can find a spare corner in the quiet parsonage for his stranger niece. I am so glad she is coming! I knew we shall love each other.'

"The 'spare corner' was found, and in a very short time the expected guest arrived. I have many times, my children, seen those whom I regarded as beautiful; but I have never met any one who could compare favorably with Isabel Vernon. I cannot describe her. I might borrow the language of the novelist, and tell you that she was tall and surpassingly graceful—that her eyes were large, dark and eloquent—now seemingly full of 'thought and prayer,' and now flashing with a brilliancy that was almost *too dazzling*—that her brow was white and pure as marble, and the wealth of hair above it black and glossy as the raven's wing. I might tell you all this, but I can give you but a faint idea of the charm, the *witchery*, the fascinating power that dwelt in each word, look and gesture. Ellen was perfectly enraptured with her sweet Cousin Bel.

"Walks, rides, parties followed each other in quick succession, and Edgar Stanley was the constant attendant of the two fair girls. For a while Ellen's whole time and attention was devoted to her guest; but as the weeks sped away, and Isabel became domesticated in the dwelling of her uncle, she returned again in some degree to her wonted pursuits, and to those household duties that had been interrupted by her cousin's arrival, and the accompanying festivities.

"Then it was that Stanley—of course out of the merest civility to the friend of his betrothed—often accompanied the beautiful southerner upon her rambles far from the restraining presence of others, and rumor began to whisper that sometimes in the clear moonlight evenings their walks were prolonged to an unreasonably late hour.

"Affairs went on thus for some time, until every one save Ellen was convinced that Miss Vernon was stealing, and that wilfully, the heart that she well knew was pledged to another by every bond save the last one at the altar. She, poor girl, thought in her innocent confidence that it was but another proof of the love her

Edgar bore her, that *for her sake* he should give so much of his time to a comparative stranger—and use so many endeavors to make the summer pass pleasantly to Cousin Bel!

"To do Miss Vernon justice, I do not think that at first she either wished or intended to win Stanley's affections. But she was a coquette at heart, and from her very childhood had been the recipient of unrivalled homage and admiration. She saw that Ellen was almost idolized by her friends; that with them she was the one bright, peculiar star excelling all others. She could not brook such a rival, and resolved to triumph by leading her cousin's lover captive, and showing the wondering villagers that their paragon's simple graces must yield to her superior charm. But as is often the case, she was entangled in the snare her own hands were weaving; and learned to love Stanley with as passionate and devoted a love as her cold, vain heart was capable of cherishing.

"One sultry morning, about the middle of August, the news spread like wild-fire through the village that Ellen was dangerously ill. The attack was sudden and violent; ere nightfall she was delirious, and her lips were parched and burning with the fever-thirst. For many days we hung around the couch of the gentle sufferer, bathing her hot, aching brow, and striving in vain to alleviate her anguish, and our hearts grew faint within us as we looked in each others faces and saw that they were lit up by no ray of hope.

"At last the fever left her, but she was feeble and helpless as a newly born babe, and utterly unconscious of aught that was passing around her. It seemed that her exhausted nature could never regain its wonted energy—and as we bent over her we held our very breath, trembling lest even that should be sufficient to snap the brittle thread of life.

"But where, do you ask, was Edgar Stanley during these dark hours? He called at the house each day, and never failed to inquire concerning the sufferer, and to ask if he could render any assistance; but the words fell coldly from his lips, and the eager interest of the lover was all wanting. Even before the question was answered his eye would wander round in search of the new star, whose false, beguiling beam was luring him onward.

"As for Miss Vernon herself, she kept entirely aloof from the chamber where her cousin lay—she never could endure a sick-room—her health was delicate, and her nerves so weak that the sight of suffering always overcame her!

"It was at this crisis that one afternoon Stanley's carriage drew up before the door of the parsonage, Isabel entered it and they drove off.

Night came and they returned not. Morning dawned, and we ascertained that they had been married the evening previous, and departed for Miss Vernon's southern home.

"They had chosen their time well! Their poor victim knew not of their treachery—and had no voice to give utterance to reproaches!

"It may have been wrong, but as I stood that day listening for the faint and almost inaudible sound of Ellen's breath, I hoped that she might die, I so dreaded the hour of returning consciousness. What could be done?—how could we tell her the terrible tale?—terrible indeed to that young heart whose very life was bound up in the dream from which she must be so rudely awakened.

"But my wish was not granted. At length the blue eyes slowly opened, a faint smile lingered upon the lips, and we knew that once again we were recognized. Attempting to raise her wasted arms, that were as white as the snowy counterpane upon which they rested, she feebly murmured her grandfather's name, and the old man bowed his head upon the pillow, and sobbed aloud like a very child. Her first inquiry was for Stanley; her next for her cousin, he avoided a direct reply, by telling her that she was yet too ill to talk, and that her life depended upon her keeping perfectly quiet. But many times the next day, and the next, she repeated the question, and it was evident that the truth could be concealed but little longer. She scanned each face with an eager, anxious eye, and on the fourth day said to me, as I stood by her bedside,

"Something has happened since I have been sick, Mrs. Elliot—something very dreadful has happened. Nay, do not turn your face away, nor fear to tell me the truth. Is Edgar dead? I have been very near death myself—I have stood upon the very verge of the dark valley, and it did not look dark or dreary. I used to think it would be a terrible thing to die; but my feelings

have altered since I have lain here. Now tell me—is Edgar dead? We shall not be separated long.'

"Tears were blinding me, long ere she had done speaking, and whispering that she should soon know all, I stepped into the parlor where her grandfather was sitting, told him what had occurred, and that the truth could be concealed no longer. We returned to her bedside.

"She looked up in our faces with a sweet smile, and her grandfather bent over her, kissing her pale brow, cheek, and lips, and murmuring words of fond endearment.

"Tell me all now,' she whispered, and he took her hand in his, and told the tale slowly, gently, tenderly, even as a mother would have addressed the young being before him.

"Ellen's face was turned from us before he concluded; but she lay quiet, and I thanked God in my heart that the task was over. We had remained silent some minutes, when her grandfather rose to leave the room; but his glance fell upon Ellen's face, and a low cry of agony burst from him. I sprang forward—her eyes were open, but fixed and rayless—her cheek was like that of the dead, and no breath came from the white lips.

"We thought that the pure spirit had departed, but after some hours our efforts to revive her were successful, and the ashen hue fled from her cheek. But the light of reason never returned to those beautiful eyes.

"Health returned to her, and she now generally seems to be happy—but our hearts are even saddened when we re-call the sad story of Ellen Howard."

"What become of Stanley and his treacherous bride, Mrs. Elliot?"

"They never returned to Sunnydale. Stanley has had his reward. His wife deserted him a few years after their marriage, and in his lonely home he bitterly rues the day when, infatuated by her beauty, he led her to the altar."

COME, LOVE, COME!

BY MARY BIGGS.

Come, love, come!
Roses are bright;
The lily-bud opens its blue eye;
And the star-flower glows
In the soft purple light,
Reflecting from yon sunset sky.

Come, love, come!
Dew-drops quiver
Like emeralds amid the low leaves;

And pine branches wave in
The shadowy river
That rolls by the still velvet lea.

Come, love, come!
Fire-flies gleam.
As stars in a green, pearly sea:
And the nightingale sends
To my heart, love, a dream
Of music, sweet music, and thee.

THE TEARS OF LIFE.

BY MRS. M. L. HERVEY.

DOWN among the smooth sands, paddling in the sea, with garments tucked up high above her knees, nay, gathered up and folded about her bosom, and only withheld from dropping on her young limbs by the little hands that clasped and buckled them fast in front, stood a child of some seven years old.

Bred from her birth in the very lap of the great ocean, for her mother's dwelling was a cutting in the side of the chalk cliff, little Katey loved the kindly waters with the love of a foster-child. Never were the surges too rough, never were the shining depths too treacherously glassy for her daring feet.

On this particular day, as she sported with the waves, it chanced that as she danced backward further and further into the sea, singing a careless chaunt of her own, an outbreak of some childish thought or emotion shaping itself into spontaneous melody—her eye was suddenly attracted to some object standing out bright and sparkling from the white chalk of the cliff. At first she thought it was a grey gull, or a foolish guillemot that had taken its stand on the jutting rocky ledge. She could plainly discern two wings waving on the air and fringed with numerous beautiful tints exactly like those masses of sea-foam, touched by the sunlight, with which she had so often sported. Upborne by the fairy pinions floated a form more lovely than anything the child had ever seen. What could it be?

As she asked herself this question, absorbed in her new wonder, the child allowed her garments to drop from her hold. No sooner were they released from her clasp than the wind filled them like a sail; and away floated little Katey, far, far out upon the bosom of the great waters.

One moment her affrighted gaze turned toward home. She heard her mother's shriek from the cabin in the cliff; and, mingling with that piercing cry, she fancied she heard, too, the old echo so often given back to her wild shout by the stony heights overhead. Then, as drowners do, she saw, as the heavy tides rolled over her and pressed upon her shut lids, green fields gleaming far away—bright lands she might never touch. Next, the giddy waves seemed whirling her round and round, and the engulfing waters choked her, till she swooned.

With returning consciousness the first object that met her eyes was the same fairy-like figure at which she had been gazing when the sea

flowed over her. On looking around she found that she was lying in a small cave or hollow of the cliff, midway up the steep. The floor on which she was stretched was a many-colored mosaic, formed of the fan-shells from the beach below; the roof she could not see, for the wings of the fairy being now bending above her completely arched it over, so that all that met her upturned gaze was one beautiful downy net-work, glimmering with opal-like and ever-varying rays, like those upon the ocean foam, as she had seen it at eve when sunset lay along the sands.

"Where am I?" was the first question of the bewildered child.

"In the cave of the fairy Cliffelda," was the answer. "Be at peace, sweet sporter, between earth and the sea!" continued the fairy; "live here, and be equally happy between the white wall and the cloud. Here shall no struggles await, no mortal sorrow overwhelm you. Until you learn to pine for your natural home, this shall be your dwelling; but once lament, shed but one human tear for the world you have left below, to swell the salt waves already over-riding the chalky barriers stretched far and wide to impede them, and you must hence forever."

"Wherefore?" cried the child, in still greater amazement.

"I will tell you," said the fairy. "Know then, oh sleeper in the sea! what it is that makes yonder waves so salt that our fairy lips turn away from it in loathing. That salt is the taste of human woe, the gathering of mortal tears into one great urn of the deep. Hitherto, you have played with and made a pastime of sorrow; it has never yet struck home to your heart. The tears of millions have flowed over your head this day, but your pulse throbs still, and the smile dances on your lip. Your life is secure till you shall add your first real tear to swell the vast heaving tide that rolls on forever and ever. Then beware! It will no longer be in my power, or in the power of any of my race to save you. Thenceforward, yonder bitter waves shall have dominion over you. Perchance it will be your fate to drink deep of them, till your soul shall be sick with loathing—aye, even of life."

The fairy ceased. The child pondered.

Few moons rolled over that vast sea before a change fell upon the child. Each moon, as it grew broad in the heavens, laid a single golden finger on the deep, and with it pointed to the

shore. The child could not look straight down below because of the dizzy height on which she lay; but she could mark the golden finger, and she could see that it pointed to her own beloved home, the narrow cabin at the foot of the cliff, whose very floor she well knew the high spring-tides were washing, whenever that golden-finger was so stretched across the deep.

It was not long before the child began to pine for her lowly home, and as a new and strange intelligence, beyond her years, dawned upon her, she whispered softly to her own heart, "why am I here? What have I done that I should know no tears? Beautiful was my sister's sorrow and sweet, when she was made to know her first great fault, and to weep over it. Sacred was my father's woe when he beheld me sink beneath the deep; for then I knew he lifted up his hands, and, looking on my sister, blessed God that I died in my young days of innocence. My father was a hard man, but he is gentler now: my sister walks softly in her sorrow. Why, oh, why am I only to know no tears! Though this floor were of gems instead of the little tide-shells, and though the bright wings I see waving above me were angel wings, yet should I pine for earth and its chastening sorrows. To the strange nature of this fairy creature, tears may be bitter; but oh, they are sweet to us!"

Thereupon the child wept. As she dropped her first real tear to the rippled sands below,

the child felt herself falling gently downward, so gently that it seemed as if unseen wings were supporting her from beneath, in order that she might descend the more softly.

Soon after she lay at her mother's door that opened on the sands; eager to enter, she turned but one look back. There she beheld the fairy Cliffelda soaring upward to her cave on the cliff's ledge. She thought too, that, in spite of her strange teaching, the fairy smiled approvingly upon her, and that the eyes of Cliffelda herself were not quite as dry as they should have been had her practice been consistent with her preaching. But perhaps fairy tears, less bitter than mortal ones, feed only the rivers!

In her own home all beheld her in wonder. No one believed the tale she told of Cliffelda. It was rather supposed that the tide had cast the child Katey, yet living, at her mother's door; still less was she listened to when she told what it was that made the sea waves so salt.

Time passed, and the child Katey grew up in tenderness and truth. In place of the wild freaks of childhood, a softer and more chastened spirit ruled the girl as she advanced in years. And if, in her early womanhood, some sorrows found her, it was ever noticed that at such times she looked upward, some said to the cave on the rock's ledge, the dwelling of the Cliff-side Fay; others thought that she looked higher, even unto heaven.

THE WINTER TIME.

BY GEORGE E. SENSENNY.

In the Winter time! In the Winter time!
The trees are white with the frosty rime,
And icicles glitter along the edge
Of the dam that used to be green with sedge;
With noiseless presence the snow-flakes fall
Down to the ground till a stainless shawl,
From some more sinless and beautiful clime,
Seems veiling the earth in the Winter time.

In the Winter time! In the Winter time!
We miss the shade of the fragrant lime,
And searching each rifled dell and grot
For the innocent flowers, we find them not;
But the blossoms of gladness and mirth atone
For the roses that spangled Summer's throne,
And the amaranth tendrils of friendship climb
Round the eaves of the heart in the Winter time.

In the Winter time! In the Winter time!
The sleigh-bells ring in a silvery chime,
And the shouting boys in their sledges glide
To the vales below from the smooth hill-side;

While the skaters, revolving twice or thrice,
Cut strange letters and forms on the glassy ice,
Where, pure as a child that has known no crime,
Gleams the frost-bound lake in the Winter time.

In the Winter time! In the Winter time!
We sing to its monarch a flowing rhyme,
And the logs are heap'd on the glowing fire,
Till the flames leap up with a vague desire:
When the mantle of night is thrown around,
The pawns are sold and the slipper found,
While the shades on the wall-side pantomime
The games that we love in the Winter time.

In the Winter time! In the Winter time!
The spirit discovers this truth sublime:
Though the fields are bleak and the forests chill,
And the wind by the cornice loud and shrill,
Yet the hearth-side joys and the merry shout
Repay for the whistling blast without:
Ah! we often revert, in the Summer's prime,
To the pleasures we knew in the Winter time.

THE FOREST QUEEN.

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

CHAPTER I.

At the time the Revolutionary War commenced, in an old mansion, a few miles below West Point, lived Colonel Robert Reed, a man of great wealth, and a distinguished friend of liberty. He had in early life been a companion of Washington, had shared with him the dangers and privations of a frontier war, and had been severely wounded while fighting by his side, on the day of Braddock's bloody defeat. After the close of the French war, Colonel Reed had engaged himself in business in his native city of New York, but soon after marrying a beautiful girl, the daughter of a southern planter, he was induced by her friends to take up his residence at Charleston, South Carolina. He had spent some fifteen years there, when, after the successive deaths of his wife and two fine children, he decided to return to the scenes of his early life. Leaving to the care of an agent his affairs at the south, and taking with him his little daughter, he came to the north, a few years before the war broke out, and purchased a fine estate on the banks of the Hudson, determined to spend there the remainder of his life.

Virginia Reed, then a handsome brunette of some ten or eleven years, inherited not only her mother's beauty, but the impetuous, passionate spirit born under that southern sky. Warm, ardent, and enthusiastic in all her feelings, quick to resent, yet ready to forgive, hers was a nature which more than any other needed the restraints of a mother's care. For a year or two previous to their removal to the north, Virginia had been placed under the government of a lady, who curbed her passionate spirit with the wisdom of one who would attempt to smother fire with cotton. But once away from that control, and free to follow her own wild will, she became restless and wayward, and as roving in inclination as a young Indian.

She had now no female companions, and becoming at once deeply interested in all her father's pursuits, she acquired his tastes, and gradually from that companionship her character took a masculine cast, and a strength unusual to her years, and if she was deficient in feminine accomplishments, she laid the ground work of a strong education, and better prepared herself for the events of her after life. Her new home was in the midst of the wild, romantic scenery in the

vicinity of the Hudson, and she took a deep and intense delight in wandering off for a whole summer day among the highlands. She accompanied her father in his hunting excursions, practised with a small rifle in shooting at a mark, and rowed for hours together upon the bosom of the broad, beautiful stream which flowed past their very door.

One of her first summers at the north, and a portion of nearly every subsequent year until the war broke out, she spent in the family of a paternal uncle, near Plattsburg, where, with her cousin, a lad a few years her senior, and as wild and spirited as herself, she pursued with untiring zeal her favorite amusements. In vain did her aunt, Mrs. Hammond, attempt to control her charming niece, and induce her to conform more to the tastes and habits of other females of her age. Virginia, somewhat wilful and wayward, and of late unaccustomed to submit, found a quiet in-door life extremely irksome, and, encouraged by her Cousin Harry, who was delighted with the spirit and beauty of his new playmate, she became his constant companion.

He constructed for her a birch bark canoe similar to his own, with the exception of being more gaily painted, and with her tried boat-races on the lake, Virginia being almost always sure to win. It was a scene of exciting interest to watch from some headland the frail bark canoes, with their merry occupants floating gracefully along, till suddenly Virginia, exerting all her strength, would shoot far ahead of her boyish companion, her eyes flashing back playful defiance, and her laugh ringing in mocking music far over the waters. Upon one occasion, in a freak of wild mirthfulness, and to the utter consternation of the members of her uncle's family, who were watching her from shore, she suddenly overset her boat, and just as they were rushing in the utmost anxiety to rescue her from what they believed would be a watery grave, she rose to the surface, and spreading her arms out upon the water, swam to the shore with the ease and gracefulness of a swan. How or where she learned this useful and pleasant art no one could tell, but a water-fowl could not be more at home in his favorite element than she.

In the use of the bow, she soon became more expert than Harry, learning at once with the readiness and aptitude which render girls so

superior in all easy acquirements to their equals in age of the other sex. Wishing her to become an accomplished archer, Harry fashioned for her a bow, lighter than his own, and furnished a quiver of arrows, the shaft of each being tipped with a feather from the plumage of some rare bird. Thus armed, she went forth with him almost daily, and soon became so skilful as to be able to send her arrow through the heart of a rose at an incredible distance; but on no occasion could she be induced to harm a living thing. Many a frisky squirrel and bright-winged bird owed its life to her tears and entreaties, never used in vain.

It having been at one time suggested that the young huntress should dress in conformity to her pursuits, her aunt furnished a fitting and most bewitching costume. This was a close jacket and full skirt of green cloth, the hem of the skirt being embroidered, and the jacket laced with crimson; a dainty little cap of green velvet was set coquettishly upon her head, and at the request of her cousin, she suspended from her neck a small bugle, scarcely larger than a child's plaything, but clear and mellow in its tones as her own rich voice. To add to the picturesqueness of her costume, she knotted a crimson scarf around her waist, and placed in her jaunty cap a crimson plume. Thus attired, she frequently spent with Harry a whole day in climbing the wildest peaks among the cliffs, the hills and forest ringing with their voices, and the sweet notes of Virginia's bugle.

These unfeminine but most delightful pursuits had the effect of heightening her beauty, and imparting to her health and strength. The free exercise in the open air aided in developing a most superb figure; gave a rich hue to her clear, brown complexion; and bestowed life, animation and grace on her manners. Dwelling so much among the beautiful scenery around the lake, she acquired, as none could have failed to have done, a passion for everything lovely and glorious in the world without, and often the poetry born of beauty would kindle in her fine eyes, and breathe in impassioned words from her lips.

As she grew older, her aunt remonstrated more than ever against such exposure of health, and against these pursuits, which now that she was no longer a child, seemed not only unfeminine, but improper. As well might she have attempted to call down an eagle from his flight, or reconcile an Indian to the restraints of civilized life! Virginia complied with her oft-repeated requests for three whole days; then complained that the house was too confined, that the in-door atmosphere oppressed her, said she must breathe the free air or die, and with a laugh and a bound was off. It would have been long before the

well-meaning aunt could have dissuaded her from her wild adventures, had not a little circumstance occurred, which convinced Virginia herself of the impropriety of going forth so much alone as she had been of late.

CHAPTER II.

ONE of the last summers which she spent at Mrs. Hammond's, some disturbances having occurred between the whites and a tribe of Indians, it was feared that the latter might by way of revenge annoy the inhabitants. It was presumed that they might be lurking about the woods in the vicinity of the lake, and Virginia was desired to limit her walks to the grounds around the residence of her aunt; but one fine afternoon, late in the summer, she stepped into her little boat, and without scarcely moving an oar floated quietly down the lake. She had frequently been there alone toward sunset, where the thick woods on the western bank flung deep shadows on the lake, while far out the water lay like a sheet of gold in the sunlight. She had glided leisurely along in the shadow, enjoying with a dreamy delight the quiet beauty of the hour, her spirit calmed and softened by the soothing influence, and her senses half lulled to slumber by the measured motion of the boat. About three miles below the residence of her uncle, was a little cave running far into the land, narrow and overhung with cliffs, and its banks shadowed by hemlocks, a still, lonely place, perfectly secluded and dark as twilight even at noonday. She was in the habit of mooring her boat at a landing-place, and clambering up the cliffs in search of beautiful wild-flowers and mosses, which grew in almost inaccessible places, and which were all the more valued from the danger in obtaining them.

Virginia was drifting slowly along, quite unconscious in her dreamy mood of her near approach to the cave, when the sharp crack of a rifle echoed through the woods, followed by a scream of agony. She started up and listened in astonishment, but no sound was to be heard except the prolonged echo, the scream of some wild-birds, and the drumming of a partridge frightened by the sudden report. While she still waited, the crackling of dry branches, as if stirred by some moving being reached her ear, and, glancing upward, she saw an Indian tottering as if wounded upon the very verge of the cliff; the next moment he fell headlong within a few feet of the water, and lay stunned by the fall. Virginia hesitated an instant, then fearlessly rowed to the landing-place, sprang on shore, bent over the savage, laved his brow with water, and attempted to staunch the blood flowing in a stream from his right arm, which lay powerless by his side.

While thus performing her deed of kindness, a young man in the uniform of a British officer came down a narrow path from the opposite direction, and likewise assisted in reviving the wounded Indian, who, now partially restored, was gazing in astonishment at the beautiful apparition before him. Before she had recovered from the surprise occasioned by the appearance of this second stranger, a rifle ball whizzed past her ear and lodged in a hemlock tree near by. This was followed by a wild whoop, and another Indian, more slender than the first, sprang down the cliff. The officer, with a single bound, placed himself between the savage and Virginia, who was cowering down in helpless agony. The wounded man with the energy of despair roused himself, and commenced in his own language an explanation of the appearance of the maiden.

It was a picturesque group, in keeping with the romance of the adventure. The savages with their copper complexions and strange garb, their black hair tossing in tangled elf-locks, as with many gestures they conversed in their own language; the young officer in his rich uniform leaning carelessly upon his musket; and the girl in her coquettish dress, with that little crimson plume swaying back and forth with every movement of her head.

Virginia did not then learn the cause of this occurrence, but she heard in broken English expressions of gratitude for her kindness. Nothing could exceed the delight with which the Indians regarded her; the younger of the two dancing around her with such wild expressions of pleasure that, frightened and anxious to leave her new friends, she prepared to depart. The officer unfastened her boat, and would have lifted her in had she not quickly evaded him; and then with his companion watched her with admiring eye, as skilfully and fearlessly she guided her little boat over the water. As she glanced back, the last time before rounding the headland, the officer gracefully waved his hand, and the Indians shouted their admiration.

On reaching home, Virginia, quite excited by the wonderful adventure, related it to her friends, who, very much alarmed on her account, forbade her leaving home again on so wild an excursion. In the course of a week a present of some game, and a curiously woven basket filled with fruit, was left at the house of Mrs. Hammond by some of the tribe to which the Indians belonged. Virginia was delighted with this token of their good feeling, and confident that she should renew the acquaintance of her dark-browed friends. Her love of adventure and daring spirit, which feared none but immediate danger, would have tempted her again to the cave; but the variety of company which she had met in a place before

considered particularly secluded, prevented her. It was soon ascertained that the Indian was shot for some provocation by a soldier from Plattsburg, but the affair was satisfactorily terminated without further bloodshed.

The next week after this occurred, Harry, who had been ill and confined to the house for some weeks, being able to accompany her, Virginia rowed him down to the cave, and left him lying on the grass at the foot of the cliff, while she climbed up to get for him a fine tuft of flowers which grew in an almost inaccessible place overhanging the water. Before she was half way up, hearing the rustling of leaves she looked around, and there, eyeing her with wondering gaze, sat a young Indian girl, her tiny person poised upon a rock, and her whole figure thrown forward in an attitude of grace. When she saw that she was observed, letting herself down by clinging to the shrubs, she soon stood on a shelving rock by the side of Virginia.

The two girls gazed at each other a few moments in admiring silence, then yielding to the irresistible merriment playing in their roguish eyes, laughed outright till the cliffs rang with the melody. Then the Indian came nearer her companion, pressed her lips to her hand, touched with her little brown palm the bright cheek of Virginia, passed it gently over the braids of her luxuriant hair, and curiously examined her dress. Virginia in turn, while submitting to this inspection, was admiring the full, symmetrical form of the dark maiden, very beautiful indeed in its rounded proportions. Her long, straight black hair was adorned with beads, and a head-dress of small shells; bracelets of the same clasped her arms, and the short tunic which she wore was embroidered, as were her moccasins, with porcupine quills and beads.

They attempted to converse, and Virginia found to her delight that her companion could make herself understood in English. Her name was Talula; she was the daughter of the sachem of the tribe, and the wounded man was her brother; she had come every afternoon for a week to the cave, to bring to her pale-faced sister a gift of wampum, and the feathers of some rare bird. After explaining this, and presenting her humble offering, Talula was about to depart; but Virginia, anxious that Harry should see the Forest Queen, tempted her down to the foot of the cliff to look at her bark canoe. Then she waved her hand; and with a low, bird-like whistle darted away, and was lost to view around a projecting rock.

This acquaintance with the Indians, romantic and delightful as it was to Virginia, was a source of constant uneasiness to Mrs. Hammond. Almost daily from that time the two girls met somewhere

in the vicinity; frequently that low, peculiar whistle was heard in the garden, at which signal Virginia would leave book, or work, or visitors to meet Talula. Presents were brought occasionally by some of the tribe, and their gratitude and admiration knew no bounds. They almost worshipped the spirited beauty. On one occasion they even insisted upon carrying her off to an encampment which they had a few miles west. Virginia promised to go, and having won a reluctant permission from Mrs. Hammond, she and Harry spent two days with the Indians. She went in her fanciful hunting-dress with her bow and arrows, and by her skill won smiles of admiration from the grave old men of the tribe. They placed her in a gay canoe, and as she guided it along the Saranac, from the shore they watched her with shouts of joy. The women brought flowers and placed them with childish delight in the braids of her rich, dark hair; they cased her feet in moccasins like those of Talula, and wound a necklace of delicate shells around her neck. When in her fanciful costume she stood beside Talula, scarce taller in height, and but a few shades lighter in complexion, she seemed rather a child of the forest than a maiden of a different race. The Indians clasped the hands of the two girls, danced in a circle around them, and christened Virginia the "Raven's Wing," her dark-browed sister the "Forest Queen."

Virginia did not lack for other admirers than the children of the forest, and among them was the young Englishman whose acquaintance she had made in a manner so romantic. He took an early opportunity to gain an introduction to the family of Mr. Hammond, and attempted to win the attention of his charming niece. He was a Captain Proctor, of the British army, at that time absent on a furlough from his post in Canada. Showy, brilliant and lively in conversation, with a dashing military air, which as well as his rich uniform, set off an unusually handsome form, he at once made quite an impression upon the fancy of Virginia. His general knowledge, and a tone of brilliant, witty conversation, in which she could encounter him with his own weapons, made him an agreeable companion, and happy to meet with a change from the usual company at Mr. Hammond's, she took the trouble, when not otherwise engaged, to make herself particularly fascinating to the officer. But she was then too girlish to annoy herself with love; and preferred her wild pastimes and the company of the "Forest Queen" to the most eloquent professions, or the most devoted admirer. When at the close of her visit, the gallant captain, who was perfectly enchanted with her, desired a parting token for remembrance, she gaily commended him to the last summer's butterflies, and left him.

CHAPTER III.

THE summer following that of Virginia's adventure with the Indians she spent at the south, and two years elapsed before she again visited Plattsburg. She found many changes. The tribe of Indians to which Talula belonged, the Oneidas, had moved further south, to the valley of the Mohawk, nearer her own home, where several of them had twice visited her since her return from the south. Her Cousin Harry was in England, and a new member had been received into her uncle's family in the person of Edward Warren, a young New Englander, somewhat connected with her aunt. He was just through a collegiate course, and now preparing himself for the profession he had chosen under the direction of Mr. Hammond, himself a clergyman of some eminence.

Silent, thoughtful and studious, young Warren seemed to the quick eye of Virginia to be strangely deficient in energy, spirit and determination, traits which predominated in her own character, and which, of all others, seemed essential to one of the other sex. Modest in conversation, and reserved in manners, he was exactly the reverse of her lively cousin and the dashing Proctor. She could but admire his finely cultivated intellect, his taste and refinement, but at the same time found herself seriously regretting that such gentleness—she almost thought weakness of character—should be united with abilities so superior. Warren, deeply engaged in his studies, was of too dreamy and reflective a turn to be fully appreciated by the brilliant girl—and she was not a little pleased at the arrival, in the course of the summer, of the devoted Proctor of her girlish admiration.

Each found the other much changed, Virginia from a wild, wayward girl to a charming, high-bred and accomplished woman—Proctor more showy, self-conceited and superficial than ever. The contrast between Warren and this officer was very apparent to Virginia; but somewhat piqued at the coolness and indifference of the former, and missing much her old friends, Harry and Talula, she permitted rather than encouraged the Englishman's attentions, and spent more time than she otherwise would in his society. A love of admiration, and a slight disposition for coquetry had some influence in this companionship.

At length being called to join his regiment, and prepare to take a new command in a detachment of troops just landed from Great Britain; previous to his departure, he offered his hand and fortune to Virginia. He was promptly rejected, but with such professions of esteem that he still hoped at no distant day to accomplish his object. At a previous time, perhaps, his English birth and connections would not have occurred to

her as serious objections, but dissatisfaction had already been expressed at the tyrannical measures of Great Britain; and Virginia's patriotism, now fully aroused, would alone have saved her from this rash and imprudent marriage. Next to her father she loved her country adoringly, with a love amounting to a passion. She combined the firmness of a Spartan matron with the lofty enthusiasm of a Joan d'Arc.

The winter immediately preceding the commencement of hostilities, Virginia continued in the family of her uncle. Since the disturbances at Boston, occasioned by the attempt to enforce the Stamp Act, war had been the constant theme of discussion at Plattsburg, which, situated so near the frontier, seemed destined to become the scene of active warfare. None were surprised at receiving intelligence in the April following of the engagement at Lexington. The very evening when this circumstance was first made known at Plattsburg, a party of young people, assembled at the residence of Mr. Hammond, were engaged in amusements when information was given of the rebellion. Every other subject was at once dismissed, and the colonial troubles becoming the theme, an animated conversation ensued. Virginia, ever ready to express her feelings in the cause of freedom, was now intensely excited. Her cheek kindled—her eyes flashed with the fire of an indignant spirit—her words were eloquent—impassioned—inspired. In the wild enthusiasm of the hour, she regretted to a timid female friend that her sex prevented her taking the command of a band of gallant men in behalf of her country.

"And a glorious leader you would be, one whom soldiers would follow to the death," was the involuntary exclamation of some one at her side.

She started in astonishment, and blushing deeply, met the eyes of the speaker, Edward Warren. More interested in him than she cared to acknowledge even to herself, she had a thousand times of late thought how nobly formed he seemed for a military leader. Just twenty years of age, with a tall, commanding figure, an open, manly countenance and graceful bearing, he would have won the love of those placed under his care, and made a fine appearance on the field. But the dark, dreamy eyes, the thoughtful reserve of his character, and above all that lack of fire, spirit and daring were rather adapted to the life of a student than a hero. She had wished most fervently that a portion of the lightning in her own soul could nerve and animate him, and now that wish seemed fulfilled.

From that hour a great change was apparent in young Warren. The gentleness and benevolence of his character gave place to a spirit terrible as that of an avenging angel. He found a congenial companion in Virginia, and together they talked

with enthusiasm of the future, and looked forward with eager hope to the day of their country's freedom—a day to be preceded by a dark night of fear and discouragements. That one theme was a subject of the deepest interest to both—the redress in their wrongs their greatest wish. Warren engaged a band of young men of nearly his own age, every one determined and fearless, and ready at any moment to place themselves under his command.

War was everywhere the constant theme of conversation. Women talked of it at the loom and spinning-wheel—old men by the fireside—and young men pledged themselves to the cause of freedom. Preparations were being made all along the frontier—every day some outbreak was expected. Affairs were in this situation when the story of Bunker Hill was told throughout the land. The struggle was actually commenced.

Young Warren's picked company was one of the foremost in action; joined to the corps of riflemen under Morgan, they shared in the dangers of that awful day before the walls of Quebec; fought by the side of the brave Montgomery, and closed around him when he fell. The disasters which befel the soldiers under Arnold, the privations and sufferings of that campaign in Canada are subjects of history. When at last after a safe retreat the worn and wearied army landed at Crown Point, Edward Warren obtained leave for a week's absence to visit his friends at Plattsburg, and detail to Virginia Reed the events of the preceding months. Her welcome was such as a hero would love—her parting words, the country's watchword—"Liberty or Death!"

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY in the winter of 1778, Virginia's early playmate and cousin, Harry Hammond, arrived from England. His heart had been with his country, but prostrated by severe illness he had been unable to return. As soon as he could bear the voyage he took passage for America, and still too feeble to engage in active service, at the earnest request of Virginia took up his abode at the residence of his uncle. It chafed his proud spirit much to be compelled to lead an idle life, while so many of his years were serving their country, and winning distinction in the army. He waited impatiently his returning health and strength, meanwhile contributing not a little to the interest of the now monotonous life of Virginia.

Many of the immediate neighbors of Colonel Reed were violent tories; and one, a Mr. Van Zandt, was his avowed enemy, taking every occasion to injure him. Colonel Reed's activity in aiding his countrymen had gained him the

ill-will of the loyalists, but no man possessed more tried and devoted friends. His house was frequently a kind of hospital for the wounded, where they were attended with the utmost kindness and hospitality. Nothing could exceed the gentlemanly and considerate treatment manifested toward every soldier who came under his roof. It became also the meeting-place in all important counsels of the officers of the American army. Among those who frequently passed a day there was young Edward Warren, now stationed with his troop of mounted riflemen at a post in the Highlands.

Warren was not now, more than three years previous, the avowed lover of Virginia. He was deeply interested in her, how deeply he was not aware until the arrival of Harry Hammond. True, he had heard her speak of him a thousand times as a sister would of a brother, of their early intimacy, and he was aware that during his absence she was in the habit of writing to him frequently, and receiving from him most eloquent letters. It had never until now occurred to him that anything more tender than that cousinly affection existed between them; but the arrival of Hammond produced quite a change in his opinion.

Harry, though his inferior in strong mental culture, surpassed him in accomplishments, and had a winning, almost boyish cordiality of manners particularly captivating. It was impossible that he could have an enemy, and equally impossible that the generous, noble-minded Warren could harbor a feeling of resentment against any one, even if he believed him to be a rival. And after Harry's arrival he half declared his feeling to Virginia, but she somewhat evasively deferred the subject until a future time, and from that moment all confidence between them was at an end.

Deeply pained at the estrangement which he had the discernment to perceive had been occasioned by his arrival, Hammond once attempted to draw from his cousin an explanation of their mutual position, but with the utmost caution she evaded him. He afterward, in conversation with Warren, introduced the name of Virginia, hoping to win his confidence with regard to her, but that officer, with a haughtiness of manner unusual to him, changed the subject, and almost at the same instant mentioned his intention of soon going south with Morgan's corps of riflemen.

Affairs were in this position when the immediate neighborhood of Colonel Reed became the scene of hostilities, and events entirely unexpected followed each other in rapid succession. Toward the close of May, Sir Henry Clinton had sent a detachment from his army and taken the strong posts of Stony Point and Verplank, which the Americans had just fortified. The

day following that on which the former place surrendered, Captain Proctor, who had received a wound in the engagement, was, by his own request, conveyed to the residence of Colonel Reed. By that gentleman and Virginia he was treated with the utmost courtesy and attention until able to join his company. Harry Hammond was particularly displeased at the presumption of the British officer, and still more so when his stay was prolonged after recovering from his wounds.

One evening while Harry and Virginia were anxiously conversing upon the most advisable means of regaining Stony Point, and together planning a map of the strong posts by which communication might be kept up between the different divisions of the American army, Capt. Proctor sent up a message, desiring a private interview with Virginia. Harry, at once divining the subject, desired her not to forget her devoted Warren, then absent at a post a few miles up the river.

"You are aware that I look with no favor upon any person connected with England."

"Possibly I may learn you to regard with favor, at least, one who claims to be of English birth," said Harry.

Virginia descended to her father's library, and there found Captain Proctor walking the room in some agitation. His object was in fact a renewal of his proposal for her hand. He was as courteously as before promptly rejected. Proctor, doubly mortified, and forgetting in his chagrin the respect due to a lady, demanded in the most ungentlemanly manner the reason.

"I will never wed a man who has taken up arms against my country in this unjust war."

"Not if by your marriage that war might be brought to a speedy termination?"

"What do you mean?" asked Virginia, "I do not understand your language."

"You are aware," said the Englishman, with some hesitation, "that I have a troop under my command, who only need my word to induce them to fight for one country as readily as another. You are aware too that several posts of importance to you are in our hands."

Virginia could listen with patience no longer, and asked in a very distinct tone, "would you betray your own cause?"

"Men have done such things for a woman's love," was the evasive reply.

"True, and won thereby the everlasting contempt of the woman they professed to love."

The brow of the lover grew dark with anger.

"I congratulate you, Miss Reed, upon your patriotism—if all the women of America were made of such mettle as you are, King George might as soon attempt to bind the lightning as to subject this country."

"Thank God that my countrywomen are like me in preferring death to slavery."

The conference closed with these words. Virginia returned to her apartment, and alike evading the malicious questions of Harry, and banishing the unpleasant subject from her mind, was soon deeply interested in her plans concerning Stony Point.

"Wayne has been training a band of men for this especial enterprise," said Harry, "all of them men who are not afraid to die, who are ready to storm the fort at the point of the bayonet. Only a few were lacking for the enterprise, and Edward Warren and five of his gallant fellows pledged themselves to join the forlorn hope."

"What, to throw his life away?" exclaimed Virginia.

"You forget that he stood by the side of Montgomery before the walls of Quebec. He has seen danger before now."

"Ah, yes, you are right, Harry, I would have him do so. But it is dreadful to know that those you love——"

"Finish your sentence, pray do, Virginia, I thought you would tell me of this at some time," said Harry; then pitying his cousin who had so unguardedly spoken, he continued, "he has pledged himself to take the fort or die in the attempt; with a few such men we do not fear."

"You, Harry!"

"Yes, I have been too long inactive, cooped up in the house like a woman—I can endure it no longer. Nothing is wanting now but better information about the means of gaining access to the fort—if we could discover some better path."

"Then," said Virginia, after a moment's thoughtful silence, "I know of one who is familiar with every path about the fort. You recollect the 'Forest Queen.'"

"Ah, yes, the bright-eyed Indian girl who used to row with you on Lake Champlain."

"She spent her childhood among these hills, and her tribe has come back once more to an old encampment a few miles above here. I saw my dark-eyed sister only a week since; I will engage that she shall be your guide."

CHAPTER V.

On the night of the fourteenth of July, five men met in the library of Colonel Reed.

Glance at them as they are grouped around the table, for two of them are leaders of the army, and the others as brave men as ever met the enemy. Foremost among them stands one, first in nobleness of soul—first throughout the land. His form, taller and more majestic than those around him, towers above them even as in

the might of mind he surpasses every man of his age. His mild, blue eye, clear, keen and calm, has a firmness and steadiness in its gaze, before which men quail in the day of battle—his high, broad brow wears the serenity of a man at all times self-collected and prepared for any trial—his whole countenance is composed and grave even to serenity.

By his side stands a fine-limbed man of thirty-four, unlike him in personal appearance and in character. Pierce, fiery and daring, his impetuous soul betrays itself in every flash of his dark, hazel eyes, in every muscle of his handsome countenance. His whole frame is quivering with excitement—his dark brows are knit together—his lips compressed. He is ready for any emergency, daring enough to engage in any enterprise, and deserves, as he has received, the appellation of "Mad Anthony."

At a little distance, watching eagerly the face of the commander, is the brave Fleury; by his side, in strange contrast to his bronzed face and hardy-looking form, stands young Warren, slender and delicate in figure, yet nobly proportioned, his countenance "like that of a Grecian warrior."

Presiding at the council is Robert Reed, his brow wrinkled—his hair slightly silvered—his whole manner calm, steadfast and thoughtful; his left hand supports his head as he listens to the words of Wayne; the right was shot away more than twenty years before, while defending his beloved companion, Washington.

The enterprise upon which these men were deliberating was a dangerous one, and one requiring men of iron nerves; the storming of Stony Point, a bold bluff projecting over the Hudson, washed by it on two sides, and rendered almost unapproachable on the land side by a broad morass, strongly fortified, and garrisoned by six hundred tried soldiers, under the command of one of the bravest officers of the British army. It was of the utmost importance to the Americans, as it was considered "a remote outpost of the stronger fortress of West Point," and was one of those posts by which communication was kept up between the eastern and southern divisions of the army. Since it had been in the possession of the British, the people on the opposite side of the river had been compelled to make a circuit of forty miles to communicate with those below. Washington had several times reconnoitred it from some of the neighboring cliffs, and "Mad Anthony," who was ready to head the enterprise, had examined every path leading to it from the land, and determined to attempt it on the following night. As yet no correct information could be gained of the garrison except by a deserter, and this convinced Washington that the place was almost impregnable, but Wayne

declared himself ready to lead his devoted men boldly up in broad daylight.

While these men were conversing together, the door of the library opened, and Harry Hammond entered, accompanied by Virginia Reed and the "Forest Queen." Briefly stating that the Indian girl knew of a path leading to the very foot of the cliff, and would guide any one of their number there that night, he respectfully awaited the decision.

Washington hesitated at the romantic proposition; Wayne professed himself ready to follow her, and the cautious Fleury asked who would insure the fidelity of the Indian girl.

"I will answer for her with my life," said Virginia, modestly, but firmly.

Talula had stood in silence during the conversation, with hands meekly crossed upon her bosom, and eyes downcast, but as she comprehended the words of the speaker, a rich crimson suffused the clear brown of her complexion, and with lips half-parted she stepped eagerly forward, but meeting the eyes of so many strangers shrunk back abashed to the side of Virginia.

"Talula is true, and a friend to the Americans, and will conduct you safely to Stony Point, if you will trust to her guidance."

"I will follow her," said Wayne.

Warren and Hammond immediately proposed accompanying them. As Talula heard the last mention his intention of going, her eyes lighted up with such pleasure that Virginia glanced in astonishment from one to the other.

As they left the library, Harry in passing Virginia observed to her in a low voice, but suffi-

ciently loud to be heard by his companions, "I hope you will not retire until after my return—I wish to have a few moments conversation with you."

Warren, aware of the peril attending the enterprise, had come to the residence of Colonel Reed, with the intention of having an interview with Virginia; but, hearing this remark, he took a cold leave of her, presuming that he should not again see her. In case he did not fall on the ensuing night, he had decided to join the division of the army at the south.

Talula, with the cautious step of an Indian, led the way along a narrow path by the river, and continuing for three miles, at length entered a thicket of alders, which, judging from their thick branches tangled and intertwined, had not been passed by man or beast for years. The young men tore them apart, and carefully threading the intricate way, they found themselves on the borders of a morass, beyond which was an abbates of hewed trees and other obstacles to prevent their approach. Talula preceded them through the damp and muddy reeds, and all soon stood at the very foot of the dark rock looming up against the starry sky like some old castle. Along the ramparts they saw the forms of the sentinels, and heard the call "all's well" repeated as they passed. Wayne silently gazed at the fort towering above them, and thought of the awful carnage that the stars would look down upon on the night to come—of the dreadful loss of life that must take place before the English banner could be torn from the walls.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

TO ONE IN PARADISE.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

Thou art where day is measured not by hours,
Basking amid those ever blooming bowers,
Beside the rivers of perpetual Spring
Adorned with flowers forever blossoming;
Where Spring continues throughout all the year,
And Winter never comes as it does here;
Where morning breaks, but not to pass away,
And evening comes, but not to end the day;
Where all possess one harvest of delight,
And one eternal day that has no night;
And where the rivers are like streams of song,
Flowing in crystal purity along
The islands of sweet spices to the sea
Of their own birth in waves of melody.
And as the Hindoo, hearing of sweet sounds,

Thinks of that Paradise where joy abounds,
And where he lived, in pre-existent state,
A spiritual being—thy dear form doth wait
Upon my memory like some gentle bird
Singing the sweetest song ear ever heard,
Making its downy bosom soothe the pain
That thou didst calm with thy dissolving strain
For as the stars are music-notes of light
Written by God upon the page of night,
That sing to thine own music while they shine—
So thou dost sing to this fond heart of mine.
And as an angel treads from star to star,
On steps of light, to some bright world afar—
Further than man's mortality can see—
I tread the harmonies of thought to thee.

CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"AND so Mary Hinton is engaged to be married?"

The speaker would have been very lovely, if a somewhat scornful expression had not marred her beauty. She was about nineteen, and attired in the costliest style. Her remark was addressed to a young lady about her own age, on whom she was making a morning call.

"Whom to?" said her friend.

"Oh! to some nobody, as might have been expected. His name is James Brown. Horribly plebeian, is it not? And, worse than all, he is a mechanic."

"I don't see that his business is a very serious objection, provided it furnishes him a sufficient income. The great point in a husband, I should think, would be moral habits, industry, and tastes suitable to your own. As for Mary's beau being a mechanic, why so was Franklin, and so was Roger Sherman."

"Pshaw! You're always thinking of men one reads of in books; tiresome people, I have no doubt, they all are, though people do call them great. But we are not talking of such. For my part I will marry no one but a gentleman, a professional man, or, at least, a merchant. But I'm not much surprised at Mary Hinton's choice, after all; for her father was only a miller, when he first came here, rich as he is now."

Not long after this the fair visitor took her leave. Within six months the subject of her gossip, pretty Mary Hinton, was married, and became Mrs. James Brown. She and Isabel Graham had been acknowledged, by common consent, the two belles of our village; and when Mary married a house-carpenter, thriving though he was, Isabel was not the only one to declare she had thrown herself away. But Mary knew better. She had selected her husband out of nearly a score of admirers, passing by several who were richer, to say nothing of being better looking; but James was a dutiful son, had a cultivated mind, and possessed firm religious principles. Marriage is a solemn affair, and so Mary felt it; and when she came to choose a partner for life, she selected one who could be her counsellor and friend, rather than one who could merely amuse an idle hour. With her "worth made the man." She cared no more, therefore, for the condolences of pretended friends like

Isabel, on her unfortunate preference, than for the idle wind.

Mary had been married scarcely a year when Isabel was led to the altar. The choice of the latter fell on Harry Stanley, an only son, and the inheritor of a considerable fortune. He was altogether the handsomest young man in the village. His ancestors, for at least three generations, had lived on their money, having owned several of the finest farms in the neighborhood. Harry had been a spoilt child, and was now a selfish man. But of all this Isabel saw nothing. She looked only at the wealth, beauty, and fine connexions of her lover. The day she was married, she thought more of her being the envy of half her acquaintance, than of the solemn duties she was so lightly assuming.

Had she known, however, that Harry had been refused, two years before, by Mary Hinton, on account of his dissolute life, she would not have been so self-satisfied. But her "splendid match," as she called it, completely turned her head. She passed Mary in the street without a recognition, being now too haughty to have a mechanic's wife on her visiting list. Other old friends she treated in the same way.

Both of our village belles were now married. People speculated, according to their several tastes, on the choice each had made. The older and more judicious generally pronounced in favor of Mary's selection; but the young and thoughtless, with but few exceptions, considered Isabel the more fortunate of the two.

When Mrs. Stanley had been married about a year, however, there began to be a rumor that her husband neglected her. He was known to be absent, for weeks at a time, without any ostensible cause; and persons in the habit of visiting the city, said they met him there. He was generally seen at theatres and taverns, and was thought to frequent more disreputable places. It was even whispered, though the rumor could not be traced, that he played at gambling-houses, drank to excess, and was fast dissipating his fortune.

The latter report even came out in a more authentic shape. First one, and then another of the Stanley farms were mortgaged, and finally sold, yet the demand for money did not stop. Harry's establishment, meantime, fell off materially in splendor. The Stanley carriage, once the

wonder of the village, had grown tarnished and shabby; but no attempt was made to re-place it. The once shining livery was faded, but the coachman received no new suit. Other unmistakable signs of a reduced scale of expenditure, on the part of the Stanleys, were noticed, and commented on. Isabel, it was remarked, no longer went out, and was always in low spirits: indeed she was just the one to feel acutely this decline in fortune.

Meantime Mary's prospects increased as fast as those of her old acquaintance declined. Her husband was an excellent workman, a man of great energy, and not without friends. By rigidly confining his expenditures within his means, he gradually increased the small capital with which he began life, until finally he not only had enough for the purposes of an enlarged business, but for profitable investment elsewhere. He now took contracts for building, bought vacant lots, and erected, on his own account, dwellings for sale or rent. As he was a careful thinker his speculations were always judicious; and he soon began to be looked upon as a rising man. In his evenings he studied architecture, and became in time such an adept, that, when a new town hall was to be built, the plan was left entirely to him. He also erected, for the congregation of which he was a member, a pretty little gothic church, which the bishop, at the next visitation, declared "the best specimen of mediæval architecture in the diocese." This success was attended of course by an enlarged scale of expenditure; and the Browns lived as well now as almost anybody in the place.

Nor was this all. Mary's tastes, and those of her husband were sympathetic; and they enjoyed, therefore, a measure of bliss rarely rivalled. Such a thing as a quarrel, it was said, had never taken place between them. Their children were handsome, healthy, well-behaved, and unusually intelligent. The home of Mary was, indeed, a Paradise on earth. "I was happy at my father's house," she was wont to say, "but, oh! how immeasurably happier I am now."

Let us now turn to Isabel. Bad as report made her husband it did not tell half the truth. Stanley now spent three-fourths of his time in the city, and during the other fourth, when he was at home, was morose to the last degree. He rarely went out in the village, but remained shut up in his house, where his chief amusement consisted in drinking brandy to intoxication. Every day, long before nightfall, he became inebriated. Sometimes, in his drunken fits, he would beat his wife, the once haughty and beautiful Isabel; and she, too proud to confess her shame to the world, was compelled to endure this ill-treatment in silence.

Farm after farm continued to melt away. Every fall, when Stanley went to the city, he carried the price of many a broad acre with him: every summer, when he returned, he came back with empty pockets, cursing his ill-luck. At last nothing was left but the old mansion in the village, and a solitary bit of meadow land on the margin of the river. And now poverty, in its most grinding shape, fell upon Isabel. Her husband was away, and had left her destitute of money: she had obtained credit at the stores as long as the tradesmen would trust her; but at last this resource failed, and one bitter winter morning she was left, without food for herself or her children.

The servants had long since departed, except a faithful old negro woman, who, in this extremity, went to a neighbor, secretly, to beg. That neighbor happened to be Mrs. Brown. Ever since Isabel refused to recognize her old friend, there had been no intercourse between the families, and thus, although Mary now lived in a handsome mansion, close to the Stanleys, she knew little, except by rumor, of her former rival. She was shocked inexpressibly when she learned the destitution of Isabel, but aware of the pride of her old schoolmate, she did not venture to go in person to relieve her: she contented herself with giving the old negro servant as much provision as she wished, telling her to come for more when that was gone.

For several weeks Mary continued secretly to support the Stanleys. At last, one tempestuous morning, the post-master's boy was seen to knock at the door of the Stanleys, as if the bearer of important intelligence; and, soon after he left, shriek after shriek was heard rising from the house. In this emergency Mary, overlooking all considerations of etiquette, rushed into her neighbor's, where a scene of unparalleled misery met her sight.

Mrs. Stanley was on the floor in violent convulsions, with her children weeping around her. The old negro woman knelt at the feet of her mistress, nearly paralyzed with terror, wringing her hands, but offering to do nothing. A letter lay near Isabel, and this Mary took up, as likely to afford the only clue to this terrible and fatal spectacle.

"Yes, dat's it, Missus Brown," said the old negro servant. "It all come of dat wicked letter. Ole Hannah can't read, or she know, afore dis, what de matter. Spose it something about massa, for missus only open de letter, when she scream out his name, and den fall in convulsions. De Lord bless us, what we do?"

The suspicions of the faithful servant proved correct. On perusing the letter, Mrs. Brown found—horrible to relate—that Mr. Stanley,

two days before, after losing his last cent at a gambling-table, had committed suicide.

We hasten to the end of this "owre true tale." Mrs. Stanley never recovered from the shock which her pride suffered in being the wife of a suicide. She died the next day.

Her children were adopted by their relatives, and a few friends who commiserated their helpless condition. Mrs. Brown herself took the youngest, an infant of only six months old.

Mr. Brown is now one of the wealthiest real-

estate owners in his neighborhood. Several of the Stanley farms have come into his possession by purchase, and it is intention to give one to the poor orphan his wife has adopted.

In one of the most eloquent members of the present Congress, the once despised mechanic may be recognized. His career shows how much more valuable sterling worth is than empty show, a fact all should remember in CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

CHRIST AT BETHESDA'S POOL.

BY E. G. ADAMS.

SORT rosy light fell o'er Bethesda's pool,
Crim's'ning its silv'ry waves with brightest sheen,
As morning daily dawn'd and Sol rode forth,
Torn from the dark embrace of night, and cloth'd
In all his majesty, as king alone
Of Heaven's wide embrasure bright and blue.
Yet as the morning dawn'd with light and joy,
The night of sickness dank and dark hung o'er
That group of men, of women, children whom,
Disease full foul had mark'd with grief and woe,
Which neither sun, nor light, nor aught could heal.
But one among that ghastly number seem'd
Of life scarcely possess'd, and any who
Perchance but for a moment gaz'd upon
His countenance, all worn away with grief,
Would not have thought that such a death-like mass
Of human nature could contain the life,
Which mortals claim as dearest of the dear;
Save for the lone, low murmur'ring sound of grief,
Which ever and anon stole forth, as if
His breath had muster'd all its ling'ring pow'r,
Yet with united forces could but bring
One sigh as trophy of its victory.
And still he liv'd, and gaz'd, yet scarcely gaz'd,
As if while half his sight beheld the earth,
The other saw imagination's realm;
For when along his side there chanc'd to pass
Some human form in rich attire array'd,
He thought he saw the angel's robe, which swept,
With its bright folds, the healing waters o'er:
And then he'd struggling strive, yet strive in vain,
And senseless sink upon his couch again:
Then turn his eyes within his lonely soul,
Which, all deserted, seem'd disdainfully
To loathe its very self, and wish that it
Might with his vile corrupted body die.

See yonder Heav'n! From out a crimson cloud
Bursts forth in bright, seraphic beauty deck'd—
Cloth'd in a drapery as white as snows
Which crown the acme of high Lebanon—
An angel form, on the enraptur'd gaze

Of that heart-stricken and unhappy group,
All press'd intent to step within the pool,
Whose healing art but one alone could claim;
And he was a pale boy, who when he saw
The angel pressing through the crimson clouds,
Look'd not again, but darting through the waves,
Rose with a beauty, which the fairest child,
Which Nature richly decks, could not surpass.

Poor Amri lay the while upon his couch,
Rack'd o'er with pain, struggling in vain to rise;
But when with one long, fixed stare he saw
The lovely boy, all heal'd, arise, and then
The angel in a cloud of flame mount up,
He clos'd his glassy eyes, and long'd for death.

'Twas eve: the sun, already sinking fast
Behind the hills, ting'd with his mellow light
The fleecy clouds, which lovely seem'd to form
Adown the azure skies a pathway bright.
The evening breeze blew blandly o'er the fields,
Fanning the blushing cheeks of maidens fair,
As 'mid their jetty locks it gambols play'd,
And exil'd with a breath the solar heat.
Though joy flow'd into many peaceful hearts,
Though mirth beam'd forth from many love-lit eyes,
And all around seem'd fraught with purest bliss,
Gladness e'en came not to poor Amri's breast.
But as the short-liv'd laugh of those around
Rejoic'd at the good breeze—fell on his ear,
Within their midst one stood with god-like mien;
While through the lashes of his Heav'nly eyes,
Tears of sweet pity fell for Amri's fate.
All gaz'd intent upon his matchless form,
Wond'ring what seraph had thus grac'd with tears
Forgotten Amri's ling'ring, dying breath:
When, lo! he spoke in richest music's tones—
"Wouldst thou be heal'd, and joyful live again?"
At these kind words e'en from a stranger's mouth,
So full of good-will, and so mix'd with love,
Amri upturn'd his eye, with doubt oppress'd
Whether his ear had heard aright; and when

Christ's beaming countenance he saw, he smil'd,
Yet faintly smil'd, for life was ebbing fast;
Then gasping, spoke in fainter accents still—
"No one would bear me to the troubled pool,
When the bright angel rous'd its tide to foam;
But some more happy one than I was heal'd,
By stepping first into its tossing waves."

He ceas'd, and Jesus spake in sweetest words,
Which angels smiling heard, and joyous prais'd—
"Arise, thy couch take up, and go in peace."
When lo! at once, throughout his bloodless veins
Enliv'ning blood infus'd its strength and power;
And he arose, the young and beautiful,
And bore his couch away; for he was heal'd.

AMBITION.

BY J. K. HOLMES.

I ONCE in youth an off'ring made
At Fame's cold shrine, with bended knee,
The calm stole off, the wild delay'd,
And left a ling'ring blight on me;
On me, through shadowy years that move
My kindred to that voiceless place,
Where icy lips no more reprove,
And death and dust are face to face.
My musings in the midnight grove
Gave care the empire o'er my brain;
By day the will that bravely strove
Strove on to find it's strugglings vain.
Far down the disk of years to be
Wild Fancy heard loud echoes break,
Bright gala days were there for me,
And stormy throes the mighty make.
When others soared on Pleasure's wing
Nor weary left their fearless flight,

No hopes, no heart had I to bring,
Nor words well weighed to woo delight.
Silent I sat, my acts were tame,
None sigh'd for me, nor I for them;
I turn'd from guests that throbbing came,
Their tongues might praise, if not condemn.
Youth found my fancies far too old,
Age turn'd from thoughts too mild to share,
Wealth weary watched, or calmly cold
Left fever's lips for ones all fair!
When Fashion turn'd her eye, no light,
No meaning but disdain appear'd,
All friends and friendships fast took flight,
To leave me lonely, rude and fear'd.
I paused—ah! how could I abide
The air where youth had turn'd to waste,
Or love that fruit whose fair outside
Has gall for lips that dare to taste.

FEATHER FLOWERS.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

THERE came, in a Summer morning,
A bright little humming-bird,
Its wing in the sunlight glancing
Where cypress tendrils stirred.
It there, for a dainty breakfast,
'Mong the crimson blossoms sought,
When a cat, from the beds below it,
Our beautiful stranger caught.
In Summer, and Spring, and Autumn,
I know of a great old oak,
Where, heard in the early morning,
Are sounds as of mill-wheel's stroke.
We wonder and wake from slumber,
With dreamily opened eyes,
See clouds, with a sound like thunder,
Where the trooping blackbird flies.
Then woe to the farmer's wheat-shock,
And woe to the new-sown field;

For both, to the sable reapers,
Their daily stores must yield.
Now here are the robes of the blackbird,
And here is the glancing wing,
That shone through the apple branches,
Where their owners came to sing.
And here, in my Winter garland,
'Mong "honesty" flowers, are wrought
The plumes of the poor little stranger
In our cypress meshes caught.
They shimmer in evening twilight
'When we gather about the fire,
And round red apples are gleaming
And crackling flames leap higher.
A kindly thought for the orphans
Bereft in their cedar-tree—
A kindlier still for the gentle one
Who fashioned these flowers for me!

JULIA WARREN.
A SEQUEL TO PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 168.

CHAPTER XIII.

I WILL not give the entire evidence of Julia as she uttered it in detail, because most of my readers know already the events which she related; I have attempted no melodramatic effect by an effort at mystery. The truth which that court could not know is already made manifest to those who have followed my story up to this point. When questioned if she had known the deceased, Julia answered that she had seen him three times in her life. Once upon a wharf near the Battery, where she had wandered with flowers and fruit which she wished to sell. He then purchased a few of her flowers, and presented them to a lady who had left a southern vessel with him but a few moments before. She described how he had driven away with the lady at his side, and said at that time she never expected to have seen him again.

"But you did see him again," said the examining counsel. "Tell us where and how?"

"It was in October, the night before he—before he died, I was going up town with some flowers which a lady had ordered for a ball she gave that night. It was rather late when I started from Dunlap's, and I walked fast, fearing to lose my way after dark. This man saw me as I was passing a house with a flower-garden in front, and a pretty fountain throwing up water among the dahlias and chrysanthums; I was out of breath, and walked a little slower just then, for the water-drops as they fell were like music, and everything around was so lovely that I could not find it in my heart to walk fast. I did not stop; but Mr. Leicester saw me and wanted me to sell my flowers. I told him no; but he *would* have them, and almost pushed me, basket and all, through the gate and into the house."

"Well, what passed in the house?"

"He took me up stairs into a chamber, and there I saw the same lady that was with him on the wharf, alone, and dressing herself in some beautiful clothes that lay about. She asked me to help her, and I did. She took some of my flowers for her hair and her dress. I was in a great hurry, and wished to go, but she begged

me to stay a few minutes longer, and I could not refuse. After she was dressed, we went down stairs, and this lady was married to Mr. Leicester in a room below. The wedding seemed like a funeral; the lady cried all the time, and so did I. When it was all over they let me go, and I carried the rest of my flowers to the lady who had ordered them. It was getting late when I went back; I lost my way; a gentleman stood looking into a window at the corner of some street; I asked him to tell me the way home without looking in his face; he turned. It was Mr. Leicester; he *would* go home with me; I did not like it, and would rather have been lost in the streets all night; but all that I could say against it did no good. He followed me home, down the basement steps, and to the door of grandfather's room. There was no light in the room; and while grandpa was kindling a match Mr. Leicester went away. I do not know how, but when the candle was lighted I looked round for him, and he was gone!"

"Did you tell your grandfather that he had followed you?"

"Yes, I always tell grandfather everything!"

"So you told him that this man had followed you home against your will?"

"Yes, I told him."

"Was he angry?"

"My grandfather never is angry!"

"But what did he say?"

"Nothing particular. He kept his arm around me a good while I remember as I was warming myself, and seemed to feel mournful about something. He asked several questions about the man, how he looked, and what he said."

"And was that all he said or did?"

"No. He prayed for me that night before we went to bed more earnestly than I had ever heard him before. I remember, he asked God to protect me from harm, and said that he was old, so old that he was of no use, and well stricken in years. It was not the first time I had heard him say this, but that night I remember well, for it made me cry!"

"When was the next time you saw Mr. Leicester?"

Julia grew pale as she replied to this question, and her voice became so faint that she could scarcely be heard.

"I saw him the next morning!"

"At what hour?"

"I do not know exactly; but we had just done breakfast when he came into the basement where we lived, and attempted to speak with my grandfather!"

"Did your grandfather know him? Did he call Mr. Leicester by name?"

"He did not call him by name; but I think they must have known each other!"

"Why do you think so?"

"Because grandfather turned so pale and looked so dreadfully; I never saw him look so before."

"Well, what passed after he came in?"

"I do not know; he sent us both out of the room, grandma and me."

"Where did you go?"

"Into the entry; we had no other place!"

"Did you hear nothing after?"

"Yes, the sound of voices, but no words; then Mr. Leicester rushed through the door, and out to the area; we thought he was gone, but in a minute he came back and went into the basement again; we heard no words after that but a heavy fall. We went in, Mr. Leicester lay on the floor; grandpa was close by; there was blood about; but I do not know anything else, my head grew dizzy; I remember clinging to grandmother that I might not fall."

"And this is all you know?"

"Yes, it is all!"

It is impossible to describe the effect this young girl's evidence produced upon the court. She did not weep or blush as most girls of her age might have done. The feelings that gave her voice those tones of thrilling sadness, the subdued pain so visible in her sweet countenance, were all too strong and deep for these more common manifestations. You saw that this young creature was performing a solemn duty, when she stood up there to testify against the being whom she loved better than anything on earth—that the single hour which she occupied on the stand would leave behind it such memories as weigh upon the heart forever. Julia descended from the gaze of that crowd older at heart by ten years than ordinary events would have left her. Great suffering brings painful precocity with it. It takes but a few moments to harden iron into steel, but the fire is hot, and the blows hard which accomplish the transformation.

The defence refused all cross-examination, and Julia was told that she might leave the stand.

As the permission was given, she lifted her heavy eyes and turned them once more upon her grandfather—oh, what a world of anguish lay in that look. The old man answered it with another smile. She saw it but dimly, for her eyes were filling with tears, but its sad sweetness made her faint. She tottered back to the seat by her grandmother, leaned her head against the wall, and without a sigh or a motion became as insensible as the wall itself.

It was strange, but the evidence of this young girl, strongly as it bore against the prisoner in fact, created a feeling in his favor with the jury, and disposed the crowd to more charitable thoughts of the old man who could make himself so beloved by a creature like that. As for Mrs. Gray, she absolutely sobbed till the chair shook under her all the time that Julia was speaking. But the grandmother sat motionless, only turning her eyes slowly from her husband to the jury, and from them to the judges, striving, poor creature, to gather some ray of hope from their faces.

It was a strong proof of the influence which the truthfulness of this young creature had upon the court, that there was a good deal of legal informality permitted in the examination. She had been allowed to tell her story after her own gentle fashion, without undue interference from the lawyers; and for a little time after she left the stand there was a profound silence in the crowd, as if no one could break, even by a whisper, the impressions which her evidence had left.

This silence was broken by the prisoner, who arose, all at once, and attempted to move toward his granddaughter. While all others were absorbed, he had seen her head droop against the wall, the heavy lids settle like snow-flakes over her eyes, and the color quenched around her mouth. The sight was too much for him, and he started up as I have described, but only to feel the officers gripe upon his arm.

"See, see, you have killed her," said the old man, pointing with his finger to the insensible girl. "Let me go to her, I say—one minute—only a minute! No one else can bring her to life!"

The officer attempted to resist the old man.

"Sit down—sit down," he said, "it disturbs the court. She shall have care, only be quiet."

The prisoner resisted this friendly violence, and struggled against the man with all his feeble strength.

"She is dead: I tell you it has killed her, poor thing!—poor darling, she is dead!" he repeated, and tears rolled heavily down his face. "Will no one see if she is quite, quite gone?"

As if in answer to this pathetic cry for aid, a young man forced his way up from a corner of the room, where he had stood all day regarding every stage of the trial with keen interest, and

taking Julia in his arms, carried her to an open window.

"Give me water," he said, to the officer; "there is some before the judge," then turning toward Mrs. Gray, who, occupied by the prisoner, had been quite insensible to Julia's situation, he said abruptly, "have you no hartshorn: nothing about you, aunt, that will be of use?"

"Dear me, yes," answered the good lady, producing a vial of camphor from the depths of her pocket, "I thought something of the kind might happen; here is the water too; there, her eyelids begin to move."

"She is better—she will soon be well," said Robert Otis, turning his face toward the prisoner, who stood up in the midst of the court, looking after his grandchild with eyes that might have touched a heart of stone.

"Thank you—thank you!" said the old man. Without another word he sat down, and covering his face with both hands, wept like a child.

After a little Julia was led back to her seat, and Robert Otis withdrew into the crowd again: another witness was examined and dismissed. Then there came a pause in the proceedings. The witness' stand was for a time unoccupied. The district attorney sat restlessly on his chair, casting anxious glances toward the door, as if waiting for some person important to his cause. The judge was just bending forward to desire the proceedings to go on, when a slight bustle near the door caused a movement through the whole crowd. Those persons near the entrance were pressed back against their neighbors by two officers in authority, who thus made a lane up to the witness' stand, through which a lady passed with rapid footsteps, and evidently much excited by the position in which she found herself.

A whisper of surprise, not unmingled with admiration, ran through the crowd as this lady took her place upon the stand. She hesitated an instant, then with a graceful motion swept the veil of heavy lace back upon her bonnet, and turned toward the judges. The face thus exposed had something far more striking in it than beauty. It was a haughty face full of determination, and with a calmness upon the features that was too rigid not to have been forced. Notwithstanding this, you could see that the woman trembled in every limb as she bared her features to the crowd. It was not the bashful tremor which might have brought crimson to the brow of any female while so many eyes were bent upon her, but a strong nervous excitement which lifted her above all these considerations. The contrast of a black velvet dress flowing to her feet and fitted high at the throat, might have added somewhat to the singular effect pro-

duced by a face at once so stern and so beautiful. Certain it is, that a thrill of that respect which strong feeling always carries with it passed through the crowd, and though she was strikingly lovely, people forgot that in sympathy for the emotions that she suppressed with such fortitude. The rapidity with which she had entered the court, and the position which she took on the stand, prevented a full view of her face to Mrs. Warren and Julia, but as she turned slowly toward them, in throwing back her veil the effect upon these two persons was startling enough. The old woman half rose from her chair, her lips moved as if a smothered cry had died upon them, and she sat down again grasping a fold of Mrs. Gray's gown in her hands. It was the face she had seen in the carriage that morning! Julia also recognized the lady with a start. It was the woman who had purchased flowers of her so often, who had been so invariably kind, and whose fate had been so singularly blended with her own since the first day when she had purchased violets from her flower basket.

There was something startling to the young girl in this sudden apparition of a person, who had been to her almost like fate itself. At that solemn moment she drew her breath heavily and listened with painful attention for the first words that might fall upon the court. Mrs. Gray also was filled with astonishment, for she saw her own brother, Jacob Strong, enter the court, walking close behind the lady until she mounted the stand, with the air and manner of an attendant. When the lady took her position, he drew back toward the door and stood motionless gazing anxiously upon her face, without turning his eyes aside even for an instant. It was in vain Mrs. Gray motioned with her hand that he should approach her, all his senses seemed swallowed up by the keen interest in the lady. He had no existence for the time but in her.

Of all the persons in the court-room there was not one who did not exhibit some unusual interest in the woman placed so unexpectedly upon the witness' stand, except the prisoner himself. He had been during some moments sitting with his forehead bent upon his clasped hands lost in thought, or it might be in silent prayer to the God who had, as it seemed, almost abandoned him. He did not look up when the lady entered, and not till the examination had proceeded to some considerable length was he aware of her presence.

It was worthy of remark that the prosecuting attorney addressed this witness with a degree of respect which he had extended to no other person. His voice, hitherto so sharp and biting, took a subdued tone. His manner became deferential, and the opening questions, in which he

was usually abrupt almost to rudeness, were now rather insinuated than demanded. He waived the usual preliminaries regarding the age and name of the witness, and even apologized for the necessity which had compelled him to bring her before the court. The lady listened to all this with a little impatience, she was evidently in no state of mind for common-place gallantries, and seemed relieved when he commenced those direct questions which were to place her evidence before the court.

"Mrs. Garden, that is your name, I believe!"

The lady bent her head.

"Did you know Mr. Edward Leicester when he was living?"

A faint tremor passed over the lady's lips, but she answered clearly, though in a very subdued voice,

"Yes, I knew him!"

"He visited at your house sometimes?"

"Yes!"

"When did you see him last?"

"On the——" Her voice became almost inaudible as she uttered the date: but the lawyer had keen ears, and forbore to ask a repetition of the words, for her face changed suddenly, and it seemed with a violent effort that she was able to go on.

"At what hour did he leave your house?"

"I do not know the exact hour!"

"Was it late?"

"Yes, I gave a ball that night, and my guests generally remained late!"

"Did you observe anything peculiar in his manner that night? Did he act like a man that was likely to commit suicide in the morning?"

It was half a minute before the lady gave any reply to this question; then she spoke with an effort as if some nervous affection were almost choking her.

"I cannot judge—I do not know. It is a strange question to ask me!"

"I regret its necessity!" said the attorney, with a deferential bend of the head; "our object is," he added, addressing the judge, "to show by this witness how the deceased was occupied during the night before his murder. I believe it is the intention of the defence to claim that Edward Leicester killed himself. That it was a case of suicide instead of the foul murder we will prove it to have been. I wish to show by this lady that he was a guest in her mansion up to a late hour; that he joined in the festivities of a ball, and was among the most cheerful revellers present. I must repeat the question, madam—did you remark anything singular in his manner—anything to distinguish him from other guests?"

The lady parted her lips, struggled, and answered,

"No, I saw nothing!" She lifted her eyes after this as if impelled by some magnetic power, and met those of the tall, gaunt man who had followed her into court. His look of sorrowful reproach seemed to sting her, and she spoke again louder and more resolutely. "There was nothing in the words or acts of Edward Leicester that night which warranted an idea of suicide—nothing!"

A faint sound, not quite a groan, but deeper than a sigh, broke from Jacob Strong, and he shrunk back into the crowd with his head drooping like some animal stricken with an arrow, and anxious to hide the wound. That moment, as if actuated by one of those impulses that seem like the strides of fate toward an object, the district attorney said, as it seemed in the very wantonness of his professional privilege,

"Look at the prisoner, madam. Did you ever see him before?"

The lady turned partly round and looked toward the prisoner's seat. The old man had his head bowed, for the sight of his insensible grandchild had left him strengthless, and she could only distinguish the soft wave of grey hairs around his temples, and the stoop of a figure venerable from age.

"Stand up," commanded the judge, addressing the old man—"stand up that the witness may look upon your face!"

The old man arose and stood upright. His eyes were lifted slowly, and met those of the woman which were filled with cold abhorrence of the being she was forced to look upon. I cannot describe those two faces as their eyes were riveted upon each other: both were instantly pale as death. After a moment, in which something of doubt mingled with pallor, that of the woman took an expression of almost terrible affright. Her pale lips quivered; her eyes distended with wild brilliancy: she lifted one hand that shook like an aspen, and swept it across her eyes once, twice, as if to clear their vision. She attempted to utter no sound; the sight of that old man chilled her through and through, body and soul. She seemed freezing into marble.

The change that came upon the prisoner was not less remarkable. At first there settled upon his face a look of the most profound astonishment. It deepened, changed, and as snow becomes luminous when the sunshine strikes it, the very pallor of his features brightened. Affection, tenderness, the most thrilling gratitude beamed through their whiteness, and while her gaze was fascinated by his, he stretched forth his arms. This scene was so strange, the agitation of these persons so unaccountable, that it held the whole court breathless. You might have heard an insect stir in every part of that vast room. It

seemed with every breath as if some cry must burst from the old man—as if the lady would sink to the earth, dead, so terrible was her agitation. But the prisoner only stretched forth his arms, and it seemed as if this slight motion restored the lady to herself. Her face hardened, she turned away, withdrawing her gaze slowly as if the effort cost her a mortal pang. Then she answered,

“No, I do not recognize him!”

Her lips were like marble, and her voice so husky that it made the hearers shrink, but every word was clearly enunciated.

The old man fell back to his seat: his arms dropped heavily down, he too seemed frozen into stone.

For a moment the witness stood mute and still; and then she started all at once, turned and descended into the crowd.

Mrs. Warren, whom no one had observed during this scene, arose from her seat as the lady passed and followed her. The crowd closed around them, but the old woman struggled through, and laid a trembling grasp upon the velvet dress that floated before her like the waves of a pall. The lady turned her white face sharply round, and it came close to that of the old woman. A convulsion stirred her features: she lifted her arm as if to fling it around that frail form, then dashed it down, tearing her dress from that feeble grasp, and walked steadily out of the court.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE WORDS OF MALCOLM.

BY J. B. CONN.

My form is bent, my hair is grey;

My eye is vacant, cold—

I cannot weep, I cannot pray

For memories of old;

The past—the past comes back again

All darkly pictured on my brain:

And days and deeds of other years

Will not depart for all my tears.

I loved her for her gentle face

That seemed to ward me all its grace:

I loved her—for a starry beam

Of sunlight was she to my dream:

I loved her—for all close entwined

Was soul with soul, though undefined.

My heart was warm, my cheek was fair;

I loved and was beloved;

Memory feeds my dark despair,

I cannot think unmoved:

From her pure brow I smoothed the hair

And pressed a tearful farewell there,

Then grasped my father's sword,

Which I vowed to bravely bear

'Mid the recreant horde.

I fought—I came in after years

With pageantry and trophied spears,

To view once more the ivied walls

Of my lone ancestral halls;

To clasp unto my bosom one

Whose being e'er had there a throne.

My welcome was defiant arms,

Another claimed Zadoah's charms

By vows long previous made;

Pale grew my cheek, my soul went wild,

My halls usurped, my love defiled—

Despair my hopes repaid;

They bound me in the dungeon keep;

I could not pray, I could not weep;

But fire consumed my brain

As hell, till dark oblivion's steep

My youth brought back again:

Then I relived my early years,

I laughed in joy, I cursed in tears;

My walls were pictured o'er with Spring,

I heard the wild birds caroling;

I felt within my ringlet hair

A mother's fingers twining there;

And on my burning cheek and brow

I feel her kisses even now.

At length I woke—and where was I?

My limbs were eat with chains;

Darkness weighed on my weary eye,

That felt unnumbered pains:

I gazed around—the earth was cold;

My youth seemed near—yet I was old;

Alas for life—my manhood's passed

And I'm restored to light at last,

Without the spirit to illumine

Such ghastly offering of the tomb!

THE MOUNTAIN BRIDGE.

A WILD, wild scene among the hills!

Rocks piled in masses high;

A rude old bridge across the gulf;

The torrent foaming by.

A rustic group, as eve draws on,

Wending their homeward way—

Ah! here is higher happiness

Than found in scenes more gay. B. F. T.

HAIR WORK.—NO. I.

BY MLLR. DEFOUR.

Of the various employments for the fingers suitable for our fair countrywomen, none is, perhaps, more interesting than that which we are about to describe, viz: Hair-work; a recent importation from Germany, where it is very fashionable. Hitherto almost exclusively confined to professed manufacturers of hair trinkets, this work might become a drawing-room occupation as elegant and as free from all the annoyances and objections of litter, dirt, or unpleasant smells, as the much-practised knitting, netting, and crochet, can be. A small handkerchief will at any time cover the apparatus and materials in use. By acquiring a knowledge of this art, ladies will be themselves enabled to manufacture the hair of beloved friends and relatives into bracelets, chains, rings, ear-rings and devices, and thus ensure that they do actually wear the memento they prize, and not a fabric substituted for it, as we fear has sometimes been the case.

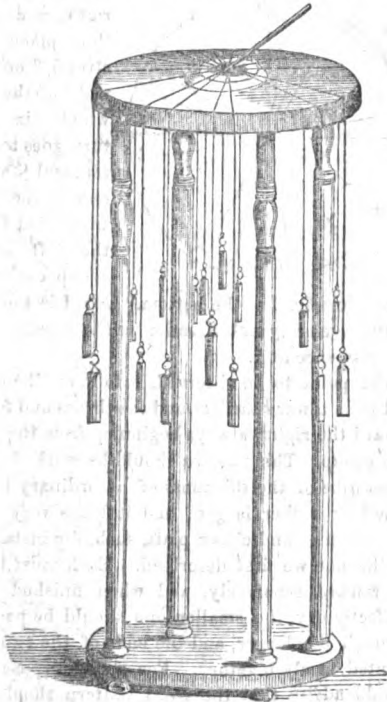
TO PREPARE THE HAIR.—Sort the tress, which is about to be used, into lengths, tie the ends firmly and quite straight with pack-thread, put the hair into a small saucepan with about a pint and a half of water, and a piece of soda of the size of a nut, and boil it for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes; take it out, shake off the superfluous moisture, and hang it up to dry, but not near a fire. When it has become perfectly dry, divide it into strands containing from twenty to thirty hairs each, according to the fineness of the hair or the directions given for the pattern about to be worked; it must be observed that every hair in the strand should be of the same length, and the strands should be all, as nearly as may be, of an equal length. Knot each end of each strand, then take the requisite number of leaden weights, weighing about three-quarters or half an ounce each, and affix about a quarter of a yard of pack-thread to each of them; lay them down side by side on the table, and to the other ends of the pack-thread affix the strands of hair already prepared, knotting them on with a weaver's or sailor's knot; care must be taken all this time to prevent any entanglement or derangement of the hair. The other ends of the strands must now be gathered together, firmly tied with pack-thread, and then gummed with a cement composed of equal parts of yellow wax and Shel-lac melted together and well amalgamated, and then rolled into sticks for use.

The wire elastic can be obtained at all good wire-workers. The clasps, snaps, slides, and other things requisite for finishing off the various articles must be ordered from working jewellers. The mode of fastening them on is very simple; it merely consists in covering the ends of the work with a sufficient quantity of cement to fill the hollow in the fastening or gold work prepared to receive it, inserting it while quite hot and melting, and holding the work firmly until cool; then carefully removing any external portions of cement, if such there be, with a penknife, taking care not to injure the work, or fray the hairs. The tubes and wires may be procured at a brass founder's or large furnishing ironmongers; their ends must be ground down quite smooth, and they should themselves be well polished with fine scouring paper before being used.

The table may be obtained of any turner or upholstering carpenter. It is composed of four round legs, with a circular top from the centre of which a round piece is cut off the size of the top of a tumbler; around this hole is a raised circle, about an inch high next the opening, and tapering down gradually to the flat of the table. In one side of the hole in the centre a small hook must be inserted to hold the strands while the weights are being affixed, and while they are being arranged previously to the putting on of the centre or balance weight; and then this hook supports the tube or wire until about half a dozen rounds have been worked, when the hair will itself support the tube. The legs of the table are inserted at the bottom into another circular piece of wood. These tables are generally made so that each part may screw into the other; this is convenient, as it admits of their being easily taken to pieces and put away, or packed for travelling. Some ladies put a curtain of colored silk fringed at the bottom, round the upper part of the legs, which gives a very pretty appearance to the table. It may be made of mahogany or of common stained wood; but it should be polished, and *must* always be perfectly smooth. Leaden bullets, with an incision made in them to hold the thread, form a very good substitute for the weights; they should always be heavy enough to keep the strands of hair firmly and straightly extended, but not so heavy as to fracture the hairs: the balance weight must be in the proportion of one to four of the outer or single

weights, for open plaits, and one to six for fine and close plaits.

The accompanying cut will exemplify the direc-



tions we are now about to give. To the tied and cemented cluster of ends attach a loop of pack-thread, and hook this on to the small hook in the hole in the centre of the table; then lift each strand gently and separately off, and arrange them all smoothly and evenly round the table in the proper order for working the pattern; this done, affix the balance-weight (a collection of three or four similar to those attached to the strands) to the loop in the hole, and allow it to hang down exactly in the centre of that hole; a brass tube or wire of the requisite size for the pattern about to be worked must now be placed in the centre with one end of it resting on the hook whence the loop of pack-thread has just been taken, and the work is ready to be commenced; each strand having been first examined to see that no loose hairs hang about. When the pattern is completed, the centre or balance-weight must be detached, and then the pack-threads holding the other weights should be gathered together and cut off. Afterward smooth the short ends of the strands of hair on the tube and tie them tightly down to it with thread; then cut off the cemented end, and tie those parts also down in the same way. Take the tube and immerse it in scalding water, and let it simmer there with the hair-work on it, for about ten minutes; withdraw

it, shake off the superfluous moisture, and hang it up to dry, not too near a fire; when thoroughly dry, the work must be gently and carefully slid off the tube, each end separately cemented with the before-mentioned composition, care being taken to gather up every hair, and the pattern will appear complete and ready to receive whatever clasp, snap, or slide it is thought proper to affix to it.

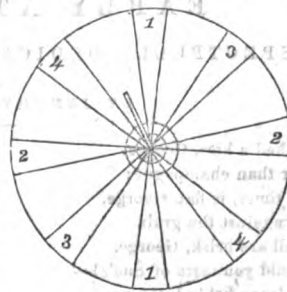
The table is very simple in its construction and costs a mere trifle; the chief thing necessary is that every part of it should be perfectly smooth, as the least roughness or inequality would be liable to tear the hair and thus destroy the evenness and beauty of the work. There are two varieties of the table, the first, or "ladies' table," stands about thirty-two or thirty-three inches high; the second stands nearly four feet high, and is used by the opposite sex. For our own part, we prefer the latter, for, although it may be more fatiguing to stand than to sit, more command of the work is obtained; besides, ladies' dresses, when sitting, interfere with and disturb the weights and their respective strands, and if one stands to work at the small table for even a few moments, the fatigue of stooping is very great.

We will now proceed to give some of the patterns.

PATTERN FOR A CHAIN, OR GUARD.—For this pattern, sixteen strands, each consisting of about twenty hairs, are required. These must be ar-



ranged in pairs on the circle of the table, at equal distances, and so that the opposite pairs shall be in direct lines with each other, thus:—



Number them with a piece of white crayon chalk, as in the opposite diagram, and commence working as follows:—Take up the two bottom strands over *fig. 1*, and remove them to

the position of the opposite pair over the opposite *fig. 1*, bringing back that opposite pair to the position before occupied by those just removed. Proceed then to the pair of strands over the right hand *fig. 2*, and in the same manner lift them into the places of the strands over the opposite *fig. 2*, and bring these latter back. Work those over *fig. 3* and *fig. 4* in the same manner, lifting those from the right-hand side over to the left,

and bringing the latter back. Then re-commence at *fig. 1*, and repeat this pattern until the hair is worked up: remembering never to cross the strands, but simply lift them over gently and without jerking from one side to the other. This chain may be worked in pieces of three or four inches each, and then united with gold slides, or in only two or three portions, or in one continuous length; but this latter plan would require the hair to be longer than we can usually obtain it, namely, from fifteen to twenty inches or more in length. It should be worked on a brass wire of about the size of a No. 15 or 16 knitting-needle.

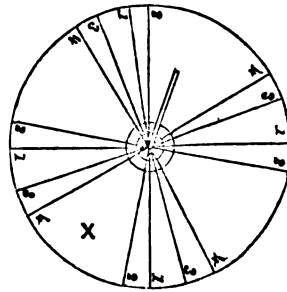
PATTERN FOR A BRACELET.—Sixteen strands of twenty-five or thirty hairs each, according to the fineness of the hair. For this pattern the strands must be arranged in fours, and numbered thus:—

Take the strand which lies on *fig. 1*, at the bottom of the diagram, and move it toward the left, and into the place of the next *fig. 1* strand, lifting that and carrying it to the top of *fig. 1*



strand, while this latter in its turn must be removed to the place of the right hand *fig. 1* strand, which goes to fill the vacant place of the one first lifted at the bottom. Proceed now to *fig. 2* of the bottom group, and work the strands numbered 2 round in the same way, and in the same

direction. The next strand to be raised is *fig. 3* of the bottom group, and this is to be worked in the same way, but in the opposite direction,



viv: toward the right, and into the place of strand 8 on the right of the X, which in its turn goes to the top, and the top one to the left, while that from the left hand group comes to

the vacant *fig. 3* at the bottom. *Fig. 4* is worked in the same way and direction as the threes: then re-commence at 1.

The point to be observed, is to move the ones and twos toward the left, and the threes and fours toward the right; always beginning from the bottom group. This pattern should be worked on a brass tube of the thickness of an ordinary lead-pencil, or rather larger; and it looks very well over another and closer plait, such, for instance, as the one we first described. Each must then be worked separately, and when finished and perfectly dry, the smaller one should be passed through the larger, and the ends of the two cemented firmly together. For such purpose we should advise that the No. 1 pattern should be worked on a larger wire, perhaps of the size of a No. 10 knitting-needle.

EARLY AT KISSING.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO AN OLD FRIEND.

BY JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

I ALWAYS liked a kiss, George,
It's better than champagne;
For that, at times, is flat, George,
And goes against the grain.
But kisses all are brisk, George,
—Ah! could you taste of Sue's!—
They never leave behind, George,
The head-ache or the blues.

Like spiritual things, George,
Intoxicate they will.
And yet tee-total folk, George,
Sip of them to their fill!
And toper-like, each one, George,
Enjoys them with a smack,
And what is foul deceit, George,
'Tis done behind your back.

They say, to rise in life, George,
We can't too soon begin.
So man must early try, George,
If skill in this he'd win.
He might commence in frocks, George,
And practice at a glass;
And so, through spinsters prim, George,
Up to a rosy lass!

Hard work, I know, 'twould be, George.
But then the glorious goal!
And things would be improved, George,
They need it, 'pon my soul!
I've heard your lovers kiss, George,
As if they cracked a whip—
It should be done, you know, George,
Between a sigh and sip!

KEEPING A CARRIAGE.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"I wish pa kept a carriage," said Julia Nelson to her mother, one day on coming home from school.

"Why, my child?"

"Because Mary Jones and Lydia Burroughs both have carriages to come for them when it rains; and it makes one feel so mean to see one's schoolmates riding home, while one has to trudge through the wet on foot. All the girls, and even the teachers think more of Mary and Lydia than of me, and the others whose fathers don't keep carriages."

"I am sorry to see you so discontented, Julia," replied her mother. "Your words imply an envious disposition which I never before suspected you to possess. Your father, my dear, is not able to keep a carriage, or else he would, at least if he thought it would gratify either you or me. We cannot control fortune always, and some are rich, and others poor, without any peculiar merit, or demerit. But we can all exercise a contented spirit. We are far better off than many of our neighbors; and for this we should be thankful. You ought to think of this, my child, when you feel these envious promptings in the heart. If you would contrast your lot with those below, rather than with those above, you would be far happier."

"But, ma, you don't know how hard it is to see the girls all pay court to Mary Jones and Lydia Burroughs, when I know they are no better than me. There's Mary Jones, indeed, a perfect romp. And so ill-behaved too. Don't you remember, ma, at Mrs. Townsend's party, she boasted she had tasted everything on the table, and had a specimen of all the curious confectionary wrapped up in one corner of her handkerchief. If I had acted so everybody would have called it rude. But Mary Jones can do as she pleases, and nobody finds fault with her."

"It does seem hard, I know," replied Mrs. Nelson, "but you will find life, my child, full of similar trials. It is useless to deny that riches cover a great many faults. There are always low-minded people willing to pander to the weaknesses of the wealthy; but this does not render vulgarity in the rich the more excusable. The really refined are never blinded to the faults of the wealthy. Let it be your effort to merit the esteem of the good; and you will find yourself

loved far more than those who are more fortunate in worldly gifts. You can then afford to despise the adulation which the weak pay to the merely rich."

This conversation had a lasting effect on Julia. She was a sensible girl, and had an excellent heart, and by following her mother's advice, she soon conquered her great foible, envy. She grew up amiable, well-bred and intelligent. Without being strikingly beautiful, she had a pleasant face and a graceful figure; and she always dressed with taste, though economically. Her father's comparatively limited means did not allow her to wear expensive articles, but in her simple white dress and pretty straw bonnet, she looked a thousand times lovelier than either Mary Jones or Lydia Burroughs, with their damask silks, velvet cloaks, and costly Paris hats.

Mary Jones, however, had grown up quite a beauty. She had big, bold, black eyes; a voluptuous form; was a head taller than most of her sex: and, in short, had all the material to make what is called a splendid woman. She dressed extravagantly. The unnecessary sums spent on her person annually would have supported many a family in comfort. Her father, already rich when this story began, was now a millionaire; and he had but this one daughter. Her manners, however, had not improved. She was still as forward, selfish, and rude as when a school-girl: indeed, but for her wealth she would have been pronounced vulgar.

"My dear," she said, one day, during a call on her bosom friend, Lydia Burroughs, "I have magnificent news for you. The Mexican war is over, and Major Howard is coming home on leave. You know what a hero he has been: wounded twice, once almost mortally; and mentioned, in Gen. Scott's despatches, as having distinguished himself in three battles."

"Why, when he was last here," interposed Lydia, "he was but a lieutenant."

"To be sure. He only left West Point two years before the war began; and now he is a major. And such a splendid looking man. What magnificent black whiskers: and, I've no doubt, a moustache, by this time. Oh! he must be divine. Do you know, my dear, that I think we would make an excellent couple? I intend to set my cap for him."

"And you'll succeed, you are so beautiful," said Lydia, with a sigh, for Lydia was excessively plain. Poor girl, she had already discovered that riches could not do everything: they could not buy a handsome and distinguished husband, and she would not, as yet, take up with any other.

The information of Mary Jones proved correct; and Major Howard came home. At a public ball given to him, on the evening of the day when his fellow citizens presented him with a gold sword, the scheming heiress met him for the first time. She was attired in the most costly manner, and fairly blazed with diamonds. It was, at once, evident that the gallant young soldier was struck by her beauty: he asked to dance with her, and, as soon as possible, returned to solicit that honor again. Mary Jones went home elated with her success, and dreamed all night of the hero. In fact she was as much in love as a woman of her nature could be.

But, when Sunday came, her bright visions received a partial check. She and Julia Nelson both attended the same church, and Major Howard, who had escorted Mary, here first caught sight of the lovely face of Julia. Years before he had known the Nelsons, and he now thought, with pain, how forgetful he had been in not calling on them. When the service was over he met Julia in the aisle, and, with a smile, claimed an acquaintance. The blushing girl, who had felt hurt at his neglect, was embarrassed, and scarcely knew what to say; but this charming confusion only increased her beauty in Major Howard's eyes; and he went home divided in admiration between Mary and Julia.

The former saw the impression that her old schoolmate had created, and was at once jealous and enraged. She was jealous, because she heard Julia's praises in every one's mouth; she was enraged, because Julia was poor, and it chafed the haughty heiress to have a rival in one who was not rich. Nevertheless she resolved to give Julia no advantage. For once she endeavored to control her temper, and she generally succeeded when Major Howard was present. She dressed more expensively than ever, and, as she thought, more beautifully. She made her father give frequent entertainments, to all which Major Howard was invited, while Julia was not, it being her purpose to keep them apart. She daily paraded her parent's magnificent carriage, with its liveried servants, by the hotel where the young soldier lodged.

But all could not prevent the intimacy between Major Howard and Julia increasing. Having plenty of time on his hands, the young hero spent most of it in visiting: and as he was of a refined mind, he delighted particularly in the society of ladies. While his brother officers were wasting

their mornings in the billiard-room, the bar-room, or the piazza of the hotel, he was calling on the different families he knew, sometimes reading to the ladies while they sewed, sometimes describing Mexican life to them. A favorite resort was the parlor of the Nelsons. Here Julia and her mother, after eleven o'clock, were always to be found sewing; and here the major spent half his mornings. It was not long before Julia began to find herself taking an interest in her visitor too deep for her future comfort; for his fascinating manners, unpretending character, high renown, and sterling worth were irresistible. She made this discovery of her weakness, one day, while Major Howard was praising Mary Jones, by the sharp pang of jealousy that his words created.

And now Julia was as unhappy as her rival. She soon learned that most of Major Howard's evenings were spent at Mr. Jones', or at parties in company with Mary. It is true he continued to visit Julia as frequently as ever. But much of his conversation continued to be, as it had always been, addressed to her mother; and she saw nothing in this to console her. Her hopeless love, against which she struggled in vain, soon undermined her health; she grew pale and listless, until finally her mother remarked the change.

It was with the greatest difficulty that Mrs. Nelson induced Julia to confess the state of her heart, and then only by suspecting the truth, and probing her till she acknowledged it. When Julia had revealed all she had to tell, which she did amid many sobs, she continued,

"And, ma, he'll never love me in return; for I am poor, and almost plain-looking, while Mary is rich and beautiful. I know it's very wrong for me to think of him; but I couldn't help it at first; and now—and now—though I try so hard I cannot forget him."

"There is one thing you must do, Julia," replied her mother, "and in this I can assist you: you must see Major Howard no more, or but rarely. In fact you had better leave this place for awhile. I will write to my brother, in New York, proposing a visit for you; and, meantime, if Major Howard calls I will tell him you are engaged."

It was a hard thing for Julia, knowing that the man she loved was so near, to deny herself the pleasure of seeing him when he called that day; but she knew that her mother's advice was for the best, and so she implicitly followed it. Major Howard did not remain as long as usual, and an hour after, as Julia happened to be near her window, she saw him go by on horseback, in attendance on the carriage of Mr. Jones. Julia caught a glimpse of Mary within the coach, all smiles and satisfaction: and the poor girl threw herself on the bed and wept.

A week passed, and Julia saw no more of Major Howard. He had called twice, in the interval, at the Nelsons; but Julia had invariably denied herself. In consequence several days had now elapsed, and he had not called again; but, every morning, he went by the house on horseback, in attendance on Mary. It was a melancholy week for Julia. She felt convinced that Major Howard was angry at her, for denying herself; and though she knew she was doing right, she did not suffer the less.

She was right too—he was angry. The first day he was a little annoyed, the second he was vexed, the third he was positively in a rage. The truth is Major Howard had found the society of the Nelsons unusually delightful: he was pleased with Julia especially, and he thought he saw that she liked him as a visitor. It offended his self-love, therefore, to be thus summarily dismissed. He never suspected the real state of affairs, but conjecturing that Julia found his society irksome, he proudly resolved not to trespass on her time again.

His mornings, accordingly, were chiefly devoted to Mary, who left no stone unturned to win his favor. She had lately heard of his visits to Julia, and hailed their cessation as her own triumph. Gratified vanity made her, for the time, more amiable than was her habit; and Major Howard was not far wrong when he thought her smile really sweet. Day after day, therefore, he continued to be her attendant: and, while with her, he was sufficiently happy. But, when night came, and he reviewed the events of the day, he could not but reflect, with a sigh, that the hours had left less contentment after them than when he had been accustomed to visit the Nelsons. He began, before the week was over, to pine after the society of Julia; and his anger grew less and less.

For he discovered that he was in love with Mary's rival; and that Mary herself had only dangled him, for awhile, with her beauty. There was a boldness, approaching to vulgarity, about the heiress, which was repulsive to Major Howard; for though, generally, she contrived to adapt herself to what she saw was his taste, she could not always succeed. As the week progressed, and he was more constantly with Mary, this vulgarity became more perceptible. In short, every day's absence from Julia enhanced the charms of the latter, and depreciated those of the heiress. When Sunday came the lover had made up his mind how to act. "Julia, I fear does not love me," he said, "but I see now that I love her; and I will not lose the chance, however slight, of winning her. I will see her, tell her of my passion, and ask her to try me: perhaps she may accept me on probation; I used to think she was

pleased to see me. But, even if I fail, I will be no worse off than now; and, at any rate, I will not allow this foolish anger to keep me silent."

It often requires more courage for a man to open his heart to the woman he loves, than to face a battery; and so Major Howard found out. He had gone alone to church, on Sunday evening, much to the chagrin of Mary, who had expected him to call for her; but he wished to speak with Julia alone, and he knew he could not have a better opportunity than on this evening; for as Mr. Nelson generally accompanied his wife and daughter to church, the lover intended, when the services were over, to join the Nelsons and offer Julia his arm, a courtesy which she could not refuse, even if she disliked him. It was a bold and resolute determination, characteristic of the soldier. The event turned out as Major Howard had expected; Julia came attended by her father and mother: and when the congregation broke up, the lover took care to be near the door in order to intercept his mistress. He could, however, scarcely articulate Julia's name; and Julia, when she comprehended his meaning, was not less agitated than he.

Upon that interview we will not dwell. It is enough to say that the walk was so protracted that Mr. Nelson, after waiting half an hour, would have gone back to search for Julia, had not his wife, with a quiet smile, told him she was certain Major Howard was a safe escort. The truth was, Mrs. Nelson had, all along, suspected that the major loved Julia. But fearing she might possibly be mistaken, she would not, for her child's peace, hold out any hope to Julia. "If he loves her," she said, to herself, "he will find it out, and tell her so: if he does not, she cannot too soon forget him."

A glimpse at Julia's face, when the happy girl entered followed closely by Major Howard, revealed the state of affairs to Mrs. Nelson. The mother soon left the parlor, and was pursued by Julia, who, throwing herself into her parent's arms, sobbed the glad intelligence that she only wanted her father's and mother's consent to become the betrothed of Major Howard. Meantime the major seized the occasion of Julia's absence to tell Mr. Nelson of his hopes. In half an hour the whole family was re-assembled in the parlor, the lovers supremely happy, and the parents happy to see their children so.

The rage of Mary when she found that Julia had carried off the husband she coveted, we shall not attempt to describe. As she had really loved Major Howard, at least in her way, her disappointment was peculiarly poignant; but no one pitied her, for her rude and haughty manners made people generally hate her; and her parasites, who might have consoled her, dared not, for

the suspicion that she had been a rival of Julia, she now angrily repudiated.

Julia had been married about a week, and was already established in a magnificent mansion, for her husband was as wealthy as he was celebrated, when, one day, calling at her mother's, the latter pointed to Julia's elegant equipage, and said,

"Do you recollect, my child, a conversation we had, years ago, about keeping a carriage? I told you then that, though your father could not afford such a luxury, the truly refined would not think the less of you on that account."

"I remember it, dear mamma," said Julia, kissing her, "and I have found your prophecy right. You cannot tell how much good the conversation did me. I was fast growing envious and unamiable; but your judicious rebuke cured me. And, perhaps, to that very conversation I owe it that I now do ride in my carriage."

"Always be as amiable, my dear, as when you had none, and I shall ask no more." And, with these words, the mother kissed the young bride in turn.

TO AN OLD MAN.

BY D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

I AM looking at thy brow,
With its furrows broad and deep;
At the thin and silver locks
That across it gently sweep;
And I think of other days,
When upon that forehead fair,
Waved all gracefully and free
Curls of soft and silken hair.

And I gaze upon thine eye,
Sunken, dull, yet sweetly mild;
Soft and blue as Summer sky,
And with love and meekness filled;
Of thy youthful days I dream,
When its glance was wild and bright
As the sunlight on a stream,
Or the starry eyes of night.

And thy pale and sunken cheek;
And thy lips so thin and white—
Trembling when they lowly speak,
Shadowed in the gloom of night;
I am thinking of the time
When the rose was blooming there,
And the glow of youthful prime
Made thy lip and cheek most fair.

And thy feet that totter now
Underneath the weight they bear,
Once upon the green hill's brow
Roamed as free as Summer air;
Proud and careless as the tread
Of a wild deer o'er the vale,
Crushing down the lily's head,
And the violet blue and pale.

Sitting at the gate of death,
With a sweet light on thy brow,
And within thy humble heart
Angel whispers soft and low—
Thou canst throw thy failing eyes
Back upon life's chequered leaf,
Calling out its smiles and sighs,
And its hours of joy and grief.

Like a painful, pleasant dream
Must the past appear to thee;
Here a bright and golden beam,
There a tear of misery.
Here the glance of sunny eyes,
And the white brow of the brave;
There the turf that coldly lies
Over beauty's early grave.

Tones of softest melody
Wafted on the wind's light wing,
Pouring joy into the heart
Like the balmy breath of Spring—
Moans that from the troubled soul
Tremble like a dove's low wail,
Turning the warm blood to ice,
And the flushed cheek deadly pale.

Here the wild flowers in thy path
Throwing sweets upon the air—
And the dewy, glittering wreath
Shining in its beauty there;
Now the floweret withered, dead,
Lying on the damp, cold earth,
And the bloom forever fled
Of life's fair and glorious wreath.

Then to turn thy weary eyes,
And thy crushed and bleeding heart,
To that rest where bitter sighs
Never from the bosom start,
Where the cares and toils of earth
Are remembered as a dream,
And upon thy brow a wreath
Placed by angel hands will gleam!

Oh! it must be sweet to look
In thy weak and childish age,
Far away from life's dark book—
From each dull and tear-dimmed page,
To a home of radiant light,
To a land of flowers and bloom,
Where will come no shade of night—
Where will creep no thought of gloom.

THE OLD MAID; OR, REMINISCENCES OF A PHYSICIAN.

BY O. C. GIBBS, M. D.

From time immemorial, old maids have been conspicuous marks for the shafts of ridicule. Blushing maidens, who are just ripening into womanhood, as well as the staid matron of riper years, alike reject this unfortunate class from their ranks, as the naturalist would discard a monster from his perfect classifications.

One might suppose old maids belonged to a different genus from the remainder of woman-kind; or that some moral error or mental deformity rendered them universally opprobrious to the rest of the world. Yet are they deserving the opprobrium they receive? Are the hearts and sensibilities of all withered away? Verily I believe not.

That there are termagants, who have frightened away what they most desired to capture, is conceded. Neither is it denied that there are those whose eyes see into everybody's business but their own, whose ears hear all privacy, and whose tongues retail scandal, calumny, and detraction without stint or measure. But to this class belong only those who have long in vain held out signals of distress, and at last, through necessity, raised the starless banner and fallen into the ranks of old maidism.

But there are others who have voluntarily eschewed the joys of hymeniality, who possess the higher virtues that adorn the female character. There are those, the admired of all admirers, who seem to shun the paths of conubiality, and bury the cause as a hidden secret in the recesses of their own bosoms; devote their whole energies to the alleviation of human suffering and the promotion of happiness, and wander alone themselves adown the pathway of life to a solitary and unwept grave.

Many a time, in my round of duties, have I met a maiden lady of "questionable age" of the latter class, dispensing charities and consolations to the needy and afflicted. In the vicinity of her residence, where pain was, there was she to mitigate its severity; where sorrow laid heavily, there was she to cheer with her sympathies; where suffering, and want, and woe went hand-in-hand, there she lavished her diversified alleviations with the greatest prodigality. Destitute of kindred, so far as was known, yet beloved by all, she passed quietly on in her labors of love,

heedless of the praises bestowed, and the God's blessings invoked upon her head.

Health is a boon not always vouchsafed to mortals, and those even who do most to mitigate suffering and disarm death of its woes, must expect sooner or later, in common with the rest of humanity, to feel the agonies of pain, and the cold grasp of the king of terrors. Such was her lot. Not many months since I was called to minister to her relief, and found her prostrate before the fell destroyer of our northern clime. Consumption had crept insidiously upon her frame, and hung the deceptive signals of health upon her cheek. The canker worm had long fed, unseen and unheeded, at one angle of the great tripod of life; and the hollow cough, and hectic flush, and purly eye, and wasted form but told too well that its ravages no earthly power could stay.

Days and weeks passed on, and she gradually neared the grave. "Shall we in heaven retain our present identity?" said she, one evening, as I sat by her bedside, watching the gradual waning of the fountain of life; "shall we recognize there the friends and loved of earth?"

"Infinite wisdom and love," I replied, "will leave nothing undone which can contribute to the happiness of the recipients of His eternal bounty. We shall retain our identity, our mental peculiarities; without this death would be annihilation, and the recipients of heaven the results of a new creation. We shall recognize the friends and loved of earth there; shall unite in social intimacy with the cherished in other scenes, and shall revive old affections purified from the grossness of earth and the casualties incident to mortality, or one of the holiest passions of the human mind will find there no gratification."

For a time she remained silent, lost in mental abstraction, and seemingly reviewing the past and diversified events of a life now waning to a close. At length, with heart overflowing with emotion, she said, "it is hard, in early life, to see all our earthly idols broken—to see near and dear ones pass from our embrace down to the shadows of death—to see our bark of happiness wrecked before our eyes, and all its rich treasures perish forever—to bid adieu to cherished hopes, and see our airy castles fall in ruins. But

it is harder still to wander in loneliness down the rugged pathway of life, until the gates of death open before us—to close our eyes upon the world and step into the mystery-wrapped regions of futurity, with no expectation of seeing those we have loved, and for whom we have made many a sacrifice. Were the future not enveloped in mystery; could we know the cherished, long-sainted in heaven could look down to earth, read our every thought, witness our soul's devotion, and stand first to welcome us with joyous greeting as we approach the shores of immortality, death would present to us no terrors."

From inquiries and reflections like these, it was evident to me that her heart could tell tales of former affection, and her soul reveal the cicatrices of early wounds, and the shadowiness of hope's early blight. But my speculations upon this subject were not for long. For when nature threw off its white and snowy mantle, broke winter's icy fetters and took on the green and flower-decked robes of spring, she cast aside her cloak of mortality, passing from the humid airs of earth to the enduring spring and beatitude of a winterless and deathless futurity.

Among the effects left by the deceased was a diary, which, through the kindness of one of her friends, I was permitted to examine. A perusal of its contents solved the mystery of her loneliness, and relieved what curiosity her peculiar condition had awakened. To my readers a few extracts may not be altogether devoid of interest; and if there be any old maids among those who may give these lines a perusal, perhaps they may find some fact harmonizing with their own personal remembrances.

"August 12th, 1827.—To-day I am eighteen years of age, and oh, how melancholy! Many, on like anniversaries, are made happy by the grateful assurances of parental regard, but mine is a different fate; motherless, fatherless, alone; uncared for, uncherished, and unloved. Few of my years, I hope, have ever known the bitterness of the cup from which I have freely drunk. I had a mother once; but her soul took wings for the spirit world, and her body was robed in the cold habiliments of the grave ere I knew the extent of my loss. Why was she not permitted to carry, in her affectionate bosom, her orphan child to the pure world above, ere its heart had known the corrodings of grief, instead of leaving it to the guardianship of strangers in a heartless and unfeeling world! Why was I left here to buffet alone the wild waves of fate, without a mother's love or a father's protecting care? Spirits of parents gone be with thy orphan child; throw round the unprotected a buckler of defence against the snares of the heartless and designing, and shed a light into conscience's sacred temple,

which, like the star that directed the Bethlehem host, may guide aright my unprotected footsteps!

"June 20th, 1830.—Mine has been a life of isolation, yet I have long been conscious of the power of loving, and the desire of being beloved; conscious of the power of fixing my affections with a depth and oneness upon imagination's beau ideal, and the desire for an undivided reciprocity: now I am happy in the exercise of that power, and the realization of that desire. My life has been one long day of trials and sorrows, but a new light has broken in upon my path, promising happiness for the future; a slumbering cord has been awakened in my bosom, to vibrate, I trust, unceasingly. A kindred spirit has unsealed the gushing fountain of my affections, and my sensitive nature is in the enjoyment of its pent-up yearnings. To-day I have accepted the generous offer of another's love; and more, have promised to become his wife at a time yet indefinite in the future. Trials and responsibilities, I know, will necessarily accompany such a change, but what will a woman not gladly brave when encouraged by the sympathy and affection of those she loves. Having struggled long years alone, without the sympathy of a loving heart, I am perhaps too happy in the anticipation of a union with one to whom my soul is bound by the tenderest cords; one who stands high in the estimation of those who know him, and who has just entered upon the duties of the legal profession with high hopes and the most flattering prospects of success. Others may struggle for fame, for world-wide notoriety, but I have no higher ambition than to reign supreme in the affections of one noble heart. Others may covet in their admirers beauty of person, or greatness of fortune, but the loveliness of an exalted purpose and the richness of intellect are, with me, far weightier considerations. One glance of his dark eye thrills the beholder to the soul, and enforces the conviction of his superiority to common men. My heart is full of joy and thankfulness at the thought of becoming the wife of such a man; the companion of his life, the sharer of all his joys, and the alleviator of his sorrows.

"September 11th, 1831.—Life is a checkered scene of joys and sorrows, of sunshine and shade. To-day I was to have stood before the bridal altar, elated with the present, and happy in the bright prospects of a joyous future; but the wise controller of events has differently ordered. The idol of my heart lies upon the couch of suffering, weak and deadly pale. Physicians gravely tell me his recovery is doubtful. Oh, God! are all my heart's idols to be trodden in the dust; all my hopes blighted in the bud; are the clouds of loneliness to lower again upon me with redoubled

gloom? Father of the fatherless turn aside Thy descending thunderbolts; call not the loved so early away! Let not the Upas of death again rob me of all I hold dear on earth, hang a veil of mourning over the soul, and spread despair and desolation over the empire of the heart.

"September 20th.—It is finished. The struggle between life and death is over; the spirit has gone from its perishing temple; gone from the scenes of earth—from the society of friends—from the companionship of near and dear ones, the loving and beloved to untried scenes of an eventful future. Those who have never seen father, mother, ah, and dearer ones still, pass from their embrace to the voiceless tomb, and mourned in utter destitution their untimely loss,

know nothing of the agony that distracts my soul. But I will not repine: what matters it, though one wanders in loneliness and grief down to a grave, unhonored with affection's tear; yet, when earthly fetters are broken, the sorrowing spirit will cast aside its veil of mourning, take the wings of immortality, revive old affections purified from the grossness of time, and exempt from the casualties incident to earth. I will continue to love the cherished dead—dead! ah, no, they are living still! living near, though unseen, with affections for me purer than earth, since Eden was desecrated, ever knew; and my own will take a reflection of kindred holiness when I think of the loved made perfect in heaven."

NOVEMBER.

BY H. J. VERNON.

NOVEMBER hills are brown and bare,
November skies are grey;
And through November woods the wind
Keeps sighing all the day.
The leaves go spinning o'er the ground,
Or whirling through the air,
And many a flower lies dead and cold
That once was bright and fair.

The wild-duck swims upon the lake,
Or feeds upon the sedge;
Gone are the robin and his mate
That chirruped in the hedge.
And through the frosty morning air
High up and out of sight,
In endless line migrating birds
Maintain their steady flight.

Alone the willow and the pine
Look green across the plain;
With creaking sound upon the barn
Quick shifts the homely vane.
The waters lie, half hid in haze,
Dark, shadowy and cold.
And in the West the setting sun
Sinks in a blaze of gold.

November days forewarn us all
That Winter soon will come.
That life is drawing to a close,
When Death shall call us home.
Oh! for that dark and dismal grave
May we, in time, prepare,
Nor let the icy close of life
Involve us in despair.

RETROSPECTION.

BY O. C. WHITTLESBY.

I LOVE to retrospect the past,
When life was fragrant as the flowers;
And as a web of golden days,
Inwoven with carnation hours.
When rich as evening's glory shines,
And thick as mist o'er mountain stream,
Sweet ruby pleasures tripped along,
More fair than morning's tinselled beam.

I love to retrospect the past,
Ere Hade's prodigy stalked in,
And stretched his dark pavilion o'er,
Cut from the leaden loom of sin,

Ere from his squalid hut of fire,
Upon the sultry beach of doom,
Misfortune's ruthless angel came
And sowed life's bloomy field with gloom.

I love to gaze o'er all the past,
For wisdom whispers from its tomb;
And large, effulgent lamps display,
To guide us on our journey home.

A lesson palpable and plain
Doth retrospection ever bring;
And salutary too—embalmed
With unction from our Heavenly King.

BORROWING THE MAGAZINE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

"MOTHER says will you lend her PETERSON'S MAGAZINE," said a little boy, putting his head in at the parlor door of young Mrs. Winfred. Mrs. Winfred had been married only a few months, and was still the bride of our village; and her husband was sitting with her at this juncture.

"Tell your ma," replied Mrs. Winfred, "that Miss Stanley has it, or I should be happy to oblige her."

When the boy had departed, the husband said, "I don't believe, Mary, you have had time to read the magazine yet yourself: I only brought it home from the post-office last night, and I know you were busy with your household affairs all the morning."

"It's too true," replied Mary, with a sigh. "I never allow myself to read in the morning—work first and recreation afterward—and though I was almost devoured by curiosity, and tempted just to peep into Mrs. Stephens' story, I resisted; and would not even open the book. You were scarcely out of sight after dinner, and I had hardly glanced at that thrilling picture, 'Christian Martyrs in the Coliseum,' when Miss Stanley came in, and said that, as she knew I had received the magazine the night before, she ventured to ask for it to read 'Julia Warren.' I hadn't the heart to refuse her."

"Just like you, Mary," answered her husband, "you have so little selfishness, that you always think of others first. However, you shall not suffer. The paper has come, this week, a day sooner than common, and, what is better, it contains the conclusion of that touching novel by Mr. Arthur, 'The Orphan Children.' See!" And, as he spoke, he drew from his pocket a number of the SATURDAY GAZETTE.

As if fate had intended that the young couple should be cheated out of the first reading of both their periodicals, the door at this instant opened, and Miss Alter entered with her lover, to whom she was to be married in a few months.

"Ah! good evening, Mary," she said, running up to Mrs. Winfred and kissing her. "Good evening, Mr. Winfred," and she nodded pleasantly to him. "I haven't come to stay," she continued, anticipating the request to take off her bonnet, "but we've just heard that the 'Saturday Gazette' has come, and as James and I are dying to finish that beautiful story of 'The Orphan Children,' we thought we'd borrow it for the evening. You

know, as the paper is yours, you'll be able to read it at any time."

Mr. Winfred had been shaking hands with James, who was an old friend, as indeed Miss Alter was also, but he paused at this and burst into a hearty laugh.

"Come now," he said, "Jenny, this is too good. Here has Mary been deprived of the first reading of 'Peterson's Magazine,' by our kind friend, Miss Stanley, and just as I am about to indemnify her by producing the 'Gazette,' you step in and want to borrow it. But you can't do it," he said, playfully shaking it aloft, "The Orphan Children is concluded in it, and both Mary and I are eager to know how the story ends. But I tell you what I'll do," he continued, seeing Jenny's disappointment, "if you and James will spend an hour with us, I'll read the tale aloud to you."

When the affecting narrative was finished, which was not without tears, Mr. Winfred said, as he folded up his paper,

"And now, Jenny, isn't that alone worth two dollars a-year? Come, James, you're an old friend, and I can speak plainly to you; why don't you subscribe for the 'Gazette?' It's the most original of the mammoth weeklies, and has been, in my opinion, the best, ever since it was started by its first projector, the witty Joseph C. Neal, and edited by him and Mr. Peterson, one of its present owners and editors."

"Another of its editors, you know," interposed Mary, "is Mr. Neal's young and interesting widow; it is she who writes all those beautiful things for the children; and contributes so many delightful articles besides. The 'Gazette' is the only paper that has a female among its editors, though I don't see how any journal can be a good family one, without a lady, as well as a gentleman editor."

"And as for the cost," resumed her husband, "it's but four cents a week. I'm sure there's no way four cents can be laid out that will produce as much pleasure. If you get up a club, you obtain the 'Gazette' for a dollar a-year, or two cents a number; but I always prefer to pay the full price, and be independent of others. Besides those who pay the two dollars get that large engraving," and he pointed to a lovely picture of three children, playing in the water, which hung neatly framed over the sofa.

"I declare I never thought of all this before," replied James, "and I'll subscribe to-morrow. Four cents a week! Why, there's not a man in the village, however poor, that doesn't waste that much: and how much better it would be to have, for the sum thus trifled away, an entertaining, and pure newspaper, 'an angel in the house,' as some writer has beautifully called it."

He had just received a look of thanks from Jenny, for this speech, when the door opened, and Miss Stanley was added to the party.

"Glad to see you, Kate," said Mr. Winfred, cordially shaking her hand. "We are just plotting treason here, and want you to join us."

"Oh! don't ask me to think, or talk of any thing, just yet, I'm so full of poor, dear Julia Warren. I've just finished reading the last chapter of Mrs. Stephens' story, which leaves the sweet girl in the witness-box: and what will become of her I don't know."

"It's about the magazine and newspaper we were talking," said Mr. Winfred: and he added demurely, "Mary and I don't intend to lend our periodicals any more."

"Oh! what shall I do?" cried Kate, in dismay. "You're not serious, you cruel, unjust man."

"Unjust! It's you that are unjust, Kate. Come, answer me—is it fair to Mr. Peterson—I won't say to ourselves—for you to be borrowing the magazine every month, when you're able to subscribe for it?"

"I never thought of that," replied Kate, after a moment's thought. "It is *not* fair. But really, Mr. Winfred, I can't afford it."

But at this both Mr. Winfred and Mary began to laugh: and each speaking in turn, called Kate's attention to so many unnecessary luxuries in dress, and elsewhere, that, in a moment, she confessed her error.

"Then take my advice," said Mr. Winfred, "enclose two dollars at once to Mr. Peterson, and begin with last July, so as to get the continued stories in full."

"I will," replied Kate, "and then I shall get the next chapter of 'Julia Warren,' the very day the magazine reaches here; while, last night, I lay awake for an hour regretting I had to wait till this afternoon."

"And James and I will start out to-morrow," said Mr. Winfred, turning to his friend, "out of mere good feeling to Mr. Peterson, for having made us so happy with his stories, and will raise a club for both the 'Ladies National' and 'Saturday Gazette.' They'll each be unusually good for 1851, especially the magazine, for then we'll have not only Mrs. Stephens' stories, but her letters from Europe: and a better season of the year could not be fixed on to subscribe than now. I want an extra copy for the present year to give away, and that's the way I'll earn it. Come, is it a bargain?"

"Done," said James, "I pledge myself for the 'Gazette' club."

"If every two dollar subscriber would get up a club in addition," said Mary, "what a large list Mr. Peterson would have."

"And what an unequalled magazine, and newspaper he'd give us!" replied all.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

THE Autumn time! the Autumn time!

How softly steal its footsteps on!

How gently fades the Summer's prime,

And die her glories one by one.

The days are bright, and calm and clear,

It seems yet Summer-time to me;

But ah! a change is round me here,

In faded flower and crimsoned tree.

The Autumn leaves! the Autumn leaves!

How gorgeous in their golden sheen!

And yet it is but death that gives

Their glowing hues for simple green.

Oh! spirit of the frozen North!

Oh! mocker of our Summer dreams!

Why com'st thou thus to blight our earth,

And hush the music of her streams?

The Autumn winds! the Autumn winds!

Ye come once more with plaintive song;

Ye breathe a dirge to sadden'd minds,

As softly low ye sweep along.

Ye're sighing for the faded bloom

Of dying Summer's beauty fled,

Like mourners wailing o'er the tomb

Of young and loved ones early dead.

The Autumn rain! the Autumn rain!

Its sound falls sadly on my ears;

And coursing down the window-pane,

The pearly drops seem gushing tears.

Each pale, sad flower hath caught a gem,

Which trembles in its loving eye;

Then falling from the withered stem,

It lays its cheek down low to die.

And yet I love thee, Autumn time!

I love the blessings thou dost bring;

Though thou hast not the merry chime

That thrills the soul in joyous Spring.

'Tis sweetly sad! 'tis sadly sweet

To gaze upon this solemn scene;

Nor would I, if I could, retreat

Where naught but vernal bloom is seen. w. s.

EDITORS' TABLE.

CHIT-CHAT WITH READERS.

CLUBS FOR 1851.—Though as yet only November, it is not too early to begin getting up clubs for 1851; for, by the time the names can be collected, and the money forwarded to us, our January number will be nearly, if not quite ready to issue. If ever we have deserved the patronage of the public, we shall doubly deserve it the coming year. Our list has so largely increased, since last November, that we are able to afford the extra pages, even at the reduced prices to clubs, quite as well as, in 1849, we could afford the style of magazine then published, at the then price. It is our intention, in 1851, relying on a still further increase of patronage, to beautify our pages even more: in short, not to stop in the race of improvement. During the coming volume we shall give Mrs. Stephens' "Impressions of Europe," which her rapid mode of travelling has prevented her writing out for this: and these will be in addition to her contribution of a story monthly. Our other writers will be more numerous than ever, and better, where that is possible, so that we shall be, more emphatically than even now, the *most readable of the magazines*. In the pictorial department we have several novelties, which will *astonish and delight our patrons*. The reputation which we have long enjoyed for giving the latest and best reports of the fashions, we shall still maintain; and the public may rely on it that all other periodicals, whatever their publishers may assert, are, in this respect, *but poor imitations of ours*. Clubs of eight can still obtain the magazine at the rate of \$1.25 per copy, which is nearly *forty cents cheaper than any other periodical*, of a similar character, can be procured. *As the postage on this magazine is also lower than that of other monthlies*, it follows that the cost of the "National," as compared with that of most periodicals, is not more than one half. *Where other magazines are taken, this, therefore, can be added, even by the most economical, to the list.*

WHITE COFFEE CREAM.—Have any of our fair readers yet heard of coffee cream? It is destined to be all the rage, and supplant vanilla, strawberry and lemon. It is made by putting a quart of milk on the fire, with about six ounces of white sugar. In another vessel beat up the yolks of ten eggs, and pour the milk gradually upon them. Roast your coffee (three or four ounces) till it is of a very light brown color, and gives out all its flavor; break it in a mortar, slightly, and add it, while hot, to your hot custard. Strain through a jelly-bag, pour the cream into cups, and put them *au Bain-marie* to cool till they are quiet set. This is the most elegant of coffee creams; it is hardly darker than a vanilla cream, and has a very delicate flavor. Everything depends on the coffee being used whilst hot, so as to catch the aroma which goes off as it cools.

MRS. STEPHENS IN MOSCOW.—Our last intelligence from Mrs. Stephens left her in Moscow. She had already been at St. Petersburg. Her plan of travel has been most comprehensive, embracing places but rarely visited by American ladies; and this, combined with her genius for observation and description, will render her letters, to be published in 1851, most intensely interesting.

PHILADELPHIA ART UNION.—The premium plate for distribution among the subscribers to this institution for 1850 is now finished. The subject is "Mercy's Dream," from the celebrated painter Huntington; and the engraving is by Ritchie, of New York. It is decidedly the best plate ever issued by any American Art Union. The drawing takes place next month.

COSMETICS AGAIN.—Our fair correspondent, "Lucy," is informed that the finest, indeed the *only* cosmetic we know of is early rising, exercise in the open air, temperance in eating and drinking, cleanliness, and last, though not least, perpetual good humor. Keep your face with a smile on it, Lucy, and smiles are easily implanted by cultivating goodness of heart.

WEARING CHARMS.—This is the revival of an old custom, when ladies wore similar trinkets for their supposed magical influence: hence the name.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Literati; or, Some Honest Opinions about Authorial Merits and Demerits. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Redfield.—This is a collection of criticisms, by the late Edgar A. Poe, on a number of American authors. The articles were written during different periods of Poe's career: and while some are indisputably able and candid, others are weak and personal. We knew Poe well. He was a strange, eccentric creature, with many and great faults; yet, on the whole, a man to be pitied rather than condemned. But his reviews were not to be relied on as always just. With many of the qualities of a first-rate critic, he yet wanted a rigid sense of justice; and hence personal prejudice, or the desire of writing a slashing article, or some whim of the moment would often induce him to abuse where he should have praised. The editor of the present volume, Rufus W. Griswold, knew this well, and, therefore,ought not to have re-published these criticisms. But this is not the only fault we have to find with the volume. The book is prefaced by a biography of Poe, which paints his character in the darkest colors, and gives, we sincerely believe, an altogether wrong impression of Poe. It is bad enough, under any circumstances, to misrepresent the dead; but when the traducer is the deceased's literary executor, it is a breach of trust. If the friend to whom the departed man has confided his

reputation, betrays his good name to obloquy, what may be expected from the world at large! We never, during Poe's life-time, hesitated to speak of his habits of plagiarism, or of his want of candor as a critic; but we would cut off our right hand before we would write such a memoir as this, which his pretended friend has written. We speak thus severely because this is the first instance, in American literary history, of such a breach of trust.

Leaflets of Memory: an Illuminated Annual for MDCCCII. Edited by Reynell Coates, M. D. 1 vol. Philada: E. H. Butler & Co.—For many years the "Leaflets of Memory" has been the most beautiful annual published. The present volume surpasses its rivals for 1851 as much as former volumes excelled their competitors. The illustrations are twelve in number, of which four are illuminations. The latter are by Deveraux, in his best style, and reflect the highest credit on the ability of that accomplished designer. The remaining eight embellishments are mezzotints by Sartain; and of these "Stella," "Earth and Heaven," "Hylas," and "The Neglected Wife," are very beautiful. The paper and type are unusually good. The binding is at once massive and elegant. We have, indeed, but one fault to find with the work, which is, that, with the exception of the editor's contributions, the letter-press is composed entirely of selections from English writers. It is strange that the publisher, while exhibiting such liberality in the mechanical departments of the volume, should neglect this very important point. For the honor of the country we wish that this annual, so creditable to American artists, was in its literature also American; and this it could have been with but a small additional outlay on the part of Mr. Butler. Nevertheless the "Leaflets," even with this fault, is the most desirable of the annuals for 1850 we have yet seen.

Health, Disease, and Remedy, Familiarly and Practically considered, in a few of their relations to the Blood. By George Morse, M. D. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We recommend this little book as one of great practical utility. The author is no wild theorist, seeking to impose his own peculiar views on the public, but a capable and conscientious physician, who desires to benefit mankind by imparting, in a popular form, certain wholesome rules regarding health, its preservation, and its destruction. There is a chapter on "Nursery Hygiene," which we would particularly recommend to mothers. Both sexes, however, as well as all ages will find valuable information in this unpretending volume.

A Hunter's Life in South Africa. By R. Gordon Cumming. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this work is an Englishman of birth, who sold out his commission in the army, in order that he might spend five of the best years of his life in hunting in South Africa. The taste was an odd one; but it seems to have stuck to Mr. Cumming from boyhood. When a child he loved to shoot: he shot when a boy at school; he shot at the University; he shot when he entered the army; and, at

last, he abandoned an honorable profession, and buried himself in the heart of Africa, in order that he might do nothing but shoot. What hecatombs of antelopes, zebras, giraffes, elephants, lions, and smaller game he immolated, during his voluntary exile from civilization, these volumes attest. If he is to be believed, and we see no reason to discredit him, Mr. Cumming has beaten Nimrod on his own ground. While we do not admire the man who can devote years to the unnecessary slaughter of wild animals, we will admit that Mr. Cummings' strange hallucination has been the means of bringing much valuable information to light respecting the interior of Africa. The book, too, is graphically written, and really very entertaining; for it abounds with "hair-breadth escapes," told with an air of convincing reality.

The Recent Progress of Astronomy: especially in the United States. By Elias Loomis. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A beautifully printed, and elegantly bound volume, containing an able summary of all the late wonderful discoveries in astronomy. The author is favorably known by a popular work on mathematics, and holds the honorable post of professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University of New York.

Adelaide Lindsay. Edited by the author of "Emilia Wyndham." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The well known style of Mrs. Marsh is somewhat disguised in this novel, and the paternity of the book impliedly denied on the title-page; but nevertheless we think the fiction bears internal evidence of having been either written, or thoroughly revised by her. The book, at any rate, is a delightful one, combining pure morality with a well-told story.

Julia Howard. A Novel. By Mrs. Martin Bell. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a re-print from a new London novel. We think the English publishers have imposed on their readers, as well as on the Harpers, by giving the book to the world as the composition of a lady, which it manifestly is not. The fiction is agreeably written, without being especially meritorious. The story is an Irish one.

Gibbons' History of Rome. Vols. 5 and 6. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This, the cheapest edition of Gibbon ever offered to the American public, is now completed. That a work so admirably printed, can be sold at so low a price, is really astonishing; but it proves that energy and enterprise, such as that of the Harpers, can do anything.

The Orphan Children. By T. S. Arthur. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We regard this as the best novel Mr. Arthur has written. It was first published in "The Saturday Gazette," during the past summer; and has now been issued by T. B. Peterson, in a handsome, but neat style, uniform with his series of Arthur's novels.

Letter-Day Pamphlets. No. VIII. By Thomas Carlyle. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This little pamphlet closes the series of Carlyle's erratic tracts on the times. The subject is "Jesuitism."

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

WE have engraved our fashions on wood, this month: it being impossible to get out the late autumn and early winter styles, in time to engrave on steel. Next month we shall have a superb colored plate, as usual. Meantime we give an additional steel engraving—and a very beautiful one—in the present number.

FIG. 1.—PROMENADE OR CARRIAGE COSTUME.—Dress of rich dark royal blue satin, the skirt very full and perfectly plain. Cloak of black velvet, of the form called the *mantle pardessus*. Its extreme convenience and utility are obvious, as by a little change, it may be rendered alike suitable to a genial autumnal day and to the extreme severity of winter. The upper part, as our illustration shows, is simply a *pardessus* of the ordinary form, to which the under part, which is called the *jupe*, may be affixed or detached at pleasure. The *pardessus* is trimmed with black silk braid and fringe; the latter of an entirely new pattern, being headed with network in a vandyked form. The *jupe*, or lower part of the mantle, is simply edged with braid. Bonnet of white satin, trimmed with white satin ribbon, and on one side a small plume of white feathers. Under-trimming of tulle and flowers. A small collar of worked muslin is turned down over the collar of the *pardessus*; and the dress has under-sleeves consisting of one small puff of white muslin, finished by a wristband. Gloves of pale yellow kid.

FIG. 2.—DRESS OF EMERALD GREEN SATIN, STRIPED WITH BLACK.—This dress with the new *dentelle de laine* or worsted lace, at present so highly fashionable for dresses and cloaks of satin or velvet. The lace, as shown in our illustration, is exceedingly narrow, and the flounces are set on in clusters of four together; four separate rows of this flouncing being placed on the skirt of the dress. The corsage is three-quarters high at the back, and open in a point in front of the bosom; the top edged with three rows of *dentelle de laine*. The sleeves demi-long, rather loose at the ends, and trimmed with four rows of *dentelle de laine*. Chemisette of plaited muslin, with a small worked collar. Bonnet of pink cherry velvet, edged round the front with pink feather trimming, and a small pink plume on one side of the crown. Full under-sleeves of white muslin, and gloves of pale yellow kid. Over this dress may be worn either a cloak or a large India cashmere shawl.

SEVERAL new dresses are of silk, some plain, and others chene. They are trimmed with pinked flounces. A very pretty style of corsage for silk dresses is made with a shawl berthe, trimmed with frills of pinked silk and lace ranged alternately; the space in front of the corsage is filled up also by narrow alternate frills of the silk and lace. Berthes made of the same material as the dress are very popular, but are not becoming to all figures, particularly to "round shouldered" ones. The open corsage, like that of fig. 2, although not new, is still as much worn as ever. Skirts are a good deal trimmed, particularly with flounces, and the sleeves and body generally *garnis en suite*, that is to say, pinked or festooned in the same way as the flounces. The

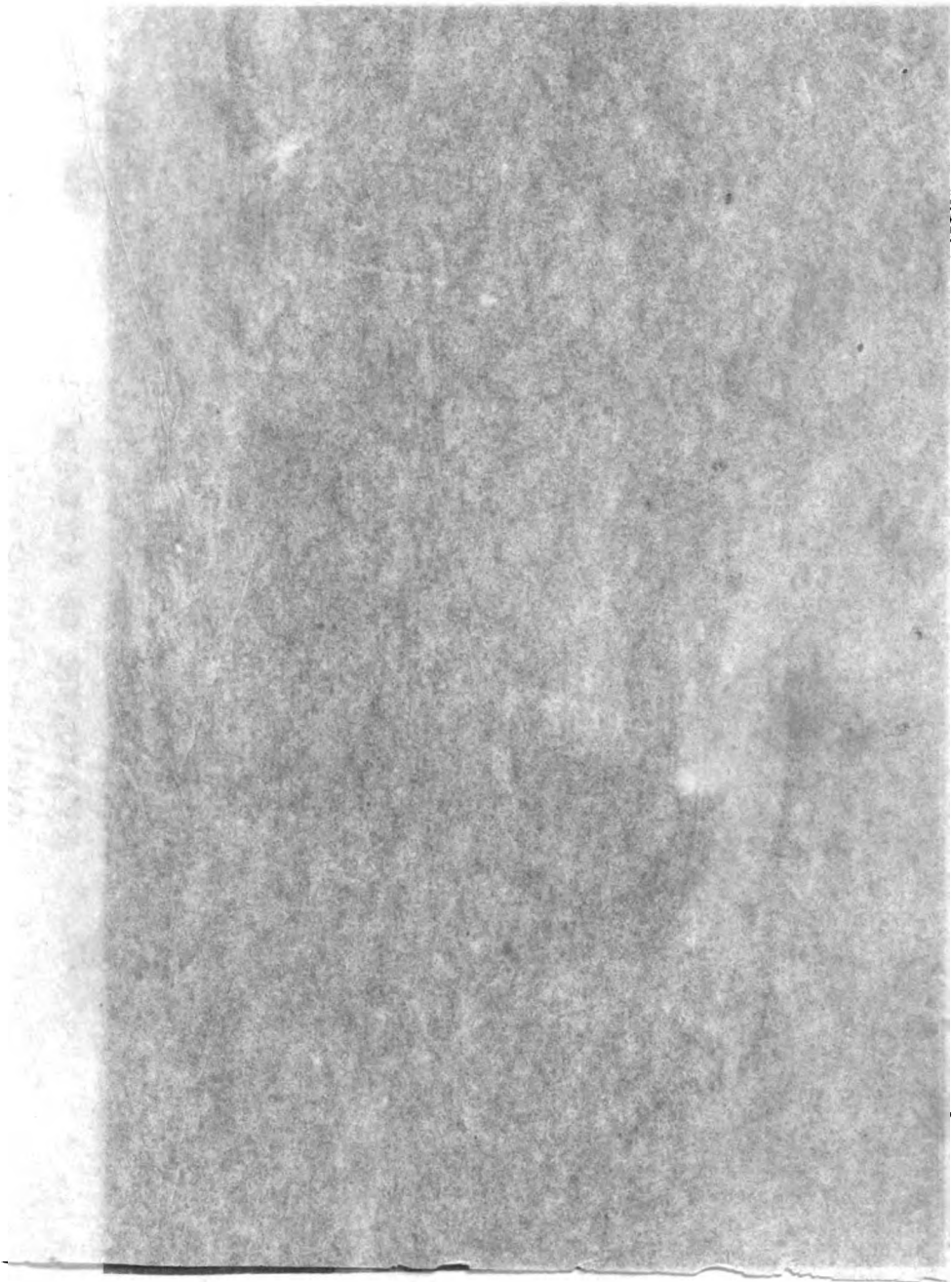
mantlelets to match are still much in favor, and are this season a little cut into the waist behind, instead of straight down as they were last.

MANTELETTES of silk, both plain and shaded, richly embroidered, have in a degree taken the place of the orape shawl, and velvet ones are finished by a plain satin covered cord, or a satin fold to match the shade of velvet. Lace and fringe are also much used.

BONNETS are large and open in the face, and have generally a good many flowers with narrow hanging leaves, grass, &c., quite low down, the hair being dressed in full bandeaux above. Bonnets made of silk or satin, with chenille patterns of various designs running over them, are both new and beautiful. They are generally trimmed with feathers placed low on each side.

EQUESTRIAN HABITS are sometimes made with little mantles, called *mantoux pages*, which are to be thrown over the shoulders in cold weather, but we think them very unbecoming. They are made very short. A habit of cloth or well lined cashmere are nearly always sufficiently warm for a lady, even in the coldest weather. We know many ladies who have the entire body and sleeves wadded, and find no other covering necessary, although some adopt a tight fitting polka jacket over this. The corsage of cashmere and merino riding-habits for the cool weather are made close from the throat to the waist, and are fastened by a row of mother-o'-pearl or other fancy buttons. With a habit of this description a black beaver riding-hat is usually worn, and a veil the color of the habit. The hat should have rather a low crown and a narrow brim.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES vary but little. Dresses for little girls are made to come below the knee, with the pantalette just showing. For children five or six years old or upward, the corsage is generally made plain, long in the waist, and quite high in the neck, finished by a white ruffle or little collar, the sleeves may be made of the same material, or with a cap and white cambric shirt or bishop sleeves. For younger children the corsage is usually low and the sleeves short, with the addition of a white apron with a full skirt, plain corsage high in the neck and "shirt sleeves." Sacque coats for little girls are nearly out of use. The ordinary coat with a full skirt and deep round cape, is the most popular. For little boys of from three to five years of age the dress is very beautiful. It consists of a tunic or sacque coat of merino, plaid cashmere, or velvet, which descends no lower than the knees, buttoned down the front, and drawn slightly together behind by bands or tabs of the same material as the coat. Trowsers of white cambric, edged with needle-work, or made *a la tunc* with bands, come just below the knees. Petticoats of course must be worn with this dress. It is made high in the neck and fits nearly plain in front. The sleeves are cut in the dress as in an ordinary sacque, but are made short, and finished by a white linen "shirt sleeves." In another pattern the front of the dress is cut rather low and square, to display a chemisette of plaited cambric. For overcoats little boys will wear the sacque coat, with a deep cape over it.





Digitized by Google



MOON OF BERNARD.

Illustration by John A. and J. P. for the book "The Moon of Bernard."



A MERRY CHRISTMAS.





THE PET CANARY.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1850.

No. 6.

THE SNOW DRIFT.

A LEGEND OF MOUNT SAINT BERNARD.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

"Would to God I could see the Hospice light!"

The speaker, who uttered these words in a dejected tone, had been, for many hours, toiling up the Alps. Years before he had left his home, in Switzerland, to make a fortune in other lands; and he was now returning, after many privations, to spend the residue of his days among his native mountains. All through the afternoon the sky had worn a lowering aspect, but as night began to set in, the signs of an approaching tempest became unmistakable.

It had been a bitter cold day, but the atmosphere was now more stinging than ever. The breath froze on the traveller's beard. High up, in the gorges of the mountain, the wind roared ominously; while clouds of snow, whirled from the heights, obscured the twilight, and occasionally almost blocked up the path. The few stars, which had shone faintly at first, were gradually concealed by the thick vapors; and then the flakes began to descend, at first slowly, but soon faster and faster, until at last the wayfarer was shut in, as it were, by a white curtain, which endlessly falling, never came to an end.

"Would to God," ejaculated the traveller again, as he staggered along, endeavoring to face the tempest, "that I could see the Hospice light, or hear the welcome bell! It is hard, after years of toil, and when the prize is gained at last, to die almost in sight of home. Ah! Elise!"

A gust of wind, that nearly prostrated him, cut short his soliloquy. He turned his back to the gale, for several minutes, and when the hurricane appeared to lull, faced the storm again. He struggled forward resolutely for some time more, the snow falling thicker and faster at every step; but at last, exhausted and chilled, he paused and leaned against a snow-bank. He felt that he

could not continue the conflict much longer. His feet were buried deep in the drift; his limbs were completely fatigued; and his spirits, which had sustained him all through the afternoon, were now broken down.

"Ah! Elise," he said, mournfully, "in vain we swore fidelity beneath the mountain spring; in vain I traversed the broad Atlantic to earn wherewith to stock our farm; in vain, I have escaped shipwreck and epidemic; for here, on this bleak hill-side, I must die at last. The fatal sleep is creeping slowly over me. Elise—Elise—ah! my God——"

He sank back, nerveless and weak as a child, and his voice died away in a whisper. His eyes closed. Death appeared already to have fastened its icy fingers around his heart.

But suddenly the sound of a bell, rising and falling on the fitful wind, broke on the fast fading senses of the wayfarer. A thunder-peal could not have roused him more effectually. He unclosed his lids; staggered weakly to his feet; and looked around in wild surprise.

The tempest appeared to be lulling. The wind blew less fiercely: and clear and loud, down the gale, came the tolling of a bell. A miraculous strength seemed to be imparted to the traveller. He eagerly shook the snow from his cloak, fixed his gaze in the obscurity from which the sound emerged, and began, with hurried steps, to wade through the deep drifts.

The tempest continued to lull. The flakes fell slower and slower, and at last almost ceased. The misty darkness faded away from him, and suddenly, as if by magic, a dwelling was seen, with every casement lit up, sending its ruddy gleam far across the waste. Behind the house rose the awful mountains, and around it was an

apparently endless plain of snow; but there it stood, ruddy, and warm, and cheerful, seeming to send its bright welcome out over the bleak plain to the heart of the wayfarer.

Oh! what a light came into his eyes at that vision. How his steps quickened, and his form trod more proudly, and his cheek reddened with the anticipated glow of the Hospice fire-side! He was a new being.

But suddenly as the vision came, so suddenly did it now disappear. The traveller had gained a spot opposite a deep and wild gorge, down which a gust of wind swept bearing a second tempest on its bosom. In a moment he was enveloped in a hurricane of snow. His eyes were blinded by the flakes, his steps were clogged by the drifts, and his limbs were once more thoroughly chilled. He could scarcely breathe, so thick fell the icy shower. Whirled around and around, and finally prostrated by the tempest, he lost all idea of his way, and, at last, bewildered, benumbed, and in despair, he drew his cloak over his head and resigned himself to death.

Such rapid tempests are frequent in the higher Alps, and are generally fatal. They burst with such quickness that the traveller has no time to prepare himself for them; and they rage with such violence that, though comparatively of short duration, they leave little hope of escape.

The poor wayfarer groaned audibly. He had listened, at first, after losing his way, in hopes to catch the tolling of the Hospice bell; but the thunder of the hurricane through the gorge drowned the feeble sound of the signal. The glimpse of the lighted convent seemed now to have been unreal; in the bitterness of his heart he thought it an illusion of the Evil one, like the wonderful mirage of the desert, of which he had read.

"Ah! Elise—Elise," he murmured, as his senses began again to give way before the invincible stupor that was mastering him, "it was only a cheat. I must perish like a dog here—and after such a vision of hope too. God have mercy on me for my sins!"

The wind roared wilder, the snow fell fiercer, the cold grew more intense. It was darkness above, around, below. It was darkness, too, in the wayfarer's mind. The white hills, that rose like ghostly islands out of the storm, swam in his vision; the sky, the falling flakes, and the white plain around disappeared from his sensual sight: in a moment more his intellect was wandering.

Yes! the delirium, which attacks those who perish by cold, was upon him. The last fatal sign of death, it is; for, once felt, the victim never more has strength to rise.

But, in his delirium, the traveller murmured to himself. Heaven mercifully sent sweet visions to him; and he dreamed of his early home, and of his long loved Elise.

Yes! he dreamed: and he fancied, poor sufferer, that she had placed a candle in the window, and that, lighted by this, he had crossed the bleak waste, and was welcomed to her arms.

"Ah! Elise," he said, brokenly, "it was a long and bitter way—you don't know how bitter. My heart was nigh giving out till I saw your light shooting far across the plain. That warmed me with new hope—and here I am, blessings on you, Elise." He was silent for awhile, when he again spoke,

"Yes!" he said, "I am weary, dear one—lay my head on your knees—kiss me—dry the snow from my hair," and then, after a pause, he murmured, "I am cold, Elise—take me in your arms—nay! it is death—death—death—"

What gleams of truth broke in upon him then who can tell? He drooped his head, and sighing faint words, but undistinguishable ones, passed away into forgetfulness.

The tempest went on, deepening with each moment, its loud diapason shaking the eternal mountains. Yet the wayfarer heard it not. The flakes fell fast, building a cairn over his prostrate form. But he felt not the snow. And so the night were on!

The morning broke clear and bright. With early dawn the monks of St. Bernard, attended by their faithful dogs, set out to search for travellers lost in the terrible tempest of the preceding night.

Buried under a snow-heap, his cloak wrapped around his face, they found the lifeless body of a young man in the prime of early manhood. His face was calm, and a smile was upon it; but he was hopelessly dead.

The good monks bore him to the convent, and there a guest, who had been waiting, for several days, to welcome a brother expected from America, recognized the corpse as that of his relative.

But, in the midst of his grief and horror, he seemed to think less of himself than of another; for his constant exclamation was, "Elise—oh! Elise—it will break her heart."

Two days after he left the monastery, and was never seen there more.

Years afterward, on another spur of the wild Alps, where charity as yet had erected no Hospice, a nun, professing the vows of a "Sister of Mercy," might have been seen, after every snow storm, attended by two faithful mastiffs, searching for travellers lost in the drifts. Many a life she thus preserved. She bore traces of having once been beautiful; but there was a settled

melancholy in her eyes, which not even her divine faith could entirely eradicate.

If any one asked her history, the answer was: "She was once called Elise, and her lover was lost in the snow: that is why she devotes her life to save unfortunates surprised by our Alpine storms." And this was all they could tell.

She is dead now. And yet not dead, for her memory lingers, like a sweet savor, and hundreds bless her name. Can such as Elise ever die?

"MERRY CHRISTMAS."

BY JAMES H. DANA.

MERRY it was in the good old days,
Merry in hut and in hall;
When Christmas came with its ruddy blaze,
And the feast was spread for all.
When the baron bold, he took of his gold,
And freely gave to the poor;
And the rustic hale, he quaffed the ale,
That flowed at the castle door.

A jolly blade, in that good old time,
Was Christmas, well a day!
His beard was white with the frosty rime,
And his ancient locks were grey.
But his eye was bright, his step was light,
And his brow was free from care;
He pledged you a cup, that was brimming up
With the good old ale and rare!

Merry it was in that jocund day
As ancient legends go,
When lads and lasses in mirthful play
Kissed under the misletoe.

When the children's glee, it was fun to see
As the Christmas pudding appeared;
And the sire laughed, as his health was quaffed,
Till the tears ran down his beard.

Merry it was, but is so no more,
For the warm old times are fled!
And the beggar knocks at the rich man's door,
In vain for a crust of bread.
The wealthy lord, at his Christmas board,
He sips of his costly wine,
And thinks no more of the starving poor,
Than he thinks of his well-fed swine.

We are wiser now, so the poets sing,
And better as I've been told;
But the love of cheer is a venial thing,
I trow, to the love of gold!
The good old times, with their thousand crimes,
Confessed our common clay;
For the churl and lord, at the Christmas board,
Were brothers, at least for a day!

ANGEL OF THE FLOWERS.

BY O. C. WHITTLESKY.

No earthly exigence can e'er suffice
To obviate my ardent love for thee;
Thou'lt reign within the sanctum of my heart,
Till life retreats from bleak mortality—
Fixed in a frame, by love's fair fingers wrought,
Thy face is mirrored by each passing thought.

To utmost tension now my heart expands;
And soft emotions, efflorescent roll,
Like surges of translucent glory through
The ever bubbling channel of the soul—
'Tis the creation of inherent powers,
Moved by thy magic—Angel of the Flowers.

Old Autumn now, in sober livery clad,
Is sketching death upon fair Nature's brow;
And soon the blushing subjects of thy care

Shall waste beneath a monument of snow—
But when bleak winds are rustling thro' the hours
Thou'lt be my solace, Angel of the Flowers.

Thou art a native of that fairer clime,
Where the sweet amaranthine blossom blows—
Where "green and yellow melancholy" ne'er
His grim, and corrugated visage shows,
But where the fragrance of celestial bowers
Exhale, unceasing, Angel of the Flowers.

If thy soft blushes never were displayed,
And damask pennons flaccid unfurled;
Life would be rigid, sullen, and obscure,
A specter stalking gloomy o'er the world,
All clad in uncouth livery of hours,
With no fair feature, Angel of the Flowers.

MR. ELMLY'S PEARL.

BY RUTH A. RODMAN.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening, a cold, winter evening, and a handsome house in the upper part of the city was a perfect blaze of light. It basked amid the folds of the heavy curtains, and then, as the rays were caught by the drops of the chandeliers, it glowed and sparkled in a thousand different hues. Even the weary beggar paused to fold her rags more closely about her, as she gazed with wondering admiration; and words wrung from a hopeless heart trembled on her pale lips.

"Oh! blessed are the rich! for theirs is the good of the earth. They go to their splendid homes and rest sweetly on couches of down; no famishing children crying for bread which is not theirs to give—no sick and loved ones fading before their eyes, with the cold floor for their dying bed—no bitter words and shameful acts to drive them on to deeds from which they would recoil—nought but light, and love, and plenty. God help the poor!"

She passed on from the abode of wealth, and bitter thoughts were in her heart, but none knew it, and none cared—none, at least, of those who that night thronged the splendid mansion, and glided languidly to the sound of music.

There were only three persons in those lofty rooms then; a gentleman and two ladies, evidently waiting the arrival of expected visitors. The elder lady was attired in a black velvet dress, and point lace cap; but to judge from her frequent smoothing of the folds in the skirt, and re-arrangement of the lace lappets, she was evidently ill at ease. Her face had no kind of a look, that is, nothing by which one could determine upon her position—for stylish people often look quite as common, and common people quite as stylish. Just now it wore an expression of anxiety, and there was something of a frown upon her brow.

"How very foolish it was of you, Gilbert," she exclaimed, "to insist upon dressing up an old woman like me in this ridiculous manner! I feel ten times better in my old sage-colored silk than I ever shall in this heavy stuff—four dollars a yard, too! how preposterous for a dress! I declare, I can hardly believe that you are Gilbert Elmy, and I your sister Sarah—it seems like a dream! What business have we here, among these pictures, and curtains, and gim-cracks? The old room in Cherry street, with its checked baize, and

black hair-cloth chairs, looked a thousand times more natural!"

How much longer she might have gone on it is impossible to say, for she had touched upon a favorite topic; but the mild-looking gentleman in a blue coat, who had been complacently perambulating up and down, stopped before her, as he replied laughingly,

"Yes, yes, Sarah; it is all very hard to believe, I know, and sometimes I find myself wondering too; but still it is all honestly mine—that you may rest assured of—and I have formally installed you as mistress of the establishment. Everything changes, of course—it is the way of the world; and this I consider a change very much for the better—don't you, Ada?"

This was addressed to a pale, fair-looking girl who stood bending over a music-book; and as she raised her head at the question, her face became suffused with a deep blush. She, foolish girl! was thinking of a plainly-furnished room in an unfashionable part of the city; and there rose up before her a vision of pleasant faces, as with the shaded light placed on the little round table, a gentleman, who bore a marvelous resemblance to the one before her, sat resting, with slippered feet, in a large arm-chair after the fatigues of the day—while she read to him from the newspaper, in a seat which he had placed as close to his own as possible—and Miss Sarah Elmy, in her favorite sage-colored silk, occupied herself most industriously with some interminable piece of sewing. A very, very short time since the circle was just as she loved to fancy it—and now there they were in a gorgeous palace with everything around them but happiness. Surely they should have been contented!

Ada Willbank was a sort of ward of Mr. Elmy's; that is, she had been left to his guardianship by a dissipated father, whose property was found, at his death, to have dwindled away to a very small amount. But Mr. Elmy never told Ada how very small this was; she knew that it could not be a very great sum, but little did she know that she was indebted to her guardian for almost every dollar she spent. Her face was not exactly pretty, and when she stood bending over a book as now, she was only a pale, quiet-looking girl, with a look somewhat of suffering upon her face; for Ada was lame—and to such a pensive, wistful

expression seems ever to belong. But when she raised those beautiful eyes of the deepest blue, with long, dark lashes, there was at once a world of character in the quiet face. They spoke of mind and intellect that seemed almost too much for that slight frame—of goodness, and truth, and purity—and feelings in which no thought of guile had ever mingled. She generally sought some retired corner, more than ever since their change to this splendid, butterfly state of existence; for although she walked with very little difficulty, she shrank painfully from attracting any stranger's eye. The world to her contained only those two—all the rest was a blank. She always addressed the sister as "Aunt Sarah," she had been taught to call her so; but somehow she could not call her guardian "uncle"—he was always "Mr. Elmy."

Ada was very small and delicate in appearance, and although she was now eighteen, her slight figure, and the extreme simplicity of her white muslin dress, made her look much younger. She had decidedly refused to wear any dress less unpretending, but Mr. Elmy took care that it should be as elegant as possible of the kind; and when she entered the room that evening he clasped a chain about her neck, to which was attached a heart of turquoise and diamonds—breaking forth at the same time into an extravagant eulogy on her appearance. A bright color rose in Ada's cheeks, but whether called up by the heart or the words it is difficult to determine.

But she has been a long while answering his question; and, indeed, she was almost as long in reality, for she didn't know what to say. At length she murmured,

"It is very handsome."

"*Very handsome!*" repeated Mr. Elmy, emphatically, "it *ought* to be 'very handsome.' But that, Miss Ada, is not an answer, it is an equivocation—I hate equivocations."

Ada bent again over her book; but Miss Elmy saved her the trouble of making any rejoinder, for, giving the velvet skirt a series of twitches, she broke forth with,

"I have a great mind to shut myself up in my own room for the rest of the evening! What am I to do with all the strange people who are coming, I should like to know! I have never seen half of them! 'Entertain' them, indeed!—when I can scarcely make out what they say, between their French words and new-fangled expressions. And then too, they are always asking me about things I never even heard of. I wonder at you, Gilbert, for thrusting yourself and all of us into such a scrape! You needn't laugh—they will be laughing at you before long."

"I am not in the least afraid," he replied, "for the world is a great coward, and, like some

school-boys I have seen, only bullies where it can do so with impunity. It would be *afraid* to laugh at me, Gilbert Elmy, just retired on five hundred thousand dollars. I may be as ill-tempered, awkward, and ignorant as I choose, and they will court and flatter me. And you, my dear sister, need not trouble yourself in the least; if you are rather taciturn, and ill-at-ease, it will be attributed to *hauteur* consequent upon being sister to a man like me—if you talk much, and use expressions a little different from theirs, you will be affable and eccentric. As to Ada, she need do nothing but look as pretty as she does now, to come in for more than her share of admiration. You look surprised, Ada, to find me so well acquainted with the ways of the world. No matter how I obtained my knowledge—sufficient that I have it."

But I have not yet told you how old Mr. Elmy was; do not start, he was forty-five—and Miss Elmy was five years older.

"But I cannot see yet why you have done this," resumed his sister, "I know that we can *never* be happy here—we are not fitted for it; and why don't you live now as you have always been in the habit of living?"

Mr. Elmy smiled at her vehemence, and glancing at his watch, observed, "half-past eight; the notes, I believe, specified nine, so that we have still half an hour, in which I will endeavor to give some explanation of my proceedings."

He seated himself between the two as he continued, "when we were children, Sarah, you know that we lived in the country; and the happy period of my childhood is still as fresh in my mind as the events of yesterday. How we raced and tumbled about in all the wild joy of freedom and health! now swinging in the tree-tops, and then paddling in the brook, or scrambling among thorns and briars in those old woods, after violets, and strawberries, and nuts—knowing no restraint, or recognizing none save a mother's love. Oh, those were happy times! and I had a pearl in those days, which never left me unless some forward aot had brought a tear to the gentle eyes which ever watched me with looks of love, and then it turned dark and colorless. I am not going to be sentimental, Ada—a man of my age is too old for that; I will only tell you how I lost my pearl. The first time that I was conscious of my loss, was a dreary, never-to-be-forgotten day, that always looks grey and misty when viewed from memory's store-house. It was May, and the birds sang, and the sun shone; but it was a cloudy day, for I left my pleasant home, and came to the dark, cheerless, discouraging-looking city—a stranger in a strange place, with no familiar voice to whisper my name, or bid me welcome. The store to which I was destined

was situated in a street more gloomy, if possible, than any I had passed through; and with a trembling hand, and confused head, I proceeded with my task. At night, upon my bed in the deserted store, I looked for my pearl, but it was gone.

"I toiled thus for years; I became independent—wealthy—but my pearl never returned. I fancied myself happy during our quiet life in Cherry street, but there was still an unsatisfied longing—a yearning for something more—something different—that has never been satisfied. At length something whispered to me that it was very foolish to search for pearls among dust and rubbish—in other words, to expect happiness from such a hum-drum existence; so I determined to come out into the light, and look for my pearl. I am going to begin the search this very night."

Ada had suddenly drawn away the hand which he took, and sat with her face averted, curling the leaves of a book. Miss Elmly listened patiently to the end; in the meantime making certain reflections of her own as to her brother's sanity, with all this nonsense about pearls.

"Gilbert," said she, suddenly, "I can tell you what will be the end of this: some designing girl, with more art than wealth, will lead you to make a fool of yourself before long."

"If you mean by that, Sarah, that I shall one of these days get married," replied her brother, laughing, "I have entertained the very same thoughts myself."

Ada's head drooped still more.

"Of course," he continued, merrily, "the mistress of such an establishment should be young, and beautiful, and proud—with that kind of manner that puts down nobodies, and takes up somebodies. She should be accomplished, too—and sing and play like an angel, at the very least—there is a marvelous magic in a sweet voice."

Poor Ada! her pillow that night was wet with tears. She had so envied the gift of song—so hung upon the tones that issued from the lips of those famed ones! for although her voice, in speaking, was sweet and gentle, she could not raise a note. What would she have given to be able to warble even "Auld Robin Gray!"

"There!" exclaimed Miss Elmly, as her fan suddenly snapt in two from awkward usage, "there go ten dollars to begin with! And they don't give half the air of the old palm-leaf one I always carried to church. There goes the bell, too! Do tell me, Gilbert! what must I do? What must I say?"

The prudent spinster exhibited such un wonted emotion, that Mr. Elmly could scarcely command his countenance—but it became necessary to do so, for some one was coming in; and whispering a few directions to his sister, he advanced to meet them.

The room filled rapidly; and the world of fashion determined that night to admit within its precincts the wealthy bachelor, Gilbert Elmly. His sister passed very well—the black velvet dress, and point lace cap materially assisting so desirable an end; and Ada was left undisturbed in her corner, to admire the brilliant crowd, and wonder which face would be likely to attract *his* fancy—until, a report being spread that she was the niece and heiress of the Elmlys, she was soon drawn forth from her obscurity. How she longed to get away from the brilliant lights, and gorgeous crowd, and weep unrestrainedly in her own apartment!

Gilbert Elmly, believing himself invincible from his knowledge of the world, and his contempt for mere outside show, mingled unreservedly with the trifles about him, at first laughing within himself at their emptiness and vanity; but suddenly something glowed and sparkled, and he, poor, deluded man! began to think that he had found his pearl.

White robes flitted gracefully past him to the harp at the further end of the room—snowy fingers were busy with the chords—and a strain of delicious melody gushed forth upon the air. Now low, tremulous, and sweet—anon breaking forth into louder strains, but still strains of surpassing sweetness; scarcely a sound was heard among the listeners—every other voice was hushed in rapt attention. A pair of deep blue orbs were fixed upon the singer with a wistful, almost imploring expression; and the slight figure of the lame girl was bent forward as though to catch every tone.

Gilbert Elmly had placed himself in a position that commanded a full view of the musician's face; and a sudden glance from those dark, fathomless eyes thrilled through his very heart. They were as suddenly withdrawn; and a deep blush tinged the marble cheek, while the long lashes drooped like a shadow over it.

She rose from the instrument, and others took her place, but that melting strain still vibrated through his heart. The gaze of those large, dark eyes haunted him as with a spell, and he glanced at the pearls on her bosom and thought of *his* pearl—his last, unrecovered jewel. Turn back, Gilbert Elmly—the pearl sits paling in the darkness, for the light of love is withdrawn, and a false glitter is leading thee on further and further from it.

"How well you played to-night, Florence," was the mother's remark, as the two drove rapidly home.

Florence Hamilton was buried in a train of pleasant thoughts that came dancing through her brain; but she answered quickly, "I am quite aware of that, mamma; and if I mistake not, that

song is worth to me at least five hundred thousand dollars."

"You mean the bachelor?" was the rejoinder, "yes, he is evidently smitten, and a very fine man too, my dear."

"I do not know what you mean by 'a fine man,'" replied the daughter, pettishly, "if it implies one very rich and rather weak, that he certainly is; but as to appearance, he might almost pass for my grandfather—there is besides a total absence of any style about him whatever."

"And yet, my dear, you would be willing to become Mrs. Gilbert Elmy?"

"Certainly I should; I do not see what that has to do with it."

"Of course not," replied the mother; and the two relapsed into silence.

That night Gilbert Elmy, for the first time, gloried in his wealth; the beautiful face of Florence Hamilton came mingling with his dreams, and then a low sound of music strains rose upon his ear.

Days passed, and the fascination continued; the world to him contained but Florence—he forgot all beside, and spent hour after hour listening to those thrilling tones, wrapt in a state of ecstasy. Her harp was every day wreathed with fresh flowers; flowers breathed out their fragrance within the walls of her boudoir—flowers bloomed in her hair—she seemed resolved to bury her in a wilderness of sweets. Day after day the two went forth together—the sober, middle-aged man, and the beautiful, blooming girl; and people talked and wondered, while the two still kept their own counsel.

But one morning Florence Hamilton sat alone beside her harp, but the beautiful hand no longer swept the strings; a smile was on the full, red lips, as she turned a ring on her finger in different directions that the light might fall more vividly upon it.

"I always had a passion for diamonds," she murmured to herself, "and after all, he does very well."

And what has become of Ada? The poor, unloved, neglected one? She had spoken very little since the night of the party, and went about with a face even more quiet and pale than usual. She seemed almost to have turned into marble—so very rigid was the expression of her features; and her eyes were now always veiled by the long lashes.

"How very pale you look, Ada," observed Mr. Elmy, kindly, "I am afraid the new house does not agree with you."

He was right—it did not; but Ada merely smiled sadly as she sipped her coffee.

"It would be very strange if it did agree with

her," said Miss Elmy, sharply, "the more I see of it, the more I am disposed to find fault with it. A parlor and dining-room on one floor are quite enough for any reasonable people; but here you must have two parlors, a library, a dining-room, and butler's pantry, with doors that slide into all sorts of queer places, instead of opening as they should do. I am always thinking of the rooms in Cherry street, and keep pushing at the doors to make them open, until that good-for-nothing mulatto fellow comes along with a smile on his face, and has the impudence to say, 'allow me, ma'am.' What business has he to be polite, and say, 'allow me, ma'am,' just as if he thought himself a gentleman? Of course he will be allowed to do what he is paid for doing, but I hate these new servants. And do, for pity's sake, Gilbert, either keep that Mrs. Marlington away from me, or else make me a small dictionary of their queer words to carry in my pocket. She is always asking me some ridiculous question about the house, and says that when *they* build they intend to have a port-go-chair—now what in the world is that?"

"*Porte-cochère*, Sarah," said her brother, laughing; and on receiving the desired explanation, Miss Elmy looked almost as wise as she had done before.

But Mr. Elmy was now often away from home; and Ada saw much less of him than formerly. She would quietly take her book to some retired apartment, or else spend her time in the library, still bending, pale and exhausted, over heavy volumes, the contents of which often swam before her eyes as the tears came welling forth. That beautiful, dark-eyed girl seemed ever before her; she had caught his glance, as it was bent that night on the downcast face, and she knew not why, but her heart grew cold within her. She had noticed too, the look, half of scorn, half of pity, with which Miss Hamilton had surveyed her when they were presented to each other; and she trembled to think of the life that would be hers when a new mistress came into the house of Gilbert Elmy. Her resolution was taken, however—she determined to qualify herself for a teacher; and steadily pursuing her daily, and often midnight task, she endeavored to forget the past.

Sometimes she would glide stealthily into the drawing-room, when she knew that he was out, often at the twilight hour—and selecting from the music-book some simple air, endeavor to bring forth the notes correctly; she so wanted to play at least "Auld Robin Gray" for him before she went!

She was surprised there, one evening, by the entrance of Mr. Elmy.

"Why, Ada!" he exclaimed, "you look almost

like a ghost you are so pale, and how you tremble! Sit down, I wish to speak to you."

Cheek and lips had become perfectly colorless; and Mr. Elmy, after gazing upon her in surprise for a moment, continued, "you have been moping too much by yourself, Ada; but you will soon have a companion, for the beautiful Florence Hamilton has consented to become my wife."

"May you be happy!" quivered on her pale lips; but the words were scarcely audible, and the next moment Ada lay senseless at his feet.

Very much bewildered, Gilbert Elmy raised her gently from the floor, and now, for the first time, an idea which he never could have imagined flashed through his mind; and with a heavy sigh he bore his insensible burden to a sofa, and then called his sister.

Ada awoke but too soon to consciousness; but the pale lips uttered not a word, and they did not seek to rouse her from her stupor.

It was some days after the scene in the drawing-room, and Mr. Elmy stood buttoning his overcoat at the dining-room window, wearing very much the expression of a man who was undergoing a scolding. Miss Elmy sat balancing her tea-spoon on her cup, and looking as though she had just heard something which she had always predicted would happen; and hesitating between her satisfaction on finding herself in the right, and her natural dislike to bad news.

"Well," said she, after a pause, "I really don't know but I am rather glad of it, upon the whole; because I always told you so, and you wouldn't listen to my advice. No fortune could support this extravagant style of living; but it is a great deal easier, I can tell you, to go up in the world than to come down. I have become accustomed now to velvet dresses and real lace, and do not at all fancy the idea of going back to dyed silks and bobbinet. Neither does Cherry street look as inviting to me as it did; and I do not feel at all ready to have the silver put up for sale."

"We are not going back to Cherry street," replied her brother, "nor did I say positively that we must make any change at all—I merely hinted at the possibility of such a thing. I must consult a friend first, and see how my affairs stand."

Surely Florence Hamilton had not turned into a man of business; for to the well-known house did Mr. Elmy direct his steps, and soon found himself seated beside her. He staid there sometime, telling her a long story, which appeared both to surprise and annoy her. Her color changed rapidly during the relation; and at its conclusion Mr. Elmy stood proudly before her, and said,

"Now, Florence Hamilton, I have told you all—follow the dictates of your own heart, and let your decision be the truth at least."

There was a long pause, during which Florence sat with averted face.

"Have you decided?" asked Mr. Elmy, at length.

"I have," she replied, quietly, "I feel that I never could love any *poor* man well enough to marry him."

So saying, she calmly drew off a glittering ring, and placing it in his hand, glided from the room.

Gilbert Elmy stood for a moment where she had left him; and a smile curled his lip as he thought of his boasted experience in the ways of the world. He had considered himself qualified to warn others, but had fallen into the snare himself. Experience is, after all, the best teacher; and with a thoughtful step he passed from the house.

He sat alone in his library that evening, when the door opened softly, and Ada entered the room. Her face bore the traces of recent tears; and Mr. Elmy could see that she was very much agitated.

"Excuse me for coming in thus, when you probably wish to be alone," said she, in a gentle voice, "but Aunt Sarah has told me of your misfortunes, and I wish to express some small sense of my gratitude for all your kindness, and a hope that you will now let me make some return. You will let me help you, will you not? You do not know how much I can do."

"Bless you, Ada, for this!" replied Mr. Elmy, as he gazed fondly on the pure young face upturned to his, "so you do not desert me, then, the moment fortune takes his flight. But I do not need your assistance, sweet one; we are not steeped in poverty as you seem to suppose—we must only move from here. It was foolish though of me, wasn't it, Ada, to seek for my pearl where all is so false and glittering? I might have known that it was only to be found amid the good and true."

I am sorry to say that Ada was by no means as grieved as she ought to have been at Mr. Elmy's misfortunes—his loss of both fortune and ladye-love; nay, before she went to sleep that night she even smiled a little, and wondered if they could not be happy again.

Mr. Elmy's aristocratic neighbors were both surprised and shocked at the sale of his house and furniture; but as his apartments were known to contain a great many beautiful things, they all flocked to the auction, and entertained each other with comments on the extravagance and ill-judged proceedings of people who suddenly rise from nobodies, and fall back again quite as suddenly.

The sale was concluded—the house locked up by its new owner—and the Elmys had gone no one knew where, and no one cared.

It was summer; and the air was laden with the breath of roses, while the half twilight of a

lovely June evening shrouded the scene in a pleasant gloom. A beautiful country-seat on the banks of the Hudson had remained untenanted for some time. The flowers and shrubbery had been suffered to sweep over the garden walks, the borders were untrimmed, and the place neglected; but new occupants had now taken possession, and the hand of improvement was every where visible.

At one of the French corridors, opening on the lawn, stood Gilbert Elmly and Ada; while Miss Elmly was seated on a sofa, apparently engaged in solving some weighty problem.

At length she exclaimed, "I cannot understand you at all, Gilbert, lately—you talk of poverty, and break up in the city to keep almost as expensive an establishment here; for I count up every item of expenditure, and it amounts to a sum that would not answer for a poor person."

Her brother smiled; and then, with some embarrassment, he replied, "but I am not poor."

Both Ada and Miss Elmly started in surprise, and looked as though they half suspected him to be joking; but being assured on that point, his sister exclaimed, "well, I declare! I really am——"

"What?" inquired her brother.

"Very glad indeed," she continued, "for the truth is, it is much pleasanter to be rich than poor; and after you get accustomed to style, and all that sort of thing, one doesn't mind it so much. I really felt quite bad at the idea of going back again to our old quarters; but certainly, brother, your conduct has been almost incomprehensible—are we to stay here now in peace and quietness, or make another move as soon as it suits your fancy?"

"Not at all," replied Mr. Elmly, "this is a

lovely place, and we are all to remain here and become attached to it. Perhaps it was not quite right of me—indeed I acknowledge that it was not—but I could not bear the idea of being deceived, and seeing my glittering castles one by one fall headlong to the ground; so I invented the fable of having lost my fortune, and found that, when stripped of my borrowed plumes, I was but a jackdaw indeed. And not only a jackdaw, but I began to think myself something of an old fool besides, and determined that the country would be the best place for me. So here I am, and here I am resolved to stay."

He looked toward Ada, but she was gazing resolutely out upon the lawn.

"But, Sarah," he continued, in a slightly embarrassed tone, "I have succeeded in my search—I have found my pearl."

Miss Elmly was quite unable to comprehend his meaning; but when, with gentle force, he led Ada forward, a slight perception of the truth began to dawn upon her. The idea was not altogether pleasant at first—she did not feel willing to resign her station as mistress of the establishment; but as she glanced at the half shrinking figure, and sweet, blushing face of Ada better thoughts came over her; and following a good impulse, she stooped and kissed the fair, young brow.

Tears sprang to the eyes of Ada at this act of tenderness, and even his sister's face showed signs of emotion; but Gilbert Elmly was prejudiced against crying, and in a merry tone he exclaimed,

"This wise search of mine was very much like that of the old lady, who, after spending a whole day hunting for her spectacles, found them comfortably perched upon her own nose!"

NIAGARA.

BY CLARA MORETON MOORE.

Thy solemn voice, Niagara,
Still echoes on my ear!
Forever by the day and night
Thy surging sounds I hear.
Forever! and no place hath power
To woo my thoughts from thee!
Thy rugged rocks—thy foaming floods,
All—all—I still can see.
Again upon thy heaving breast
I feel our frail bark rise!
Again I shudder at thy feet,
And close in prayer my eyes!
Thy cold breath wrapped me in a cloud
As in that misty cave,

I heard the winds and waters roar
From portals of the grave.
The crumbling cliffs, far—far above,
Upon me seemed to frown!
I scarce could raise my eyes, for fear—
For awe, could scarce look down.
Ah! then I felt how great the power
Of Him, who ruled that flood,
And in that deeply fearful hour
My soul was lost in God.
Forever-more, while pulse shall beat
Within this mortal frame,
Shall the deep thought enkindled there
Burn on with steadfast flame.

THE FOREST QUEEN.

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 192.

SILENTLY, and without being discovered, they retraced their steps to the mansion of Colonel Reed.

"You will not go without taking leave of my cousin," said Harry, as he saw Warren preparing to depart.

"I saw her a moment before we left."

"True, but you are aware that your life is to be placed in the greatest peril to-night; for myself I intend to be prepared for the worst. I am sure you cannot think of leaving her with that formal parting."

"Why not, Hammond?" asked his companion, in a voice by no means firm, "I am not aware that my life is of any consequence to her."

"You wrong her very much, Warren."

The subject was dropped there, and the young men followed Wayne into the house; Talula having disappeared during their conversation. They found the party still in the library, and Wayne at once communicated the information he had gained. After arrangements had been made for the attack, Washington prepared to return to head-quarters, and Wayne and Fleury rode off to join their soldiers at Sandy Beach, about fourteen miles distant.

While Warren was standing at the door conversing with Washington, Harry stepped out, and going to the parlor found Virginia anxiously awaiting him. Minutely he detailed to her the adventure, the plans for the attack, and then, with hesitation, observed, "would you like a walk in the portico? I have something of importance to say to you."

She placed her arm within his, and they walked a few times the length of the portico without a word being said by either. At length Harry, a little embarrassed, remarked, "you will recollect, Virginia, that in my letters to you from England I used to write about Amy Westbrook, my Amy."

"Certainly, Harry, and really expected from the enthusiasm of your letters that I might meet a new cousin ere this."

"And you recollect too—that is—you know that our enterprise of to-night is a dangerous one."

"Yes, but do not see the connection between those two facts."

"Virginia, I have serious things to say," said Harry, gravely.

"You are right, forgive me, and say what you wish."

"You do not know," continued Harry, "how dear Amy is to me, we were betrothed——"

"You, Harry, betrothed! Why was this concealed from me, when I spoke to you of her months ago?"

"You might have guessed a part of it, and since my return I have found you so opposed to everything English, that I have long hesitated about naming it to you."

"Who is she, Harry? Is she suited to you?"

"She is unlike me, Virginia, but possesses just the qualities which I should love in a wife. I have wished much recently that you might know Amy. You should have seen her ere this."

"How, she is not in America," said Virginia, doubtfully.

"Yes, at New York, I see I must tell it all to you. She is, as you know, the orphan niece and ward of Sir Guy Carlton, a fine-minded and most honorable man. He consented to my marriage with Amy, and at my earnest request gave permission for her to come over to this country with his sister, Lady Denham. It was then thought that the war might be brought to a speedy close; but that is at present out of the question. I have of late been very anxious about Amy, and especially since I pledged myself to this enterprise. You do not know how dear she is to me."

"And does she love you as deeply?" asked Virginia.

"Can I doubt it when she has left country, friends, and all for me, God bless her! My only thoughts now are for her. My death would be a dreadful blow to her. She is not as strong as you are, and could not so well bear an affliction. Hers is one of those hearts which will quiver, bend, and break. Poor girl, she has not a thought, or wish on earth that is not connected with me."

"Poor girl!" repeated Virginia, "she is at least happy in loving and being loved."

Hammond continued, "she is very young, scarcely seventeen, and timid and sensitive to a painful degree. She will be your sister, Virginia, and you, who are like her, motherless and

sisterless, will love her. I know you must have felt your loneliness."

"Felt it! oh, my God!—but, go on—go on, Harry."

"I leave her to your care. Should I fall, you will send to her this package, and take her to your home. You will love her—you cannot help it."

"Is she beautiful?" asked Virginia, hardly conscious of what she said.

"To my eyes surpassingly lovely, but you shall judge for yourself."

They entered the house, and approaching a lamp upon the mantel, Hammond took from his bosom a miniature. Virginia brushed away the tears which during their conversation had gathered on her eye-lashes, and gazed at it long and earnestly, then returned it to Harry, who, without trusting himself with a look, pressed his lips to it, and re-placed it.

"Now, Virginia, I have detained you too long, you look pale and ill from this night's fatigue. Besides," he added, with an attempt to smile, "Warren is waiting, and probably has something to say to you which would be more acceptable."

"Warren has nothing to say to me which you might not hear," interrupted Virginia.

"You will forgive me, Virginia, if I tell you that I think your treatment of him is unkind, almost resentful, an exact contradiction of yourself. You know him to be one of the noblest of men—you surely cannot doubt his love for you—your conduct is perfectly inexplicable to me."

"Speak upon any other subject, Harry."

"I will not mention it against your wish, but do not, I pray you, part from him to-night in unkindness. I am confident that you will regret it if you do. Remember."

Warren, who had unavoidably been a witness of a part of their interview, was walking in the portico, when Hammond came out.

"The horses are ready saddled, and unless we make haste we shall hardly be in camp before day-break."

"I have waited to say some parting words to my cousin; are not you going to bid her adieu?"

"Oh, certainly if you think she expects it."

He stepped at once into the room. Virginia's head was bowed upon her hands, but on hearing his footsteps she started and turning so that the light might not fall on her face, rose to meet him, but cold and reserved to him who had seen her shedding passionate tears with her hand clasped in that of Hammond. A very formal parting followed, and a few moments after she heard their horse's hoofs as they rode out of the yard.

Toward midnight, Wayne divided his little

band of men into two detachments, preceded by the forlorn hopes, of twenty men each, to break down the palisades for the passage of the two columns. When they had emerged from the thicket of alders it was nearly midnight, and the tide having come in the morass was one sheet of water, but the brave men plunged in at once and crossed to the foot of the hill without being discovered. But at the first blow of the axes upon the palisades the sentinels were startled—the alarm was instantly given—drums beat the call to arms—lights gleamed along the fort, and the ramparts were covered with men. The next instant a brilliant light flashed over the waters, illuminating the country for miles around; and, from the cannon of the fort, a shower of balls and grape shot fell among the devoted men. Still they labored at their posts till a space was cleared for the advancing columns. Wayne himself was the first to spring through the opening thus made, and fearlessly led his brave men up the hill in the very face of that incessant shower. One constant blaze of fire played around the fort, and a tremendous cannonade was kept up. Every flash of light showed the awful carnage of that terrible night; Hammond, eagerly advancing at the head of half a dozen men as brave and fearless as himself, was struck by a cannon ball, and fell just as Warren and two others bearing Wayne, who had been struck upon the head, came up.

"Carry me into the fort—let me die at the head of my men," cried Wayne.

Warren resigned his place to a fellow soldier, and sprang to the side of Hammond. At that moment Fleury grasped the standard, and a shout of victory ran through the broken columns, echoed from man to man. Stony Point was won. Not a shot had been fired by Wayne's men, but with fixed bayonets, and under a terrible fire, they had pressed up the hill to the very entrance of the fort.

When the cloud of smoke rolled away over the river, and daylight came on, they counted more than a hundred of those brave men wounded or dead upon that red battle-field.

Virginia Reed had passed a sleepless night, and awaited with dreadful anxiety the morning's dawn. At last she saw approaching the house a party of soldiers, bearing a rude litter, constructed of the branches of trees, and preceded by Warren.

"Thank God! Thank God!"

He at least had not fallen; she sprang down the staircase, and meeting him at the door, extended her hand, exclaiming, with an agony of tears, "you are safe."

He did not notice her passionate joy at his safety, but misinterpreting her language and

motives, wished that he had fallen in the place of his friend.

Hammond was dreadfully wounded—a ball had shattered his left arm so that it was amputated soon after, and his face was horribly disfigured. A long, delirious fever followed, in which the one theme of his wild ravings was Amy, his one passionate prayer to see her once more. Talula, who had come down on the day after the action, was half wild with grief, and when she heard that beloved name murmured by the lips of the sufferer, she said to Virginia, with a look of unutterable melancholy, "*she is one whom he loves.*" But not then, nor till weeks after did she divine the secret of the poor Indian maid.

CHAPTER VI.

FOR many days after Talula had looked upon Hammond, wounded and suffering, she was not seen by Virginia; and her tribe at the encampment missed her daily. Often at nightfall she would return, worn and wearied, and on her couch of skins moan herself to sleep, but she had ever been a wandering, restless girl, whom none had attempted to control, and now no one but Mantolak, her Indian lover, sought to know her grief. She turned from him, and wandered off all day among the hills, and when night came on threw herself upon the mossy turf, a few rods above the mansion-house of Colonel Reed, and wished she might die. One wish beside that lingered in her heart—she longed to see the maiden of *his* love.

Gradually a soft, refreshing sleep stole over her, and when she woke all the lights but one had disappeared from the mansion. That she knew beamed from the room where the pale-faced maiden watched her lover. Talula rose, and following the windings of a small brook, soon reached the gate, and threading the paths through the shrubbery stood beneath that window. Fragrant honeysuckles twined around it, and the air was redolent of perfumes. The cool breeze from the water came up through the trees, and fanned the brow of the weary girl; she flung herself upon the moist turf and tossed the tangled locks of her long, black hair from her hot cheek. But not to sleep, for within she heard the moanings of the sick man in the delirium of fever, and every now and then gentle words spoken in the sweet cadence of affection; and sometimes a shadow would be flung across the white curtains of the window. Not to rest, for a fire was burning at her heart, a crimson flush was on her cheek, and unearthly light in her large, hollow eyes. While she lay upon the damp grass, the folds of white muslin which screened from view those within the apartment, were put carefully

aside, and a young girl leaned for a moment forth. Talula looked eagerly to catch a glimpse of her face, but saw only that she was very fair, and that her eyes were glistening with tears.

When she had dropped the curtains the Indian girl arose, parted the honeysuckles that twined about the window, and peered cautiously into the apartment. A white curtained bed stood so near that she might have touched it with her hand, and beside it, bending over the slumberer, that slender girl, clad in a loose dress of white muslin, with soft brown hair falling in curls over her shoulders; still her face was hidden from view. She laid her hand upon the cheek of her lover—bathed his brow, and pressed her lips to his till the very soul of Talula grew faint at the sight, and, uttering a low moan in her anguish, she turned away.

The next night, while Virginia watched by the side of Harry, she heard the low whistle of Talula through the open window. She silently admitted her, and saw with astonishment the change which a few days had wrought in her appearance. She was pale, worn and anxious, her step languid, her cheek haggard, and her eyes had a wild, restless, shadowy look. Her moccasins were torn and soiled, and her long, black hair, usually so carefully braided, hung in neglected, tangled masses over her shoulders. Virginia, bending over the dark-browed girl, placed her arm around her slender waist, and tenderly inquired what troubled her. Talula answered by a passionate burst of tears, and, clasping her hands mournfully together, leaned her head upon the shoulder of Virginia.

"Talula has come to bid you farewell, and to look again upon *his* face," she murmured, glancing at the face of Harry, now quiet in slumber. Then, suddenly springing to the bedside, she smoothed his hair, laid his hand gently on her heart, and pressed her lips to his. He smiled in his dreams as the warm lips touched his own; but never did he know of the passionate love of the poor Indian girl. Virginia kept her secret well. As she turned away from his side, Talula whispered her wish to look upon the face of his beloved.

They stole softly out of the room, up the broad staircase into a sleeping room; and Virginia, screening the light with her hand, drew apart the curtains of a bed, revealing to the eyes of the Indian girl the fair, pleasant face of Harry's betrothed. Talula touched her lips to the soft, childish cheek resting upon the snowy pillow, dropped a tear upon the little hand that lay upon the counterpane, then drawing the rose-colored curtains around her, they left her to her slumber.

"Talula will come no more to the dwelling of the pale-face," she whispered to Virginia, "all

are happy now, and do not need her;" then refusing all her kind entreaties to remain with her, to make her home among her white friends, and return no more to the forest, she flung her arms passionately around her and departed.

CHAPTER VII.

ABOUT six weeks after the occurrences above related, the lady of one of the patriots, residing a few miles below the mansion of Colonel Reed, gave a ball in honor of several American officers stationed in the neighborhood. The country, for some time previous much annoyed by marauding troops of British soldiers led on by Tories, had now become quiet, and Colonel Reed thought it perfectly safe to leave his household for a single evening to the care of the domestics. He desired to attend himself for the purpose of meeting there a friend with whom he had business of importance. Harry, now able to go out for the first time since receiving his wounds, was particularly anxious to introduce to his acquaintances his beautiful betrothed, and insisted upon escorting Virginia, but somewhat piqued at the conduct of Warren, she had decided to remain at home, pleading a severe head-ache as an excuse. She was aware that Warren was a particular friend to the lady who gave the ball, and one of the few whose presence was especially desired upon the occasion; but that officer, still stationed at a post up the river, awaiting orders to go south, had excused himself on account of wounds received in a late skirmish. Virginia, who had hardly seen him since the first week of Harry's illness, was convinced that his unwillingness to attend, arose rather from the unexplained estrangement, occasioned by pride and an unyielding spirit on the part of each.

Just after sunset Colonel Reed, with Harry and Amy, departed, having first given especial directions that the doors should be closed at an early hour, and promising to be at home a little past midnight. Virginia watched them until their horses disappeared at a turn of the road, and then took a walk through the garden and grounds immediately adjoining the house, hoping that the fresh air would relieve a dull head-ache, occasioned by a few days of over-exertion and anxiety. It was quite twilight when she re-entered the house, and having seen that every thing was arranged for the night, and given some directions to the domestics, she went up to her chamber and attempted to compose herself to sleep. But weary, ill, and unhappy, with her feelings intensely excited, and oppressed by some indefinable feeling of fear, her mind was tormented by a thousand strange fancies, and she remained for hours in that half-sleeping,

half-wakeful condition, when one is conscious of everything going on around, and yet when all outward circumstances are blended inseparably with dreams. Several times she fancied that she heard unusual noises about the house, and visions of fierce-looking Tories passed before her eyes.

Again she seemed to stand on a little promontory overhanging Lake Champlain, when two Indians came toward its very verge dragging Talula, and while one held her by the arm, the other severed her long, black tresses. Then with a quick push they sent her over—a loud splash followed, and the waters closed over her—not forever, for her dark, mournful eyes glanced up reproachfully, and one of the men with a shudder loosened a fragment of rock from the cliff and hurled it into the lake, and above the roaring of the tempestuous wind through the dark pine woods the crackling of human bones, and a yell of mortal agony were distinctly heard.

The next instant the scene changed, and she stood alone in that wild cave where the hemlocks cast dark, fantastic shadows into the water. The stars of the summer night were out in the sky, and a night bird was singing a plaintive strain, and that mournful music changed to the low, bird-like whistle of Talula.

It was so perfectly distinct that Virginia, roused at once, sprang immediately to the window which had been left open, and, parting the curtains, looked cautiously out, still uncertain if the sound were reality. Everything was quiet in the garden, but the air was so cool and refreshing to her hot cheeks and aching head that she drew a seat near, and, leaning her forehead upon her hand, half closed her eyes in a dreamy reverie, smiling at her childish fears and fancies. The soft moonlight fell upon the gardens like peace upon a weary heart, and everything was bathed in a pale, silvery radiance. The long branches of the trees swayed gently back and forth, and through their parted foliage gleamed the bright waters of the Hudson.

While Virginia was dreamily glancing at the moonlit beauty without, she fancied that she perceived a man creeping stealthily along in the shadow of a long avenue of trees extending from the mansion down to the water-side. The next moment seeing similar figures all about the garden, she concluded that they were but shadows flung fantastically upon the grass by the heavy branches of the trees. Now the low, prolonged whistle of Talula stole up from the shrubbery below her window; she answered it at once, and quickly descending the stairs noiselessly that she might not disturb the household, she admitted her by the garden door. In a few hurried words Talula told her, that in a ramble at twilight

among the hills, she had overheard the conversation of a party of tories, led on by Mr. Van Zandt, and instigated by Captain Proctor, who were coming at midnight to attack the house, while a detachment from their number was to intercept Colonel Reed on his way home, and make him prisoner.

It was now late, and there was not a moment to be lost. Virginia thought that Warren, three miles up the river, might, if apprized of the danger, be able to reach the mansion in time to save it from destruction. Pride and resentment were alike forgotten in the moment where his aid seemed all upon which she could rely. It would be folly to depend upon the presence of mind of the domestics, even had they been very efficient. She decided at once upon the course to pursue, awoke the household, and directing each to take care of herself, despatched Talula to warn her father of the intended attack, and herself set out for the camp of Warren, well knowing that no one would be so expeditious as herself. His post was across the river, and the bridge having been destroyed a few weeks previous to that time by the British, there was no way of crossing except in a little boat, which, when not in use, was moored in a cove at the foot of the garden.

She stepped in, and rowing with incredible swiftness, soon neared a landing-place upon the opposite side; but happening to think that her boat might be discovered and her return intercepted, with much difficulty she proceeded half a mile up stream to a retired place. Having secreted it close to the shore, and in the shadow of a dark clump of alders she found a path through a wilderness of willows to the foot of a declivity, where the soldiers had cut away the underwood, so that she was now able to find her way without difficulty. Before midnight she reached the place where Warren and his men were stationed, a rude, block-house in the very centre of the wood, and green and leafy as the abode of Robin Hood, or the gallant Marion.

The soldiers were grouped about upon the grass, beguiling the hours with laughter and careless songs. Warren sat apart from the rest, and was the first to perceive Virginia.

"Good God, Virginia, what is this?" was his first exclamation.

The poor girl sunk exhausted into the arms opened to enfold her, and that moment of certainty that she had needed and sought his aid—tacitly acknowledged her dependence on him, was one of most thrilling rapture to the sensitive lover. No professions or promises of love could have been so prized as that one confiding, imploring look—no words so sweet as the passionate whisper which claimed his protection and aid.

Warren instantly called his men together, and briefly stated the danger and the need of the utmost haste. The horses were immediately brought, and the riflemen, all well-appointed, brave fellows, young, active, and ready to follow their leader to the death, sprung to their saddles and galloped off in a northern direction, for the purpose of crossing a bridge about a half a mile above. Warren and Virginia went by the same path she had taken to row over in the boat. Before they had arrived at the place where their horses were to be left, a brilliant light suddenly shone far down the river, showing but too well that the tories had commenced their work of destruction.

Virginia dashed madly on ahead of her companion, tossed the bridle over her horse's head, and sprung to the ground before he came up with her. Then with her hands clasped passionately, gazed with feelings of mingled terror and admiration at the blazing dwelling now distinctly visible.

"Is it not glorious, magnificent?" she exclaimed, "but oh, God, it is *my home*!"

The flames that wrapped the mansion now shot up in slender pillars, like those wizard lights which play their fantastic dance along the sky on a winter's night, then, twining and curling about the falling timbers, they swayed to and fro like banners in the wind. The fields of grain nearly ripened for the harvest caught fire, and the dense wood in the rear glittered with showers of golden sparks.

It was a scene of awful magnificence. The broad river glowed like a stream of melted lava between its banks, and far away in the background towered up the dark peaks of the Highlands, brought out into fine relief against the sky. Volumes of smoke rolled up from the doomed mansion, and hung over it like a funeral pall, while far away to the east black, fearful-looking clouds seemed to give warning of some dreadful tempest.

Not a human being was to be seen, but by the light of the blazing house Warren perceived, in a thicket of hazels just across the water, several horses secured and restively waiting their riders. He assisted Virginia into the boat, and both exerted their utmost strength to gain the opposite shore. They were obliged to row down the stream some distance, in order to avoid the sparks drifted along in showers. They had hardly landed, when two or three of the riflemen, in advance of the others of the party, dashed down the rough road, fortunately in season to prevent a more dreadful tragedy than those quiet waters ever beheld. A wild scream of terror pierced the air, and the loyalist, Van Zandt, a man of powerful strength, was seen on a bank projecting over the water,

dragging Talula by her long, black hair. The poor girl shrinking in terror from such a fearful death clung around him, but he tore her away, and with the loud shout, "die, dog of an Indian, die, traitress spy," pushed her with a mighty effort over the bank. A loud splash was heard—a faint scream—and then the crystal waters closed over her.

"Save Talula—save her!" shrieked Virginia, who would at once have sprung to her rescue, had not Warren, who was a bold swimmer, prevented her. He dashed into the water, caught Talula as she rose, and bore her in safety to the shore. The poor girl, more frightened than injured by her cold bath, was soon revived and able to answer Virginia's first question, where was her father.

Talula had met Colonel Reed on his return, alone, Harry, being much fatigued with the ride, having consented to remain over night. He at once urged his horse forward, but in a little glen, about a mile below the mansion, a party of some ten or twelve men had suddenly appeared from an ambuscade by the road-side, and after much resistance upon the part of Colonel Reed, had succeeded in taking him prisoner. Talula, faithfully playing the spy upon the movements of the Tories, and eluding their vigilance herself, had watched them until they took a bridle path through the woods, leading to an old farm-house in a lonely, suspicious glen, long famed as a retreat for the loyalists of the Revolution. It was quite a strong-hold, being located between two hills, and accessible only by boats from the river side, or by making a circuit of two or three miles on the land.

Warren at once formed his plan of attack, happy to have an excuse for breaking up that noted retreat. Calling his men together, he divided them into two parties, and leaving one to guard the two females, he set out with the other for the farm-house. The path lay through a swamp, and long before they had emerged from it, a sharp flash of lightning was followed by peal on peal of thunder rolling through the dense wood, and seeming answered back by a strange, deep echo. The rain came down in torrents, and the forked lightning quivered among the trees, sending its fiery glare into the depths of the swamp. The horses, startled by the blinding flashes and the terrific peals of thunder, became unmanageable, and plunged madly from the path. The darkness constantly increasing, rendered it impossible to proceed further, except when the lightning guided them, and dismounting, each man waited impatiently for the storm to pass away. While they stood thus curbing their fiery horses as best they could, a sudden sharp flash of lightning revealed to them a human form lying

at the roots of a gnarled hemlock. In an instant darkness succeeded, but each man had seen, and now repeated to his neighbor that the upturned face looked ghastly pale, and that blood was oozing drop by drop over the moist, green turf.

In fearful uncertainty, and with the most dreadful apprehensions, they awaited another flash of light which was to be the awful guide to that scene of blood. But the storm had spent itself, and died away with a dismal moaning sound through the damp woods; the moon sent here and there a flickering beam through the roof of leaves. Search was now made for the ghastly object which had appalled men, who, on the battle-field, knew not fear. Their worst apprehension fled on finding that the wounded man was not Colonel Reed, and that he still breathed. Two of the men took him in charge and bore him to the nearest dwelling, where his wounds, which proved not to be mortal, were attended to, and where he was recognized as the British officer, Capt. Proctor. In some quarrel with the demon, Van Zandt, he had been wounded and dragged into the swamp to die.

Warren and his men, after emerging from the swamp, secured their horses and proceeded cautiously to the farm-house, an old, dilapidated building, which had in the course of the war been somewhat fortified by the Tories. Through the uncurtained windows they saw some eight or ten men, all well-known as loyalists, grouped around a table, while Colonel Reed was secured in a corner of the apartment. Warren's brave fellows surrounded the building, and the party, finding themselves outnumbered, surrendered themselves prisoners.

By daybreak all the members of Colonel Reed's family assembled around their former home. The brook rippled along the turf in its silvery beauty, but the trees, whose shadows had slept in its bosom, were scathed and blasted, and from the blackened trunks the vines had been torn away, and lay in tangled masses upon the ground. Beyond the mansion-house lay a heap of smouldering ruins.

It was arranged that Amy and Virginia should go to Plattsburg, and remain in the family of Mr. Hammond until the country should become more settled; but in vain the two girls attempted to persuade Talula to take up her abode with them. She preferred her wild, roving life, and said with mournful emphasis that *their* home could not be *hers*—she choose her own people.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE evening in midsummer, three years after the close of the war, an Indian woman came alone down the cliff to the little cove on Lake

Champlain, which had been the favorite place of resort of Virginia Reed in her childhood.

It was just as twilight was deepening into night, and everything slept in still, shadowy beauty. Quietly unloosing a small birch canoe fastened to the slender trunk of a willow, she seated herself and rowed up more than a mile in the deep shadow cast by the trees into the water. There the lake curved into the mainland, and in the pleasant valley washed by its waters stood two dwellings, one a fine mansion-house, separated from the water only by an extensive garden filled with trees and shrubbery—the other a pretty, white parsonage embosomed in vines, through which its white walls gleamed in the moonlight.

She wound along the path by the water-side, and approached the little portico wreathed about with morning-glories and simple garden vines, with here and there the bright scarlet trumpets of the honeysuckle peering through, turned an angle of the building where the curtains were withdrawn from the windows, and gazed upon the scene within. On a sofa, at the opposite side of the apartment, sat an elderly gentleman, listening attentively as a handsome woman swept her fingers lightly over the keys of a sweet-voiced instrument, blending her clear voice with its tones. By her side, his arm wound tenderly around her, his voice mingling with hers, his heart in unison too, was one, whose countenance wore the expression of supreme happiness.

The Indian woman gazed long and fondly at the face on which the restless impetuosity of girlhood had given place to an expression softer, fairer, more loving and womanly; then with glistening eyes and faltering steps she went down the path, and, opening the garden-gate, entered the magnificent grounds surrounding that lovely country-seat.

The house was silent, but one faint light twinkled through the trees waving before an upper window. She went up the staircase and entered the darkened chamber, from which gleamed a single ray of light from a shade lamp. The blue damask curtains around the bed were partly drawn aside, and there on the soft pillow rested the fair, sweet, girlish face of the young wife and mother. How lovely she was in her pure, happy, innocent slumber!

On a rich couch, within reach of her hand, lay a babe—her first born. The Indian woman caressed the tiny hand, touched her lips to the rosy mouth, and breathed a blessing on its head. She also was a wife and mother.

As she passed down the stairs through the open door of a library she saw a well-remembered face, but resolutely she pursued her way. She unmoored her little bark, and in the soft moonlight guided it over the lake, looking once more fondly back before she left the sweet haunts of her childhood forever.

SEVENTY.

MANY a year within mine ear
Its varied tale hath told,
And now I listen again, to hear
That I am near seventy old!

"Labor and sorrow," the wise man says,
Seek ever the homes of men;
Yet ever in trouble and dimness here,
Like springs in a leaf-covered glen,

Are comforting thoughts, for all, I trow,
To slake our fevered thirst
For something better and lovelier,
Though we may not find them first.

Winter may come with driving rains,
And bitter sleet may fall,
And our feeble spirits may flicker and faint
Under the blinding pall.

And this may often happen indeed,
'Mong human hopes and fears,
The strongest pinion may falter in flight
Up to its seventy years.

But He who watcheth the sparrow fall,
And bids the sweet violets blow,
And folly marketh in angel's thought,
Keeps time in our hearts below.

He spreads His tent by the wayside dust,
When the traveller's eye grows dim,
Who soon, in the stillness, smiles to hear
The brook's and the bird's sweet hymn.

The jutting cliff, in an avalanche,
Of His sheltering love is proof
When pilgrims gather to pleasant warmth
Under the Switzer's roof.

And His shadowy "rock in a weary land"
To trusting ones will rise,
Even though the films of seventy years
Be filling the failing eyes.

And there, in the coolness, waves of life
Slake ever the burning thirst,
And souls must stoop from their loftiest flight
Here, ever, to find them first.

And then, tho' the sweet young violets die
Away from the sparkling rill,
New strength comes home to the drooping eye,
New life to the pulses' thrill.

Unfolding our pinions wide and strong,
We scatter all clearing fears,
And, winging our way to the morning stars,
We bear our seventy years! x. h.

HAIR WORK.—NO. II.

WITH PATTERNS FOR RINGS, BRACELETS, EAR-RINGS, &c.

BY MLLR. DEFOUR.

RING PATTERN.—Sixteen strands are required for this plait; eight containing from fifteen to twenty hairs, according to the fineness of the hair, and eight containing from twenty-five to



thirty hairs; the strands must be arranged in fours, letting the finer strands form the top and bottom fours, while the coarser ones form the side fours. Use a wire of about the size of a No. 17 knitting-needle, and proceed thus:—

Take the two outside strands from the top and lift them over to the bottom, there lay them down to be outsides in the place of the two outside bottom strands, which must be lifted over to the positions before occupied by the top ones: then take the two centre strands from the top and lift them over in the centre at the bottom, removing the two strands which were in the centre at the bottom to the now vacant centre at top; care must be taken in working these changes not to cross the strands, but simply to lift them gently into each other's places. Now take the two outside strands from the right side and place them in the middle on the left side, and the two outside strands from the left side and place them in the middle on the right side: then re-commence. About six or seven inches of hair will be plenty for a ring. This plait should be worked off at once, for if left half done it is apt to twist and contract. Cement the ends very neatly, and finish it off with a plate or slide; or it may be put into a case or box of gold, which makes it more durable, but also much more expensive, as then it must be put entirely into the jeweler's hands.

A very pretty and uncommon chain may be worked in this pattern thus: repeat the plait we have described six times; then turn the table round so that the right side becomes the bottom and the left side the top; while the former top and bottom fours become sides; work the pattern again six times with this arrangement of the strands; then re-turn the table to its first position, and work with the fours in their original positions. So on, alternately making the plait to work from the top and the side. For this all the strands must be of an equal size.



When rings or chains are worked we add a piece to the centre of the table, fixing it into the hole there, which otherwise would be too large to steady these delicate and minute plaits. The accompanying cut is a delineation of it: we must remind our readers that every part of the surface must be *perfectly* smooth and even.

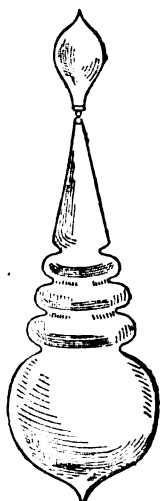
BRACELET PATTERN.—Take sixteen strands of about twenty hairs each, and arrange them in fours, make a cross on the right of the bottom



set, put a tube about the size of a No. 5 knitting-needle in the hole, and commence as follows:—

Take the strand on the right side of the cross, pass it over the first on the left and lay it down there; lift the second on the left, and pass it over the third, and lay it down, lift the fourth and pass it over the fifth, (or first strand of the next left-hand group) and so go on lifting one over one until the cross is reached; here the strand which has to be lifted passes not only over the one on the right, but also over the one on the left of the cross. Work round the table thus three times, and on coming to the cross the third time lay the strand down in its place on the right of it. Now lift the first strand from the left of the cross, and pass that over the one on the right, working now the same pattern three times round only from *left* to right. Then re-commence and again work from *right* to left, as in the first place. A very pretty waved plait is thus formed, but three lengths should be worked, which may be plaited or twisted together to form the bracelet; and to make it more durable, fine wire-elastic should be passed through each length, and firmly cemented in with the ends.

EAR-RING PATTERN.—Sixty-four or fifty-six strands of five hairs each, or forty-eight strands of six hairs, are required to work this; they must be arranged in groups of four; lighter weights to each strand, and a lighter balance weight, are now used; weights not exceeding a quarter of an ounce; and as this number of strands must neces-



sarily crowd the table, we should recommend our readers to adopt the following plan, at any rate until practice has made the work easy and simple to them. Take the lid of a round bonnet-box, (a good sized one) cut a hole in the centre of it, and place it on the top of the table; cover it thoroughly with glazed cam-

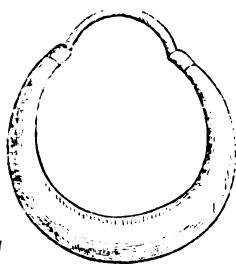


bric to prevent there being any roughness to tear the hairs, and then arrange the strands evenly on it in groups of four.

For working the ear-ring we generally use moulds instead of tubes or wires; these are easily obtained; any turner will make one, if the pattern is cut out in card-board, and given to him. The above cuts will afford an idea of them.

Fig. 3, we must observe, is made on a wire, about the size of a No. 14 knitting-needle, and with thirty-six strands of four hairs each.

Having made a cross to mark the commencement of the pattern, proceed thus:—Begin with



the first group of four immediately on the left of the cross; take the outside strand from the right, and pass it over the one next to it; take the outside from the left and pass it under the one next to it, and over the next one to

that; repeat these manipulations; then proceed to the next group of four toward the left, and work that twice over in the same manner, (viz: the first, or right hand one, over the second, and the fourth under the third and over the second;) work each group thus until the cross is reached: now, take two strands from the right and two from the left of the cross, and form a group of four; work them in the manner already described, and having drawn the plait gently up, put these strands *back into their own places*, and proceeding toward the *right*, take the next four strands—viz: the other two belonging to the group immediately on the right of the cross and two from the next group, and having worked them together, re-place them; do this all round until the cross is reached. Then re-commence with the original fours and again work toward the left, and repeat these two movements until the mould is covered. About half a dozen rounds must be worked before the mould is put into the centre: the larger end should be placed in; after it is covered, five or six extra rounds should be worked, and then both ends tightly tied before boiling it. The cementing must be very neatly done, as there is nothing but the small gold caps to cover it. The tops are worked separately, and in exactly the same way. For our own part, we prefer putting this very delicate work—viz: the finishing off of the ear-rings into the jeweler's hands.

A very pretty purse may be made with this pattern, by taking sixty-four or seventy-two strands, of six hairs each, and working them on a cup or pear-shaped mould; the purse should be lined with a bag of pale silk, and finished off with a cord or snap at the top, and a tassel at the bottom.

Nets for the hair may also be made in this pattern; then, however, the strands must be thicker—ten or fifteen hairs, instead of six—and the mould considerably larger; from sixty four to seventy-two strands will be needed.

IN HEAVEN THERE'S REST.

BY SARAH WHITTLESLEY SMITH.

WHAT tho' the wings of darkness spread
Above my head,
And sorrow's wild and icy dart
Is at my heart;
This can relume my shadow'd breast—
In Heaven there's rest.
I'm wand'ring in a varied way
Of changeful ray,
I'm roaming thro' a thorny maze

Of changing days;
Yet this can give to life a zest—
In Heaven there's rest.
Let falsehood stain life's fairest leaf
With withering grief,
And perish, love's most cherished bloom,
Within the tomb;
Yet this can gild hope's fading crest—
In Heaven there's rest.

THE WOMAN WHO HAD NOTHING TO DO.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, Mary," said Charles Lewis, to his young wife, who had returned after an absence of a few days from an exploring expedition, "I think I have found a place which will suit us both."

"Where is it?" inquired Mary.

"In Bloomfield, about fifty miles from here. There is not a single store within four miles, and every person I mentioned the subject to is of the opinion that I cannot fail to do a good business."

"And can a suitable house be obtained?"

"Yes, one that will exactly suit you. Were you to see it, you would imagine that it was built on purpose for us. It is white with green blinds, and is literally embowered among trees and shrubbery."

"Are there any flowers?"

"Plenty of them. They border all the paths, and as for roses, judging from the number of bushes, we may, if we please, have a 'feast of roses,' as they do in the East."

"According to your description, it must be an earthly Paradise. When shall we go?"

"Next Monday, if you can be ready as soon as then."

"I could, if necessary, be ready before that time," was Mary's reply.

Though Mary's expectations had been raised high, she was not disappointed with the appearance of their new place of residence. It was exactly what she wished. By the close of the week everything was arranged, and all the apartments wore a neat, quiet, home-look. Mary had never been accustomed to do housework, having before her marriage taught school for a livelihood; but she had, whenever opportunity presented, been a close observer, and bade fair with a little experience to make a most excellent house-keeper. Though her husband thought that it would be impossible for her to get along without, at least, a girl of a dozen or fourteen years to assist her, she told him that she could at any rate make the attempt, as they could not afford to increase their household expenses.

"Don't you think, Charles, that I am nearly equal to Irving's Mary?" said she, one day, as for the dessert she placed some fine strawberries and cream upon the table.

"I am sure I do. How very fragrant they are."

"That is partly, because they are fresh from the vines."

"Who gathered them for you?"

"No one—I gathered them myself."

"But we have none in the garden."

"I found these in the fields."

"Let you find them where you would, they are delicious, I believe that they are superior in flavor to those which are cultivated. Didn't you find it fatiguing to rove round the fields after them?"

"I was a little tired by the time I reached home, but I shall enjoy my reading and sewing all the better for it this afternoon."

"Speaking of reading makes me think of the magazine I took from the post-office as I came home. Among the contributors, besides our favorite Mrs. Stephens, I noticed the name of Miss Ella Rodman, the author of 'The Valley Farm,' and several other fine writers."

"I'm glad the magazine has come. The little room we have fitted up for a library will be a delightful place to read in. Those maples shade the windows and create a cool, delicious gloom, while the rustling of their foliage makes exactly the right kind of music for one who wishes to read or indulge in reverie. You must not be surprised if the rural influences by which I am surrounded, prove so inspiring that I shall, one of these days, write something for Peterson's Magazine. Don't you think that the name of Mary Lewis would look very well on the list of original contributors?"

"Admirable."

"I wish you could stay at home this afternoon and read with me."

"Oh, never fear for me," said he, gaily, "as long as I can measure calico and ribbons, an employment which is delightfully varied by weighing sugar, coffee, and tea."

CHAPTER II.

HALF an hour afterward, Mary had seated herself near the open door of the library, whence whenever she chose she could step out upon a smooth green terrace. She had just commenced cutting open the leaves of the magazine, when she was somewhat startled by a voice that said,

"You are the lady of the house, I take it."

Looking up, she saw a tall and lean, yet vigorous-looking woman standing at the door.

"I am," was Mary's answer.

"And my name is Pickins, and as I am your nearest neighbor, I came right in without knocking. I set out to come and see you yesterday afternoon, but Mrs. Hopson came in and hindered me."

Suspecting that she had come with the intention of spending the afternoon, Mary invited her to take off her things, and then conducted her into the parlor.

"This is my work," said Mrs. Pickins, opening a large bundle as soon as she had seated herself. "I've a large family to sew for, and have to improve every minute. I was telling Mrs. Hopson, yesterday, that if I was in your place I shouldn't be able to find an *airthly* thing to do a tenth part of my time. I should be *obleegeed* to sit and fold my hands."

"I read, or cultivate the flowers when I have no work which I am obliged to do," said Mary.

"Well, I know a body can read when worst comes to worst, but it is terrible dull music according to my way of thinking. And as for flowers, though I don't say but what they look pretty enough, there is no profit in them—they'll neither give you meat, drink, nor clothing. Mrs. Hopson and I were wondering between ourselves why you didn't keep a cow. Taking care of the milk and making a few pounds of butter now and then, would be pretty little work for you, and help fill up your time. And you haven't a mite of spinning to do neither. Well, as Mrs. Hopson and I said, it's a mystery how anybody that has no more to do than you have, can get through the day with any kind of comfort. I believe, if anything, it is worse than to have as much to do as I have. Only see what a sight of work I've brought with me, and there's not a stitch of it but that I may safely say we are suffering for. Here's an apron to make for our Sally, another for Kitty, a gown to make for Betsey, and the buttonholes to work on Sam's jacket, and how I'm ever to get them done is more than I can tell."

"If you are in very much of a hurry, let me assist you this afternoon," said Mary.

"Well, if you will take hold and help me a little while, I shall be the thankfullest *critter* that ever lived. Here's the buttonholes I spoke of to work on Sam's jacket—I know you are good at buttonholes—ain't you now?"

"I believe I can work a buttonhole," said Mary.

"I knew so. Now our Sally, though she's a good, smart girl about house, mortally hates to touch a mite of sewing, and as for buttonholes, she can't work one that is fit to be seen. You

see that this jacket is a pretty good piece of cloth. It looks as if it would wear well, and I don't think 't will fade. By good rights the buttonholes on such a good jacket as this ought to be worked with twist, but I haven't a needleful in the world."

"I believe I have some that will do," said Mary, "I will look and see."

"So do—that's a good dear, and sometime when it comes handy I will give you as much of something. I calculate if Mrs. Hopson can go with me," said Mrs. Pickins, after Mary had found the twist, and commenced working the buttonholes, "to go and see Mrs. Creamly tomorrow in the afternoon. She's a grand, good woman to go and see. She knows how fond I am of warm cakes and custards, and so when I go to spend an afternoon with her, the minute it is four o'clock she puts the oven to heating, and then we have something to eat with our tea that's worth eating."

Mary, after this broad hint from her guest, thought that she could do no less than follow Mrs. Creamly's example. She, therefore, worked as hard as if she had been on a wager, so as to finish the buttonholes in time to bake some cakes and custards. When she rose to go into the kitchen in order to perform her task, she requested Mrs. Pickins to excuse her absence.

"The land," said her guest, "I hope you don't think that I am going to stay here alone while you are getting supper. I'm going to keep you company, for I wouldn't have you think that I'm so proud that I can't sit in the kitchen."

Mary remonstrated as far as politeness would permit, for, considering herself, as yet, a mere novice in the culinary art, she did not care to be subjected to the scrutiny of such an adept as Mrs. Pickins declared herself to be, during the performance of her onerous task. Remonstrance, however, to such a determined woman as Mrs. Pickins proved vain, and taking Sally's apron to hem, because as she said, "it was more *curless*er work than anything else she had to do," she followed Mary into the kitchen.

"You find the oven to be first rate, don't you?" said she. "That's the name Dorcas Griggs used to give it. Mrs. Grovsnor, that used to live here, was an ailing woman, and used very often to have to get Dorcas to help her."

"I haven't tried the oven yet," replied Mary, "I use a cooking-stove."

"Do tell if you do? Well, I couldn't contrive what kind of a piece of furniture that was. Its the first that was ever in the place. I've heard tell of 'em, but never had a great opinion of 'em—can't think it's possible to bake anything so well in 'em as in an old-fashioned brick oven. Come, now, supposing you should go and heat

the old oven just for the notion of it. I can tell you all about it, and perhaps you won't have another such chance for a long time."

But as Mary's wish to please was not strong enough to overcome her reluctance to trying the experiment of heating the oven for the first time, she declined in a quiet, yet so decided a manner, that Mrs. Pickins did not urge the matter any further. She kindled a fire in the stove, and hoped that when the room became uncomfortably warm, Mrs. Pickins would take refuge in the parlor; as the consciousness of being watched in every movement perplexed her exceedingly, and rendered her task doubly oppressive. She had underrated her guest's powers of endurance, when tried in the balance against her curiosity. She endured the heat with stoical fortitude, and evidently had no thoughts of withdrawing. At last Mary ventured to suggest, that as the stove made the room very warm, she would be much more comfortable in the parlor.

"Well, if you can bear the heat I guess I can," was her reply.

"I am obliged to bear it," said Mary.

"Well, I don't care for that. I wouldn't have you think I'm so selfish as to go off and leave you here all alone. You have to mope here by yourself full enough without a single person to speak to, and besides I love to watch the manoeuvres of young women when they first set up housekeeping to see how they carry sail, and if they bid fair to make good, smart wives."

Though Mary from the first had a kind of vague suspicion that curiosity was the real cause why Mrs. Pickins so pertinaciously insisted on remaining in the kitchen, this unceremonious announcement of her motive, by giving tangibility to her surmises, heightened her embarrassment to such a degree that she found it impossible to recollect whether she had put the requisite quantity of soda into the cakes she was preparing or not. This put her to the necessity of trying a small cake by itself, also to renew the fire, that the oven might longer retain the proper degree of heat. As the cake refused to rise, she found that she had omitted the soda altogether, which elicited from Mrs. Pickins the savory admonition, "to mind and always have her thoughts about her."

As soon as the cakes were fairly in the oven, "I want to know," said Mrs. Pickins, "if the currants ain't big enough to stew?"

"I don't know," replied Mary, "for as we have had plenty of strawberries, I haven't noticed them particularly."

"I guess they are," said Mrs. Pickins. "Come, supposing you and I should go into the garden and pick a few to make into *sass* for tea. They make first rate *sass*—an excellent thing to whet up the appetite."

The currants were accordingly gathered, and after due preparation were placed upon the stove to stew.

"There, now you go and set your table, if you want to," said Mrs. Pickins, "and I'll watch the currants, and see that they don't burn too."

Mary thanked her, and gladly availed herself of her offer, for the cakes and custards were nearly done, and she did not wish them to get too cold to suit her guest's taste. It was also about time for her husband to come home to tea, and as he had no clerk he would not like to be obliged to wait. When Mary returned to the kitchen, she was surprised not to see Mrs. Pickins.

"Here I am in the store-closet," said she. "I'm hunting round for a pan, or something of the kind to set the dish of currants into to cool. There, you needn't come—I've found something at last. What a grand, good provider your husband is," said she, as she placed the dish of currants into a basin of cold water. "While I was in the store-closet, I took the liberty to look round a little, and saw that there was plenty of everything heart could wish."

In a few minutes Mr. Lewis arrived. While at the table, Mrs. Pickins gave him a faithful account of the household labor she was obliged to perform "week in and week out." She also averred that had she not seen it done with her own eyes, she could not have believed it possible that such complete cakes could have ever been baked in a stove oven. When she took leave, she assured Mary that she had found her to be a much more agreeable person than she expected—not half so proud or starched up, and that as for buttonholes, she *did* think she was the neatest hand at 'em of any person she ever came across.

CHAPTER III.

THE next day Mary had starching and ironing to do, which besides the cooking and other necessary tasks, kept her closely employed till dinner time. The weather was uncommonly warm, and by the time she was ready to sit down in the afternoon, she had seldom in her whole life felt so much fatigued. As on the preceding day, she seated herself near the open door of the library, with the magazine in her hand, she could not help thinking that she had earned the right to read it. She had finished cutting open the leaves, and had read about half a page of "Julia Warren," when she heard some one rapping at the back door. On answering the somewhat noisy summons, she saw a large, awkward-looking boy, with a bundle in his hand.

"Will you walk in?" said she, after vainly waiting for him to make known his errand.

"Well, I guess I can't stop," said he. "Mother

has sent you Tim's best jacket and mine for you to work the buttonholes. She seed them you worked for Sam Pickins, and Sam's mother says you've nothing to do, and would rather work them than not. They must be done to-morrow by noon, 'cause Tim and I want the jackets to wear over to Uncle Hezekiah's."

"What is your name?" inquired Mary.

"Ben Hopson, and I live over in the red house next to the school-house."

Before Mary had made up her mind what to say in reply to this singular request, Ben had deposited his bundle on the door-sill and turned to go. She thought of calling him back, and sending word to his mother that she was busy and could not work the buttonholes; but a little hesitation on her part, gave him time to get beyond the sound of her voice, had she made the attempt. Having thus tacitly consented to perform the task so unceremoniously imposed, she took the bundle into the house and opened it. On examining the jackets she found they were of a sleazy fabric, which would ravel at the slightest touch. This would make it very difficult to work the buttonholes in a manner at all satisfactory. As there was nothing sent to work them with, she concluded that Mrs. Hopson expected that she would find whatever was necessary as she had done for Mrs. Pickins. Having succeeded in finding some silk of the right shade, she with a sigh resumed her seat in the library with a jacket in her hand instead of the magazine. As she had anticipated, it required the utmost exertion of her skill to make them look decently. She worked with unremitting assiduity, and was barely able to finish them by the time it was necessary to prepare tea. Some sewing of her own that could not well be dispensed with, which with a little reading she had intended to employ herself with during the afternoon, occupied her time till late in the evening; and then she was far too weary to have any wish to read. The pillow was more attractive than even the absorbing pages of "Julia Warren."

The following day her household duties, as usual, consumed all her time till dinner. When she again took her seat in the library with the magazine in her hand, she found it impossible to give herself up to the full enjoyment of its pages. Rows of unworked, ravelly buttonholes seemed to form a kind of spectral framework round the columns of neat, clear letter-press. She started nervously at the slightest noise, for she was haunted with a presentiment that even then there were lots of buttonholes on their way, which by some means she would be inveigled into working, though she had made up her mind to refuse in the most positive manner.

"The buttonholes have arrived," said she, to

herself, starting quickly from her chair at the sound of a low, modest knock at the front door. She went and opened it, and beheld a pretty, rosy-cheeked girl of eighteen. She held a small bundle in her hand, and Mary was sure that there were unworked buttonholes in it; yet the girl's blue eyes beamed so modestly, and her voice was so low and sweet when she said, "I believe this is Mrs. Lewis," that Mary could not help inviting her to walk in, not coldly and ceremoniously, but in a manner so warm and sincere that the blue-eyed beauty's courage at once revived.

Mary insisted on her taking off her bonnet and spending the afternoon. She soon afterward took some sewing to encourage her young guest, (whose name she found was Ella Gray) to undo the roll of snowy linen, which, at her entrance, she laid on the table. She soon took it thence, and Mary observed that her color heightened, and her hands trembled as she unrolled it.

"Though I dislike very much to trouble you," said she, taking up a shirt-sleeve which was neatly made, "I have taken the liberty to call in order to request you to teach me how to make a buttonhole. But I mustn't learn on this," and restoring the sleeve to the bundle, she produced a piece of cloth, on which were sundry longitudinal perforations intended for buttonholes, all of which were decided failures. She was right in thinking that they did not look fit to appear on the wristband of the sleeve she had just exhibited.

"These are the best I can do," said she, "and you see what miserable-looking things they are, and they will be so unmercifully criticised by Edward's sister."

This allusion to Edward brought another blush to her cheek, deeper than before.

"Do you think it will be possible for me to learn to make buttonholes as nice as you can, Mrs. Lewis?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mary, "with a little instruction you will be able to make them quite as well."

"Do you think so? I am very glad, for Edward's sisters are so nice, and have laughed at him so much about being obliged, when we are married, to come to them to have all his nice sewing done. He wished me to show them that they were mistaken, by making some nice shirts for him. I have taken a great deal of pains with them, and have succeeded pretty well, I believe, till I came to the buttonholes. They were too hard for me."

"I suspect you didn't begin right," said Mary, and so it proved. By carefully following the directions of her instructress, her sixth buttonhole she felt sure was quite equal, if not superior to what Jane Horton, Edward's eldest sister, could work.

"So," thought Mary, as she listened to her remarks, and noted her earnest countenance, "by teaching Ella how to work a buttonhole, I have perhaps given her the means of working herself into the good graces of her future sister-in-law, without which her domestic happiness might rest on a precarious foundation."

And this reflection, when she remembered that Mrs. Pickins was the primary cause, somewhat ameliorated the feelings of dislike with which she regarded her too unceremonious next door neighbor. "There must," thought she, "be an end to the buttonholes," and so there was for that season, at least; but the pity lavished upon her because she had nothing to do, appeared to be inexhaustible. This while it sometimes amused her, still oftener annoyed her; the more so, because she really had so much to do, as to suffer more or less from fatigue every day.

One woman, when compassionating her on the subject, like the Widow Bedott on a different occasion, declared that if she had nothing more to take up her time than she had, she should be tempted to commit self-suicide. That Mary might not be beset by such an awful temptation, she told her that she guessed she should send her a cap and a collar to work.

"It would," she said, "be sweet, pretty little innocent work to amuse her with when she was all alone."

"So it would," said Charles Lewis, who entered in season to hear this last sentence, "but as ill,

or perhaps good luck would have it, Mary has got to make a dozen shirts for me, and I can hardly tell what beside. You see, therefore, that working the cap and the collar is out of the question."

"La, well," she replied, "if she only has some kind of employment to keep her from being low spirited, it's all one to me, I'm sure. I wasn't governed by any selfish motive. I despise being as selfish as Mrs. Pickins is. I wish though I hadn't gone to the expense of buying the muslin. I got plain muslin instead of sprigged on purpose for your wife's sake."

"I am much obliged to you, Charles," said Mary, after their neighbor had gone, "for relieving me of the cap and collar, but I thought that you had so many shirts, that you would not care to have any more made, at present."

"You thought right. You can, if you please, be the next dozen years about them. It is, however, necessary that you make an immediate beginning, otherwise every woman in the village will have a cap and collar for you to work—not because they care about having them done, but because you have nothing to do."

It was soon circulated through the village that Mrs. Lewis had a dozen shirts to make; a circumstance, which, while it saved her much time and eyesight, proved a great injury to the sale of her husband's plain muslin. The sprigged, however, went off with unexampled rapidity.

LOVE.

BY EDWARD WILLARD.

Dew of the Trinity! the spirit quaffs

The soul-lit essence of the brimming fount;
And ere our manhood's fitful dream has past,
Love's radiance glimmers o'er Salvation's mount,
As swimming cloudlets gild the realm of Heaven,
Or crystal streams in bright reflection roll;
Love's dazzling glare to life's bleak waste is given,
And mirrors Heaven's halo on the soul.
While dreamy wreathings of each thirsting flame
Illume the ideal of the wildered brain.

And oft a spark, lit by an holy breath,
Glares from the gloom of friendship's chilling beam;
Gilds, as in mockery, its mouldering death,
To kindle love's hallowed and undying gleam.
Then, while its flickering, life-engirding flame,
Heats stirred heart-strings with emotions deep;
Shades faint ambition from the glare of fame;
As balms of Heaven languid flowerets steep:—
Love's film enshroudeth the ecstatic eyes,
The mind creations of its own supplies.

Essence of Heaven! not alone dost serve

To brim life's cup with burning draughts of bliss;
'Mid joyful plesance, as the wanton birds
Sport but till Summer's spicy gales are missed.
As holiest dews have oft the panting sense
Enwarmed by grace's founts enraptured flow;
Love's dreamy breathings upon time's cankered fence,
Thrill inmost feeling with a burning glow
Of holiest joys, the purest spirit given,
To bathe the soul in blissful dreams of Heaven.

Oh! fervent love, thine is a brighter art
Than blindly to beguile youth's swimming dream;
To stir the secret workings of the heart
To lustful passions of unholy seem:
No! 'neath thy magic, soul-enwreathing spell,
Man's better instincts wake to glorious birth;
Life's surging billows as they envious swell,
No'er quench that gleam, too blest to be of earth,
But lash in fury—at the spirits rise,
When love assumes God's blest, immortal ties.

JULIA WARREN.

A SEQUEL TO PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 201.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE evidence for the prosecution having been closed, the prisoner was called upon for his defence. He had none to offer, except as to his character, and few could testify on this point, for he was but little known in New York. He did not pretend to deny that he was at home on the evening of the murder, that the deceased visited him there, or any other of the suspicious facts which were working so terribly against him in the minds of judge, jury and spectators. He told, in fact, the story of Leicester's suicide, just as we have narrated it, omitting nothing. His simple, unaffected style, however, was not without an effect on the spectators, and even on some of those who held his fate in their hands. More than one eye was wet with tears. It was beautiful to see how his aged wife, who, after vainly attempting to stop Adeline, had returned to her husband's side; it was beautiful to see how she stood, half leaning forward, eagerly listening to the words that fell from his lips, her countenance expressing, in every lineament, her entire confidence in the truth of his narrative. Occasionally she would take her eyes a moment from his face, and glance hurriedly at the judge or jury, as if to see the effect of her husband's words. And when, in any face, she saw a look of interest or sympathy, a triumphant expression would glorify her own wasted countenance, and she would fix her gaze again upon the prisoner, with a reverence and affection such as one angelic spirit might be supposed to cast upon another still holier and higher.

But the effect of the prisoner's story did not long survive, when the acute and eloquent lawyer, who filled the place of the district attorney, began to tear the narrative to pieces. Recalling the jury's attention to the words of Adeline, that she had seen nothing in Leicester's conduct, the evening of his death, to warrant a suspicion of suicide, he asked if it was probable that a gentleman, so favored by fortune as the deceased had been, would bury a knife in his heart without any apparent motive.

"Believe me, your honor," he said, "the whole story is an idle tale. It carries, indeed, its own refutation, because it bears internal evidence of where, and by whom it was fabricated. Yes! gentlemen of the jury, in the cell of the criminal, and by the accused himself was this preposterous tale made up; for if an acuter mind, or a cooler head had concocted the fiction, we should have had none of these inconsistencies, but a beautifully natural and homogeneous story," and here he spoke in a tone of withering scorn, as he looked straight into the prisoner's face, "that might have baffled us all. But the Almighty," and now, with the art of a consummate orator, he paused and raised his eyes reverently aloft, "has ordered it otherwise, as He ever does where villainy seeks to throw justice from the scent. Is it at all improbable that an old man, the occupant of an obscure basement, and known at times to have been in want of necessary food, should murder the unfortunate Leicester to possess himself of the purse of his victim? Is it half as improbable as that the deceased committed suicide without a cause? Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner insults your common sense when he admits that he ordered his wife and grandchild from the room, yet tells you that Leicester stabbed himself. I ask triumphantly, for what did the accused seek to be alone with his guest, if he had no design of murder? Was there anything that could pass between Leicester and this poor creature which the whole world might not have known, much less his own family? The evidence of that interesting young creature, his grandchild," and here he directed his eyes to where Julia sat, "is sufficient of itself to convict the accused. You saw, with what reluctance, she told her tale. You beheld, in her countenance—I am sure you did, for I noticed it with pain—that she believed her grandsire criminal. You could not have mistaken the meaning of that swoon, so fearfully eloquent of her own secret convictions. Gentlemen, I honor her for it. She is the old man's grandchild, and herself innocent as an angel; and she cannot bear the torture of

her present situation;—between the secret consciousness of his guilt and the effort to deceive the court, her physical powers, as you have seen, give way. I pity her, I pity the wife, I even pity the criminal himself. No, I re-call the words—I do not pity *him*. When I think of the bloody corpse of the victim; of a man, prosperous and courted, robbed by a single blow of the enjoyments of life; of a soul, of an immortal soul”—with what mournful pathos he pronounced these words—“hurried unprepared into the presence of its Judge, I cannot, I *dare* not pity the prisoner. Sympathy is lost in indignation. The grey hairs of the criminal become an aggravation of his offence. The ignominy which he has heaped upon his family makes me only execrate him the more. Human nature might have excused the act, in part, if it had been perpetrated in the heat of youthful blood, if it had been in revenge for some outrage—but to obtain a few paltry dollars, to win luxuries for one already with a foot in the grave, what can extenuate such a crime!”

In a similar strain of rhetoric, enforced by all the arts of elocution, the prosecuting attorney continued for more than an hour; and when he sat down, scarcely a person in the court-room, whatever might have been his former opinion, but thought the prisoner guilty.

During the delivery of this speech poor Mrs. Warren had sat writhing in her seat. To hear the companion of so many years, the loved and venerated husband, thus pitilessly assailed, was more almost than she could bear. She did not know, indeed, what to say; but she half rose, more than once, as if to interrupt the orator. But her husband, divining her purpose even when his eyes were fixed on the speaker, mildly placed his hand on her arm and thus restrained her. Mrs. Gray, too, came near violating the decorum of the place, more than once, by protesting against the inferences of the orator, especially when he charged Julia, so adroitly, with being convinced of her grandfather's guilt. The child herself stared in surprise and terror when she heard this accusation, looking first at the speaker, and then at Mrs. Gray; and twice she had opened her lips to speak, when her purpose was altered by the mild eyes of the prisoner, who, as if suspecting her intention, looked pleadingly toward her. The old man, in truth, was the most composed person of all. He sat, listening, with a face of calm submission, scarcely ever removing his eyes from the lawyer, and then only to cast a glance of comfort on his wife, or to beseech Julia's forbearance. Now and then, in the pauses of the orator, he raised his mild, appealing glance to heaven, as if there only could he hope for justice—but this was all!

The counsel for the prisoner now followed. He did his best, in the circumstances, dwelling on all the strong points of the old man's story, and artfully passing over those portions of the narrative which told against his client. He drew a beautiful picture, too, of the prisoner's harmless mode of life, and then, with a few skilful touches, brought up the scene that would be presented, in the innocent family, if the accused should be convicted. His hearers acknowledged the fidelity and pathos of this delineation by audible sobs; and when he sat down, the sentiments of a large portion of the spectators had undergone an entire change.

But the belief in the prisoner's guilt, which had thus fluctuated to and fro continually, was now to be fixed unchangeably by the charge of the judge. It is strange how a few words from the bench, in a protracted and difficult trial like the present, will alter the opinion of the spectators and even of the jury. His honor began by guarding the jurors against the eloquence of the two advocates; but particularly against the appeals, to which they had just listened, in behalf of the prisoner's family. He especially cautioned them against allowing any sympathy for the grey hairs of the accused to influence their calmer judgment. “Try this case by the facts, gentlemen,” were his words, “and dismiss every other consideration from your minds. Now what *are* the facts?”

He then proceeded, in the most masterly manner, to examine the evidence, rejecting, with the skill acquired by long practice, everything that was immaterial. The case, as he thus presented it, was even more terrible against the prisoner, than the good old man, in his most desponding moments, had thought it: indeed the idea of innocence appeared now almost irreconcilable with the testimony. It was painful to witness how the cold, hard logic of the judge removed prop after prop from the prisoner's case, until nothing scarcely was left to support a hope of acquittal. The poor wife, Julia, Robert, and even Mrs. Gray herself gazed at the speaker, with appalled and horror-struck faces. They could not remove their eyes from him even to regard each other. They felt that sand after sand of the prisoner's life was slipping away beneath the words of the bench, and between this momentarily increasing conviction and the lingering hope that the judge might yet find something to say in his favor, they hung breathless and absorbed on every word.

But no, the charge was over, and little chance of escape was left. From first to last the judge had reasoned against the possibility of the prisoner's innocence. Every new fact brought up by his honor appeared to be more convincing of

the guilt of the accused than any which had gone before; and one by one, the faces of those spectators who had entertained a hope of the old man's innocence, became darkened, until scarcely an eye but regarded him with abhorrence. When the judge ceased, and the jury arose to retire, the hush that had hitherto prevailed throughout the court-room was broken by a confused buzz of voices, in which the guilt of the prisoner was freely asserted. These audible exclamations, however, were confined to the more remote portions of the crowd: those persons near the prisoner or his friends carefully abstained from insulting misfortune. Indeed a few even regarded the accused with pity, attributing his crime to extreme need rather than to malice.

The afternoon had now worn away, and twilight was fast darkening the room. The judge, calling a tipstaff, desired to know whether there was a chance of the jury making up a verdict soon, and being answered in the affirmative, ordered the lamps to be lighted. Before this could be done it was quite dark. The carriages could be heard rattling homeward outside, but within all was silent. A deep, painful hush hung over the court-room—the hush of a terrible suspense! And yet scarcely a suspense, for the heart of each spectator forewarned him of what the verdict would be. The prisoner's friends still hoped, indeed; but alas! it was with a dread that made the delay inexpressibly torturing.

At last, just as the few dusty lamps were lit, and a feeble glimmer spread over the crowd, for the room was nowhere fully lighted except immediately around the bench and bar, a tipstaff announced that the jury had made up a verdict, and were waiting to deliver it. Scarcely had he spoken, when, from a side door, the twelve arbiters of life and death, entered, like sad, yet avenging fates, with downcast faces, and slow and solemn steps.

If my readers have never seen a verdict rendered in a capital case, they can form no adequate conception of this awful crisis, when the suspense of the spectators, but especially of the accused is at last to be broken, and it is to be publicly proclaimed, whether the prisoners shall live an honored citizen, or die a convicted felon—whether his family shall be made a mock and bye-word, or restored to all the bliss of former innocence and happiness. Inexpressible are the alternatives that present themselves to him, at such a moment! It is generally impossible, even for the most hardened criminals, to retain their equanimity at this point of the trial; they flush and are then pale, they clutch the bar before them, they breathe thick and hard, and some have even been known to fall senseless in a fit of apoplexy. But, on this occasion, the accused, as those contiguous

to him noticed and remembered afterward, was as calm as he had been at any moment of the day. An instantaneous flush over his mild, wan face was seen by a few of those nearest to him, but it passed as quickly as it came, and with no other evidence of emotion than elevating his eyes a moment to heaven, he turned to face the jury.

The clerk now rose, and while every ear hung breathless on his words, proceeded formally with his duties.

"Prisoner, look upon the jury," he said, turning to the accused, "jury, look upon the prisoner."

The old man arose immediately, firmly and composedly, yet not proudly. He did not even lean on the bar for support, though his great age might have excused this in him, innocent as he was; but he stood so calm and erect that but for the grey hairs falling over his shoulders, he might have been thought in the prime of life. One hand hung carelessly by his side, but the other clasped that of his wife. His eye rested fearlessly on the jury, and yet without bravado: there was, indeed, no attempt whatever at display on his part.

The jury, it was remarked, were infinitely less at ease than the prisoner. Not one of them dared to meet his eye. They glanced nervously around, or at the judge, but not on him, or his friends. It was as if their secret hearts protested instinctively against the verdict their reason had dictated, and so made them, those twelve arbiters of fate, cowards before one old man.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury?" asked the clerk, in the usual formality, "is James Warren, the prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty in manner and form as he stands indicted?"

A pin might have been heard to fall in that crowded court-room, during the momentary interval that elapsed between the question of the clerk and the answer of the foreman. The demeanor of those most deeply interested was strikingly characteristic in this crisis. Mrs. Warren shook as in an ague-fit; Mrs. Gray stretched forward her head, in eager curiosity, until the famous double chin quite disappeared; and Julia, her lips apart in anxiety and terror, clenched her little hands together so that the nails cut deeply into the flesh. The whole audience was breathless with interest.

"Guilty!" replied the foreman.

The words had scarcely left his mouth when poor Mrs. Warren, starting wildly to her feet, gazed an instant with a glance of mingled despair and entreaty around the throng of faces, and then staggering forward, with a cry like that of a bird struck with a mortal wound, she fell heavy and senseless to the floor.

There was a rush of those immediately around,

toward the sufferer. When they reached her, the prisoner had already stooped and raised her in his arms; and from him Mrs. Gray received her, Julia, with a courage above her years, assisting. The crowd, with heart-felt sympathy opened a way to the door, and as soon as possible the insensible form was carried into an adjoining room.

It was a mournful sight to see the prisoner, as his eyes followed his receding wife and grandchild. When, at last, the door closed after them, he heaved a deep sigh, and hastily brushed a tear from his eye with the back of his hand. Then he turned once more and looked upon the jury.

It took but a few moments, after this, to conclude the formalities. The clerk asked the jury, as usual, if the verdict was the verdict of all, and being answered in the affirmative, proceeded to record it. Immediately after, the officers approached to conduct the condemned to his cell.

The judge now rose, with a yawn, from his seat; the district attorney began to tie up his papers; the lawyers within the bar broke out at once into noisy conversation; and a sound of many voices, mingled with the loud shuffling of feet, arose from every part of the room as the dense mass of spectators, amid a perceptible cloud of rising dust, moved toward the entrance.

The interest of the scene, in fact, was over for all but the victim and his friends; and court and spectators left the room as they would have left a theatre when the play was done. Such alas! is life.

CHAPTER XV.

It was late in the morning, yet Adeline Leicester had but just risen, and was now seated, after declining breakfast, in the boudoir we have already once described. Even in the clouded light that struggled through the closed curtains, it could be seen that she was very pale; and a look of irrepressible anguish around the mouth, betrayed that this paleness was the result of mental, not of physical suffering.

In truth she had not slept all night. The terrible revelation, which her confronting the prisoner had brought about, was continually present to her, and she saw herself the murderer of her own parent. Nothing, in the whole range of tragedy, could be conceived more awful than her feelings. The almost insane thirst to revenge the death of Leicester, which had possessed her entirely up to this crisis, still struggled in her bosom against the yearnings of filial affection and the horrors of a fratricide. Pride, too, was at work in that wild, misguided heart. How could she, the courted and wealthy woman of fashion, acknowledge the prisoner to be her father, and thus, not only confess her compara-

tively obscure parentage, but proclaim herself the wife of a suicide? And would not the publication of so strange a history lead to further inquiry? Who could tell where it might end? There were secrets in the past which that haughty woman shuddered to have proclaimed to the world. Under the control of these feelings, all crowding in madly upon her, she had rushed, as we have seen, from the court-room, agitated and horrified, seeking to escape from herself like one pursued by an avenging Nemesis.

More than once, after reaching her magnificent dwelling, she was on the point of returning to the court-room in hopes to save her parent. But pride still interposed. She paced her splendid apartments to and fro, in a state of mind bordering on phrenzy, until twilight set in, and the consciousness that the trial was over broke upon her. Yet still repose and quiet fled from her. She retired to her couch, but could not sleep. Conflicting emotions warred within her bosom, and drove her almost into insanity. Until long after midnight she lay tossing upon her pillow, and when at last, exhausted by her violent emotions, she fell asleep, it was only to be visited by terrific dreams. Late on the following morning she awoke, pale and languid. She had just sent away her breakfast untasted, when the door opened, and Jacob Strong stood before her.

A pang of sudden pain shot across her face, and she turned away her face peevishly.

"What brings you here?" she said, at last, sharply, finding that he did not speak, but stood silent before her.

"I waited to see the end of the trial," was his reply, in a firm, but sad voice; and he fixed his eyes on her as if he would read her soul.

"Well?"

The word was spoken sharply and angrily.

"He was found guilty!"

Jacob Strong saw a convulsive shudder pass over his mistress at these words: she drew her shoulders quickly together, as if a shot had struck her, and uttered a low cry of anguish. After a moment she said again, angrily,

"Well?"

"As this morning was the last day of the term, they brought him up for sentence: it was death."

With a sudden motion Adeline Leicester turned and faced the speaker. Her face was as white as a grave-cloth; but her lips were tightly compressed, and her eye gleamed like those of an angry tigress. She rose to her feet, advancing menacingly toward Jacob Strong.

"And dare you come here," she said, "to torture me? Dare you force me to drag this intelligence from you by questions? Go on, and tell me I have killed him—that is what you would be

at—speak out then like a man, and don't stand there, with your white face, like a coward."

She was, for once, beside herself. If there could be such a thing as a human being transformed into a wild beast, it was there now. Jacob had mechanically retreated toward the door, his face, as she said, whiter than a shroud. But her taunt roused him. He confronted her.

"God knows," he said, solemnly, "I did not come to torture you. And had I been a coward I had not come."

Her momentary phrenzy was over. She sank upon the nearest sofa, covered her face with her hands, and groaned audibly.

But no tears came to her relief. Her whole frame shook convulsively, and, for a while, Jacob Strong thought she would die; but her agony was too unutterable for weeping. At last, softly approaching her, he ventured to speak,

"I knew you would wish to hear the result. So I remained in the court-room till the trial was over, and then, learning that sentence was to be pronounced to-day, determined to wait." And then, hesitating a moment, he added in a lower voice, "I have seen him."

For a full minute there was no reply. The form of Adeline Leicester still shook as convulsively as ever: it seemed, indeed, as if her physical system was being racked to pieces by her mental agonies. But, at last, she grew calmer, and then, but without raising her head, she said,

"Did he speak of me?"

"He did. I had to tell him all."

Suddenly Adeline Leicester raised her queenly head, pushed her dishevelled hair back from her face, and asked,

"Did you tell him of Leicester?"

"I did."

Her large, burning eye continued to rest upon him, as if she would penetrate his most secret heart, and then, though with an effort, she said,

"All?"

"All."

He answered firmly, his eye never flinching before hers. She understood the full meaning of the reply, and, as if suddenly deprived of the power to remain upright, sank back again into her seat. But she no longer sobbed. She leaned her head on her hand, and, for awhile; seemed lost in deep thought. The storm of horror had passed off; the time for action had come; and, with the characteristic energy of her nature, she rose from the blow.

For full ten minutes she remained thus, Jacob Strong continuing to regard her in silence. At last she raised her eyes, and said quickly,

"At what time does the Albany boat start?"

"At five o'clock."

"What is it now?"

"It has just struck one," said Jacob Strong, regarding the elegant French time-piece on the mantel.

"Have the carriage ready to take me to the boat—tell Catharine to come here——"

She waved her hand impatiently, but he still lingered, his eyes questioning her, though he said nothing. She understood him.

"I can get a pardon," she exclaimed, hurriedly, "I know I can—I will—I must. I cannot see him till I have done that. Send him word to that effect." And then, giving way to a sudden burst of agony, she added, "oh! God, that it should come to this—my husband a suicide, or I a murderer!"

A tear dimmed the eye and rolled down the honest countenance of Jacob Strong as he left the room.

"She is right," he said, to himself. "Her testimony decided his fate, and she alone should bring salvation."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE servant had just finished his daily morning task of cleaning the door-steps of the executive mansion, at Albany, when a carriage drove up, and a lady, closely veiled, descended from it. In addition to the driver, there sat, on the coachman's box, a tall, spare man, attired in a style above that of a common servant, who, the instant the coach stopped, leaped from his place and assisted the lady out.

"Shall I wait?" he said.

"No," was the reply, "go to the hotel. I may be detained for a long time."

The man bowed, and re-taking his seat, drove off, while the lady entered the hall of the executive mansion.

"The governor has not yet breakfasted," said the servant apologetically, leaving his bucket of water, and following the lady into the hall. "Could you call an hour or two later?"

"I will wait," said Adeline Leicester. "My business will not admit of delay. Show me into a room, and give my card to his excellency as soon as he is at leisure."

The dignified tone in which Adeline spoke, as if accustomed to obedience, prevented further expostulation on the part of the servant.

"Walk in this way, ma'am," was the obsequious reply, and the door into the parlor was thrown open. "I will hand your card to the governor as soon as he comes down."

It was a large, back parlor into which Adeline Leicester was shown. The room was comfortably, though not elegantly furnished: nothing of the splendor of Adeline's own apartments, indeed, was visible. A table stood in the centre of the room, littered with papers, some tied neatly

with red tape, others lying carelessly open. A large, high-backed, arm-chair, covered with green morocco, was drawn close up to this table. Several pens lay about, on the different papers, and some sand was spilled on a law-book that stood by the ink-standish.

Adeline took a seat by one of the back windows, and drew back her veil. She could scarcely be recognized, so much had she altered in two days. Her eyes were unnaturally large, and surrounded by a dark circle; her cheek looked sunken; her complexion was parchment-like; and the lines of suffering about the corners of her mouth were even more strongly marked than they had been the day before. Those who had seen her in the blaze of her beauty at Saratoga, or at her mansion in New York, would not have known her now.

About fifteen minutes had elapsed when the door opened, and a large and intellectual-looking man entered the parlor. He was attired plainly, but there was an unmistakeable air of authority in his port and presence, which would have marked him out, even in a crowd of strangers, as distinguished above the mass. His countenance was particularly engaging, mild and amiable, yet evidencing a high order of intellect: it was one of those faces in which heart and mind are alike exhibited, and which win confidence at once. He advanced smiling and extending his hand. But, as he approached Adeline, he appeared to hesitate. It was, for a moment only, however; he immediately recovered himself, and said kindly,

"I believe I am not mistaken, after all, and that this is the Mrs. Garden, that I met at Saratoga. For what am I indebted to the honor of this visit?"

Adeline had risen, but the governor waved her to her seat, and drawing his own chair near her, he awaited her business.

It was a moment before his guest could find words to speak. The position of a suppliant, so unusual to her, embarrassed her exceedingly; and this, added to the momentous nature of her errand, deprived her, for a while, of speech. At length she summoned energy to reply.

"We did meet there," she said, "and I come now to presume, in part, on that acquaintance. In fact," she continued, with an effort, "I have visited Albany to solicit your clemency in behalf of an old man, now lying under sentence of death in New York—James Warren."

She pronounced the name with difficulty, indeed could scarcely get it out. The governor's face immediately assumed a serious, embarrassed aspect, and he looked away from Adeline, as if afraid to meet her gaze. She noticed this change in his manner, and continued eagerly,

"I know him to be innocent, I will pledge my life for it. I have prepared a hasty narrative, which I trust you will peruse before you decide: I wrote it out lest your engagements might prevent you listening to the story from my own lips. The victim, in this case," she added, hesitatingly, "was well known to me, and was at my house the evening of the murder. At the trial," she continued, making a resolute effort to proceed, "I gave testimony, which I then believed to be true, to the effect that Mr. Leicester did not act as if he contemplated suicide, but a review of his demeanor, made calmly since, convinces me that I was wrong. That evidence, I fear, convicted the prisoner. It is because, unintentionally, I did him so great a wrong, that I now seek to repair it, as far as possible, by procuring him a pardon."

"He has certainly an earnest advocate," said the governor, as she paused.

"I am sure," emphatically added Adeline, "that, when you have considered the subject, you will extend the executive clemency. The prisoner is an old man, and has always borne an irreproachable character. He formerly lived in Maine, where he was a man of some substance, and affidavits, to any extent, could be procured from thence to establish the harmlessness, and even piety of his character."

"I am afraid this would be of little use," replied the governor, after a moment's hesitation, drumming upon the arm of his chair with his fingers. "I have perused the evidence in this case, as published in the newspapers—it is of an unusual kind—and I have been deeply interested in it. In an emergency like this, when called on to interfere with a pardon, it is best to be frank, and I fear that it will be impossible for me to do anything——"

He stopped suddenly, for Adeline convulsively clasped her hands, while an expression of unutterable anguish shot over her face. Her great interest in the case, notwithstanding what she had said, puzzled her hearer, for this exhibition of emotion was extraordinary, and inexplicable. He knew nothing of Adeline's relationship to the prisoner, nor was it her purpose to enlighten him, if it could be avoided.

"Do not say that," she ejaculated, breathlessly, "you have not considered that I, who once believed him guilty, am now convinced of his innocence."

"My dear madam," replied his excellency, "my feelings are entirely with you. It is, at all times, inexpressibly painful to me to refuse an application like this; and I never do, when I can reconcile it to my notions of duty, when, in a word, there is a doubt in favor of the condemned."

"Oh! then you will pardon him—I know you will."

"I will, at least, most maturely consider the question," answered the governor, affably, "I will myself write to the judge, and tell him what you say. I will also lay the case before the attorney general. Personally I lean to clemency—of that you may rest assured. A lady of your position would not, I am convinced, interest yourself thus in favor of this poor man, unless thoroughly convinced of his innocence."

As his excellency spoke, he rose from his seat, a movement which Adeline took as an intimation that the interview was ended. She rose also.

"I shall be impatient, of course, for an answer," she said, with as much composure as she could assume, "and hope that your excellency will let me hear from you as soon as possible. If there is any new point that suggests itself, I shall be at hand to answer it, and I beg that you will apply to me. I cannot return to New York while this thing is in doubt."

"I fear your stay here," said the governor, kindly, "will only inconvenience you; and, believe me, your client's interests will be as well attended to as if you were in Albany. You may safely leave them, my dear madam, in my hands. And now," he added, as a bell rang suddenly, "will you not stay and breakfast with us? You look fatigued—you have travelled all night—perhaps you have not yet had your morning's meal. My good wife, I am sure, will be glad to renew her acquaintance with you. Mrs. Garden has always been one of her favorites."

A faint smile stole over the face of Adeline. The unaffectedly benevolent manner of the governor soothed her agitated bosom: she felt inexpressibly grateful to him. But she had no heart to accept the civility thus tendered, and accordingly she declined it.

The governor himself accompanied her to the door. As she approached the entrance, she drew the veil again over her face. At the corner of the next street, a man stood waiting for her, who, when she came up, followed unostentatiously in her rear.

The governor watched her till out of sight, and then, sighing, closed the door and walked into the breakfast-room.

CHAPTER XVII.

NOTWITHSTANDING the governor's remonstrance, Adeline's anxiety would not allow her to leave Albany. But when she had remained nearly a fortnight, she received a note from his excellency, stating that the case could not possibly be decided for two or three months. On this, with a heavy heart, she returned to New York.

During this interval Jacob Strong had more than once trembled for her reason. She kept her room, for most of the time, brooding over the past. She was humbled, even abased; and yet, at times, she would rise up against her load of anguish with a rebellious spirit, that was awful to behold. Something of pride, too, was still left in her, as was shown by her adhering to the silence, which from the first she had maintained respecting her connexion with Leicester and her relationship to the prisoner.

Her first visit, when she returned to New York, was to the cell of the condemned. Her parents had been prepared for receiving her; but Julia, it was thought best, should not be present at this interview. Jacob Strong accompanied his mistress to the door of the cell, and there left her, waiting outside with the keeper till the meeting should be over.

All Adeline Leicester's firmness forsook her as she entered the corridor leading to her father's dungeon. A thousand recollections of the past crowded upon her, driving the blood back upon her heart, turning her cheek ashy pale, and making her knees totter under her: indeed if she had not clutched at her servant's arm she would have fallen. She thought of the old homestead in Maine, of the happy days of her childhood, of sitting by the blazing chimney-place on winter evening's while her father read the Bible aloud. She thought of the pride with which her parents regarded her budding beauty, of the many humble suitors whom she had in turn dismissed, and of the coming of one at last, a glittering snake, who, with honied words and courtly manners, had seduced her affections and made her a disobedient child. She thought of the night when she stole away from the old homestead. And then, fast and thick, came other memories:—memories of her quarrels with Leicester, of his base desertion, of her life abroad, of the fortune she had inherited, of her return to America, of that interview with her husband in the upper chamber, of his death, of her remorse, of her thirst for vengeance, of the trial scene, and, lastly, of her grey-headed parent about to suffer on the scaffold through her unholy revenge. What wonder she almost sank and died in the corridor, rather than enter that cell.

"This way, ma'am," said the keeper, unlocking an iron door, and swinging it wide open, "the old man is always at his Bible, I declare."

As he spoke, Adeline, with a violent effort, raised her eyes. Sitting on the low bed, with his wife beside him, her hand held in his, and the word of God open on his lap, while the eyes of both were directed to the sacred page, was the prisoner. The slightly bent head, with its

thin grey hairs streaming over it; the mild eye, as he raised it to see who intruded on his privacy; the glad look that illumined the whole countenance as he recognized his daughter; and the sudden start with which he rose, placed the Bible on the bed, made a step forward, and extended his arms—oh! how can any human pen adequately describe all this.

Adeline had stopped on crossing the threshold. She stood for one moment irresolute, as the door clanged to behind her, trembling in every limb, the self-convicted fratricide, and not daring to look up again. But when she heard her father's advancing step, and venturing a glance, beheld his open arms, she staggered forward, and with a wild sob, as if her heart was breaking, tottered into his embrace.

"Father—father," was all she could say, between choking tears, that shook her frame as a tempest shakes a mighty forest.

In that moment, Leicester, the world, all were forgotten. She was no longer the haughty woman, but the simple, rustic daughter, her heart throbbing with all its old mysterious yearnings.

"My child," said the old man, with a shaking voice, "my child, that was lost and is found, that was dead and is restored again."

He lifted up his mild countenance to heaven as he spoke, while his daughter, with her face buried on his bosom, half knelt before him. At this crisis, the mother, who had started back shuddering, when Adeline first appeared, her horror combatting, for a moment, with her maternal love, rushed forward, and clasping her arms around her daughter and husband, burst into a wild fit of weeping.

"Oh! Ada—Ada," she said, between her sobs, "you have come back at last—why did you leave us so long?"

Then again she gave way to convulsive weeping. Her daughter made no reply, except to partially turn and throw one arm around her mother; and thus clasping each parent, she sank to her knees on the cold, hard floor before them.

"If you had been here this would not have happened," said Mrs. Warren again, brokenly, "there, don't cry as if your heart would break, dear Ada—you didn't mean to do it—did she, father?"

It is inexpressible how that one word went to Adeline's heart. She had not heard it, from those lips, since she was a guileless girl; and it woke a thousand, thousand memories in her bosom. All the days of her happy childhood came rushing back upon her. In one minute she lived years. Emotions crowded, chokingly, upon her; she gasped for breath; she thought she was about to die. She could not speak, but she strained her parents convulsively toward her,

her gusts of weeping almost shaking the solid floor.

But her father, who had long freely forgiven all, could not bear to see his child kneeling before him. He stooped feebly and strove to raise her.

"We have all erred and strayed like lost sheep," he said, using unconsciously the words of Scripture, which were more familiar to him now than ordinary language. "But God, in his mercy, has forgiven us. Rise, my child: do not kneel to one like me."

It was beautiful to see how, at these words, the two old people, as if moved by one impulse, supported the weeping Adeline to her feet, and tenderly seated her on the bed, where they placed themselves one on either side, each holding a hand of their long lost child.

"Father, mother," sobbed the daughter, weeping first on the shoulder of one, then on that of the other, "to think that we should meet here—I believed you dead—I could not find you at the old homestead, nor discover any traces of you elsewhere—and now, that I have met you, it is to see you a prisoner—condemned—and by my own testimony——"

She broke off abruptly, wildly weeping again. The emotions, long pent up in that haughty bosom, having once given way, the flood of passion and sorrow that burst forth, sweeping every thing angrily before it, was terrible to behold.

"Don't blame yourself, Ada dear," said Mrs. Warren, coaxingly, as she would have lulled an infant, "you couldn't help it—you didn't know us—you thought you spoke the truth."

"Yes, my child," mildly said her father, tenderly kissing her, "it was not your fault. It was the will of God. I see now his wonder-working Providence, which, at first, was so obscure to me, and which, more than once, I was tempted to rebel at. Had I not been arrested for this pretended murder, we should never have known you again; never have had the joy of this day; and, when we died, which must soon have happened to people as old as my wife and I, who would have taken care of dear Julia? I repine no longer at my fate," he said, lifting his countenance above, his eye rapt and every feature glowing, till a spectator might have thought him already a saint glorified in heaven, "I repine no longer at my fate. I am a decayed, worthless trunk—left alone in the woods—and if the tempest, by laying me low, gives prosperity to others, I am ready to go. Yes! Almighty Father, I confess my sin in that I have doubted, at times, thy goodness, forgetting that thou hast said, thou wilt bring the blind by a way they knew not, and make darkness light before us."

"But you shall not die," cried Adeline, eagerly, "I will obtain your pardon. I already have a

partial promise of it." And in hurried, and almost incoherent words, she narrated her journey to Albany, and her interview with the governor.

Poor Mrs. Warren was half beside herself with joy, when she heard this account. She already saw her husband, in fancy, delivered from his bonds; and throwing her arms around her child, she blessed Adeline as their deliverer.

But the prisoner himself gave way to no such illusions. As, before his trial, he had entertained no hope of an acquittal, so now he had a foreboding that Adeline's intercession would be powerless. Yet he hesitated to tell either of the females of his conviction. He only said,

"God's ways are not as our ways, and we must bow to His will, whatever that may be. If it is His wish that I should be freed, I will go all my days rejoicing in his goodness; but if He thinks best that I should die, I will pray for grace to meet the awful trial. Was He not wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities, and shall we complain? He made his grave with the wicked, yet he had done no violence; but the Lord laid upon him the iniquity of us all."

He spoke like one inspired, not as a common man. And when, after awhile, Mrs. Warren burst into loud wailing, as a dread of Adeline's failure to obtain a pardon arose in her mind, he took her in his arms, and went on, speaking like a prophet of God.

"It will be for but a little while, dear wife, at the most, that we shall be separated. You will soon follow me, I know; indeed, even without this, we could not hope to live long. In a few years, at most, we shall meet in heaven—wife, daughter, grandchild, all!" The whole three were weeping, the women loudly, he gently, while he continued, in the figurative language of Scripture, "no lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon; it shall not be found there: but the redeemed shall walk there: and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Him with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy, and gladness, and sorrow, and sighing shall flee away."

How triumphant were his tones, how exulting every lineament of his face! He seemed already to have entered into that glorified state of existence of which he so rapturously spoke, to hear himself the shouts of hallelujah that swell forever around the great, white throne.

In scenes like this passed the interview, Adeline seeking to hold out hope, the prisoner laboring, in his almost apostolic way, to cheer and comfort his wife and daughter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ensuing day the mother and child had their first interview. It was now that Julia

understood the mysterious yearnings, which, from the first hour she had seen Adeline, had drawn her toward her parent. She could not entirely overcome the awe which she had always felt in the presence of this proud, strange woman; but an instinctive love struggled with, and partially kept down this feeling. There was much of her mother's history, indeed, of which she knew nothing; and much which she could not entirely comprehend: a mystery was, therefore, combined with her sympathy and affection, which colored all her emotions toward this new found parent. Still she loved Adeline with a strange intensity, which made the mother, so long unused to similar devotion, almost doubt if such a blessing could be permanently permitted to her. Indeed, the affection and sympathy of Julia soon became dearer to Adeline than life itself. They were the sole consolations left her in her lonely and fatal path.

The world, however, still knew Adeline Leicester only as Mrs. Garden. The concealment of her relationship to the prisoner, which pride had dictated at first, prudence now counselled. Adeline well knew that her intercession, as a wealthy leader of fashion, supposed to be guided only by ordinary motives of pity, would be far more powerful than if she acknowledged herself to be the daughter of the criminal. Even the presence of Julia, at her house, did not raise suspicion. Indeed, Adeline now saw but little company, and, therefore, the addition of a new member to her household, and one so tenderly cared for, was generally unknown. Her visits to the prisoner were more universally circulated in fashionable gossip. But while, by some, these were attributed to eccentricity, and, by others, to pity for an old man whom her own testimony had assisted to convict, none guessed the close relationship subsisting between the haughty leader of ton and the obscure prisoner. Even the keepers of the jail knew nothing of the true connexion of the parties; for the wealth and influence of Adeline had obtained for her the privilege of seeing the prisoner alone, a mercy, alas! denied to the poor.

Week glided after week meantime, and month followed month, yet still no message had been received from Albany. The term of the prisoner's existence was drawing to a close. The old man had constantly asserted that he would not be pardoned; and this conviction began now to be shared by all except Adeline and his poor wife. Mrs. Gray had long given up all hope. She came, as usual, to the market, but her countenance was less smiling than of old; and though customers still flocked to her stall, allured by the excellence of her fruits, they missed the pleasant sallies with which she had formerly greeted them. She had met Adeline but once or twice, and did

not see Julia as frequently as of old. To the mother she was cold and reserved, for she remembered her brother, and though Jacob assured her he did not blame his mistress, and that she was more to be pitied than condemned, the good woman's reason was not convinced. The truth is that the haughty nature of Adeline was instinctively repellant to one constituted like Mrs. Gray: there existed between them an antipathy of natural character, which nothing could have ever removed; and it was this, and not what the good woman fancied, which kept her heart from warming to Julia's mother.

As the period appointed for the execution approached, Adeline Leicester almost went mad with terror and suspense. At last she could endure her situation no longer. She resolved to visit Albany again, to see the governor personally once more, and not to return without a pardon.

For she would not, even yet, believe that it was intended to carry the sentence into execution. She could not imagine how any impartial person could believe the old man guilty. She persuaded herself that the delay in sending a pardon, had been occasioned by the forgetfulness of the attorney general, or governor. The deep interest which she had in the question had, in fact, clouded her usually correct judgment. Yet she feared that, through some mistake, the case might yet be overlooked. Ten days, therefore, before the time appointed for the fatal sacrifice, she departed for Albany.

"Rely upon my success," were almost her last words. "I know I shall triumph. And then, oh! then, what happy days we shall spend together yet, far away from this horrible city, which, from its connexion with these events, I shall ever hate. We will go to some lovely spot in the far west, where all will be ignorant of this false accusation, and where you will be known as you really are, dear father; and there your prodigal daughter will sit at your feet, and learn how to subdue this proud and wilful heart; and there Julia will, at last, love her mother, and respect her, for the good she sees that mother do; and there—there we will live together and die together." And, at this picture of happiness, she broke off abruptly and burst into tears.

Her eager words, her air of perfect conviction cheered all, for a moment—all but the one most nearly concerned. He smiled faintly, and answered,

"God bless you, my child, and give you strength to bear the result, be it what you wish, or be it otherwise. As for me, I am so happy to see my child restored to me, and still loving her old parents, that I could depart in peace. And even without this I should no longer dread to suffer.

Has not one greater than I poured out his soul in death, and under circumstances more unjust and appalling. He was brought like a lamb to the slaughter, as a sheep before his shearers he was dumb—why should a sinful man complain?"

In this strain he continued to talk; and thus they parted: she full of hope, he consoling her in the event of a possible failure.

Adeline's first visit, when she reached Albany, was to the executive mansion. She did not even go to the hotel, to change her travelling attire, but despatching Jacob Strong thither, with her baggage, repaired immediately to the governor's house.

"Is his excellency in?" she said, when the coachman had rung, and a servant appeared at the door, so far forgetting the character of the fastidious Mrs. Garden as to speak from the carriage.

"He is out of town."

Had an arrow been shot to her heart, Adeline Leicester could not have fallen back, in her seat, more paralyzed. Out of town, when but nine days of her father's life were left! But, in an instant, came the reflection that this absence of the governor was only a reason for greater exertions on her part. Wherever he was he could be followed. She had wealth to spend; gold could be made to flow in torrents; she would have pursued him to the world's end if it had been possible and necessary. She roused herself, therefore, and eagerly leaning from the carriage, said to the servant, who had now approached her,

"Where is the governor?"

"At F——, ma'am."

"How far is that?"

"Eighty miles."

"And the roads?"

"They are not very good, I am sorry to say, ma'am, at this season of the year."

Eighty miles distant, and over bad roads, a two day's journey at the least! Two days to go and two to return, this would make four; and, after that, perhaps a day more to draw up a formal pardon. Five days from nine left four, and one of these would be consumed in returning to New York. There was just time to save her father. These reflections rushed through Adeline's mind, as she leaned anxiously from the coach with a white cheek, and lips half parted in terror, the servant, who politely held the carriage door open, wondering at the extraordinary agitation of a lady so fashionably attired, and evidently so thoroughly bred.

"Thank you," she said, suddenly, his demeanor recalling her to herself. "I will drive on."

"Will you leave no message, no card?"

"None—tell the coachman to drive on."

The servant closed the door with a polite bow,

carefully turned the handle, and then retreated a step to see the carriage drive off. It seemed an age to Adeline before the coachman mounted his box, and another age before he could arrange his reins satisfactorily. Her whole soul was concentrated into one thought, to pursue the governor as rapidly as possible; on her quickness depended her father's only chance of life; and every second of delay felt like a drop of blood extracted from her heart. At last the driver cracked his whip, and the rickety hack rolled off. If the man had lingered a moment longer, Adeline would have been unable to repress a cry of anguish, to so terrible a pitch was her anxiety wound up.

She reached the hotel in a state of nervous excitement almost amounting to insanity. Jacob Strong, who met her at the door, started back at the strange glitter of her eye. She scarcely waited till she descended from the coach before she said,

"Find out the best route to F——, on which to obtain fresh horses. Get a competent driver and stout carriage, and have it here as soon as possible."

Discovering the state of affairs, by a few further words, Jacob Strong hurried away to execute the commands of his mistress, himself almost as excited as Adeline.

Half a dozen servants crowded around the new guest, whose name and person were well known at this fashionable hotel; but Adeline waved them off, and desired to be shown to her room, where she ordered a cup of tea to be brought to her immediately.

When alone in her chamber, she did not stop to bewail the misfortune of the governor's absence; she was of too resolute and energetic a character for that; but she removed her bonnet and cloak, and bathed her face, again and again, with water almost frozen. This ablution partially refreshed her: it also calmed her excitement somewhat.

In half an hour the carriage was at the door. Adeline directed her room to be kept for her, till her return, and then hastened to enter the coach. Jacob Strong mounted the box, the reins were given to the four spirited steeds, and the equipage rattled furiously down the street.

"Who is that travelling in such state?" said an early boarder, lounging on the hotel steps, for as yet, it must be remembered, it was scarcely sunrise.

"It is the fashionable Mrs. Garden," replied the landlord. "You recollect the sensation she created at Saratoga two years ago—don't you?"

"Oh!—ay!" was the response. "What is she in such a hurry for? It looks like snow too."

"She has taken a crotchety into her head, to

get a poor devil pardoned, who is now awaiting his execution for murder, in New York: and, as the governor is at F——, she is pursuing him there."

"She won't succeed," was the reply, as the lodger coolly knocked the ashes from his cigar. "I know the case, a most wilful homicide, and Governor X——, if he does nothing else, rigidly administers the law."

"Well," said the landlord, with a sigh, for his feelings were enlisted in behalf of a good customer, "I hope it won't snow, and that Mrs. Garden will find his excellency."

The boarder glanced all around the sky, as seen between the tops of the houses, and then, turning to his host, said,

"I'll bet you a bottle of champagne, to be drunk to-day, that it snows before dinner time. Eh!"

But the landlord shook his head sadly, returning into the hotel with a heavy heart.

CHAPTER XIX.

ALL that morning, the carriage of Adeline, rolled swiftly upon its way toward F——. As a stage-route had been chosen, the generous sum she offered procured fresh horses every ten or twelve miles, and accordingly the rate at which the travellers advanced upon their journey, promised to bring them to their destination, that night, and thus gain for them a day. The roads, indeed, were broken, and a speed of but six miles could be obtained, on an average; but, even at that, F—— could be reached by midnight. Toward noon, however, snow began to fall slightly, gradually increasing in violence, until, before twelve o'clock, the storm shut in the prospect on every hand, and the half icy deposit, collecting on the road, began to impede the progress of the horses.

Adeline beheld this tempest with an agony of suspense and terror indescribable. As the day wore on, the storm exhibited increasing violence. The snow was now more than a foot deep on the highway, and it was with extreme difficulty that the carriage could be dragged onward, even by the united strength of the four horses. At last, toward nightfall, the travellers reached an inn, where they had expected to procure a relay; but the landlord positively refused to allow his animals to leave the stable, nor could any expostulations move him.

"It will soon be dark," he said, "and the road will then be undistinguishable. We shall have it snowing all night. Before morning, not only will my horses be frozen to death, but you also, madam. No sum would induce me to be a party to such an act of madness as travelling in this tempest."

Anxious as Adeline was to prosecute her journey, she saw that the landlord spoke truth. Yet when she thought of the possibility of reaching F— too late, she shuddered and grew pale.

"By morning probably the storm will be over," said the innkeeper, "when we can rig you out a sleigh, madam, so that you can go on, as you seem in a hurry. But it would be wiser to lie by, for a day or two, until the roads are broken. John," and he called an hostler, who poked his head out of the stable-door, "see that these horses are rubbed down well. Will you have a fire in your room, madam?"

Thus speaking, the landlord conducted Adeline through a large, uncarpeted room, in the centre of which stood an enormous ten-plate stove, standing in a low wooden box filled with sand. Around this stove, which emitted a constant perfume of burnt tobacco, were seated half a dozen countrymen, who turned and stared at the closely veiled lady following the innkeeper. Across one corner of the apartment was one of those old-fashioned bars, forming a quadrant, built solid up to the height of a man's breast, and then finished off with wooden slats to the ceiling. Three or four tumblers of hot toddy were being compounded, as Adeline entered the room, and the smell of the Monongahela whiskey, combining with the close atmosphere of the room almost sickened her. She was glad, therefore, when having crossed the apartment, the landlord threw open a door and disclosed a sort of parlor, with a blazing fire in a Franklin stove.

The room was covered with what is called a rag-carpet, and set around with gaudily painted Windsor chairs; but still it was a Paradise compared to the apartment which she had just left. She cared little, however, for mere physical comforts, so intense was her mental anxiety. Wearily pushing her veil back from her face, as the landlord handed her a chair, she desired her room to be heated as soon as possible, and then sat down to dry her feet at the fender, for they were wet through from walking in the snow.

Directly Jacob Strong made his appearance. He had already provided for every contingency; directed what was to be cooked for supper, seen to the horses, and given orders that, if the storm abated, his mistress should be called at daylight. The evening meal was soon served, and in the little parlor. But Adeline only tasted the nicely broiled chicken, and then pushed her plate away. Notwithstanding her fatigue, her anxiety was so great that she could not eat. She drank a cup of strong coffee, however, and then, as her chamber was pronounced ready, retired.

But it was long before she could sleep. Her state of nervous agitation was increased by the strangeness of her room, its bare and uncom-

fortable aspect, and the violence of the storm outside. At times she thought the house would fall, for it rocked apparently to its very foundations. Now the wind would roar down the chimney, puffing the ashes half way across the room, for the fire itself had long since gone out; and now the hurricane could be heard shrieking across the fields, and dying out in the distance in prolonged moanings. It was long after midnight before sleep visited her, and even then she dreamed horrible visions, half through the night.

When morning came, her first thought was to pull aside the muslin curtains and look out. The storm still raged. For and near, in one continuous shower, the flakes were falling. The fences were entirely buried, except where the snow had been blown away from them, and then they rose, black and ominous, like rocks at sea, above the white landscape. A neighboring wood displayed its trees half broken down with the weight of the icy mass on its branches. The barn and stables were nearly buried, the snow having drifted against them.

Adeline clasped her hands. If not at F— before night, she knew she might be too late. Without waiting to have her fire made, she dressed herself and hurried down stairs. Jacob Strong was already in the parlor. His serious aspect confirmed her worst fears.

"Is there no possible way of getting on, to-day?" she said, anxiously.

"None, I fear. The roads are all buried, as you see, ma'am; and no team could go a mile without stalling in a drift."

"What is to be done?" cried his mistress, clasping her hands, her energy, for once, deserting her.

"I have already spoken with the landlord. He says that, as soon as the storm is over, he will send out men to break a road for you, at least as far as the next village."

"Will it clear off to-day?"

"Perhaps so—but it does not look very favorable."

Adeline sat down, almost heart-broken. Never had she experienced so utterly her own helplessness. She had been so accustomed to making everything give way to her own energy, that this fearful strait, where energy was useless, completely prostrated her. She bowed her head on her breast, feeling how powerless were human means, when heaven ordained it otherwise.

And now, for the first time, she began to fear that her father might, after all, die under the sentence of the law. Anxious as she had been hitherto, she had always secretly believed, that the innocence of her parent would yet be acknowledged: indeed nothing but this internal conviction could have sustained her during this long

suspense. As she sat there, vaguely gazing into the fire, what agonies of supplication she underwent! She prayed, in her terrible despair, that she might not be too late; that the governor would listen to her entreaty; that the respite should reach New York in time. But she did not pray that the will of heaven, whatever that might be, should prevail. She was not Christian enough yet for that! It was only the meek, uncomplaining prisoner who could breathe that divine petition.

It stormed nearly all day. The tempest slackened, indeed, toward nightfall, but too late for anything to be done. The innkeeper, however, sent out, in all directions, for persons to assist in breaking the roads, Adeline placing her purse entirely at his disposal.

"Pay any price," she said, "hire any number—it is, I tell you, a case of life and death."

The next day, somewhat before noon, the travellers were able to leave the inn. But the roads, as the landlord had foretold, were impassable, except where they had been broken for a specific purpose; and all Adeline could do was to reach a village about fifteen miles distant by nightfall. The horses were almost broken down, even at this; and the whole party were benumbed by the cold.

It was after ten o'clock, on the following night, before the travellers reached F—. The hour was so late, and Adeline was so completely fatigued, that the interview with the governor was necessarily put off till the ensuing morning.

But, in the morning, she learned, to her horror, that his excellency had set out, the day before, to return to Albany. At this intelligence, Adeline, notwithstanding her resolution of character, was almost beside herself. But five days yet remained of her parent's life, barely time to obtain a pardon and have it despatched to New York. As she counted up the few hours left she would have gone insane, perhaps, but for the reflection that the governor might have returned to Albany on this very business. What else, indeed, could have induced him to set out on a journey with the roads in their present condition? His business, he had told his friends, was imperative!—surely this must be it!

Adeline lost no time in retracing her journey. It was about noon, on the next day, when her sleigh drove up to the governor's house, in the capital. Any other woman, or even herself under different circumstances, would have been worn out by this incessant travelling, and by her terrible anxiety; but she knew that her father's life depended on pressing forward, and she had not faltered in her duty.

But when she heard, from the servant who waited at the door, that the governor had left

Albany, the day preceding, for New York, her strength and resolution almost forsook her. To be thus forever baffled! Was there some fiend at work to circumvent her? Oh! fearful, she felt, was the punishment of her life, if this was to be it.

"Drive back to the hotel," she cried, speaking hurriedly, and hoarsely, "it is not yet too late. We will go down in the night-boat."

But a new obstacle met her when she reached the hotel, and inquired what boat left for New York that day.

"The boats have stopped, madam," said the clerk. "The last one went down last night, and it is doubtful whether that will get through. The cold has been so much greater all day, that the river is closed, for all practical purposes, and closed for the winter."

At these words exhausted nature gave way, and Adeline Leicester fell senseless on the floor. She had now been in pursuit of the governor, for an entire week, travelling, most of the time, night and day; and only the certainty of overtaking him at last had sustained her. But now, when it seemed impossible to succeed, in consequence of the river closing, hope gave way, and despair settled at her heart. It was as if a bolt of lightning had struck her.

But gradually she recovered her senses. When a full knowledge of her situation returned to her, when memory had resumed its entire sway, she rose feebly to her feet.

"I must go," she said, "where is Jacob Strong?" And she put her hand to her head, as if wandering in mind.

"I am here," he said.

"Get ready to start at once. We will go by land to New York. I *must* be there, day after to-morrow."

He stood a moment hesitatingly, and then said,

"It is impossible—you are worn out, madam—another night of travel, in this bitter weather, will kill you."

"And you will not go with me?" replied Adeline, reproachfully: then, instantly, she added, changing her tone, "but I can go alone."

She turned from him haughtily as she spoke. But he followed her, and while his lip quivered with emotion, he said humbly,

"I do not decline accompanying you. You know I *could* not. I will go."

She stopped and looked at him earnestly. "It is well," she said. "Have fresh horses around immediately." And, with a firm tread, she entered her room.

We will not follow the travellers, step by step, on their journey. The roads were almost impassable, and the wayfarers made comparatively little progress; indeed, but for the energy of

Adeline they would have had to abandon the attempt. The mail itself, in that terrible week, failed. More than once the horses gave out, but the ready purse of Adeline Leicester speedily procured others; and thus, though day and night, the travellers pushed forward, only stopping occasionally to eat necessary food, or stimulate almost exhausted nature by a cup of coffee.

The morning of the day fixed for the execution, found the wayfarers still many miles from New York. The suspense of Adeline Leicester was now wound up to a pitch almost of insanity. In a few hours, unless the governor had interposed, her father would be led out to die—he, an innocent man, whose very grey hairs should have awakened pity! That the executive clemency had been extended in his behalf she could scarcely dare to hope. Even if she reached the city before the terrible tragedy was over, she would be too late to interpose in his behalf; for it would require some time to find the governor, and before that could be done, the fatal hour would be past. Agitated by such thoughts she leaned forward, just after daybreak, and roused her faithful attendant, who, overcome by fatigue, had fallen into an uneasy slumber. As for her, she had not slept all night.

"How far is it yet?" she said.

Jacob Strong roused himself, looked around, and finally had to have resource to the driver; for the landscape was an undistinguishable waste of snow.

"Thirty miles, ma'am," said the driver.

"Will it take us long?"

"About four, or five hours, ma'am; for you see the drifts are almost impassable in places; and six miles an hour is as much as we can do under such circumstances."

Four or five hours! That would make it nearly twelve o'clock before they could reach the city; and, at high noon, the awful drama would be over. The agonized daughter fell back in her seat, muffling her face in her furs.

"Too late—too late," she groaned. "God have mercy! Oh! for three hours of time."

The tears sprang to the eyes of her faithful servant, and taking his own purse from his pocket, he placed it in the hands of the driver.

"Push forward, even if you kill your horses," he said, "no matter what it costs—you *must* reach New York in season."

"I will do my best, sir," said the man, taking the purse with his buckskin mitten, and sliding the valuable prize into the capacious pocket of his overcoat. "We can get fresh horses at the village ahead; and while they are being put to, we will have some coffee. Ho there, let out, my beauties." And, as he spoke, he gave his long whip a dexterous whirl, bringing it down, in a

figure eight, on the whole four horses, who immediately started forward at a rattling pace, though they had been going before as fast as appeared possible considering the heavy condition of the road.

But, notwithstanding every effort, the hour of eleven was striking, as the sleigh, with its four horses dashed down Broadway. Erect in the back seat, but rigid as stone sat the miserable Adeline Leicester. Despair and suspense were alternating in her heart: we say suspense for she could not be said, any longer, to hope: she only felt that there was a possibility that her father had been reprieved: but against this rose the fear, ten times more powerful, that he had been sacrificed already. The terrible storm of emotion raging in her bosom made her, as she sat there motionless, with eyes fixed in the distance, a sight to appal a spectator. Those who, passing on the side-walk caught a sight of her countenance, shuddered and looked back, wondering what awful mission that rigid woman, dressed in black, was bent upon, that her face wore such an unearthly look. Had a mummy, with its yellow countenance, and fixed stare, galloped thus through the crowded avenue, a feeling of greater awe could not have been experienced on the part of strangers.

To Adeline Leicester the crowd was an object of equal horror. It would be impossible to find language adequately to describe her agonizing emotions. Those only who have suffered greatly, can form any idea of her feelings; and even such can only approximate to them. The whole heavens looked black, as if a pall had been drawn over them. The house-tops, though really white with snow, appeared covered with a ghastly gloom. The faces of the spectators, who passed and re-passed, wore a sepulchral aspect that made the blood run cold within her. And, to add to the climax of her horror, wherever she looked, a hideous scaffold appeared projected on the background of human beings, or houses, or sky, as a ball of fire before the closed retina when the eye has been strained with looking at the sun. Her very hearing also was a prey to a similar horrible hallucination. Over the murmur of the great town, over the jingling of passing sleighs, over the crack of the driver's whip as he urged his faltering horses forward, there rose unceasingly the echo of hammers at work, nailing close at her ear. Sometimes, so overpowering became her agony, under these mental tortures, that she could with difficulty prevent herself shrieking aloud.

At last, after what appeared ages of suspense, the sleigh whirling around a corner, left the crowded avenue of Broadway behind. Before it was a gentle descent, down a somewhat narrow

street, and, in the distance, the gloomy superstructure, which we have once before described, rose frowning and ominous to the sky. But, on this day, that massive Egyptian pile looked more fearful than ever. In front of it, filling the narrow street, was a vast multitude, heaving and rolling to and fro, like black surges beating against the solid edifice, and then recoiling. Occasionally a savage roar, like that of an infuriated wild beast, but a thousand times more appalling, rose from that angry crowd. The whole scene—the street, the prison, and the howling mob, looked, to Adeline Leicester, of a half sable hue, as if overhung by a gigantic thunder-cloud: and yet the sky overhead was that of a cloudless winter's day!

Suddenly there was a cry of fire, the mass swayed wilder than ever, and instantaneously a dense smoke, followed by a tongue of flame, issued from the roof of the prison. At this sight a roar, that seemed to shake the very city, went up from the excited multitude; and immediately, as when a gigantic roller gathers itself for a plunge, the crowd heaved for a moment, and then precipitated itself against the prison. Shrieks now rose from the outskirts of the mob, and females were seen running away from the scene of tumult. Adeline could endure the suspense no longer. She rose to her feet, insane with doubt and horror, staggered forward in the sleigh, and would have fallen, but that Jacob Strong, who, though himself in a state of mind almost indescribable, had yet watched his mistress, caught her in his arms and prevented her being precipitated into the street. At the same moment the sleigh, reaching the outskirts of the crowd, was compelled to stop, the horses, frightened by the uproar, plunging fearfully.

CHAPTER XX.

It was many days after the events narrated in the last chapter, when Adeline Leicester, for the first time since she fell senseless in the sleigh, woke to recollection. She looked, at first, vaguely around, but gradually recognized her own bed-chamber. Soon the terrible train of events we have been narrating came up to her memory, and her eye gleamed once more with almost insanity.

At this instant a portly woman, with a face inexpressibly good-natured, though now clouded a little by sorrow, stepped forward, and soothingly laid her hand on the invalid's brow. The sufferer looked up at the nurse with a blank stare, that gradually, however, changed to one of recognition, as that countenance smiled down cheerfully upon her.

"Mrs. Gray—I believe," she said.

"It is me, ma'am," said our old friend, "and

glad I am to see you so well. You are getting round nicely. We all thought, at one time, that you would never speak to any of us again." And, as she uttered these words, the tears came into her eyes.

The patient gazed at her vaguely again, as if scarcely comprehending what was said; then her brows contracted as if a sudden blow had struck her heart; and she made an effort to rise. It was ineffectual, however, and she sank back helpless. She groaned and said,

"I remember it all—tell me, did he die?" And her eyes faintly wandered around the room.

Mrs. Gray had made up her mind, long since, what to say: indeed she had been watching, for three whole days, that no one else should tell the melancholy story. So she answered,

"Not on the scaffold, ma'am——"

She would have proceeded, but Adeline interrupted her by a cry so glad, so exulting that she stopped.

"Thank God for that! Thank God!" was the ejaculation of the sufferer: and she continued to repeat it, as if to herself. At last she turned to Mrs. Gray, and said,

"But he is dead—I know it by your looks—by your telling me he did not die on the scaffold. How was it? See—I am composed. I will listen without interrupting you."

Her entire nature appeared changed. She spoke as humbly and pleadingly as a child, and her eyes were eloquent with grateful emotion.

"Well—I will tell you, ma'am," said Mrs. Gray, wiping a tear from her eye with one corner of her apron. "God, you see, couldn't let the innocent suffer, and so he took the good old man," and here her voice shook with a sob, "to himself. It was the morning of the very day—but you know all about that—and he had slept, all night, as a baby does in its mother's arms—not a ruffle on his face, ma'am, nor a stir in his slumbers. He had left his Bible open when he went to bed, and he turned to it the first thing when he woke. It remained undisturbed, with his spectacles marking where he left off, and, as soon as he was dressed, and had prayed awhile, he began reading again. The place, ma'am, was in Corinthians—the thirteenth chapter, you know, ma'am—where it speaks of the resurrection, and how we shall all, if we die righteous, meet in heaven, not as strangers, but in our own flesh and blood——"

Here the good woman, affected beyond control at the picture she had conjured up, broke into loud weeping. Adeline, lying with half-averted face, had been silently shedding tears from the first.

"The jailors," at last resumed Mrs. Gray, brokenly, "couldn't look at him without crying,

for two had been with him all night—they say lest he should try to escape, a thing he never thought of, I'll undertake. Directly they brought in his breakfast, of which he ate heartily. By-and-bye Julia and I came to bid him good-bye. Poor Mrs. Warren—that was—at this Adeline started as if a ball had entered her side, “she was weeping and hanging around him, and all he could do, for awhile, she couldn't be comforted. But, at last, he bade us listen while he read, and at this she grew quiet. My heart was choking me, but I kept it down, and stood, holding Julia's hand and pressing it. He turned to that chapter in Revelations where it tells of the saints, washed in the blood of the lamb, with white robes and harps of gold, who shout hosanna around the throne: and oh! if you could have seen his face then—it seemed to shed around it a glory like I've seen sometimes in pictures. He read on till he came to the end of the next chapter, where it says that the redeemed shall be led along green pastures and by living fountains, and that God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.” Mrs. Gray was weeping, and yet not wildly. She continued, rising to eloquence almost, “he stopped here, and turning to us smiled—oh! could you have seen that smile—it was so sweet, and forgiving, and full of rapture—and then, while still his face was all in a glow with heavenly joy, there was a twitch passed over it, he started forward and caught at the table as if falling, and, before we could reach him, his head stooped on his breast, and he slid downward from his seat.” All this was said brokenly. “We caught him before he reached the floor,” she continued, “but he was stone dead. And indeed, to tell the truth,” and again she broke into sobs, “I never heard anything that made me more glad.”

After awhile she resumed more collectedly,

“The mob outside wouldn't believe it, ma'am, and kept shouting to bring him out, as the law directed; and, at last, some of them set fire to the roof. I've heard it was just then you came up.”

There was a pause for several minutes. At last the invalid said faintly,

“And my mother?”

“She died that night. We buried them, side by side, in the church-yard near my farm.”

“God's will be done,” murmured the sufferer, after a pause, “he has shown mercy even in his anger. But Julia—my daughter—”

She could proceed no further, but broke off in emotion. Mrs. Gray turned and left the room, but, in a moment, came back again. She was not alone, however. A fair young girl, dressed in deep mourning, followed her, until both reached the bed-side. The invalid had heard the re-opening of the door, and her eyes had kindled as

she saw who accompanied Mrs. Gray; she made another effort to rise, but before she could again be reminded of her weakness, Julia had sprung forward, and thrown her arms over the invalid, sobbing and crying,

“Mother—dear mother!”

“My child—my child,” said Adeline Leicester, feebly embracing her, “there is yet something for which to live.”

Years after, in one of the richest and most picturesque portions of Michigan, there stood a low, but commodious farm-house, with a green lawn in front sloping to the still waters. The whole place was so quiet, that to one residing there, the turmoil and woe of the great world seemed separated by illimitable oceans, by a gulf of centuries.

The occupants of that humble, but comfortable dwelling were Robert Leicester, now a man of twenty-five, and his beautiful wife, whom we once knew as Julia Warren. With them lived two other personages of our story, Adeline Leicester, and her faithful follower and friend, Jacob Strong.

Adeline, when she recovered, had sold out her splendid establishment, and divided the proceeds, with the rest of her vast fortune, among the charitable institutions of our eastern cities. She had reserved for herself only a comparatively small pittance, in amount equal to her salary during the few years she acted as governess. The entire remainder of her estate, all in fact that had been left to her by will, she bestowed in charity. With this slender provision she announced her intention of removing to the far West, where, in quiet and seclusion, she might educate Julia, and finish her own pilgrimage.

But Jacob Strong would not suffer her to go alone. He had accumulated some property, which he declared it had long been his intention to invest in a large farm, somewhere in the west, in order to bestow it on his nephew when the latter came of age. He now proposed that his mistress, with Julia, Robert and himself should make one family, and settle at once in the West.

Thither accordingly they went, and, in due time, Robert Leicester and Julia were married. Jacob Strong still waits upon his old mistress as devotedly, as unselfishly as ever. She herself rarely smiles, except at the prattle of her grandchildren, but always wears the same calm and passionless, yet kind expression of countenance. Her days are spent in visting the suffering, and relieving the poor: she is, indeed, a Sister of Mercy in all except the dress. Many a family has learned to bless her name. Sometimes her children remonstrate with her, when she exposes herself too much, as they think; but she shakes her head, and answers, “the night cometh in which no man shall work.”

GARDENING FOR INVALIDS.

BY HARRIET BOWLES.

THOSE who have been confined to a sick chamber in situations not commanding a view of the country, have often experienced an intense longing for green fields and flowers, so much as to confer a value on objects which, in a state of health, would attract no notice. The tops of trees waving in the wind, and seen over some high walls in the distance, have been like angels of mercy to the invalid; a few flower-pots in the window have beguiled many a weary hour; while a bouquet, flush from the garden, has conferred positive gladness, and, for a time, cheated pain and weariness of a portion of their dominion. It is from a knowledge of these facts that we feel sure that flowers may be made subservient in a high degree to lighten the load of those confined to the sick room, and we are about to furnish the requisite information. Some prejudices have to be met, and certain principles to be acted upon, and then we may feel a conviction that a larger and most interesting class of this world's sufferers may derive from floriculture a refined pleasure; and that in contrast with their privations and sorrows it will have to them

“——— a double charm,

Like pearls upon an Ethiop's arm,”

or, to use a more appropriate figure, will be to them like the bow in the cloud, when our chequered state is symbolized by the mingled sunshine and the rain.

Among the terrors of our youth we well remember there were certain poisonous exhalations said to arise from plants and flowers if allowed to share our sleeping-room during the night, as though objects of loveliness when seen by daylight took advantage of the darkness to assume the qualities of the ghoul or the vampire. Well do we remember how maternal anxiety removed every portion of vegetable life from our bed-room, lest its gases should poison us before morning! This opinion, and the cognate one that plants in rooms are always injurious, is prevalent still, and it operates most unfavorably in the case of the bed-ridden, or the invalid, by depriving them of a chamber garden which would otherwise make time put off his leaden wings, and wile away in innocent amusement many a lagging hour. Now we assure our readers that this is a popular superstition, and will endeavor to put them in possession of the grounds on which our statement is founded. In doing so, we do

not put forth any opinions of our own, but the deductions of science, for the truth of which any one acquainted with vegetable physiology can vouch.

Plants, in a growing state, absorb the oxygen gas of the atmosphere, and throw off carbonic acid; these are facts, and as oxygen is necessary to life and carbonic acid injurious to it, the conclusion has been jumped at that plants in apartments must have a deleterious influence. But there is another fact equally irrefragable, that plants feed on the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, and are, indeed, the grand instruments employed in the laboratory of nature for purifying it from the noxious exhalations of animal life. From the spacious forests to the blade of grass which forces itself up through the crevices of a street pavement, every portion of verdure is occupied in disinfecting the air. By means of solar light the carbonic acid, when taken in by the leaves, is decomposed, its carbon going to build up the structure of the plant, and its disengaged oxygen returning to the air we breathe. It is true that this process is stopped in the darkness, and that then a very small portion of carbonic acid is evolved by plants; but as it is never necessary for a patient to sleep in a room with flowers, we need say nothing on that subject. Cleanliness, and other considerations, would suggest having a bed-room as free as possible during the night, and our object is answered if we show that vegetation is not injurious in the day. That it is, on the contrary, conducive to health, is a plain corollary of science.

Perhaps the error we are speaking of may have originated from confounding the effects of the odors of plants with a general result of their presence. Now, all strong scents are injurious, and those of some flowers are specially so, and ought on no account to be patronized by the invalid. But it happens, fortunately, that a very large class of plants have either no scent at all, or so little as to be of no consequence, so that there is still room for an extensive selection. This, then, is one rule to be observed in chamber gardening. Another is, that the plants admitted should be in perfect health, for while growing vegetation is healthful, it becomes noxious when sickly or dead. Thirdly, let the most scrupulous cleanliness be maintained; the pot, saucers, and the stands being often subjected to ablutions. Under

this head also we include the removal of dying leaves, and all flowers, before they have quite lost their beauty, since it is well known that the petals become unpleasant in some varieties as soon as the meridian of their brief life is passed. By giving attention to these simple regulations, a sick chamber may have its windows adorned with flowers without the slightest risk to the health of the occupant, and in saying this we open the way to some of the most gentle lenitives of pain, as well as to sources of rational enjoyment. If those who can go where they please, in the sunshine and the shade, can gather wild flowers in their natural dwellings and cultivate extensive gardens, still find pleasure in a few favorites in-doors, how much more delight must such treasured possessions confer on those whom Providence has made prisoners, and who must have their all of verdure and floral beauty brought to them!

In the case of those who possess a green-house, no difficulty will be experienced in having a supply of pots for the sick room; a frequent change can then be secured, and that is desirable on many accounts, especially because no plants can long be confined to an apartment with impunity.

If there were no other reason, the dust which will rest on the foliage of the best regulated room, would render a removal necessary; then there is a due supply of sun and air to be provided for, the want of which is always injurious to vegetable life. But what is to be done by those who have not that luxury, and how are they to be supplied with the frequent changes we are advocating? This question, to receive a full reply, would require greater space than we can now give to it, and we can only now say, that at this season green-house plants are plentiful and cheap enough, and that a little collection of about four times as many pots as are needed at one time should be intrusted to some careful manager, to be introduced as the state of bloom and general health may suggest. By a regular routine of changing, and by attention to those other particulars already referred to, much may be done by the humblest means. Practice will make perfect, and we see no reason why invalids should not become skilled gardeners on a small scale, and add their contributions to the stock of general knowledge, for which task, indeed, their leisure for observation and experiment qualifies them.

THE GIPSY BURIAL.

BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.

Thick leaves were round them, and the silvery sound
Of a clear stream rejoicing in its race—
Through the tall oaks the bright warm sun glanced
down

Upon that strange wild group! Each dark hued face
Was fixed in sorrow, and in mute surprise;

Upon their leader's mien they saw no change,
Save in the light of his dark searching eyes,

Now filled with inspiration, deep and strange—
They gazed in silence, while no sound was heard

Save the low murmurs of each gliding wave,
Or rustling leaf by the light zephyr stirr'd,

While thus their chief chaunted his funeral stave.

I hear a warning voice, oh, friends!

It summons me away!

Ere the misty light of the morrow's dawn

Give place to the blushing hue of morn;

The vital spark will have fled and gone

From this o'er wearied day;

Deem it not strange—ye know that some

Are warned when death is nigh!

With joy I hear the welcome tone

That calls from distant worlds unknown,

Your chieftain from his greenwood home

To rest beyond the sky.

Make ye my grave 'neath the leafy shade

Of a green and pleasant wood,

Thro' which the Summer's sun may glide,

Where the robin may in peace abide,
Unharm'd by the pamper'd sons of pride,
To watch his gentle brood!

I have so loved with all free things
From childhood's hours to dwell;
That e'en in death I fain would sleep
Where the bounding roe may fearless leap
Thro' the tangled copse, and the squirrel peep
Secure from his mossy cell.

And bear me hence at eventide
To my last and lone retreat!
And lay me gently down to rest
Like one for a long repose undressed;
Let not the earth upon my breast
Be over four palms deep.

A funeral train went forth at eve
Thro' the woodlands leafy gloom!
'Neath the pale moonbeams trembling light
They bore their chief in a robe of white,
And with mystic chaunt and solemn rite
They laid him in the tomb.

The hunter shuns that lonely place
As he roams the woodland free!
As if he feared to mar the rest
Of the slumberer 'neath the greensward's breast,
There the lone wood pigeon builds her nest
Upon the linden tree.

EDITORS' TABLE.

CHIT-CHAT WITH READERS.

OUR IMPROVEMENTS FOR 1851.—We issue this number early in order that our friends may lose no time in forwarding their subscriptions for the coming year. The January number will be ready to mail by the first of December, and as we shall enter names in the order in which they are received, those sending the earliest remittances will obtain the best copies, in other words those which contain the earliest impressions of the mezzotints and other engravings. For 1851 we shall issue an unrivalled volume. Our success was never greater than for the present year, and we are resolved to deserve even more in that which is about to commence. It is admitted, by all who have opportunities for comparison, that this is the most readable of the Magazines. And the reason is plain. Most of our cotemporaries publish a list of high-sounding names as contributors, at the beginning of the year, and follow it up by giving the refuse of celebrated authors, the consequence of which is that such Magazines are fit only for picture-books, and are scarcely ever read through. We, on the contrary, not only employ the best writers—where can the equal of Mrs. Stephens be found?—but have every article read before it is inserted. If proof were wanted of the superior merit of our contents, it could be found in the acknowledged fact that ten stories are copied from this periodical, where one is copied from the others.

Moreover our contributors are more national than those of any cotemporary. Our object is to describe real life as it exists in America. Such novels as "Palaces and Prisons," "Julia Warren," "The Valley Farm," and others published in these pages, may be sought in vain in the columns of our cotemporaries. The practical stories, written by Ella Rodman, F. E. F., Ellen Ashton, Jane Weaver, Mary Davenant, &c., are, in their way, equally superior. We challenge a comparison in this respect between this and other monthlies. During the coming year we shall add a new feature to our pages, by publishing stories located in different sections of our common Union: thus we have already arranged for a tale of New England, a novel of the Middle States, a story of the South, a fiction of the West, a legend of the Border, and a romance of the South West. We intend, in a word, to make our Magazine a home-guest in every part of the United States; and thus, even more than heretofore, *thoroughly national*.

We had intended to speak of our illustrations, fashion-plates, &c.; but have left ourselves no room. We can only promise that they shall excel all that have gone before. We shall continue to give later reports of fashions than any cotemporary: for our friends may rely on it, whatever others may assert, that this is the *only Magazine* which has complete arrangements perfected to excel in this line, the only Magazine which can be implicitly relied upon.

SAVE A DOLLAR.—Single subscribers, who take this Magazine in preference to the higher priced ones, save a dollar; and everybody admits that, at two dollars, this periodical is cheapest. To clubs the "National" presents extraordinary inducements. Eight persons, by uniting together, can obtain it for one dollar and twenty-five cents a piece; while the lowest club price of the three dollar Magazines, for 1851, will be two dollars. Three persons, by uniting together, and getting the post-master to frank their letter, can obtain this periodical at one dollar and sixty-six cents a piece. Where is the village so small that it cannot send a club of eight, or, at least, one of three?

OURS A CASH MAGAZINE.—Not only clubs, but two dollar subscribers to this Magazine are stopped at the end of the year for which they have subscribed. This is our rule with all. We do not wish, in a single instance, to force our periodical on any person, by continuing to send it when the time is up. If our Magazine is liked it generally brings a new remittance promptly. By adhering to the cash system, moreover, we are able to publish a better periodical for the price than could otherwise be done. People continually ask us how we can afford to give so splendid a Magazine for two dollars. The secret is a simple one, we make no bad debts.

A MORAL LITERATURE.—It is very important, when a periodical is about to be introduced into a family, to ascertain whether its contents are always rigidly in favor of virtue. The press concedes to the "Ladies National" the high merit of excelling all others in this respect. No immoral French translations, or effeminate romances inculcating a sickly sentimentalism, are ever published in our pages.

OLD PLATES ADVERTISED.—Some of our cotemporaries advertise a list of their plates for 1851, and we recognize among them more than one that we have already published. None of our friends, we trust, will invest their money for these old plates.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Foot-Prints of the Creator. By Hugh Miller. 1 vol. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.—It is rarely that we have the felicity of noticing a work like this, at once solid in matter and eloquent in style. It is written as a reply to a superficial treatise, which nevertheless enjoyed at one time considerable popularity, we mean the "Vestiges of Creation." In that work it was maintained that man was not created, but developed: in other words that God made only infusoria, that from these sprang the lowest orders of organized life, that fishes followed next, then reptiles, then mammalia, and finally man. A doctrine

so insidiously fatal to the immortality of the soul could not, and did not receive the assent of any true believers in revealed religion; but, notwithstanding this, it was difficult, at first, to refute this development theory, at least on strictly scientific grounds. The reason for this was that, in the older strata, no traces had been yet found of the higher orders of organization. The further back the geologist penetrated, the older the period in the earth's history, the lower appeared the character of the fossil remains discovered. But the author of this book, a well known Scottish geologist, has lately found in the Old Red Sand Stone, one of the very earliest formations, the skeletons of fishes of the ganoid type, and of comparatively gigantic size; and thus the whole development theory tumbles to the ground, like a platform from which the prop has been knocked away. Since Mr. Miller's discovery, moreover, geologists, here and in Europe, have disinterred from the Silurian strata, and even from the Cambrian rocks, both older formations than the Red Sand Stone even, the fossil remains of fishes of the very highest type of organization. The volume is written in a popular style, and ought to have an immense sale.

Horace Templeton. By Charles Lever. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This novel first appeared in Paris, on the eve of the revolution of 1848. That terrible convulsion, for a while, buried everything else out of sight, and in consequence this work, especially as it was issued anonymously, passed almost unheeded. Its great merit, however, attracted attention toward it as soon as the first rockings of the political earthquake were over: it was discovered to be from a master-hand; and inquiry was immediately set on foot to ascertain the author. It was not long, under such circumstances, before the real paternity of the novel was made out: indeed the book contained intrinsic evidence of proceeding from the same pen that wrote "O'Malley; and Lever, being charged with its composition, could not deny the accusation, but acknowledged the work at once. Though written in a more rambling style than his earlier fictions, the present work is full of the peculiar merits of Lever. There is the same racy descriptions; the same mirth-moving anecdotes; and the same profound knowledge of what is technically called the world. Several admirable episodical tales are scattered through the volume, of which the story of the old colonel of the guard, and the affecting little narrative entitled "Hans Jorgle," have particularly interested us. The volume contains over two hundred pages, printed in a clear, bold type.

The Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution. Nos. 7 and 8. By B. Lossing. New York: Harper & Brothers.—It is impossible to speak, too highly, of the elegant manner in which this serial is illustrated. The engravings are from original sketches made by Mr. Lossing himself, and are executed with a delicacy, yet boldness that cannot be surpassed. The letter-press is profoundly interesting. Every person, at all interested in our revolutionary history, should become a subscriber to this work.

A Peep at the Pilgrims in 1636. A tale of the Olden Times. By Mrs. H. V. Cheney. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—We have here a novel of nearly five hundred pages, but one nevertheless that will well repay re-perusal. It always gratifies us to see native authors engaged in illustrating incidents in American history. There is a vast storehouse of truth, which is yet full of romance, existing in the earlier colonial traditions, and we are surprised that more frequent attempts are not made to make these useful in fictions. Sir Walter Scott has shown what can be done in this way. We see no reason why the Puritans of New England, the cavaliers of Virginia, or even the Quakers of Pennsylvania may not be re-produced, with effect, in historical novels. We congratulate Mrs. Cheney on her own success in this walk, and hope her example will be imitated by others. The publishers deserve credit for the handsome style in which they have issued the book.

The English Language in its Elements and Forms. By W. C. Fowler. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The language which we speak is so little understood grammatically, by the masses of those who use it, that we welcome, with undisguised pleasure, a work like the one now before us. Mr. Fowler has entered into an analysis of our mother tongue, has shown its various origins, has discussed its idioms, has, in a word, anatomized it thoroughly: and the result is a treatise of the very highest value, and which should be in every gentleman's library. The volume, indeed, is worth a dozen ordinary grammars, to one who would write and speak his native language correctly, forcibly and perspicuously. During the last few years several books of a similar character have appeared, but this is, perhaps, the best of the whole series. The publishers have issued the volume in an exceedingly handsome, yet substantial style.

The Country Year Book. By William Howitt. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—It would be impossible for Howitt to write an indifferent book, much less one of this description. In scenes of rural life he is always at home. In whatever that relates to the country, as distinguished from the town, he exhibits, at all times, an enthusiasm of the warmest character. Great Britain has no prose-poet to compare with him if we except Professor Wilson. The present volume is useful, as well as entertaining; we commend it as an exceedingly pleasant companion. It is issued in a neat and handsome style.

The Valley Farm. Edited by C. J. Peterson. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The great popularity which attended this story, during its progress through our Magazine, has induced its publication in a separate form; and as the author desires still to remain unknown, we have consented to stand sponsor for it, as the editor. In that capacity we can say that we know this extraordinary tale to be substantially true, and not a mere fiction; and that we consider it, in many respects, the best story of its kind ever published in this country.

The Power of Beauty. By Rev. J. T. Headley. 1 vol. New York: John S. Taylor.—This little volume contains four articles entitled "Esther," "Ruth," "Alfieri," and "Beauty," collected from the fugitive writings of Mr. Headley. The book is elegantly printed, and contains three pretty steel engravings, besides a title-page printed in colors.

Letters from the Backwoods and the Adirondac. By the Rev. J. T. Headley. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Taylor.—A volume of one hundred and five pages, well printed, and adorned by a portrait of the author.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF STONE COLORED SILK, skirt plain, corsage high and plain, with tight sleeves. Sacque cloak of Mazarine blue velvet, trimmed with martin fur, sleeves loose at the hand, lined with white quilted satin. Bonnet of ruby colored velvet, lined with white satin, with white trimming and white plume.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF FINE HABIT CLOTH, skirt embroidered up the front with sewing silk and gimp. Corsage plain and embroidered to match the skirt. Sleeves nearly tight, opening on the back of the arm, with a white under sleeve. Sacque of cloth embroidered to match the dress. Bonnet of pink uncut velvet, trimmed with pink plumes, touched with white. This dress is the most elegant novelty of the season.

Perhaps to some of our lady readers the following description of a *Bridal Dress* may be useful. The dress is composed of very fine white tarletane muslin over a slip of white silk. The skirt is trimmed with five flounces, each edged with a hem about an inch in width. The corsage is high to the throat, and full both at the back and in front; the fulness gathered on a narrow band at the throat, round which a full trimming of lace forms a narrow ruff. The sleeves are demi-long, wide, and loose at the ends, where they are finished by a double row of lace. The hair is plaited or twisted at the back of the head, and arranged in waved bandeaux on each side of the forehead. Head-dress, of wreath of orange blossom, disposed in a narrow cordon across the upper part of the forehead, and in full bouquets at each side. The bridal veil is a scarf of tulle illusion, finished by a hem of the same width as that which edges the flounces. Demi-long white kid gloves. White satin shoes.

EMBROIDERY is likely to become more fashionable than ever. Vast numbers of dresses, manteletts, and other articles of costume now in course of preparation, are intended to be ornamented with braid and embroidery. A very elegant embroidered silk dress has just been completed. The silk is grey, shot with white, and the front of the skirt is beautifully embroidered with wreaths of flowers and foliage in grey silk, the stems and tendrils being in white. The corsage is low, open in front, and has a shawl berthe embroidered in the same manner as the skirt, and edged with white and grey fringe. The sleeves are demi-long, embroidered, and edged with fringe, like the berthe.

THIN UNDER-SLEEVES are gradually disappearing in outdoor dress as the chilly weather advances. For walking-dress many ladies now wear close under-sleeves of the same material as the dress; even for evening costume the Parisian dressmakers have devised a sort of modification of the open pagoda under-sleeve: it is called the *Manchette Louis Quinze*, and is a demi-pagoda, slightly confined at the wrist, and edged with two rows of lace which fall over the hand. Some new dresses have been made with the corsage to fasten in front, and with basques. This shape has been styled the *corsage-veste*, as it presents the appearance of a jacket of the same material as the dress. Valencia, poplin, merino, and other materials intended for plain costume may be made up in the same way. Many ladies find it convenient to have the skirt of the dress separate from the corsage, the latter consisting merely of a jacket, which may be either of the same material as the skirt, or of any other. Evening dresses are made with the corsage low, with a very long, sharp point in front, and a point at the back, which is always laced up. Two beautiful evening-dresses have just been completed. One is of white tulle, with three jupes, each of which is edged with white and gold fringe. The other dress is of pink crape, made in the same style as that just described, but trimmed with pink and silver fringe.

There is, as yet, no decided change in the state of BONNETS. Some are of satin, and others are of black and colored velvet. Those of velvet are trimmed with a small feather on each side, the inside trimming consisting of velvet flowers and foliage in tints harmonizing with the color of the bonnet when the latter is of colored velvet. Several of the satin bonnets are of bright colors, such as pink, lilac, and green, and they are covered with black lace of a pattern at once rich and light. These bonnets are trimmed on one side with a bouquet of flowers of the same tint as the satin, or of velvet foliage, black and colored intermingled. We have seen a bonnet of green satin covered with frills of black lace, each row of lace being headed by a small rouleau of green thierri velvet. Another of dark blue satin has been trimmed with rows of black lace, and a bouquet of flowers on one side. A bonnet of maroon velvet is trimmed in the same style, with rows of black lace, and, on the left side, a feather of the color of the bonnet, and tipped with black. The newest style of face trimming is the wax-ball: five or six of these are clustered together, without any foliage, and placed in a cap of tulle. These balls are of every color, and about the size of a hazel nut. To a delicate complexion this white wax trimming gives a peculiarly pearly appearance.

BONNETS much in favor for slight mourning are of grey silk, trimmed with small feathers (grey spotted with black) and white silk, trimmed with a mixture of white, lilac, and black flowers.

MANTELETTES of a loose sacque form, made of velvet or cloth, are much worn: if of the former, they are usually without trimming, or else finished with black lace: if of the latter, finished with rows of silk braid.

CLOAKS do not materially differ from those of last year, but the variety of trimming is endless.

CONTENTS

TO THE

EIGHTEENTH VOLUME.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1850, INCLUSIVE.

August, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - -	95	Maid; the Old or, Reminiscences of a Physi-	
Arlington, Isabelle—By Edith Butler, - - -	109	cian. By O. C. Gibbs, M. D., - - -	209
		Magazine, Borrowing the—By Emily H. May, -	212
Bland, Nina—By Marie May, - - -	44		
Books, Review of New - 54, 94, 134, 174, 214,	260	Netting, Directions for—By Mlle. Defour,	
Bed; the Minister's Death or, a Reminiscence		(<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	42, 78
of a Physician. By O. C. Gibbs, M. D., -	85	November, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - -	216
Constance; or, the Brother and Sister. By a		October, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - -	176
New Contributor, - - - - -	20		
Clavers, Minna—A Sequel to the Wife's Re-		Percival; Agnes or, True Love's Devotion. By	
vange. By Ella Rodman, - - - - -	65	Henry May, - - - - -	150
Coliseum, the Martyrs of the—By Charles J.		Pearl, Mr. Elmly's—By Ella Rodman, - - -	222
Peterson, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	137		
Carriage, Keeping a—By Jane Weaver, - - -	205	Queen, the Forest—By Amanda B. Harris,	
		(<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	135, 228
Daughter, the Farmer's—By James H. Dana,	57		
Despatch, A Telegraphic—By Jessie Jessa-		Revenge, the Wife's—By Ella Rodman, - - -	30
mine, - - - - -	139		
Drift, the Snow—A Legend of Mount St. Ber-		She, Who Is—By Ellen Ashton, - - - - -	9
nard. By Charles J. Peterson, (<i>Illustrated</i>),	219	Squall, the—By Charles J. Peterson, author of	
Do, the Woman Who Had Nothing to—By		"Cruising in the Last War," - - - - -	28
Caroline Orne, - - - - -	237	Sacrifice, the—By the author of "The Valley	
December, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - -	262	Farm," - - - - -	49, 80, 128, 170
		Stanhope, Howard—A Tale of Life. By Well	
Ellen, Crazy—By Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, - - -	179	Cunningham, - - - - -	113
		Spirit, the Guardian—By Eleonora L. Hervey,	132
Fly, the Fire—By Caroline Chesebro, - - -	145	September, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - -	136
Husband, Choosing a—By Ellen Ashton, - - -	193	Table, Editors' - - - 54, 94, 134, 174, 214, 260	
		Table, Our Work—By Mlle. Defour, (<i>Ilus-</i>	
Invalids, Gardening for—By Harriet Bowles, -	258	trated), - - - - -	169
July, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	55	Washington, Martha—By Catharine Allan,	
		(<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	17
Life, the Tears of—By Eleonora L. Hervey, -	183	Warren, Julia—A Sequel to Palaces and Prisons.	
		By Ann S. Stephens, - 11, 60, 102, 162, 197, 242	
Misery, Marriage and—By James L. Futhy, -	88	Work, Hair—By Mlle. Defour, (<i>Illustrated</i>),	
Manley, Kate—By Louise May, (<i>Illustrated</i>), -	97		202, 235

POETRY.

Air, Voices of the Summer—By George E. Senseney, - - - - -	84	Malcolm, the Words of—By J. B. Cone, - - - - -	201
August. By S. D. Anderson, - - - - -	87	Man, to an Old—By D. Ellen Goodman, - - - - -	203
Album, Leaves from My Lady's—By Henry Morford, - - - - -	103, 138	Musings, Autumn—By W. S., - - - - -	213
Army, the Path of the—By George E. Senseney, - - - - -	112	November. By H. J. Vernon, - - - - -	211
Ambition. By J. K. Holmes, - - - - -	196	Niagara. By Clara Moreton Moore, - - - - -	227
Beatrice. By P. A. Jordan, - - - - -	43	Part, When Lover's—By W. Wallace Lambdin, - - - - -	16
Buds, My Rose—By Marcella Melville, - - - - -	64	Prayer, the Answered—By Emily Herrmann, - - - - -	93
Battle, the News of the—By George E. Senseney, - - - - -	149	Paradise, to One in—By Thomas H. Chivers, M. D., - - - - -	192
Bird, the Storm—By Emily Herrmann, - - - - -	161	Pool, Christ at Bethesda's—By E. G. Adams, - - - - -	195
Bridge, the Mountain—By Mrs. B. F. Thomas, (Illustrated,) - - - - -	201	Retrospection. By O. C. Whittlesey, - - - - -	211
Burial, the Gipsy—By Mrs. S. S. Smith, - - - - -	259	Rest, In Heaven There's—By Sarah Whittlesey Smith, - - - - -	236
Come! Love, Come—By Mary Riggs, - - - - -	182	Spring, the Charmed—By Jeanie Elder, - - - - -	29
Christmas, "Merry—By James H. Dana, (Illustrated,) - - - - -	221	Song—By Mrs. A. F. Law, - - - - -	41
Discipline, Self—By Mary L. Lawson, - - - - -	29	Sonnet. To ——— By W. L. Shoemaker, - - - - -	43
Dead, the—By Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, - - - - -	53	Sonnet. By W. L. Shoemaker, - - - - -	59
Europe. By Emily Herrmann, - - - - -	19	Spirit, the Guardian—By Mrs. S. S. Smith, - - - - -	101
Ever, "Love Me—By Clara Moreton, - - - - -	101	Song. By the author of "Our Lillie," - - - - -	112
Echo, Lines to—By Constant Badeau, - - - - -	173	Stanzas. To ——— By Mrs. Anne F. Law, - - - - -	127
Flowers, Feather—By Emily Herrmann, - - - - -	196	Stanzas. By O. C. Whittlesey, - - - - -	144
Flowers, Angel of the—By O. C. Whittlesey, - - - - -	221	Seventy. By Emily Herrmann, - - - - -	234
Glass, Early at the—By Emily H. May, (Illustrated,) - - - - -	10	Time, the Winter—By George E. Senseney, - - - - -	184
Gray, Florence—By Henry H. Paul, - - - - -	138	Vintage, the—By Catharine Allan, (Illustrated,) - - - - -	161
Home, the Star of my—By S. D. Anderson, - - - - -	19	Wife, the Dying—By Clara Moreton, - - - - -	16
Heart, the Summer of the—By Marie Roseau, - - - - -	79	Words, About Two Little—By Henry H. Paul, - - - - -	133
Home, the Harvest—By Emily H. May, (Illustrated,) - - - - -	93		
Hair, the Lock of—By D. Ellen Goodman, - - - - -	131		
Hours, Happy—By S. D. Anderson, - - - - -	168		
Kissing, Early at—Respectfully Dedicated to an old Friend. By Jeremy Short, Esq., (Illustrated,) - - - - -	204		
Lines. By J. M. Grier, - - - - -	27		
Love. By Edward Willard, - - - - -	241		
Mice, the White—By Mrs. B. F. Thomas, (Illustrated,) - - - - -	77		
Morning. By S. D. Anderson, - - - - -	133		
More, Oh! Sing that Song to Me Once—By Mrs. S. S. Smith, - - - - -	144		

FULL-PAGE ENGRAVINGS.

Early at the Glass.
 Martha Washington.
 Fashions for July, colored.
 The White Mice.
 The Harvest Home.
 Fashions for August, colored.
 Kate Manley.
 Angling.
 Fashions for September, colored.
 Christian Martyrs in the Coliseum.
 The Vintage.
 Fashions for October, colored.
 Early at Kissing.
 The Forest Queen.
 The Mountain Bridge.
 Fashions for November.
 The Snow-Drift.
 "Merry Christmas."
 The Pet Canary.
 Fashions for December, colored.

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

RESERVES

Security Collection

Return to Reserve Desk
Shields Library-UC Davis
(916)752-2760

Nº 477946

The Peterson magazine.

AP2

P48

v.17-18

PERIODICAL

**PROTECTED
COLLECTION
Apply at
Loan Desk**

**LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
DAVIS**



3 1175 00053 7236

